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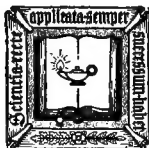


Swift at Sir William Temple's

FROM THE DRAWING BY C. E. BROCK

THE WORKS OF
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

CHRISTMAS BOOKS
BOOK OF SNOBS
Sketches and Travels in London
English Humorists, Etc.



VOLUME VI

Illustrated

INTERNATIONAL BOOK COMPANY
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MRS. PERKINS'S BALL.

By M. A. TITMARSH.

MRS. PERKINS'S BALL.

THE MULLIGAN (OF BALLYMULLIGAN), AND HOW WE WENT TO MRS. PERKINS'S BALL.

I do not know where Ballymulligan is, and never knew anybody who did. Once I asked The Mulligan the question, when that chieftain assumed a look of dignity so ferocious, and spoke of "Saxon curiawsitee" in a tone of such evident displeasure, that, as after all it can matter very little to me whereabouts lies the Celtic principality in question, I have never pressed the inquiry any farther.

I don't know even The Mulligan's town residence. One night, as he bade us adieu in Oxford Street,—"*I live there*," says he, pointing down towards Uxbridge, with the big stick he carries:—so his abode is in that direction at any rate. He has his letters addressed to several of his friends' houses, and his parcels, etc., are left for him at various taverns which he frequents. That pair of checked trousers, in which you see him attired, he did me the favour of ordering from my own tailor, who is quite as anxious as anybody to know the address of the wearer. In like manner my hatter asked me, "Oo was the *Hirish gent* as 'ad ordered four 'ats and a sable boar to be sent to my lodgings?" As I did not know (however I might guess), the articles have never been sent, and The Mulligan has withdrawn his custom from the "infernial four-and-nine-penny scoundthrel," as he calls him. The hatter has not shut up shop in consequence.

I became acquainted with The Mulligan through a distinguished countryman of his, who, strange to say, did not know the chieftain himself. But dining with my friend Fred. Clancy, of the Irish bar, at Greenwich, The Mulligan came up, "inthrojuiced" himself to Clancy as he said; claimed relationship with him on the side of Brian Boroo, and drawing his chair to our table, quickly became inti-

mate with us. He took a great liking to me, was good enough to find out my address, and pay me a visit: since which period often and often on coming to breakfast in the morning I have found him in my sitting-room on the sofa engaged with the rolls and morning papers: and many a time, on returning home at night for an evening's quiet reading, I have discovered this honest fellow in the arm-chair before the fire, perfuming the apartment with my cigars, and trying the quality of such liquors as might be found in the sideboard. The way in which he pokes fun at Betsy, the maid of the lodgings, is prodigious. She begins to laugh whenever he comes; if he calls her a duck, a divvle, a darlin', it is all one. He is just as much a master of the premises as the individual who rents them at fifteen shillings a week; and as for handkerchiefs, shirt-collars, and the like articles of fugitive haberdashery, the loss since I have known him is uncountable. I suspect he is like the cat in some houses: for, suppose the whisky, the cigars, the sugar, the tea-caddy, the pickles, and other groceries disappear, all is laid upon that *edax rerum* of a Mulligan.

The greatest offence that can be offered to him is to call him *Mr.* Mulligan. "Would you deprive me, sir," says he, "of the title which was bawrun be me princelee ancestors in a hundred thousand battles? In our own green valleys and fawrasts, in the American Savannahs, in the Sieras of Speen and the Flats of Flandthers, the Saxon has quailed before me war-cry of MULLIGAN ABOO! *Mr.* Mulligan! I'll pitch anybody out of the window who calls me *Mr.* Mulligan." He said this, and uttered the slogan of the Mulligans with a shriek so terrific, that my uncle (the Rev. W. Gruels, of the Independent Congregation, Bunday), who had happened to address him in the above obnoxious manner, while sitting at my apartments drinking tea after the May meetings, instantly quitted the room, and has never taken the least notice of me since, except to state to the rest of the family that I am doomed irrevocably to perdition.

Well, one day last season I had received from my kind and most estimable friend, MRS. PERKINS, OF POCKLINGTON SQUARE (to whose amiable family I have had the honour of giving lessons in drawing, French, and the German flute), an invitation couched in the usual terms, on satin

gilt-edged notepaper, to her evening party; or, as I call it, "Ball."

Besides the engraved note sent to all her friends, my kind patroness had addressed me privately as follows:

"MY DEAR MR. TITMARSH,—If you know any *very* eligible young man, we give you leave to bring him. You *gentlemen* love your *clubs* so much now, and care so little for *dancing*, that it is really quite a *scandal*. Come early, and before *everybody*, and give us the benefit of all your taste and *continental skill*.—Your sincere

"EMILY PERKINS."

"Whom shall I bring?" mused I, highly flattered by this mark of confidence; and I thought of Bob Trippett; and little Fred. Spring, of the Navy Pay Office; Hulker, who is rich, and I know took lessons in Paris; and a half score of other bachelor friends, who might be considered as *very eligible*—when I was roused from my meditation by the slap of a hand on my shoulder; and looking up, there was The Mulligan, who began, as usual, reading the papers on my desk.

"Hwhat's this?" says he. "Who's Perkins? Is it a supper-ball, or only a tay-ball?"

"The Perkinses of Pocklington Square, Mulligan, are tiptop people," says I, with a tone of dignity. "Mr. Perkins's sister is married to a baronet, Sir Giles Bacon, of Hogwash, Norfolk. Mr. Perkins's uncle was Lord Mayor of London; and he was himself in Parliament, and *may be* again any day. The family are my most particular friends. A tay-ball indeed! why, Gunter * * * " Here I stopped: I felt I was committing myself.

"Gunter?" says The Mulligan, with another confounded slap on the shoulder. "Don't say another word: *I'll* go widg you, me boy."

"*You* go, Mulligan?" says I: "why, really—I—it's not my party."

"Your hwhat? hwhat's this letter? an't I an eligible young man?—Is the descendant of a thousand kings unfit company for a miserable tallow-chandthlering cockney? Are ye joking wid me? for, let me tell ye, I don't like them jokes. D'ye suppose I'm not as well bawrun and bred as yourself, or any Saxon friend ye ever had?"

"I never said you weren't, Mulligan," says I.

"Ye don't mean seriously that a Mulligan is not fit company for a Perkins?"

"My dear fellow, how could you think I could so far insult you?" says I.

"Well then," says he, "that's a matter settled, and we go."

What the deuce was I to do? I wrote to Mrs. Perkins; and that kind lady replied, that she would receive The Mulligan, or any other of my friends, with the greatest cordiality. "Fancy a party, all Mulligans!" thought I, with a secret terror.

.

MR. AND MRS. PERKINS, THEIR HOUSE, AND
THEIR YOUNG PEOPLE.

FOLLOWING Mrs. Perkins's orders, the present writer made his appearance very early at Pocklington Square; where the tastiness of all the decorations elicited my warmest admiration. Supper, of course, was in the dining-room, superbly arranged by Messrs. Grigs and Spooner, the confectioners of the neighbourhood. I assisted my respected friend Mr. Perkins, and his butler, in decanting the sherry, and saw, not without satisfaction, a large bath for wine under the sideboard, in which were already placed very many bottles of champagne.

The BACK DINING-ROOM, Mr. P.'s study (where the venerable man goes to sleep after dinner), was arranged on this occasion as a tea-room, Mrs. Flouncey (Miss Fanny's maid) officiating in a cap and pink ribbons, which became her exceedingly. Long, long before the arrival of the company, I remarked Master Thomas Perkins and Master Giles Bacon, his cousin (son of Sir Giles Bacon, Bart.), in this apartment, busy among the macaroons.

Mr. Gregory, the butler, besides John the footman, and Sir Giles's large man in the Bacon livery, and honest Grundsell, carpet-beater and greengrocer, of Little Pocklington Buildings, had at least half a dozen of aides-de-camp in black and white neckcloths, like doctors of divinity.

The BACK DRAWING-ROOM door on the landing being taken off the hinges (and placed upstairs under Mr. Perkins's bed), the orifice was covered with muslin, and festooned with elegant wreaths of flowers. This was the *Dancing Saloon*. A linen was spread over the carpet; and a band—consisting of Mr. Clapperton, piano, Mr. Pinch, harp, and Herr Spoff, cornet-à-piston—arrived at a pretty early hour, and were accommodated with some comfortable negus in the tea-room, previous to the commencement of their delightful labours. The boudoir to the left was fitted up as a card-room; the drawing-room was, of course, for the reception of the company,—the chandeliers and yellow

damask being displayed, this night, in all their splendour; and the charming conservatory, over the landing, was ornamented by a few moon-like lamps, and the flowers arranged so that it had the appearance of a fairy bower. And Miss Perkins (as I took the liberty of stating to her mamma) looked like the fairy of that bower. It is this young creature's first year in *public life*: she has been educated, regardless of expense, at Hammersmith; and a simple white muslin dress and blue ceinture set off charms of which I beg to speak with respectful admiration.

My distinguished friend, The Mulligan of Ballymulligan, was good enough to come the very first of the party. By the way, how awkward it is to be the first of the party: and yet you know somebody must; but for my part, being timid, I always wait at the corner of the street in the cab, and watch until some other carriage comes up.

Well, as we were arranging the sherry in the decanters down the supper-tables, my friend arrived: "Hwmares me friend Mr. Titmarsh?" I heard him bawling out to Gregory in the passage, and presently he rushed into the supper-room, where Mr. and Mrs. Perkins and myself were, and as the waiter was announcing "Mr. Mulligan," "THE Mulligan of Ballymulligan, ye blackguard!" roared he, and stalked into the apartment, "apologoisng," as he said, for introducing himself.

Mr. and Mrs. Perkins did not perhaps wish to be seen in this room, which was for the present only lighted by a couple of candles; but *he* was not at all abashed by the circumstance, and grasping them both warmly by the hands, he instantly made himself at home. "As friends of my dear and talented friend Mick," so he is pleased to call me, "I'm deloighted, madam, to be made known to ye. Don't consider me in the light of a mere acquaintance! As for you, my dear madam, you put me so much in moind of my own blessed mother, now resoidng at Ballymulligan Castle, that I begin to love ye at first soight." At which speech Mr. Perkins, getting rather alarmed, asked The Mulligan whether he would take some wine, or go upstairs.

"Faix," says Mulligan, "it's never too soon for good dthrink"; and (although he smelt very much of whisky already) he drank a tumbler of wine "to the improvement of an acqueentence which comminces in a manner so deloightful."

"Let's go upstairs, Mulligan," says I, and led the noble Irishman to the upper apartments, which were in a profound gloom, the candles not being yet illuminated, and where we surprised Miss Fanny, seated in the twilight at the piano, timidly trying the tunes of the polka which she danced so exquisitely that evening. She did not perceive the stranger at first; but how she started when The Mulligan loomed upon her!

"Heavenlee enchanthress!" says Mulligan, "don't floy at the approach of the humblest of your sleeves! Reshewm your pleece at that instrhument, which weeps harmonious, or smoils melojious, as you charrum it! Are you acqueented with the Oirish Melodies? Can ye play, 'Who fears to talk of Nointy-eight'? the 'Shan Van Voght'? or the 'Dirge of Ollam Fodhlah'?"

"Who's this mad chap that Titmarsh has brought?" I heard Master Bacon exclaim to Master Perkins. "Look! how frightened Fanny looks!"

"Oh, poo! gals are *always* frightened," Fanny's brother replied; but Giles Bacon, more violent, said, "I'll tell you what, Tom, if this goes on, we must pitch into him." And so I have no doubt they would, when another thundering knock coming, Gregory rushed into the room and began lighting all the candles, so as to produce an amazing brilliancy. Miss Fanny sprang up and ran to her mamma, and the young gentlemen slid down the banisters to receive the company in the hall.

EVERYBODY BEGINS TO COME, BUT
ESPECIALLY MR. MINCHIN.

"It's only me and my sisters," Master Bacon said; though "only" meant eight in this instance. All the young ladies had fresh cheeks and purple elbows; all had white frocks, with hair more or less auburn: and so a party was already made of this blooming and numerous family, before the rest of the company began to arrive. The three Miss Meggots next came in their fly: Mr. Blades and his niece from 19 in the square: Captain and Mrs. Struther, and Miss Struther; Doctor Toddy's two daughters and their mamma: but where were the gentlemen? The Mulligan, great and active as he was, could not suffice among so many beauties. At last came a brisk, neat little knock, and looking into the hall, I saw a gentleman taking off his clogs there, whilst Sir Giles Bacon's big footman was looking on with rather a contemptuous air.

"What name shall I enounce?" says he, with a wink at Gregory on the stair.

The gentleman in clogs said, with quiet dignity—

"MR. FREDERICK MINCHIN."

"Pump Court, Temple," is printed on his cards in very small type: and he is a rising barrister of the Western Circuit. He is to be found at home of mornings: afterwards "at Westminster," as you read on his back door. "Binks and Minchin's Reports" are probably known to my legal friends: this is the Minchin in question.

He is decidedly genteel, and is rather in request at the balls of the Judges' and Serjeants' ladies: for he dances irreproachably, and goes out to dinner as much as ever he can.

He mostly dines at the Oxford and Cambridge Clubs, of which you can easily see by his appearance that he is a member; he takes the joint and his half-pint of wine, for Minchin does everything like a gentleman. He is rather of a literary turn; still makes Latin verses with some neat-

ness; and before he was called, was remarkably fond of the flute.

When Mr. Minchin goes out in the evening, his clerk brings his bag to the Club, to dress; and if it is at all muddy, he turns up his trousers, so that he may come in without a speck. For such a party as this, he will have new gloves; otherwise Frederic, his clerk, is chiefly employed in cleaning them with india-rubber.

He has a number of pleasant stories about the Circuit and the University, which he tells with a simper to his neighbour at dinner; and has always the last joke of Mr. Baron Maule. He has a private fortune of five thousand pounds; he is a dutiful son; he has a sister married, in Harley Street; and Lady Jane Ranville has the best opinion of him, and says he is a most excellent and highly principled young man.

Her ladyship and daughter arrived just as Mr. Minchin had popped his clogs into the umbrella-stand; and the rank of that respected person, and dignified manner in which he led her upstairs, caused all sneering on the part of the domestics to disappear.

THE BALL-ROOM DOOR.

A HUNDRED of knocks follow Frederick Minchin's: in half an hour Messrs. Spoff, Pinch, and Clapperton have begun their music, and Mulligan, with one of the Miss Bacons, is dancing majestically in the first quadrille. My young friends, Giles and Tom, prefer the landing-place to the drawing-rooms, where they stop all night, robbing the refreshment-trays as they come up or down. Giles has eaten fourteen ices: he will have a dreadful stomach-ache to-morrow. Tom has eaten twelve, but he has had four more glasses of negus than Giles. Grundsell, the occasional waiter, from whom Master Tom buys quantities of ginger-beer, can of course deny him nothing. That is Grundsell, in the tights, with the tray. Meanwhile direct your attention to the three gentlemen at the door: they are conversing.

1st Gent. Who's the man of the house—the bald man?

2nd Gent. Of course. The man of the house is always bald. He's a stockbroker, I believe. Snooks brought me.

1st Gent. Have you been to the tea-room? There's a pretty girl in the tea-room: blue eyes, pink ribbons, that kind of thing.

2nd Gent. Who the deuce is that girl with those tremendous shoulders? Gad! I do wish somebody would smack 'em.

3rd Gent. Sir—that young lady is my niece, sir,—my niece—my name is Blades, sir.

2nd Gent. Well, Blades! smack your niece's shoulders: she deserves it, begad! she does. Come in, Jinks, present me to the Perkinses.—Hullo! here's an old country acquaintance—Lady Bacon, as I live! with all the piglings; she never goes out without the whole litter. (*Exeunt 1st and 2nd Gents.*)

LADY BACON, THE MISS BACONS, MR. FLAM.

Lady B. Leonora! Marie! Amelia! here is the gentleman we met at Sir John Porkington's.

[*The MISSES BACON, expecting to be asked to dance, smile simultaneously, and begin to smooth their tuckers.*]

Mr. Flam. Lady Bacon! I couldn't be mistaken in you! Won't you dance, Lady Bacon?

Lady B. Go away, you droll creature!

Mr. Flam. And these are your ladyship's seven lovely sisters, to judge from their likenesses to the charming Lady Bacon?

Lady B. My sisters, he! he! my *daughters*, Mr. Flam, and *they* dance; don't you, girls?

The Misses Bacon. Oh yes!

Mr. Flam. Gad! how I wish I was a dancing man!

[*Exit FLAM.*]

MR. LARKINS.

I HAVE not been able to do justice (only a Lawrence could do that) to my respected friend Mrs. Perkins, in this picture; but Larkins's portrait is considered very like. Adolphus Larkins has been long connected with Mr. Perkins's City establishment, and is asked to dine twice or thrice per annum. Evening parties are the great enjoyment of this simple youth, who, after he has walked from Kentish Town to Thames Street, and passed twelve hours in severe labour there, and walked back again to Kentish Town, finds no greater pleasure than to attire his lean person in that elegant evening costume which you see, to walk into town again, and to dance at anybody's house who will invite him. Islington, Pentonville, Somers Town, are the scenes of many of his exploits; and I have seen this good-natured fellow performing figure-dances at Notting Hill, at a house where I am ashamed to say there was no supper, no negus even to speak of, nothing but the bare merits of the polka in which Adolphus revels. To describe this gentleman's infatuation for dancing, let me say, in a word, that he will even frequent boarding-house hops, rather than not go.

He has clogs, too, like Minchin: but nobody laughs at *him*. He gives himself no airs; but walks, into a house with a knock and a demeanour so tremulous and humble, that the servants rather patronise him. He does not speak, or have any particular opinions, but when the time comes begins to dance. He bleats out a word or two to his partner during this operation, seems very weak and sad during the whole performance, and, of course, is set to dance with the ugliest women everywhere.

The gentle, kind spirit! when I think of him night after night, hopping and jigging, and trudging off to Kentish Town, so gently, through the fogs, and mud, and darkness: I do not know whether I ought to admire him, because his enjoyments are so simple, and his dispositions so *kindly*; or laugh at him, because he draws his life so exquisitely

mild. Well, well, we can't be all roaring lions in this world; there must be *some* lambs, and harmless, kindly, gregarious creatures for eating and shearing. See! even good-natured Mrs. Perkins is leading up the trembling Larkins to the tremendous Miss Bunion!

MISS BUNION.

THE Poetess, author of "Heartstrings," "The Deadly Nightshade," "Passion Flowers," etc. Though her poems breathe only of love, Miss B. has never been married. She is nearly six feet high; she loves waltzing beyond even poesy; and I think lobster-salad as much as either. She confesses to twenty-eight; in which case her first volume, "The Orphan of Gozo" (cut up by Mr Rigby, in the *Quarterly*, with his usual kindness), must have been published when she was three years old.

For a woman all soul, she certainly eats as much as any woman I ever saw. The sufferings she has had to endure, are, she says, beyond compare; the poems which she writes breathe a withering passion, a smouldering despair, an agony of spirit that would melt the soul of a drayman, were he to read them. Well, it is a comfort to see that she can dance of nights, and to know (for the habits of illustrious literary persons are always worth knowing) that she eats a hot mutton-chop for breakfast every morning of her blighted existence.

She lives in a boarding-house at Brompton, and comes to the party in a fly.

MR. HICKS.

It is worth twopence to see Miss Bunion and Poseidon Hicks, the great poet, conversing with one another, and to talk of one to the other afterwards. How they hate each other! I (in my wicked way) have sent Hicks almost raving mad, by praising Bunion to him in confidence; and you can drive Bunion out of the room by a few judicious panegyrics of Hicks.

Hicks first burst upon the astonished world with Poems, in the Byronic manner: "The Death-Shriek," "The Bastard of Lara," "The Atabal," "The Fire-Ship of Botzaris," and other works. His "Love Lays," in Mr. Moore's early style, were pronounced to be wonderfully precocious for a young gentleman then only thirteen, and in a commercial academy, at Tooting.

Subsequently this great bard became less passionate and more thoughtful; and, at the age of twenty, wrote "Idiosyncrasy" (in forty books, 4to); "Ararat," "a stupendous epic," as the reviews said; and "The Megatheria," "a magnificent contribution to our pre-Adamite literature," according to the same authorities. Not having read these works, it would ill become me to judge them; but I know that poor Jingle, the publisher, always attributed his insolvency to the latter epic, which was magnificently printed in elephant folio.

Hicks has now taken a classical turn, and has brought out "Poseidon," "Iacchus," "Hephæstus," and I dare say is going through the mythology. But I should not like to try him at a passage of the Greek Delectus, any more than twenty thousand others of us who have had the advantage of a "classical education."

Hicks was taken in an inspired attitude, regarding the chandelier, and pretending he didn't know that Miss Pettifer was looking at him.

Her name is Anna Maria (daughter of Higgs and Pettifer, solicitors, Bedford Row); but Hicks calls her "Ianthe" in his album verses, and is himself an eminent drysalter in the city.

MISS MEGGOT.

POOR Miss Meggot is not so lucky as Miss Bunion. Nobody comes to dance with *her*, though she has a new frock on, as she calls it, and rather a pretty foot, which she always manages to stick out.

She is forty-seven, the youngest of three sisters, who live in a mouldy old house, near Middlesex Hospital, where they have lived for I don't know how many scores of years; but this is certain, the eldest Miss Meggot saw the Gordon Riots out of that same parlour window, and tells the story how her father (physician to George III.) was robbed of his queue in the streets on that occasion. The two old ladies have taken the brevet rank, and are addressed as Mrs. Jane and Mrs. Betsy: one of them is at whist in the back drawing-room. But the youngest is still called Miss Nancy, and is considered quite a baby by her sisters.

She was going to be married once to a brave young officer, Ensign Angus Macquirk, of the Whistlebinkie Fencibles; but he fell at Quatre Bras, by the side of the gallant Snuffmull, his commander. Deeply, deeply did Miss Nancy deplore him.

But time has cicatrised the wounded heart. She is gay now, and would sing or dance, ay, or marry if anybody asked her.

Do go, my dear friend—I don't mean to ask her to marry, but to ask her to dance.—Never mind the looks of the thing. It will make her happy; and what does it cost you? Ah, my dear fellow! take this counsel: always dance with the old ladies—always dance with the governesses. It is a comfort to the poor things when they get up in their garret that somebody has had mercy on them. And such a handsome fellow as *you* too!

MISS RANVILLE, REV. MR. TOOP, MISS
MULLINS, MR. WINTER.

Mr. W. Miss Mullins, look at Miss Ranville: what a picture of good humour!

Miss M. Oh, you satirical creature!

Mr. W. Do you know why she is so angry? She expected to dance with Captain Grig, and, by some mistake, the Cambridge Professor got hold of her: isn't he a handsome man?

Miss M. Oh, you droll wretch!

Mr. W. Yes, he's a fellow of college—fellows mayn't marry, Miss Mullins—poor fellows, ay, Miss Mullins?

Miss M. La!

Mr. W. And Professor of Phlebotomy in the University. He flatters himself he is a man of the world, Miss Mullins, and always dances in the long vacation.

Miss M. You malicious, wicked monster!

Mr. W. Do you know Lady Jane Ranville? Miss Ranville's mamma. A ball once a year; footmen in canary-coloured livery: Baker Street; six dinners in the season; starves all the year round; pride and poverty, you know; I've been to her ball *once*. Ranville Ranville's her brother; and between you and me—but this, dear Miss Mullins, is a profound secret—I think he's a greater fool than his sister.

Miss M. Oh, you satirical, droll, malicious, wicked thing, you!

Mr. W. You do me injustice, Miss Mullins, indeed you do.

[*Chaine Anglaise.*]

MISS JOY, MR. AND MRS. JOY, MR. BOTTER.

Mr. B. What spirits that girl has, Mrs. Joy!

Mr. J. She's a sunshine in a house, Botter, a regular sunshine. When Mrs. J. here's in a bad humour, I * * *

Mrs. J. Don't talk nonsense, Mr. Joy.

Mr. B. There's a hop, skip, and jump for you! Why, it beats Ellsler! Upon my conscience it does! It's her fourteenth quadrille, too. There she goes! She's a jewel of a girl, though I say it that shouldn't.

Mrs. J. (laughing). Why don't you marry her, Botter? Shall I speak to her? I daresay she'd have you. You're not so *very* old.

Mr. B. Don't aggravate me, Mrs. J. You know when I lost my heart in the year 1817, at the opening of Waterloo Bridge, to a young lady who wouldn't have me, and left me to die in despair, and married Joy, of the Stock Exchange * * *

Mrs. J. Get away, you foolish old creature.

[*MR. JOY looks on in ecstasies at Miss Joy's agility.*

LADY JANE RANVILLE, of Baker Street, pronounces her to be an exceedingly forward person. CAPTAIN DOBBS likes a girl who has plenty of go in her; and as for FRED. SPARKS, he is over head and ears in love with her.]

MR. RANVILLE RANVILLE AND JACK HUBBARD.

THIS is Miss Ranville Ranville's brother, Mr. Ranville Ranville, of the Foreign Office, faithfully designed as he was playing at whist in the card-room. Talleyrand used to play at whist at the Travellers'; that is why Ranville Ranville indulges in that diplomatic recreation. It is not his fault if he be not the greatest man in the room.

If you speak to him, he smiles sternly, and answers in monosyllables; he would rather die than commit himself. He never has committed himself in his life. He was the first at school, and distinguished at Oxford. He is growing prematurely bald now, like Canning, and is quite proud of it. He rides in St. James's Park of a morning before breakfast. He docketts his tailor's bills, and nicks off his dinner-notes in diplomatic paragraphs, and keeps *précis* of them all. If he ever makes a joke, it is a quotation from Horace, like Sir Robert Peel. The only relaxation he permits himself, is to read Thucydides in the holidays.

Everybody asks him out to dinner, on account of his brass buttons with the Queen's cipher, and to have the air of being well with the Foreign Office. "Where I dine," he says solemnly, "I think it is my duty to go to evening parties." That is why he is here. He never dances, never sups, never drinks. He has gruel when he goes home to bed. I think it is in his brains.

He is such an ass and so respectable, that one wonders he has not succeeded in the world; and yet somehow they laugh at him; and you and I shall be Ministers as soon as he will.

Yonder, making believe to look over the print-books, is that merry rogue, Jack Hubbard.

See how jovial he looks! He is the life and soul of every party, and his impromptu singing after supper will make you die of laughing. He is meditating an impromptu now, and at the same time thinking about a bill that is coming due next Thursday. Happy dog!

MRS. TROTTER, MISS TROTTER, MISS TOADY,
LORD METHUSELAH.

DEAR Emma Trotter has been silent and rather ill-humoured all the evening, until now her pretty face lights up with smiles. Cannot you guess why? Pity the simple and affectionate creature! Lord Methuselah has not arrived until this moment; and see how the artless girl steps forward to greet him!

In the midst of all the selfishness and turmoil of the world, how charming it is to find virgin hearts quite unsullied, and to look on at little romantic pictures of mutual love! Lord Methuselah, though you know his age by the Peerage—though he is old, wigged, gouty, rouged, wicked—has lighted up a pure flame in that gentle bosom. There was a talk about Tom Willoughby last year; and then, for a time, young Hawbuck (Sir John Hawbuck's youngest son) seemed the favoured man; but Emma never knew her mind until she met the dear creature before you in a Rhine steamboat. "Why are you so late, Edward?" says she. Dear, artless child!

Her mother looks on with tender satisfaction. One can appreciate the joys of such an admirable parent.

"Look at them! says Miss Toady. "I vow and protest they're the handsomest couple in the room!"

Methuselah's grandchildren are rather jealous and angry, and Mademoiselle Ariane, of the French theatre, is furious. But there's no accounting for the mercenary envy of some people; and it is impossible to satisfy everybody.



Mr. Beaumoris, Mr. Grig, Mr. Flynders.
—*Christmas Books*, p. 23.



MR. BEAUMORIS, MR. GRIG, MR. FLYNDERS.

THOSE three young men are described in a twinkling: Lieutenant Grig of the Heavies; Mr. Beaumoris, the handsome young man; Tom Flinders (Flynders Flynders he now calls himself), the fat gentleman who dresses after Beaumoris.

Beaumoris is in the Treasury: he has a salary of eighty pounds a year, on which he maintains the best cab and horses of the season, and out of which he pays seventy guineas merely for his subscription to clubs. He hunts in Leicestershire, where great men mount him; is a prodigious favourite behind the scenes at the theatres; you may get glimpses of him at Richmond, with all sorts of pink bonnets; and he is the sworn friend of half the most famous roués about town, such as Old Methuselah, Lord Billygoat, Lord Tarquin, and the rest—a respectable race. It is to oblige the former that the good-natured young fellow is here to-night; though it must not be imagined that he gives himself any airs of superiority. Dandy as he is, he is quite affable, and would borrow ten guineas from any man in the room in the most jovial way possible.

It is neither Beau's birth, which is doubtful; nor his money, which is entirely negative; nor his honesty, which goes along with his money qualification; nor his wit, for he can barely spell—which recommend him to the fashionable world: but a sort of Grand Seigneur splendour, and dandified *je ne sais quoi*, which make the man he is of him. The way in which his boots and gloves fit him is a wonder which no other man can achieve; and though he has not an atom of principle, it must be confessed that he invented the Taglioni shirt.

When I see those magnificent dandies yawning out of White's, or caracoling in the Park on shining chargers, I like to think that Brummell was the greatest of them all, and that Brummell's father was a footman.

Flynders is Beaumoris's toady: lends him money; buys horses through his recommendation; dresses after him; clings to him in Pall Mall and on the steps of the clubs; and talks about "Bo" in all societies. It is his drag which

carries down Bo's friends to the Derby, and his cheques pay for dinners to the pink bonnets. I don't believe the Perkinses know what a rogue it is, but fancy him a decent, reputable City man, like his father before him.

As for Captain Grig, what is there to tell about him? He performs the duties of his calling with perfect gravity. He is faultless on parade; excellent across country; amiable when drunk, rather slow when sober. He has not two ideas, and is a most good-natured, irreproachable, gallant, and stupid young officer.

CAVALIER SEUL.

THIS is my friend Bob Hely, performing the Cavalier seul in a quadrille. Remark the good-humoured pleasure depicted in his countenance. Has he any secret grief? Has he a pain anywhere? No, dear Miss Jones, he is dancing like a true Briton, and with all the charming gaiety and abandon of our race.

When Canaillard performs that Cavalier seul operation, does *he* flinch? No; he puts on his most *vainqueur* look, he sticks his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, and advances, retreats, pirouettes, and otherwise gambadoes, as though to say, "Regarde moi, O monde! Venez, O femmes, venez voir danser Canaillard!"

When De Bobwitz executes the same measure, he does it with smiling agility and graceful ease.

But poor Hely, if he were advancing to a dentist, his face would not be more cheerful. All the eyes of the room are upon him, he thinks; and he thinks he looks like a fool.

Upon my word, if you press the point with me, dear Miss Jones, I think he is not very far from right. I think that while Frenchmen and Germans may dance, as it is their nature to do, there is a natural dignity about us Britons which debars us from that enjoyment. I am rather of the Turkish opinion, that this should be done for us. I think * * *

"Good-bye, you envious old fox-and-the-grapes," says Miss Jones, and the next moment I see her whirling by in a polka with Tom Tozer, at a pace which makes me shrink back with terror into the little boudoir.

M. CANAILLARD, CHEVALIER OF THE LEGION
OF HONOUR. LIEUTENANT BARON DE
BOBWITZ.

Canaillard. Oh, ces Anglais! quels hommes, mon Dieu! Comme ils sont habillés, comme ils dansent!

Bobwitz. Ce sont de beaux hommes bourtant; point de tenue militaire, mais de grands gaillards; si je les avais dans ma compagnie de la Garde, j'en ferai de bons soldats.

Canaillard. Est-il bête, cet Allemand? Les grands hommes ne font pas toujours de bons soldats, Monsieur. Il me semble que les soldats de France qui sont de ma taille, Monsieur, valent un peu mieux * * *

Bobwitz. Vous croyez?

Canaillard. Comment! je le crois, Monsieur? J'en suis sûr! Il me semble, Monsieur, que nous l'avons prouvé.

Bobwitz (impatiently). Je m'en vais danser la Bolka. Serviteur, Monsieur.

Canaillard. Butor! (He goes and looks at himself in the glass, when he is seized by Mrs. Perkins for the Polka.)

THE BOUDOIR.

MR. SMITH, MR. BROWN, MISS BUSTLETON.

Mr. Brown. You polk, Miss Bustleton? I'm so delighted.

Miss Bustleton. [*Smiles and prepares to rise.*]

Mr. Smith. D —— puppy.

(*Poor SMITH don't polk.*)

GRAND POLKA.

THOUGH a quadrille seems to me as dreary as a funeral, yet to look at a polka, I own, is pleasant. See! Brown and Emily Bustleton are whirling round as light as two pigeons over a dovecot; Tozer, with that wicked, whisking, little Jones, spins along as merrily as a May-day sweep; Miss Joy is the partner of the happy Fred. Sparks; and even Miss Ranville is pleased, for the faultless Captain Grig is toe and heel with her. Beaumoris, with rather a nonchalant air, takes a turn with Miss Trotter, at which Lord Methuselah's wrinkled chops quiver uneasily. See! how the big Baron de Bobwitz spins lightly, and gravely, and gracefully round; and lo! the Frenchman staggering under the weight of Miss Bunion, who tramps and kicks like a young cart-horse.


But the most awful sight which met my view in this dance was the unfortunate Miss Little, to whom fate had assigned THE MULLIGAN as a partner. Like a pavid kid in the talons of an eagle, that young creature trembled in his huge Milesian grasp. Disdaining the recognised form of the dance, the Irish chieftain accommodated the music to the dance of his own green land, and performed a double shuffle jig, carrying Miss Little along with him. Miss Ranville and her Captain shrank back amazed; Miss Trotter skirried out of his way into the protection of the astonished Lord Methuselah; Fred. Sparks could hardly move for laughing; while, on the contrary, Miss Joy was quite in pain for poor Sophy Little. As Canaillard and the Poetess came up, The Mulligan, in the height of his enthusiasm, lunged out a kick which sent Miss Bunion howling; and concluded with a tremendous Hurroo!—a war-cry which caused every Saxon heart to shudder and quail.

“Oh that the earth would open and kindly take me in!” I exclaimed mentally; and slunk off into the lower regions, where by this time half the company were at supper.

THE SUPPER.

THE supper is going on behind the screen. There is no need to draw the supper. We all know that sort of transaction: the squabbling, and gobbling, and popping of champagne; the smell of musk and lobster salad; the dowagers chumping away at plates of raised pie; the young lassies nibbling at little titbits, which the dexterous young gentlemen procure. Three large men, like doctors of divinity, wait behind the table, and furnish everything that appetite can ask for. I never, for my part, can eat my supper for wondering at those men. I believe if you were to ask for mashed turnips, or a slice of crocodile, those astonishing people would serve you. What a contempt they must have for the guttling crowd to whom they minister—those solemn pastrycook's men! How they must hate jellies, and game-pies, and champagne, in their hearts! How they must scorn my poor friend Grundsell behind the screen, who is sucking at a bottle!

GEORGE GRUNDSSELL,
GREEN-GROCER AND SALESMAN
9 LITTLE POCKLINGTON BUILDINGS,
LATE CONFIDENTIAL SERVANT IN THE FAMILY OF
THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON

 Carpets Beat.—Knives and Boots cleaned per contract.—Errands faithfully performed.—G. G. attends Ball and Dinner parties, and from his knowledge of the most distinguished Families in London, confidently recommends his services to the distinguished neighbourhood of Pocklington Square.

This disguised greengrocer is a very well known character in the neighbourhood of Pocklington Square. He waits at the parties of the gentry in the neighbourhood, and though, of course, despised in families where a footman is kept, is a person of much importance in female establishments.

Miss Jonas always employs him at her parties, and says to her page, "Vincent, send the butler, or send Desborough to me"; by which name she chooses to designate G. G.

When the Miss Frumps have post-horses to their carriage, and pay visits, Grundsell always goes behind. Those ladies have the greatest confidence in him, have been godmothers to fourteen of his children, and leave their house in his charge when they go to Bognor for the summer. He attended those ladies when they were presented at the last drawing-room of Her Majesty Queen Charlotte.

Mr. Grundsell's state costume is a blue coat and copper buttons, a white waistcoat, and an immense frill and shirt-collar. He was for many years a private watchman, and once canvassed for the office of parish clerk of St. Peter's, Pocklington. He can be entrusted with untold spoons; with anything, in fact, but liquor; and it was he who brought round the cards for MRS. PERKINS'S BALL.

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AFTER SUPPER.

I do not intend to say any more about it. After the people had supped, they went back and danced. Some supped again. I gave Miss Bunion, with my own hands, four bumpers of champagne; and such a quantity of goose-liver and truffles, that I don't wonder she took a glass of cherry-brandy afterwards. The grey morning was in Pocklington Square as she drove away in her fly. So did the other people go away. How green and fallow some of the girls looked, and how awfully clear Mrs. Colonel Bludyer's rouge was! Lady Jane Ranville's great coach had roared away down the streets long before. Fred. Minchin pattered off in his clogs; it was I who covered up Miss Meggot, and conducted her, with her two old sisters, to the carriage. Good old souls! They have shown their gratitude by asking me to tea next Tuesday. Methuselah is gone to finish the night at the Club. "Mind to-morrow," Miss Trotter says, kissing her hand out of the carriage. Canaillard departs, asking the way to "Lesterre Squar." They all go away—life goes away.

Look at Miss Martin and young Ward! How tenderly the rogue is wrapping her up! how kindly she looks at him! The old folks are whispering behind as they wait for their carriage. What is their talk, think you? and when shall that pair make a match? When you see those pretty little creatures, with their smiles and their blushes, and their pretty ways, wouldn't you like to be the Grand Bashaw?

"Mind and send me a large piece of cake," I go up and whisper archly to old Mr. Ward: and we look on rather sentimentally at the couple, almost the last in the room (there, I declare, go the musicians, and the clock is at five)—when Grundsell, with an *air effaré*, rushes up to me and says, "For E'v'n sake, sir, go into the supper-room: here's that Hirish gent. a-pitchin' into Mr. P."

THE MULLIGAN AND MR. PERKINS.

It was too true. I had taken him away after supper (he ran after Miss Little's carriage, who was dying in love with him, as he fancied), but the brute had come back again. The doctors of divinity were putting up their condiments: everybody was gone; but the abominable Mulligan sate swinging his legs at the lonely supper-table!

Perkins was opposite, gasping at him.

The Mulligan. I tell ye, ye are the butler, ye big fat man. Go get me some more champagne: it's good at this house.

Mr. Perkins (with dignity). It is good at this house; but——

The Mulligan. Bht hwhat, ye goggling, bow-windowed jackass? Go get the wine, and we'll dthrink it together, my old buck.

Mr. Perkins. My name, sir, is PERKINS.

The Mulligan. Well, that rhymes with gerkins and jerkins, my man of firkins; so don't let us have any more shirkings and lurkings, Mr. Perkins.

Mr. Perkins (with apopleptic energy). Sir, I am the master of this house: and I order you to quit it. I'll not be insulted, sir. I'll send for a policeman, sir. What do you mean, Mr. Titmarsh, sir, by bringing this—this beast into my house, sir?

At this, with a scream like that of a Hyrcanian tiger, Mulligan of the hundred battles sprang forward at his prey; but we were beforehand with him. Mr. Gregory, Mr. Grundsel, Sir Giles Bacon's large man, the young gentlemen, and myself, rushed simultaneously upon the tipsy chieftain, and confined him. The doctors of divinity looked on with perfect indifference. That Mr. Perkins did not go off in a fit is a wonder. He was led away heaving and snorting frightfully.

Somebody smashed Mulligan's hat over his eyes, and I led him forth into the silent morning. The chirrup of the birds, the freshness of the rosy air, and a penn'orth of coffee that I got for him at a stall in the Regent Circus, revived him somewhat. When I quitted him, he was not

angry, but sad. He was desirous, it is true, of avenging the wrongs of Erin in battle line; he wished also to share the grave of Sarsfield and Hugh O'Neill; but he was sure that Miss Perkins, as well as Miss Little, was desperately in love with him; and I left him on a doorstep in tears.

"Is it best to be laughing-mad, or crying-mad, in the world?" says I moodily, coming into my street. Betsy, the maid, was already up and at work, on her knees, scouring the steps, and cheerfully beginning her honest daily labour.

OUR STREET.

BY MR. M. A. TITMARSH.

OUR STREET.

OUR STREET.

OUR STREET, from the little nook which I occupy in it, and whence I find a fellow-lodger and friend of mine cynically observe it, presents a strange, motley scene. We are in a state of transition. We are not as yet in the town, and we have left the country, where we were when I came to lodge with Mrs. Cammysole, my excellent landlady. I then took second-floor apartments at No. 17 Waddilove Street, and since, although I have never moved (having various little comforts about me), I find myself living at No. 46A Pocklington Gardens.

Why is this? Why am I to pay eighteen shillings instead of fifteen? I was quite as happy in Waddilove Street; but the fact is, a great portion of that venerable old district has passed away, and we are being absorbed into the splendid new white-stuccoed Doric-porticoed genteel Pocklington quarter. Sir Thomas Gibbs Pocklington, M. P. for the borough of Lathanplaster, is the founder of the district and his own fortune. The Pocklington Estate Office is in the Square, on a line with Waddil—with Pocklington Gardens, I mean. The old inn, the Ram and Magpie, where the market-gardeners used to bait, came out this year with a new white face and title, the shield, etc., of the Pocklington Arms. Such a shield it is! Such quarterings! Howard, Cavendish, De Ros, De la Zouche, all mingled together.

Even our house, 46A, which Mrs. Cammysole has had painted white in compliment to the Gardens of which it now forms part, is a sort of impostor, and has no business to be called Gardens at all. Mr. Gibbs, Sir Thomas's agent and nephew, is furious at our daring to take the title which belongs to our betters. The very next door (No. 46, the Honourable Mrs. Mountnoddy) is a house of five stories, shooting up proudly into the air, thirty feet above our old

high-roofed low-roomed old tenement. It belongs to Captain Bragg, not only the landlord but the son-in-law of Mrs. Cammysole, who lives a couple of hundred yards down the street, at "The Bungalow." He was the commander of the *Ram Chunder* East Indiaman, and has quarrelled with the Pocklingtons ever since he bought houses in the parish.

He it is who will not sell or alter his houses to suit the spirit of the times. He it is who, though he made the widow Cammysole change the name of her street, will not pull down the house next door, nor the baker's next, nor the iron-bedstead and feather warehouse ensuing, nor the little barber's with the pole, nor, I am ashamed to say, the tripe-shop, still standing. The barber powders the heads of the great footmen from Pocklington Gardens; they are so big that they can scarcely sit in his little premises. And the old tavern, The East Indiaman, is kept by Bragg's ship-steward, and protests against the Pocklington Arms.

Down the road is Pocklington Chapel, Rev. Oldham Slocum—in brick, with arched windows and a wooden belfry: sober, dingy, and hideous. In the centre of Pocklington Gardens rises St. Waltheof's, the Rev. Cyril Thuryfer and assistants—a splendid Anglo-Norman edifice, vast, rich, elaborate, bran new, and intensely old. Down Avemary Lane you may hear the clink of the little Romish chapel bell. And hard by is a large broad-shouldered Ebenezer (Rev. Jonas Gronow), out of the windows of which the hymns come booming all Sunday long.

Going westward along the line, we come presently to Comandine House (on a part of the gardens of which Comandine Gardens is about to be erected by his lordship); farther on, "The Pineries," Mr. and Lady Mary Mango: and so we get into the country, and out of Our Street altogether, as I may say. But in the half mile, over which it may be said to extend, we find all sorts and conditions of people—from the Right Honourable Lord Comandine down to the present topographer; who, being of no rank as it were, has the fortune to be treated on almost friendly footing by all, from his lordship down to the tradesman.

OUR HOUSE IN OUR STREET.

WE must begin our little descriptions where, they say, charity should begin—at home. Mrs. Cammysole, my landlady, will be rather surprised when she reads this, and finds that a good-natured tenant, who has never complained of her impositions for fifteen years, understands every one of her tricks, and treats them, not with anger, but with scorn—with silent scorn.

On the 18th of December, 1837, for instance, coming gently downstairs, and before my usual wont, I saw you seated in my arm-chair, peeping into a letter that came from my aunt in the country, just as if it had been addressed to you, and not to “M. A. Titmarsh, Esq.” Did I make any disturbance? far from it: I slunk back to my bedroom (being enabled to walk silently in the beautiful pair of worsted slippers Miss Penelope J——s worked for me: they are worn out now, dear Penelope!) and then, rattling open the door with a great noise, descended the stairs, singing “*Son vergin vezzosa*” at the top of my voice. You were not in my sitting-room, Mrs. Cammysole, when I entered that apartment.

You have been reading all my letters, papers, manuscripts, *brouillons* of verses, inchoate articles for the *Morning Post* and *Morning Chronicle*, invitations to dinner and tea—all my family letters, all Eliza Townley’s letters, from the first, in which she declared that to be the bride of her beloved Michelagnolo was the fondest wish of her maiden heart, to the last, in which she announced that her Thomas was the best of husbands, and signed herself “Eliza Slogger”; all Mary Farmer’s letters, all Emily Delamere’s; all that poor foolish old Miss MacWhirter’s, whom I would as soon marry as ——: in a word, I know that you, you hawk-beaked, keen-eyed, sleepless, indefatigable old Mrs. Cammysole, have read all my papers for these ten years.

I know that you cast your curious old eyes over all the manuscripts which you find in my coat-pockets and those of my pantaloons, as they hang in a drapery over the door-handle of my bedroom.

I know that you count the money in my green and gold purse, which Lucy Netterville gave me, and speculate on the manner in which I have laid out the difference between to-day and yesterday.

I know that you have an understanding with the laundress (to whom you say that you are all-powerful with me), threatening to take away my practice from her, unless she gets up gratis some of your fine linen.

I know that we both have a pennyworth of cream for breakfast, which is brought in in the same little can; and I know who has the most for her share.

I know how many lumps of sugar you take from each pound as it arrives. I have counted the lumps, you old thief, and for years have never said a word, except to Miss Clapperclaw, the first-floor lodger. Once I put a bottle of pale brandy into that cupboard, of which you and I only have keys, and the liquor wasted and wasted away until it was all gone. You drank the whole of it, you wicked old woman. You a lady, indeed!

I know your rage when they did me the honour to elect me a member of the Poluphloisboiothalasses Club, and I ceased consequently to dine at home. When I *did* dine at home,—on a beef-steak, let us say,—I should like to know what you had for supper. You first amputated portions of the meat when raw; you abstracted more when cooked. Do you think *I* was taken in by your flimsy pretences? I wonder how you could dare to do such things before your maids (you a clergymen's daughter and widow, indeed!), whom you yourself were always charging with roguery.

Yes, the insolence of the old woman is unbearable, and I must break out at last. If she goes off in a fit at reading this, I am sure I shan't mind. She has two unhappy wenches, against whom her old tongue is clacking from morning till night: she pounces on them at all hours. It was but this morning at eight, when poor Molly was brooming the steps, and the baker paying her by no means unmerited compliments, that my landlady came whirling out of the ground-floor front, and sent the poor girl whimpering into the kitchen.

Were it but for her conduct to her maids I was determined publicly to denounce her. These poor wretches she causes to lead the lives of demons; and not content with bullying them all day, she sleeps at night in the same room with

them, so that she may have them up before daybreak, and scold them while they are dressing.

Certain it is, that between her and Miss Clapperclaw, on the first floor, the poor wenches lead a dismal life. My dear Miss Clapperclaw, I hope you will excuse me for having placed you in the title-page of my little book, looking out of your accustomed window, and having your eye-glasses ready to spy the whole street, which you know better than any inhabitant of it.

It is to you that I owe most of my knowledge of our neighbours; from you it is that most of the facts and observations contained in these brief pages are taken. Many a night, over our tea, have we talked amiably about our neighbours and their little failings; and as I know that you speak of mine pretty freely, why, let me say, my dear Bessy, that if we have not built up Our Street between us, at least we have pulled it to pieces.

THE BUNGALOW—CAPTAIN AND MRS. BRAGG.

LONG, long ago, when Our Street was the country—a stage-coach between us and London passing four times a day—I do not care to own that it was a sight of Flora Cammysole's face, under the card of her mamma's "Lodgings to Let," which first caused me to become a tenant of Our Street. A fine good-humoured lass she was then; and I gave her lessons (part out of the rent) in French and flower-painting. She has made a fine rich marriage since, although her eyes have often seemed to me to say, "Ah, Mr. T., why didn't you, when there was yet time, and we both of us were free, propose—you know what?" "Psha! Where was the money, my dear madam?"

Captain Bragg, then occupied in building Bungalow Lodge—Bragg, I say, living on the first floor, and entertaining sea-captains, merchants, and East Indian friends with his grand ship's plate, being disappointed in a project of marrying a director's daughter, who was also a second cousin once removed of a peer,—sent in a fury for Mrs. Cammysole, his landlady, and proposed to marry Flora off-hand, and settle four hundred a year upon her. Flora was ordered from the back parlour (the Ground-floor occupies the Second-floor bedroom), and was on the spot made acquainted with the splendid offer which the First-floor had made her. She has been Mrs. Captain Bragg these twelve years.

You see her portrait, and that of the brute her husband, on the opposite side of the page.

Bragg to this day wears anchor-buttons, and has a dress-coat with a gold strap for epaulets, in case he should have a fancy to sport them. His house is covered with portraits, busts, and miniatures of himself. His wife is made to wear one of the latter. On his sideboard are pieces of plate, presented by the passengers of the *Ram Chunder* to Captain Bragg: "The *Ram Chunder* East Indiaman, in a gale, off Table Bay"; "The Outward-bound Fleet, under convoy of Her Majesty's frigate *Loblollyboy*, Captain Gutch, beating off the French squadron, under Commodore Leloup (the *Ram Chunder*, S.E. by E., is represented engaged

with the *Mirliton* corvette)”; “The *Ram Chunder* standing into the Hooghly, with Captain Bragg, his telescope and speaking-trumpet, on the poop”; “Captain Bragg presenting the Officers of the *Ram Chunder* to General Bonaparte at St. Helena”—TITMARSH (this fine piece was painted by me when I was in favour with Bragg); in a word, Bragg and the *Ram Chunder* are all over the house.

Although I have eaten scores of dinners at Captain Bragg’s charge, yet his hospitality is so insolent, that none of us who frequent his mahogany feel any obligation to our braggart entertainer.

After he has given one of his great heavy dinners he always takes an opportunity to tell you, in the most public way, how many bottles of wine were drunk. His pleasure is to make his guests tipsy, and to tell everybody how and when the period of inebriation arose. And Miss Clapper-claw tells me that he often comes over laughing and giggling to her, and pretending that he has brought *me* into this condition—a calumny which I fling contemptuously in his face.

He scarcely gives any but men’s parties, and invites the whole club home to dinner. What is the compliment of being asked, when the whole club is asked too, I should like to know? Men’s parties are only good for boys. I hate a dinner where there are no women. Bragg sits at the head of his table, and bullies the solitary Mrs. Bragg.

He entertains us with stories of storms which he, Bragg, encountered—of dinners which he, Bragg, has received from the Governor-General of India—of jokes which he, Bragg, has heard; and however stale or odious they may be, poor Mrs. B. is always expected to laugh.

Woe be to her if she doesn’t, or if she laughs at anybody else’s jokes. I have seen Bragg go up to her and squeeze her arm with a savage grind of his teeth, and say, with an oath, “Hang it, madam, how dare you laugh when any man but your husband speaks to you? I forbid you to grin in that way. I forbid you to look sulky. I forbid you to look happy, or to look up, or to keep your eyes down to the ground. I desire you will not be trapesing through the rooms. I order you not to sit as still as a stone.” He curses her if the wine is corked, or if the dinner is spoiled, or if she comes a minute too soon to the club for him, or arrives a minute too late. He forbids her to walk, except

upon his arm. And the consequence of his ill-treatment is, that Mrs. Cammysole and Mrs. Bragg respect him beyond measure, and think him the first of human beings.

"I never knew a woman who was constantly bullied by her husband who did not like him the better for it," Miss Clapperclaw says. And though this speech has some of Clapp's usual sardonic humour in it, I can't but think there is some truth in the remark.

LEVANT HOUSE CHAMBERS—MR. RUMBOLD,
A.R.A., AND MISS RUMBOLD.

WHEN Lord Levant quitted the country and this neighbourhood, in which the tradesmen still deplore him, No. 56, known as Levantine House, was let to the Pococurante Club, which was speedily bankrupt (for we are too far from the centre of town to support a club of our own); it was subsequently hired by the West Diddlesex Railroad; and is now divided into sets of chambers, superintended by an acrimonious housekeeper, and by a porter in a sham livery: whom, if you don't find him at the door, you may as well seek at the Grapes public-house, in the little lane round the corner. He varnishes the japan-boots of the dandy lodgers; reads Mr. Pinkney's *Morning Post* before he lets him have it; and neglects the letters of the inmates of the chambers generally.

The great rooms, which were occupied as the salons of the noble Levant, the coffee-rooms of the Pococurante (a club where the play was furious, as I am told), and the board-room and manager's room of the West Diddlesex, are tenanted now by a couple of artists; young Pinkney the miniaturist, and George Rumbold the historical painter. Miss Rumbold, his sister, lives with him, by the way; but with that young lady of course we have nothing to do.

I knew both these gentlemen at Rome, when George wore a velvet doublet and a beard down to his chest, and used to talk about high art at the Café Greco. How it smelled of smoke, that velveteen doublet of his, with which his stringy red beard was likewise perfumed! It was in his studio that I had the honour to be introduced to his sister, the fair Miss Clara: she had a large casque with a red horse-hair plume (I thought it had been a wisp of her brother's beard at first), and held a tin-headed spear in her hand, representing a Roman warrior in the great picture of Caractacus George was painting—a piece sixty-four feet by eighteen. The Roman warrior blushed to be discovered in that attitude: the tin-headed spear trembled in the whitest arm in the world. So she put it down, and, taking off the helmet also, went and sat in a far corner of the studio,

mending George's stockings; whilst we smoked a couple of pipes, and talked about Raphael being a good deal over-rated.

I think he is; and have never disguised my opinion about the "Transfiguration." And all the time we talked, there were Clara's eyes looking lucidly out from the dark corner in which she was sitting, working away at the stockings. The lucky fellow! They were in a dreadful state of bad repair when she came out to him at Rome, after the death of their father, the Reverend Miles Rumbold.

George, while at Rome, painted "Caractacus"; a picture of "Non Angli sed Angeli" of course; a picture of "Alfred in the Neat-herd's Cottage," seventy-two feet by forty-eight — (an idea of the gigantic size and Michael-Angelesque proportions of this picture may be formed, when I state that the mere muffin, of which the outcast king is spoiling the baking, is two feet three in diameter); and the deaths of Socrates, of Remus, and of the Christians under Nero respectively. I shall never forget how lovely Clara looked in white muslin, with her hair down, in this latter picture, giving herself up to a ferocious Carnifex (for which Bob Gaunter the architect sat), and refusing to listen to the mild suggestions of an insinuating Flamen: which character was a gross caricature of myself.

None of George's pictures sold. He has enough to tapestry Trafalgar Square. He has painted, since he came back to England, "The Flaying of Marsyas," "The Smothering of the Little Boys in the Tower," "A Plague Scene during the Great Pestilence," "Ugolino on the Seventh Day after he was deprived of Victuals," etc. For although these pictures have great merit, and the writhings of Marsyas, the convulsions of the little princes, the look of agony of St. Lawrence on the gridiron, etc., are quite true to nature, yet the subjects somehow are not agreeable; and if he hadn't a small patrimony, my friend George would starve.

Fondness for art leads me a great deal to this studio. George is a gentleman, and has very good friends, and good pluck too. When we were at Rome, there was a great row between him and young Heeltap, Lord Boxmoor's son, who was uncivil to Miss Rumbold; (the young scoundrel—had I been a fighting man, I should like to have shot him myself!) Lady Betty Bulbul is very fond of Clara; and Tom

Bulbul, who took George's message to Heeltap, is always hanging about the studio. At least I know that I find the young jackanapes there almost every day, bringing a new novel, or some poisonous French poetry, or a basket of flowers, or grapes, with Lady Betty's love to her dear Clara—a young rascal with white kids, and his hair curled every morning. What business has *he* to be dangling about George Rumbold's premises, and sticking up his ugly pug-face as a model for all George's pictures?

Miss Clapperclaw says Bulbul is evidently smitten, and Clara too. What! would she put up with such a little fribble as that, when there is a man of intellect and taste who—but I won't believe it. It is all the jealousy of women.

SOME OF THE SERVANTS IN OUR STREET.

THESE gentlemen have two clubs in our quarter—for the butlers at the Indiaman, and for the gents in livery at the Paddington Arms—of either of which societies I should like to be a member. I am sure they could not be so dull as Our Club at the Poluphloisboio, where one meets the same neat, clean, respectable old fogies every day.

But with the best wishes, it is impossible for the present writer to join either the Plate Club or the Uniform Club (as these *réunions* are designated); for one could not shake hands with a friend who was standing behind your chair, or nod a How-d'ye do? to the butler who was pouring you out a glass of wine;—so that what I know about the gents in our neighbourhood is from mere casual observation. For instance, I have a slight acquaintance with (1) Thomas Spavin, who commonly wears the above air of injured innocence, and is groom to Mr. Joseph Green, of Our Street. “I tell why the brougham ’oss is out of condition, and why Desperation broke out all in a lather! ’Osses will, this ’eavy weather; and Desperation was always the most mystic hoss I ever see.—I take him out with Mr. Anderson’s ’ounds—I’m above it. I allis was too timid to ride to ’ounds by natur; and Colonel Sprigs’ groom, as says he saw me, is a liar,” etc., etc.

Such is the tenor of Mr. Spavin’s remarks to his master. Whereas all the world in Our Street knows that Mr. Spavin spends at least a hundred a year in beer; that he keeps a betting-book; that he has lent Mr. Green’s black brougham horse to the omnibus driver; and, at a time when Mr. G. supposed him at the veterinary’s surgeon’s, has lent him to a livery stable, which has let him out to that gentleman himself, and actually driven him to dinner behind his own horse.

This conduct I can understand, but I cannot excuse—Mr. Spavin may; and I leave the matter to be settled betwixt himself and Mr. Green.

The second is Monsieur Sinbad, Mr. Clarence Bulbul’s man, whom we all hate Clarence for keeping.

Mr. Sinbad is a foreigner, speaking no known language, but a mixture of every European dialect—so that he may be an Italian brigand, or a Tyrolese minstrel, or a Spanish smuggler, for what we know. I have heard say that he is neither of these, but an Irish Jew.

He wears studs, hair-oil, jewellery, and linen shirt-fronts, very finely embroidered, but not particular for whiteness. He generally appears in faded velvet waist-coats of a morning, and is always perfumed with stale tobacco. He wears large rings on his hands, which look as if he kept them up the chimney.

He does not appear to do anything earthly for Clarence Bulbul, except to smoke his cigars, and to practise on his guitar. He will not answer a bell, nor fetch a glass of water, nor go of an errand: on which, *au reste*, Clarence dares not send him, being entirely afraid of his servant, and not daring to use him, or to abuse him, or to send him away.

3. Adams—Mr. Champignon's man—a good old man in an old livery coat with old worsted lace—so very old, deaf, surly, and faithful, that you wonder how he should have got into the family at all; who never kept a footman till last year, when they came into the street.

Miss Clapperclaw says she believes Adams to be Mrs. Champignon's father, and he certainly has a look of that lady; as Miss C. pointed out to me at dinner one night, whilst old Adams was blundering about amongst the hired men from Gunter's, and falling over the silver dishes.

4. Fipps, the buttoniest page in all the street: walks behind Mrs. Grimsby with her prayer-book, and protects her.

"If that woman wants a protector" (a female acquaintance remarks), "Heaven be good to us! She is as big as an ogress, and has an upper lip which many a Cornet of the Lifeguards might envy. Her poor dear husband was a big man, and she could beat him easily; and did too. Mrs. Grimsby, indeed! Why, my dear Mr. Titmarsh, it is Glumdalca walking with Tom Thumb."

This observation of Miss C.'s is very true, and Mrs. Grimsby might carry her prayer-book to church herself. But Miss Clapperclaw, who is pretty well able to take care of herself too, was glad enough to have the protection of the page when she went out in the fly to pay visits, and

before Mrs. Grimsby and she quarrelled at whist at Lady Pocklington's.

After this merely parenthetical observation, we come to (5) one of her Ladyship's large men, Mr. Jeames—a gentleman of vast stature and proportions, who is almost nose to nose with us as we pass her Ladyship's door on the outside of the omnibus. I think Jeames has a contempt for a man whom he witnesses in that position. I have fancied something like that feeling showed itself (as far as it may in a well-bred gentleman accustomed to society) in his behaviour, while waiting behind my chair at dinner.

But I take Jeames to be, like most giants, good-natured, lazy, stupid, soft-hearted, and extremely fond of drink. One night, his lady being engaged to dinner at Nightingale House, I saw Mr. Jeames resting himself on a bench at the Pocklington Arms: where, as he had no liquor before him, he had probably exhausted his credit.

Little Spitfire, Mr. Clarence Bulbul's boy, the wickedest little varlet that ever hung on to a cab, was "chaffing" Mr. Jeames, holding up to his face a pot of porter almost as big as the young potifer himself.

"Vill you now, Big'un, or von't you?" Spitfire said. "If you're thusty, vy don't you say so and squench it, old boy?"

"Don't ago on makin' fun of me—I can't abear chaffin', was the reply of Mr. Jeames, and tears actually stood in his fine eyes as he looked at the porter and the screeching little imp before him.

Spitfire (real name unknown) gave him some of the drink: I am happy to say Jeames's face wore quite a different look when it rose gasping out of the porter; and I judge of his dispositions from the above trivial incident.

The last boy in the sketch (6) need scarcely be particularised. Doctor's boy; was a charity-boy; stripes evidently added on to a pair of the doctor's clothes of last year—Miss Clapperclaw pointed this out to me with a giggle. Nothing escapes that old woman.

As we were walking in Kensington Gardens she pointed me out Mrs. Bragg's nursery-maid, who sings so loud at church, engaged with a Life Guardsman, whom she was trying to convert probably. My virtuous friend rose indignant at the sight.

"That's why these minxes like Kensington Gardens,"



Why our nursemaids like Kensington Gardens.
—*Christmas Books*, p. 50.

she cried. "Look at the woman: she leaves the baby on the grass, for the giant to trample upon; and that little wretch of a Hastings Bragg is riding on the monster's cane."

Miss C. flew up and seized the infant, waking it out of its sleep, and causing all the Gardens to echo with its squalling. "I'll teach you to be impudent to me," she said to the nursery-maid, with whom my vivacious old friend, I suppose, has had a difference; and she would not release the infant until she had rung the bell of Bungalow Lodge, where she gave it up to the footman.

The giant in scarlet had slunk down towards Knightbridge meanwhile. The big rogues are always crossing the Park and the Gardens, and hankering about Our Street.

WHAT SOMETIMES HAPPENS IN OUR STREET.

It was before old Hunkington's house that the mutes were standing, as I passed and saw this group at the door.

The charity-boy with the hoop is the son of the jolly-looking mute; he admires his father, who admires himself too, in those bran-new sables. The other infants are the spawn of the alleys about Our Street. Only the parson and the typhus fever visit those mysterious haunts, which lie couched about our splendid houses like Lazarus at the threshold of Dives.

Those little ones come crawling abroad in the sunshine, to the annoyance of the beadles, and the horror of a number of good people in the street. They will bring up the rear of the procession anon, when the grand omnibus with the feathers, and the fine coaches with the long-tailed black horses, and the gentlemen's private carriages with the shutters up, pass along to Saint Waltheof's.

You can hear the slow bell tolling clear in the sunshine already, mingling with the crowing of Punch, who is passing down the street with his show; and the two musics make a queer medley.

Not near so many people, I remark, engage Punch now as in the good old times. I suppose our quarter is growing too genteel for him.

Miss Bridget Jones, a poor curate's daughter in Wales, comes into all Hunkington's property, and will take his name, as I am told. Nobody ever heard of her before. I am sure Captain Hunkington, and his brother Barnwell Hunkington, must wish that the lucky young lady had never been heard of to the present day.

But they will have the consolation of thinking that they did their duty by their uncle, and consoled his declining years. It was but last month that Millwood Hunkington (the Captain) sent the old gentleman a service of plate; and Mrs. Barnwell got a reclining carriage at a great expense from Hobbs and Dobbs's, in which the old gentleman went out only once.

"It is a punishment on those Hunkingtons," Miss Clapperclaw remarks: "upon those people who have been al-

ways living beyond their little incomes, and always speculating upon what the old man would leave them, and always coaxing him with presents which they could not afford, and he did not want. It is a punishment upon those Hunkingtons to be so disappointed."

"Think of giving him plate," Miss C. justly says, "who had chests-full; and sending him a carriage, who could afford to buy all Long Acre. And everything goes to Miss Jones Hunkington. I wonder will she give the things back?" Miss Clapperclaw asks. "I wouldn't."

And indeed I don't think Miss Clapperclaw would.

SOMEBODY WHOM NOBODY KNOWS.

THAT pretty little house, the last in Pocklington Square, was lately occupied by a young widow lady who wore a pink bonnet, a short silk dress, sustained by crinoline, and a light blue mantle, or over-jacket (Miss C. is not here to tell me the name of the garment); or else a black velvet pelisse, a yellow shawl, and a white bonnet; or else—but never mind the dress, which seemed to be of the handsomest sort money could buy—and who had very long glossy black ringlets, and a peculiarly brilliant complexion,—No. 96 Pocklington Square, I say, was lately occupied by a widow lady named Mrs. Stafford Molyneux.

The very first day on which an intimate and valued female friend of mine saw Mrs. Stafford Molyneux stepping into a brougham, with a splendid bay horse, and without a footman (mark, if you please, that delicate sign of respectability), and after a moment's examination of Mrs. S. M.'s toilette, her manners, little dog, carnation-coloured parasol, etc., Miss Elizabeth Clapperclaw clapped to the opera-glass with which she had been regarding the new inhabitant of Our Street, came away from the window in a great flurry, and began poking her fire in a fit of virtuous indignation.

"She's very pretty," said I, who had been looking over Miss C.'s shoulder at the widow with the flashing eyes and drooping ringlets.

"Hold your tongue, sir," said Miss Clapperclaw, tossing up her virgin head with an indignant blush on her nose. "It's a sin and a shame that such a creature should be riding in her carriage, forsooth, when honest people must go on foot."

Subsequent observations confirmed my revered fellow-lodger's anger and opinion. We have watched hansom cabs standing before that lady's house for hours; we have seen broughams, with great flaring eyes, keeping watch there in the darkness; we have seen the vans from the comestible-shops drive up and discharge loads of wines, groceries, French plums, and other articles of luxurious horror. We have seen Count Wowski's drag, Lord Martingale's carriage, Mr. Deuceace's cab drive up there time

after time; and (having remarked previously the pastry-cook's men arrive with the trays and *entrées*) we have known that this widow was giving dinners at the little house in Pocklington Square—dinners such as decent people could not hope to enjoy.

My excellent friend has been in a perfect fury when Mrs. Stafford Molyneux, in a black velvet riding-habit, with a hat and feather, has come out and mounted an odious grey horse, and has cantered down the street, followed by her groom upon a bay.

“It won't last long—it must end in shame and humiliation,” my dear Miss C. has remarked, disappointed that the tiles and chimney-pots did not fall down upon Mrs. Stafford Molyneux's head, and crush that cantering, audacious woman.

But it was a consolation to see her when she walked out with a French maid, a couple of children, and a little dog hanging on to her by a blue ribbon. She always held down her head then—her head with the drooping black ringlets. The virtuous and well-disposed avoided her. I have seen the Square-keeper himself look puzzled as she passed; and Lady Kicklebury walking by with Miss K., her daughter, turn away from Mrs. Stafford Molyneux, and fling back at her a ruthless Parthian glance that ought to have killed any woman of decent sensibility.

That wretched woman, meanwhile, with her rouged cheeks (for rouge it *is*, Miss Clapperclaw swears, and who is a better judge?) has walked on conscious, and yet somehow braving out the Street. You could read pride of her beauty, pride of her fine clothes, shame of her position, in her downcast black eyes.

As for Mademoiselle Trampoline, her French maid, she would stare the sun itself out of countenance. One day she tossed up her head as she passed under our windows with a look of scorn that drove Miss Clapperclaw back to the fireplace again.

It was Mrs. Stafford Molyneux's children, however, whom I pitied the most. Once her boy, in a flaring tartan, went up to speak to Master Roderick Lacy, whose maid was engaged ogling a policeman; and the children were going to make friends, being united with a hoop which Master Molyneux had, when Master Roderick's maid, rushing up,

clutched her charge to her arms, and hurried away, leaving little Molyneux sad and wondering.

"Why won't he play with me, mamma?" Master Molyneux asked—and his mother's face blushed purple as she walked away.

"Ah—Heaven help us and forgive us!" said I; but Miss C. can never forgive the mother or child; and she clapped her hands for joy one day when we saw the shutters up, bills in the windows, a carpet hanging out over the balcony, and a crowd of shabby Jews about the steps—giving token that the reign of Mrs. Stafford Molyneux was over. The pastrycooks and their trays, the bay and the grey, the brougham and the groom, the noblemen and their cabs, were all gone; and the tradesmen in the neighbourhood were crying out that they were done.

"Serve the odious minx right!" says Miss C.; and she played at picquet that night with more vigour than I have known her manifest for these last ten years.

What is it that makes certain old ladies so savage upon certain subjects? Miss C. is a good woman; pays her rent and her tradesmen; gives plenty to the poor; is brisk with her tongue, kind-hearted in the main; but if Mrs. Stafford Molyneux and her children were plunged into a cauldron of boiling vinegar, I think my revered friend would not take her out.

THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

FOR another misfortune which occurred in Our Street we were much more compassionate. We liked Danby Dixon, and his wife Fanny Dixon still more. Miss C. had a paper for biscuits and a box of preserved apricots always in the cupboard, ready for Dixon's children—provisions by the way which she locked up under Mrs. Cammysole's nose, so that our landlady could by no possibility lay a hand on them.

Dixon and his wife had the neatest little house possible (No. 16, opposite 96), and were liked and respected by the whole street. He was called Dandy Dixon when he was in the Dragoons, and was a light weight, and rather famous as a gentleman rider. On his marriage, he sold out and got fat; and was indeed a florid, contented, and jovial gentleman.

His little wife was charming—to see her in pink with some miniature Dixons, in pink too, round about her, or in that beautiful grey dress, with the deep black lace flounces, which she wore at my Lord Comandine's on the night of the private theatricals, would have done any man good. To hear her sing any of my little ballads, "Know'st Thou the Willow-tree?" for instance, or "The Rose upon my Balcony," or "The Humming of the Honey-bee" (far superior, in *my* judgment, and in that of *some good judges* likewise, to that humbug Clarence Bulbul's ballads)—to hear her, I say, sing these, was to be in a sort of small Elysium. Dear, dear little Fanny Dixon! she was like a little chirping bird of Paradise. It was a shame that storms should ever ruffle such a tender plumage.

Well, never mind about sentiment. Danby Dixon, the owner of this little treasure, an ex-captain of Dragoons, and having nothing to do, and a small income, wisely thought he would employ his spare time and increase his revenue. He became a director of the Cornaro Life Insurance Company, of the Tregulpho Tin-mines, and of four or five railroad companies. It was amusing to see him swaggering about the City in his clinking boots, and with his high and mighty dragoon manners. For a time his talk

about shares after dinner was perfectly intolerable; and I for one was always glad to leave him in the company of sundry very dubious capitalists who frequented his house, and walk up to hear Mrs. Fanny warbling at the piano, with her little children about her knees.

It was only last season that they set up a carriage—the modestest little vehicle conceivable—driven by Kirby, who had been in Dixon's troop in the regiment, and had followed him into private life as coachman, footman, and page.

One day lately I went to Dixon's house, hearing that some calamities had befallen him, the particulars of which Miss Clapperclaw was desirous to know. The creditors of the Tregulpho Mines had got a verdict against him as one of the directors of that company; the engineer of the Little Diddlesex Junction had sued him for two thousand three hundred pounds—the charges of that scientific man for six weeks' labour in surveying the line. His brother directors were to be discovered nowhere: Windham, Dodgin, Mizzlington, and the rest, were all gone long ago.

When I entered, the door was open; there was a smell of smoke in the dining-room, where a gentleman at noon-day was seated with a pipe and a pot of beer: a man in possession indeed, in that comfortable pretty parlour, by that snug round table where I have so often seen Fanny Dixon's smiling face.

Kirby, the ex-dragon, was scowling at the fellow, who lay upon a little settee reading the newspaper, with an evident desire to kill him. Mrs. Kirby, his wife, held little Danby, poor Dixon's son and heir. Dixon's portrait smiled over the sideboard still, and his wife was upstairs in an agony of fear, with the poor little daughters of this bankrupt, broken family.

This poor soul had actually come down and paid a visit to the man in possession. She had sent wine and dinner to "the gentleman downstairs," as she called him in her terror. She had tried to move his heart, by representing to him how innocent Captain Dixon was, and how he had always paid, and always remained at home when everybody else had fled. As if her tears and simple tales and entreaties could move that man in possession out of the house, or induce him to pay the costs of the action which her husband had lost.

Danby meanwhile was at Boulogne, sickening after his

wife and children. They sold everything in his house—all his smart furniture and neat little stock of plate; his wardrobe and his linen, “the property of a gentleman gone abroad”; his carriage by the best maker; and his wine selected without regard to expense. His house was shut up as completely as his opposite neighbour’s; and a new tenant is just having it fresh painted inside and out, as if poor Dixon had left an infection behind.

Kirby and his wife went across the water with the children and Mrs. Fanny—she has a small settlement; and I am bound to say that our mutual friend Miss Elizabeth C. went down with Mrs. Dixon in the fly to the Tower stairs, and stopped in Lombard Street by the way.

So it is that the world wags: that honest men and knaves alike are always having ups and downs of fortune, and that we are perpetually changing tenants in Our Street.

THE LION OF THE STREET.

WHAT people can find in Clarence Bulbul, who has lately taken upon himself the rank and dignity of Lion of Our Street, I have always been at a loss to conjecture.

"He has written an Eastern book of considerable merit," Miss Clapperclaw says; but hang it, has not everybody written an Eastern book? I should like to meet anybody in society now who has not been up to the second cataract. An Eastern book, forsooth! My Lord Castleroyal has done one—an honest one; my Lord Youngent another—an amusing one; my Lord Woolsey another—a pious one; there is "The Cutlet and the Cabob"—a sentimental one; "Timbuctoothern"—a humorous one, all ludicrously overrated, in my opinion: not including my own little book, of which a copy or two is still to be had, by the way.

Well, then, Clarence Bulbul, because he has made part of the little tour that all of us know, comes back and gives himself airs, forsooth, and howls as if he were just out of the great Libyan desert.

When we go and see him, that Irish Jew courier, whom I have before had the honour to describe, looks up from the novel which he is reading in the ante-room, and says, "*Mon maître est au divan*," or "*Monsieur trouvera Monsieur dans son sérail*," and relapses into the *Comte de Montechristo* again.

Yes, the impudent wretch has actually a room in his apartments on the ground-floor of his mother's house, which he calls his harem. When Lady Betty Bulbul (they are of the Nightingale family) or Miss Blanche comes down to visit him, their slippers are placed at the door, and he receives them on an ottoman, and these infatuated women will actually light his pipe for him.

Little Spitfire, the groom, hangs about the drawing-room, outside the harem, forsooth! so that he may be ready when Clarence Bulbul claps hands for him to bring the pipes and coffee.

He has coffee and pipes for everybody. I should like you to have seen the face of old Bowly, his college-tutor, called upon to sit cross-legged on a divan, a little cup of

bitter black Mocha put into his hand, and a large amber-muzzled pipe stuck into his mouth by Spitfire, before he could so much as say it was a fine day. Bowly almost thought he had compromised his principles by consenting so far to this Turkish manner.

Bulbul's dinners are, I own, very good; his pilaffs and curries excellent. He tried to make us eat rice with our fingers, it is true; but he scalded his own hands in the business, and invariably bedizened his shirt; so he has left off the Turkish practice, for dinner at least, and uses a fork like a Christian.

But it is in society that he is most remarkable; and here he would, I own, be odious, but he becomes delightful, because all the men hate him so. A perfect chorus of abuse is raised round about him. "Confounded impostor," says one; "Impudent jackass," says another; "Miserable puppy," cries a third; "I'd like to wring his neck," says Bruff, scowling over his shoulder at him. Clarence meanwhile nods, winks, smiles, and patronises them all with the easiest good-humour. He is a fellow who would poke an archbishop in the apron, or clap a duke on the shoulder, as coolly as he would address you and me.

I saw him the other night at Mrs. Bumpsher's grand let off. He flung himself down cross-legged upon a pink satin sofa, so that you could see Mrs. Bumpsher quiver with rage in the distance, Bruff growl with fury from the further room, and Miss Pim, on whose frock Bulbul's feet rested, look up like a timid fawn.

"Fan me, Miss Pim," said he of the cushion. "You look like a perfect Peri to-night. You remind me of a girl I once knew in Circassia—Ameena, the sister of Schamyle Bey. Do you know, Miss Pim, that you would fetch twenty thousand piastres in the market at Constantinople?"

"Law, Mr. Bulbul!" is all Miss Pim can ejaculate; and having talked over Miss Pim, Clarence goes off to another houri, whom he fascinates in a similar manner. He charmed Mrs. Waddy by telling her that she was the exact figure of the Pasha of Egypt's second wife. He gave Miss Tokely a piece of the sack in which Zuleikah was drowned; and he actually persuaded that poor little silly Miss Vain to turn Mahometan, and sent her up to the Turkish Ambassador's to look out for a mufti.

THE DOVE OF OUR STREET.

IF Bulbul is our Lion, Young Oriel may be described as The Dove of our Colony. He is almost as great a pasha among the ladies as Bulbul. They crowd in flocks to see him at Saint Waltheof's, where the immense height of his forehead, the rigid asceticism of his surplice, the twang with which he intones the service, and the namby-pamby mysticism of his sermons, has turned all the dear girls' heads for some time past. While we were having a rubber at Mrs. Chauntry's, whose daughters are following the new mode, I heard the following talk (which made me revoke by the way) going on in what was formerly called the young ladies' room, but is now called the Oratory:—

THE ORATORY

MISS CHAUNTRY.	MISS ISABEL CHAUNTRY.
MISS DE L'AISLE.	MISS PYX.
REV. L. ORIEL.	REV. O. SLOCUM—[<i>In the further room</i>].

Miss Chauntry (sighing). Is it wrong to be in the Guards, dear Mr. Oriel?

Miss Pyx. She will make Frank de Boots sell out when he marries.

Mr. Oriel. To be in the Guards, dear sister? The Church has always encouraged the army. Saint Martin of Tours was in the army; Saint Louis was in the army; Saint Waltheof, our patron, Saint Witikind of Aldermanbury, Saint Wamba, and Saint Walloff were in the army. Saint Wapshot was captain of the guard of Queen Boadicea, and Saint Werewolf was a major in the Danish cavalry. The holy Saint Ignatius of Loyola carried a pike, as we know; and——

Miss De l'Aisle. Will you take some tea, dear Mr. Oriel?

Oriel. This is not one of *my* feast days, Sister Emma. It is the feast of Saint Wagstaff of Walthamstow.

The Young Ladies. And we must not even take tea!

Oriel. Dear sisters, I said not so. *You* may do as *you* list; but I am strong (*with a heart-broken sigh*); don't ply me (*he reels*). I took a little water and a parched pea

after matins. To-morrow is a flesh day, and—and I shall be better then.

Rev. O. Slocum (from within). Madam, I take your heart with my small trump.

Oriel. Yes, better! dear sister; it is only a passing—a—weakness.

Miss I. Chauntry. He's dying of fever.

Miss Chauntry. I'm so glad De Boots need not leave the Blues.

Miss Pyx. He wears sackcloth and cinders inside his waistcoat.

Miss De l' Aisle. He's told me to-night he's going to—to—Ro-o-ome. [*Miss De l' Aisle bursts into tears.*]

Rev. O. Slocum. My Lord, I have the highest club, which gives the trick and two by honours.

Thus, you see, we have a variety of clergymen in Our Street. Mr. Oriel is of the pointed Gothic school, while old Slocum is of the good old tawny port-wine school; and it must be confessed that Mr. Gronow, at Ebenezer, has a hearty abhorrence for both.

As for Gronow, I pity him, if his future lot should fall where Mr. Oriel supposes that it will.

And as for Oriel, he has not even the benefit of purgatory, which he would accord to his neighbour Ebenezer; while old Slocum pronounces both to be a couple of humbugs; and Mr. Mole, the demure, little, beetle-browed chaplain of the little church of Avemary Lane, keeps his sly eyes down to the ground when he passes any one of his black-coated brethren.

There is only one point on which, my friends, they seem agreed. Slocum likes port, but who ever heard that he neglected his poor? Gronow, if he comminates his neighbours' congregation, is the affectionate father of his own. Oriel, if he loves pointed Gothic and parched peas for breakfast, has a prodigious soup-kitchen for his poor; and as for little Father Mole, who never lifts his eyes from the ground, ask our doctor at what bedsides he finds him, and how he soothes poverty, and braves misery and infection.

THE BUMPSHERS.

No. 6 Pocklington Gardens (the house with the quantity of flowers in the windows, and the awning over the entrance), George Bumpsher, Esquire, M. P. for Hamborough (and the Beanstalks, Kent).

For some time after this gorgeous family came into our quarter, I mistook a bald-headed, stout person, whom I used to see looking through the flowers on the upper windows, for Bumpsher himself, or for the butler of the family; whereas it was no other than Mrs. Bumpsher without her chestnut wig, and who is at least three times the size of her husband.

The Bumpshers and the house of Mango at "The Pine-ries" vie together in their desire to dominate over the neighbourhood; and each votes the other a vulgar and purse-proud family. The fact is, both are City people. Bumpsher, in his mercantile capacity, is a wholesale stationer in Thames Street; and his wife was daughter of an eminent bill-broking firm, not a thousand miles from Lombard Street.

He does not sport a coronet and supporters upon his London plate and carriages; but his country-house is emblazoned all over with those heraldic decorations. He puts on an order when he goes abroad, and is Count Bumpsher of the Roman States—which title he purchased from the late Pope (through Prince Polonia the banker) for a couple of thousand scudi.

It is as good as a coronation to see him and Mrs. Bumpsher go to Court. I wonder the carriage can hold them both. On those days Mrs. Bumpsher holds her own drawing-room before Her Majesty's; and we are invited to come and see her sitting in state, upon the largest sofa in her rooms. She has need of a stout one, I promise you. Her very feathers must weigh something considerable. The diamonds on her stomacher would embroider a full-sized carpet-bag. She has rubies, ribbons, cameos, emeralds, gold serpents, opals, and Valenciennes lace, as if she were an immense sample out of Howell and James's shop.

She took up with little Pinkney at Rome, where he made

a charming picture of her, representing her as about eighteen, with a cherub in her lap, who has some liking to Bryanstone Bumpsher, her enormous, vulgar son; now a cornet in the Blues, and anything but a cherub, as those would say who saw him in his uniform jacket.

I remember Pinkney when he was painting the picture, Bryanstone being then a youth in what they call a skeleton suit (as if such a pig of a child could ever have been dressed in anything resembling a skeleton—(I remember, I say, Mrs. B. sitting to Pinkney in a sort of Egerian costume, her boy by her side, whose head the artist turned round and directed it towards a piece of gingerbread, which he was to have at the end of the sitting.

Pinkney, indeed, a painter!—a contemptible little humbug, and parasite of the great! He has painted Mrs. Bumpsher younger every year for these last ten years—and you see in the advertisements of all her parties his odious little name stuck in at the end of the list. I'm sure, for my part, I'd scorn to enter her doors, or be the toady of any woman.

JOLLY NEWBOY, ESQ., M.P.

How different it is with the Newboys, now, where I have an entrée—(having indeed had the honour in former days to give lessons to both the ladies)—and where such a quack as Pinkney would never be allowed to enter! A merrier house the whole quarter cannot furnish. It is there you meet people of all ranks and degrees, not only from our quarter, but from the rest of the town. It is there that our great man, the Right Honourable Lord Comandine, came up and spoke to me in so encouraging a manner that I hope to be invited to one of his lordship's excellent dinners (of which I shall not fail to give a very flattering description) before the season is over. It is there you find yourself talking to statesmen, poets, and artists—not sham poets like Bulbul, or quack artists like that Pinkney—but to the best members of all society. It is there I made this sketch, while Miss Chesterforth was singing a deep-toned tragic ballad, and her mother scowling behind her. What a buzz and clack and chatter there was in the room to be sure! When Miss Chesterforth sings, everybody begins to talk. Hicks and old Fogy were on Ireland; Bass was roaring into old Pump's ears (or into his horn rather) about the Navigation Laws; I was engaged talking to the charming Mrs. Short; while Charley Bonham (a mere prig, in whom I am surprised that the women can see anything) was pouring out his fulsome rhapsodies in the ears of Diana White. Lovely, lovely Diana White! were it not for three or four other engagements, I know a heart that would suit you to a T.

Newboy's I pronounce to be the jolliest house in the street. He has only of late had a rush of prosperity, and turned Parliament man; for his distant cousin, of the ancient house of Newboy of —shire, dying, Fred—then making believe to practise at the bar, and living with the utmost modesty in Gray's Inn Road—found himself master of a fortune, and a great house in the country; of which getting tired, as in the course of nature he should, he came up to London, and took that fine mansion in our Gardens.

He represents Mumborough in Parliament, a seat which has been time out of mind occupied by a Newboy.

Though he does not speak, being a great deal too rich, sensible, and lazy, he somehow occupies himself with reading blue-books, and indeed talks a great deal too much good sense of late over his dinner-table, where there is always a cover for the present writer.

He falls asleep pretty assiduously too after that meal—a practice which I can well pardon in him—for, between ourselves, his wife, Maria Newboy, and his sister, Clarissa, are the loveliest and kindest of their sex, and I would rather hear their innocent prattle, and lively talk about their neighbours, than the best wisdom from the wisest man that ever wore a beard.

Like a wise and good man, he leaves the question of his household entirely to the women. They like going to the play. They like going to Greenwich. They like coming to a party at Bachelor's Hall. They are up to all sorts of fun, in a word; in which taste the good-natured Newboy acquiesces, provided he is left to follow his own.

It was only on the 17th of the month, that, having had the honour to dine at the house, when, after dinner, which took place at eight, we left Newboy to his blue-books, and went upstairs and sang a little to the guitar afterwards—it was only on the 17th December, the night of Lady Sowerby's party, that the following dialogue took place in the boudoir, whither Newboy, blue-books in hand, had ascended.

He was curled up with his House of Commons boots on his wife's arm-chair, reading his eternal blue-books, when Mrs. N. entered from her apartment, dressed for the evening.

Mrs. N. Frederic, won't you come?

Mr. N. Where?

Mrs. N. To Lady Sowerby's.

Mr. N. I'd rather go to the Black Hole in Calcutta. Besides, this Sanitary Report is really the most interesting—*[he begins to read].*

Mrs. N. (piqued). Well, Mr. Titmarsh will go with us.

Mr. N. Will he? I wish him joy.

At this juncture Miss Clarissa Newboy enters in a pink paletôt trimmed with swansdown—looking like an angel—and we exchange glances of—what shall I say?—of sym-

pathy on both parts, and consummate rapture on mine. But this is by-play.

Mrs. N. Good-night, Frederic. I think we shall be late.

Mr. N. You won't wake me, I daresay; and you don't expect a public man to sit up.

Mrs. N. It's not you, it's the servants. Cocker sleeps very heavily. The maids are best in bed, and are all ill with the influenza. I say, Frederic dear, don't you think you had better give me YOUR CHUBB KEY?

This astonishing proposal, which violates every recognised law of society—this demand which alters all the existing state of things—this fact of a woman asking for a door-key, struck me with a terror which I cannot describe, and impressed me with the fact of the vast progress of Our Street. The door-key! What would our grandmother, who dwelt in this place when it was a rustic suburb, think of its condition now, when husbands stay at home, and wives go abroad with the latch-key?

The evening at Lady Sowerby's was the most delicious we have spent for long, long days.

Thus it will be seen that everybody of any consideration in Our Street takes a line. *Mrs. Minimy* (34) takes the homœopathic line, and has soirées of doctors of that faith. *Lady Pocklington* takes the capitalist line; and those stupid and splendid dinners of hers are devoured by loan-contractors and railroad princes. *Mrs. Trimmer* (38) comes out in the scientific line, and indulges us in rational evenings, where history is the lightest subject admitted, and geology and the sanitary condition of the metropolis form the general themes of conversation. *Mrs. Brumby* plays finely on the bassoon, and has evenings dedicated to Sebastian Bach, and enlivened with Handel. At *Mrs. Maskleyu's* they are mad for charades and theatricals.

They performed last Christmas in a French piece, by *Alexandre Dumas*, I believe—"La Duchesse de Montefiasco," of which I forget the plot, but everybody was in love with everybody else's wife, except the hero, *Don Alonzo*, who was ardently attached to the Duchess, who turned out to be his grandmother. The piece was translated by Lord Fiddle-faddle, *Tom Bulbul* being the *Don Alonzo*; and *Mrs. Roland Calidore* (who never misses an opportunity of acting in a piece in which she can let down her hair) was the Duchess.

ALONZO.

You know how well he loves you, and you wonder
 To see Alonzo suffer, Cunegunda?—
 Ask if the chamois suffer when they feel
 Plunged in their panting sides the hunter's steel?
 Or when the soaring heron or eagle proud,
 Pierced by my shaft, comes tumbling from the cloud,
 Ask if the royal birds no anguish know,
 The victims of Alonzo's twanging bow?
 Then ask him if he suffers—him who dies,
 Pierced by the poisoned glance that glitters from your eyes!
[He staggers from the effect of the poison.]

THE DUCHESS.

Alonzo loves—Alonzo loves! and whom?
 His grandmother! Oh, hide me, gracious tomb!
[Her Grace faints away.]

Such acting as Tom Bulbul's I never saw. Tom lisps atrociously, and uttered the passage, "You athk me if I thuffer," in the most absurd way. Miss Clapperclaw says he acted pretty well, and that I only joke about him because I am envious, and wanted to act a part myself.—I envious indeed!

But of all the assemblies, feastings, junketings, déjeunés, soirées, conversaciones, dinner-parties in Our Street, I know of none pleasanter than the banquets at Tom Fairfax's; one of which this enormous provision-consumer gives seven times a week. He lives in one of the little houses of the old Waddilove Street quarter, built long before Pocklington Square and Pocklington Gardens and the Pocklington family itself had made their appearance in this world.

Tom, though he has a small income, and lives in a small house, yet sits down one of a party of twelve to dinner every day of his life; these twelve consisting of Mrs. Fairfax, the nine Misses Fairfax, and Master Thomas Fairfax—the son and heir to twopence halfpenny a year.

It is awkward just now to go and beg pot-luck from such a family as this; because, though a guest is always welcome, we are thirteen at table—an unlucky number, it is said. This evil is only temporary, and will be remedied presently, when the family will be thirteen *without* the occasional guest, to judge from all appearances.

Early in the morning Mrs. Fairfax rises, and cuts bread and butter from six o'clock till eight; during which time

the nursery operations upon the nine little graces are going on. We only see a half-dozen of them at this present moment, and in the present authentic picture, the remainder dwindling off upon little chairs by their mamma.

The two on either side of Fairfax are twins—awarded to him by singular good fortune; and he only knows Nancy from Fanny by having a piece of tape round the former's arm. There is no need to give you the catalogue of the others. She in the pinafore in front is Elizabeth, god-daughter to Miss Clapperclaw, who has been very kind to the whole family; that young lady with the ringlets is engaged by the most solemn ties to the present writer, and it is agreed that we are to be married as soon as she is as tall as my stick.

If his wife has to rise early to cut the bread and butter, I warrant Fairfax must be up betimes to earn it. He is a clerk in a Government office; to which duty he trudges daily, refusing even twopenny omnibuses. Every time he goes to the shoemaker's he has to order eleven pairs of shoes, and so can't afford to spare his own. He teaches the children Latin every morning, and is already thinking when Tom shall be inducted into that language. He works in his garden for an hour before breakfast. His work over by three o'clock, he tramps home at four, and exchanges his dapper coat for that dressing-gown in which he appears before you,—a ragged but honourable garment in which he stood (unconsciously) to the present designer.

Which is the best, his old coat or Sir John's bran-new one? Which is the most comfortable and becoming, Mrs. Fairfax's black velvet gown (which she has worn at the Pocklington Square parties these twelve years, and in which I protest she looks like a queen), or that new robe which the milliner has just brought home to Mrs. Bumpsher's, and into which she will squeeze herself on Christmas Day?

Miss Clapperclaw says that we are all so charmingly contented with ourselves that not one of us would change with his neighbour; and so, rich and poor, high and low, one person is about as happy as another in Our Street.

DOCTOR BIRCH
AND
HIS YOUNG FRIENDS.

DOCTOR BIRCH.

THE DOCTOR AND HIS STAFF.

THERE is no need to say why I became Assistant Master and Professor of the English and French languages, flower-painting, and the German flute, in Doctor Birch's Academy, at Rodwell Regis. Good folks may depend on this, that there was good reason for my leaving lodgings near London, and a genteel society, for an under-master's desk in that old school. I promise you, the fare at the Usher's table, the getting up at five o'clock in the morning, the walking out with little boys in the fields (who used to play me tricks, and never could be got to respect my awful and responsible character as teacher in the school), Miss Birch's vulgar insolence, Jack Birch's glum condescension, and the poor old Doctor's patronage, were not matters in themselves pleasurable: and that that patronage and those dinners were sometimes cruel hard to swallow. Never mind—my connexion with the place is over now, and I hope they have got a more efficient under-master.

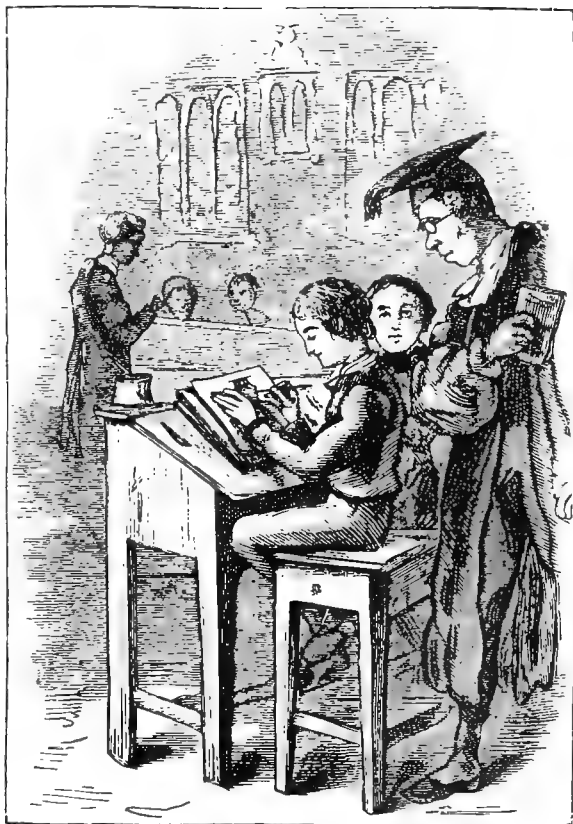
Jack Birch (Rev. J. Birch, of St. Neot's Hall, Oxford) is partner with his father the Doctor, and takes some of the classes. About his Greek I can't say much; but I will construe him in Latin any day. A more supercilious little prig (giving himself airs, too, about his cousin, Miss Raby, who lives with the Doctor), a more empty, pompous little coxcomb I never saw. His white neckcloth looked as if it choked him. He used to try and look over that starch upon me and Prince the assistant, as if we were a couple of footmen. He didn't do much business in the school; but occupied his time in writing sanctified letters to the boys' parents, and in composing dreary sermons to preach to them.

The real master of the school is Prince; an Oxford man

too: shy, haughty, and learned; crammed with Greek and a quantity of useless learning; uncommonly kind to the small boys; pitiless with the fools and the braggarts: respected of all for his honesty, his learning, his bravery (for he hit out once in a boat-row in a way which astonished the boys and the bargemen), and for a latent power about him, which all saw and confessed somehow. Jack Birch could never look him in the face. Old Miss Z. dared not put off any of *her* airs upon him. Miss Rosa made him the lowest of curtsies. Miss Raby said she was afraid of him. Good old Prince! many a pleasant night we have smoked in the Doctor's harness-room, whither we retired when our boys were gone to bed, and our cares and canes put by.

After Jack Birch had taken his degree at Oxford—a process which he effected with great difficulty—this place, which used to be called “Birch’s,” “Dr. Birch’s Academy,” and what not, became suddenly “Archbishop Wigsby’s College of Rodwell Regis.” They took down the old blue board with the gold letters, which has been used to mend the pig-stye since. Birch had a large school-room run up in the Gothic taste, with statuettes, and a little belfry, and a bust of Archbishop Wigsby in the middle of the school. He put the six senior boys into caps and gowns, which had rather a good effect as the lads sauntered down the street of the town, but which certainly provoked the contempt and hostility of the bargemen; and so great was his rage for academic costumes and ordinances, that he would have put me myself into a lay gown, with red knots and fringes, but that I flatly resisted, and said that a writing-master had no business with such paraphernalia.

By the way, I have forgotten to mention the Doctor himself. And what shall I say of him? Well, he has a very crisp gown and bands, a solemn air, a tremendous loud voice, and a grand and solemn air with the boys’ parents, whom he receives in a study, covered round with the best bound books, which imposes upon many—upon the women especially—and makes them fancy that this is a Doctor indeed. But, Law bless you! He never reads the books, or opens one of them, except that in which he keeps his bands—and a Dugdale’s Monasticon, which looks like a book, but is in reality a cupboard, where he has his almond-cakes, and decanter of port wine. He gets up his classics with



A young Raphael.
—*Christmas Books*, p. 75.

translations, or what the boys call cribs. They pass wicked tricks upon him when he hears the forms. The elder wags go to his study and ask him to help them in hard bits of Herodotus or Thucydides: he says he will look over the passage, and flies for refuge to Mr. Prince, or to the crib.

He keeps the flogging department in his own hands; finding that his son was too savage. He has awful brows and a big voice. But his roar frightens nobody. It is only a lion's skin, or, so to say, a muff.

Little Mordant made a picture of him with large ears, like a well-known domestic animal, and had his own justly boxed for the caricature. The Doctor discovered him in the fact, and was in a flaming rage, and threatened whipping at first; but in the course of the day an opportune basket of game arriving from Mordant's father, the Doctor became mollified, and has burnt the picture with the ears. However, I have one wafered up in my desk by the hand of the same little rascal.

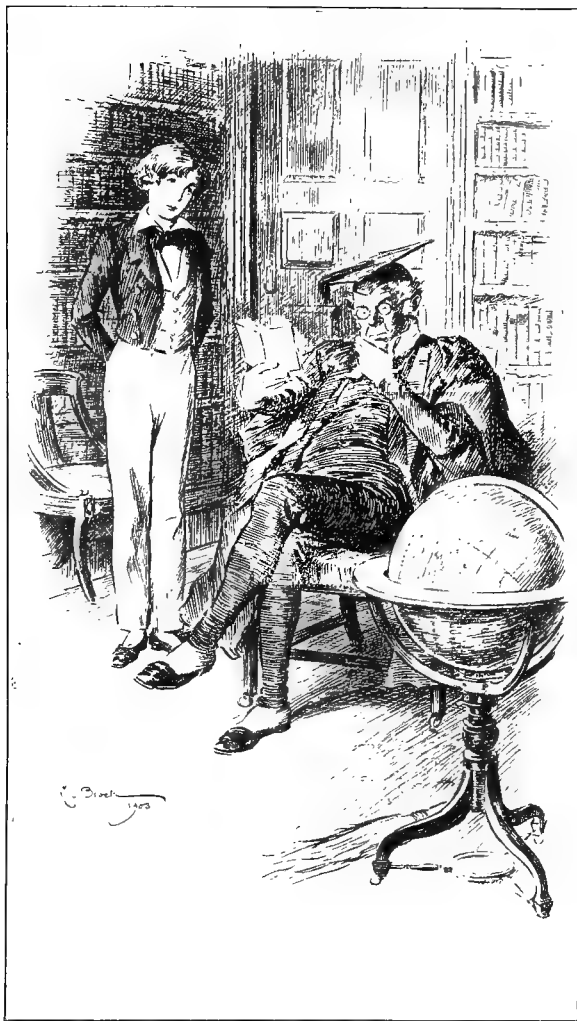
THE COCK OF THE SCHOOL.

I AM growing an old fellow, and have seen many great folks in the course of my travels and time—Louis Philippe coming out of the Tuileries; His Majesty the King of Prussia and the Reichsverweser accolading each other, at Cologne, at my elbow; Admiral Sir Charles Napier (in an omnibus once), the Duke of Wellington, the immortal Goethe at Weimar, the late benevolent Pope Gregory XVI., and a score more of the famous in this world—the whom, whenever one looks at, one has a mild shock of awe and tremor. I like this feeling of decent fear and trembling with which a modest spirit salutes a GREAT MAN.

Well, I have seen generals capering on horseback at the head of their crimson battalions; bishops sailing down cathedral aisles, with downcast eyes, pressing their trencher caps to their hearts with their fat white hands; college heads when Her Majesty is on a visit; the Doctor in all his glory at the head of his school on speech-day—a great sight, and all great men these. I have never met the late Mr. Thomas Cribb, but I have no doubt should have regarded him with the same feeling of awe with which I look every day at George Champion, the Cock of Doctor Birch's school.

When, I say, I reflect as I go up and set him a sum, that he could whop me in two minutes, double up Prince and the other assistant, and pitch the Doctor out of window, I can't but think how great, how generous, how magnanimous a creature this is that sits there quite quiet and good-natured, and works his equation, and ponders through his Greek play. He might take the school-room pillars and pull the house down if he liked. He might close the door, and demolish every one of us like Antar, the lover of Ibla; but he lets us live. He never thrashes anybody without a cause; when woe betide the tyrant or the sneak!

I think that to be strong, and able to whop everybody—(not to do it, mind you, but to feel that you were able to do it)—would be the greatest of all gifts. There is a serene good-humour which plays about George Champion's broad



dides." "Ask him to help them in hard bits of Herodotus or Thucy-
—Dr. Birch, p. 75.

face, which shows the consciousness of this power, and lights up his honest blue eyes with a magnanimous calm.

He is invictus. Even when a cub there was no beating this lion. Six years ago the undaunted little warrior actually stood up to Frank Davison—(the Indian officer now—poor little Charley's brother, whom Miss Raby nursed so affectionately),—then seventeen years old, and the Cock of Birch's. They were obliged to drag off the boy, and Frank, with admiration and regard for him, prophesied the great things he would do. Legends of combats are preserved fondly in schools; they have stories of such at Rodwell Regis, performed in the old Doctor's time, forty years ago.

Champion's affair with the Young Tutbury Pet, who was down here in training,—with Black the bargeman,—with the three head boys of Doctor Wapshot's academy, whom he caught maltreating an outlying day-boy of ours, etc.,—are known to all the Rodwell Regis men. He was always victorious. He is modest and kind, like all great men. He has a good, brave, honest understanding. He cannot make verses like young Pinder, or read Greek like Lawrence the Prefect, who is a perfect young abyss of learning, and knows enough, Prince says, to furnish any six first-class men; but he does his work in a sound, downright way, and he is made to be the bravest of soldiers, the best of country parsons, an honest English gentleman wherever he may go.

Like all great men, George is good-humoured and lazy. There is a particular bench in the playground on which he will loll for hours on half-holidays, and is so affable that the smallest boys come and speak to him. It is pleasant to see the young cubs frisking round the honest lion. His chief friend and attendant, however, is young Jack Hall, whom he saved, when drowning, out of the Miller's Pool. The attachment of the two is curious to witness. The smaller lad gambolling, playing tricks round the bigger one, and perpetually making fun of his protector. They are never far apart, and of holidays you may meet them miles away from the school,—George sauntering heavily down the lanes with his big stick, and little Jack larking with the pretty girls in the cottage-windows.

George has a boat on the river, in which, however, he commonly lies smoking, whilst Jack sculls him. He does

not play at cricket, except when the school plays the county, or at Lord's in the holidays. The boys can't stand his bowling, and when he hits, it is like trying to catch a cannon-ball. I have seen him at tennis. It is a splendid sight to behold the young fellow bounding over the court with streaming yellow hair, like young Apollo in a flannel jacket.

The other head boys are Lawrence the captain, Bunce, famous chiefly for his magnificent appetite, and Pitman, surnamed Roscius, for his love of the drama. Add to these Swanky, called Macassar, from his partiality to that condiment, and who has varnished boots, wears white gloves on Sundays, and looks out for Miss Pinkerton's school (transferred from Chiswick to Rodwell Regis, and conducted by the nieces of the late Miss Barbara Pinkerton, the friend of our great lexicographer, upon the principles approved by him and practised by that admirable woman) as it passes into church.

Representations have been made concerning Mr. Horace Swanky's behaviour; rumours have been uttered about notes in verse, conveyed in three-cornered puffs, by Mrs. Ruggles, who serves Miss Pinkerton's young ladies on Fridays,—and how Miss Didow, to whom the tart and enclosure were addressed, tried to make away with herself by swallowing a ball of cotton. But I pass over these absurd reports, as likely to affect the reputation of an admirable seminary conducted by irreproachable females. As they go into church (Miss P. driving in her flock of lambkins with the crook of her parasol), how can it be helped if her forces and ours sometimes collide, as the boys are on their way up to the organ-loft? And I don't believe a word about the three-cornered puff, but rather that it was the invention of that jealous Miss Birch, who is jealous of Miss Raby, jealous of everybody who is good and handsome, and who has *her own ends* in view, or I am very much in error.

THE LITTLE SCHOOLROOM.

WHAT they call the little schoolroom is a small room at the other end of the great school; through which you go to the Doctor's private house, and where Miss Raby sits with her pupils. She has a half-dozen very small ones over whom she presides and teaches them in her simple way, until they are big or learned enough to face the great schoolroom. Many of them are in a hurry for promotion, the graceless little simpletons, and know no more than their elders when they were well off.

She keeps the accounts, writes out the bills, superintends the linen, and sews on the general shirt-buttons. Think of having such a woman at home to sew on one's shirt-buttons! But peace, peace, thou foolish heart!

Miss Raby is the Doctor's niece. Her mother was a beauty (quite unlike old Zoe therefore); and she married a pupil in the old Doctor's time, who was killed afterwards, a captain in the East India service, at the siege of Bhurtpore. Hence a number of Indian children come to the Doctor's; for Raby was very much liked, and the uncle's kind reception of the orphan has been a good speculation for the school-keeper.

It is wonderful how brightly and gaily that little quick creature does her duty. She is the first to rise, and the last to sleep, if any business is to be done. She sees the other two women go off to parties in the town without even so much as wishing to join them. It is Cinderella, only contented to stay at home—content to bear Zoe's scorn and to admit Flora's superior charms,—and to do her utmost to repay her uncle for his great kindness in housing her.

So, you see, she works as much as three maid-servants for the wages of one. She is as thankful when the Doctor gives her a new gown as if he had presented her with a fortune; laughs at his stories most good-humouredly, listens to Zoe's scolding most meekly, admires Flora with all her heart, and only goes out of the way when Jack Birch shows his sallow face; for she can't bear him, and always finds work when he comes near.

How different she is when some folks approach her! I

won't be presumptuous; but I think, I think, I have made a not unfavourable impression in some quarters. However, let us be mum on this subject. I like to see her, because she always looks good-humoured; because she is always kind, because she is always modest, because she is fond of those poor little brats—orphans some of them, because she is rather pretty, I daresay, or because I think so, which comes to the same thing.

Though she is kind to all, it must be owned she shows the most gross favouritism towards the amiable children. She brings them cakes from dessert, and regales them with Zoe's preserves; spends many of her little shillings in presents for her favourites, and will tell them stories by the hour. She has one very sad story about a little boy, who died long ago: the younger children are never weary of hearing about him; and Miss Raby has shown to one of them a lock of the little chap's hair, which she keeps in her work-box to this day.

THE DEAR BROTHERS.

A Melodrama in several Rounds.

The DOCTOR.

MR. TIPPER, Uncle to the Masters Boxall.

BOXALL MAJOR, BOXALL MINOR, BROWN, JONES,
SMITH, ROBINSON, TIFFIN MINIMUS.

B. Go it, old Boxall!

J. Give it him, young Boxall!

R. Pitch into him, old Boxall!

S. Two to one on young Boxall!

[*Enter* TIFFIN MINIMUS, *running*.

Tiffin Minimus. Boxalls! you're wanted.

(*The Doctor to Mr. Tipper.*) Every boy in the school loves them, my dear sir; your nephews are a credit to my establishment. They are orderly, well-conducted, gentleman-like boys. Let us enter and find them at their studies.

[*Enter* The DOCTOR and MR. TIPPER.

GRAND TABLEAU.

A HOPELESS CASE.

LET us, people who are so uncommonly clever and learned, have a great tenderness and pity for the poor folks who are not endowed with the prodigious talents which we have. I have always had a regard for dunces;—those of my own school-days were amongst the pleasantest of the fellows, and have turned out by no means the dullest in life; whereas many a youth who could turn off Latin hexameters by the yard, and construe Greek quite glibly, is no better than a feeble prig now, with not a pennyworth more brains than were in his head before his beard grew.

Those poor dunces! Talk of being the last man, ah! what a pang it must be to be the last boy—huge, misshapen, fourteen years of age, and “taken up” by a chap who is but six years old, and can’t speak quite plain yet!

Master Hulker is in that condition at Birch’s. He is the most honest, kind, active, plucky, generous creature. He can do many things better than most boys. He can go up a tree, jump, play at cricket, dive and swim perfectly—he can eat twice as much as almost any lady (as Miss Birch well knows), he has a pretty talent at carving figures with his hack-knife, he makes and paints little coaches, he can take a watch to pieces and put it together again. He can do everything but learn his lesson; and there he sticks at the bottom of the school, hopeless. As the little boys are drafted in from Miss Raby’s class (it is true she is one of the best instructresses in the world), they enter and hop over poor Hulker. He would be handed-over to the governess, only he is too big. Sometimes I used to think that this desperate stupidity was a stratagem of the poor rascal’s, and that he shammed dulness so that he might be degraded into Miss Raby’s class: if she would teach *me*, I know, before George, I would put on a pinafore and a little jacket—but no, it is a natural incapacity for the Latin Grammar.

If you could see his grammar, it is a perfect curiosity of dog’s ears. The leaves and cover are all curled and ragged. Many of the pages are worn away with the rubbing of his elbows as he sits poring over the hopeless volume, with the

blows of his fists as he thumps it madly, or with the poor fellow's tears. You see him wiping them away with the back of his hand, as he tries and tries, and can't do it.

When I think of that Latin Grammar, and that infernal *As in Præsenti*, and of other things which I was made to learn in my youth; upon my conscience, I am surprised that we ever survived it. When one thinks of the boys who have been caned because they could not master that intolerable jargon! Good Lord, what a pitiful chorus these poor little creatures send up! Be gentle with them, ye schoolmasters, and only whop those who *won't* learn.

The Doctor has operated upon Hulker (between ourselves), but the boy was so little affected you would have thought he had taken chloroform. Birch is weary of whipping now, and leaves the boy to go his own gait. Prince, when he hears the lesson, and who cannot help making fun of a fool, adopts the sarcastic manner with Master Hulker, and says, "Mr. Hulker, may I take the liberty to inquire if your brilliant intellect has enabled you to perceive the difference between those words which grammarians have defined as substantive and adjective nouns?—if not, perhaps Mr. Ferdinand Timmins will instruct you." And Timmins hops over Hulker's head.

I wish Prince would leave off girding at the poor lad. He's an only son, and his mother is a widow woman, who loves him with all her might. There is a famous sneer about the suckling of fools and the chronicling of small beer; but remember it was a rascal who uttered it.

A WORD ABOUT MISS BIRCH.

"THE gentlemen, and especially the younger and more tender of the Pupils, will have the advantage of the constant superintendence and affectionate care of Miss Zoe Birch, sister of the Principal: whose dearest aim will be to supply (as far as may be) the absent maternal friend."—*Prospectus of Rodwell Regis School.*

This is all very fine in the Doctor's circulars, and Miss Zoe Birch—(a sweet birch blossom it is, fifty-five years old, during two score of which she has dosed herself with pills; with a nose as red and a face as sour as a crab-apple)—may do mightily well in a prospectus. But I should like to know who would take Miss Zoe for a mother, or would have her for one?

The only persons in the house who are not afraid of her are Miss Flora and I—no, I am afraid of her, though I *do* know the story about the French usher in 1830—but all the rest tremble before the woman, from the Doctor down to poor Francis the knife-boy, and whom she bullies into his miserable blacking-hole.

The Doctor is a pompous and outwardly severe man—but inwardly weak and easy; loving a joke and a glass of port wine. I get on with him, therefore, much better than Mr. Prince, who scorns him for an ass, and under whose keen eyes the worthy Doctor writhes like a convicted impostor; and many a sunshiny afternoon would he have said, "Mr. T., sir, shall we try another glass of that yellow sealed wine which you seem to like?" (and which he likes even better than I do), had not the old harridan of a Zoe been down upon us, and insisted on turning me out with her miserable weak coffee. She a mother, indeed! A sour-milk generation she would have nursed. She is always croaking, scolding, bullying—yowling at the housemaids, snarling at Miss Raby, bowwowing after the little boys, barking after the big ones. She knows how much every boy eats to an ounce; and her delight is to ply with fat the little ones who can't bear it, and with raw meat those who hate underdone. It was she who caused the Doctor to be

eaten out three times; and nearly created a rebellion in the school because she insisted on his flogging Goliah Longman.

The only time that woman is happy is when she comes in of a morning to the little boys' dormitories with a cup of hot Epsom salts, and a sippet of bread. Boo!—the very notion makes me quiver. She stands over them. I saw her do it to young Byles only a few days since—and her presence makes the abomination doubly abominable.

As for attending them in real illness, do you suppose that she would watch a single night for any one of them? Not she. When poor little Charley Davison (that child, a lock of whose soft hair I have said how Miss Raby still keeps) lay ill of scarlet fever in the holidays—for the Colonel, the father of these boys, was in India—it was Anne Raby who tended the child, who watched him all through the fever, who never left him while it lasted, or until she had closed the little eyes that were never to brighten or moisten more. Anny watched and deplored him; but it was Miss Birch who wrote the letter announcing his demise, and got the gold chain and locket which the colonel ordered as a memento of his gratitude. It was through a row with Miss Birch that Frank Davison ran away. I promise you that after he joined his regiment in India, the Ahmednuggar Irregulars, which his gallant father commands, there came over no more annual shawls and presents to Doctor and Miss Birch; and that if she fancied the Colonel was coming home to marry her (on account of her tenderness to his motherless children, which he was always writing about), *that* notion was very soon given up. But these affairs are of early date, seven years back, and I only heard of them in a very confused manner from Miss Raby, who was a girl, and had just come to Rodwell Regis. She is always very much moved when she speaks about those boys, which is but seldom. I take it the death of the little one still grieves her tender heart.

Yes, it is Miss Birch, who has turned away seventeen ushers and second masters in eleven years, and half as many French masters; inconsolable, I suppose, since the departure of her *favourite*, M. Grinche, with her gold watch, etc.; but this is only surmise—and what I gather from the taunts of Miss Rosa when she and her aunt have a tiff at tea.

But besides this, I have another way of keeping her in order.

Whenever she is particularly odious or insolent to Miss Raby, I have but to introduce raspberry jam into the conversation, and the woman holds her tongue. She will understand me. I need not say more.

NOTE, 12th December.—I *may* speak now. I have left the place and don't mind. I say then at once, and without caring twopence for the consequences, that I saw this woman, this *mother* of the boys, EATING JAM WITH A SPOON OUT OF MASTER WIGGINS'S TRUNK IN THE BOX-ROOM; and of this I am ready to take an affidavit any day.

A TRAGEDY.

THIS DRAMA OUGHT TO BE REPRESENTED IN ABOUT SIX CUTS.

[*The school is hushed. LAWRENCE the Prefect, and Custos of the rods, is marching after the DOCTOR into the operating-room. MASTER BACKHOUSE is about to follow.*]

Master Backhouse. It's all very well, but you see if I don't pay you out after school—you sneak, you!

Master Lurcher. If you do I'll tell again.

[*Exit BACKHOUSE.*

[*The rod is heard from the adjoining apartment.
Hwish—hwish—hwish—hwish—hwish
—hwish—hwish!*

[*Re-enter BACKHOUSE.*

BRIGGS IN LUCK.

Enter the Knife-boy. Hamper for Briggses!

Master Brown. Hurray, Tom Briggs! I'll lend you my knife.

IF this story does not carry its own moral, what fable does, I wonder? Before the arrival of that hamper, Master Briggs was in no better repute than any other young gentleman of the lower school; and in fact I had occasion myself, only lately, to correct Master Brown for kicking his friend's shins during the writing-lesson. But how this basket, directed by his mother's housekeeper and marked "Glass with care" (whence I conclude that it contains some jam and some bottles of wine, probably, as well as the usual cake and game-pie, and half a sovereign for the elder Master B., and five new shillings for Master Decimus Briggs)—how, I say, the arrival of this basket alters all Master Briggs's circumstances in life, and the estimation in which many persons regard him!

If he is a good-hearted boy, as I have reason to think, the very first thing he will do, before inspecting the contents of the hamper, or cutting into them with the knife which Master Brown has so considerably lent him, will be to read over the letter from home which lies on the top of the parcel. He does so, as I remark to Miss Raby (for whom I happened to be mending pens when the little circumstance arose), with a flushed face and winking eyes. Look how the other boys are peering into the basket as he reads—I say to her, "Isn't it a pretty picture?" Part of the letter is in a very large hand. That is from his little sister. And I would wager that she netted the little purse which he has just taken out of it, and which Master Lynx is eyeing.

"You are a droll man, and remark all sorts of queer things," Miss Raby says, smiling, and plying her swift needle and fingers as quick as possible.

"I am glad we were both on the spot, and that the little fellow lies under our guns as it were, and so is protected from some such brutal school-pirate as young Duval for instance, who would rob him, probably, of some of those good

things; good in themselves, and better because fresh from home. See, there is a pie as I said, and which I daresay is better than those which are served at our table (but you never take any notice of these kind of things, Miss Raby), a cake of course, a bottle of currant-wine, jam-pots, and no end of pears in the straw. With this money little Briggs will be able to pay the tick which that imprudent child has run up with Mrs. Ruggles; and I shall let Briggs Major pay for the pencil-case which Bullock sold to him.—It will be a lesson to the young prodigal for the future.

“But, I say, what a change there will be in his life for some time to come, and at least until his present wealth is spent! The boys who bully him will mollify towards him and accept his pie and sweetmeats. They will have feasts in the bedroom; and that wine will taste more deliciously to them than the best out of the Doctor’s cellar. The cronies will be invited. Young Master Wagg will tell his most dreadful story and sing his best song for a slice of that pie. What a jolly night they will have! When we go the rounds at night Mr. Prince and I will take care to make a noise before we come to Briggs’s room, so that the boys may have time to put the light out, to push the things away, and to scud into bed. Doctor Spry may be put in requisition the next morning.”

“Nonsense! you absurd creature,” cries out Miss Raby, laughing; and I lay down the twelfth pen very nicely mended.

“Yes; after luxury comes the doctor, I say; after extravagance, a hole in the breeches pocket. To judge from his disposition, Briggs Major will not be much better off a couple of days hence than he is now, and, if I am not mistaken, will end life a poor man. Brown will be kicking his shins before a week is over, depend upon it. There are boys and men of all sorts, Miss R.—there are selfish sneaks who hoard until the store they daren’t use grows mouldy—there are spendthrifts who fling away, parasites who flatter and lick its shoes, and snarling curs who hate and envy, good fortune.”

I put down the last of the pens, brushing away with it the quill chips from her desk first, and she looked at me with a kind, wondering face. I brushed them away, clicked the penknife into my pocket, made her a bow, and walked off—for the bell was ringing for school.

A YOUNG FELLOW WHO IS PRETTY SURE TO SUCCEED.

IF Master Briggs is destined in all probability to be a poor man, the chances are that Mr. Bullock will have a very different lot. He is a son of a partner of the eminent banking firm of Bullock and Hulker, Lombard Street, and very high in the upper school—quite out of my jurisdiction, consequently.

He writes the most beautiful current hand ever seen; and the way in which he mastered arithmetic (going away into recondite and wonderful rules in the *Tutor's Assistant*, which some masters even dare not approach) is described by the Doctor in terms of admiration. He is Mr. Prince's best algebra pupil; and a very fair classic, too, doing everything well for which he has a mind.

He does not busy himself with the sports of his comrades, and holds a cricket-bat no better than Miss Raby would. He employs the play-hours in improving his mind, and reading the newspaper; he is a profound politician, and, it must be owned, on the Liberal side. The elder boys despise him rather; and when Champion Major passes, he turns his head, and looks down. I don't like the expression of Bullock's narrow, green eyes, as they follow the elder Champion, who does not seem to know or care how much the other hates him.

No—Mr. Bullock, though perhaps the cleverest and most accomplished boy in the school, associates with the quite little boys when he is minded for society. To these he is quite affable, courteous, and winning. He never fagged or thrashed one of them. He has done the verses and corrected the exercises of many, and many is the little lad to whom he has lent a little money.

It is true he charges at the rate of a penny a week for every sixpence lent out, but many a fellow to whom tarts are a present necessity is happy to pay this interest for the loan. These transactions are kept secret. Mr. Bullock, in rather a whining tone, when he takes Master Green aside and does the requisite business for him, says, "You know you'll go and talk about it everywhere. I don't want to

lend you the money, I want to buy something with it. It's only to oblige you; and yet I am sure you will go and make fun of me." Whereon, of course, Green, eager for the money, vows solemnly that the transaction shall be confidential, and only speaks when the payment of the interest becomes oppressive.

Thus it is that Mr. Bullock's practices are at all known. At a very early period indeed his commercial genius manifested itself; and by happy speculations in toffee; by composing a sweet drink made of stick-liquorice and brown sugar, and selling it at a profit to the younger children; by purchasing a series of novels, which he let out at an adequate remuneration; by doing boys' exercises for a penny, and other processes, he showed the bent of his mind. At the end of the half-year he always went home richer than when he arrived at school, with his purse full of money.

Nobody knows how much he brought: but the accounts are fabulous. Twenty, thirty, fifty—it is impossible to say how many sovereigns. When joked about his money, he turns pale and swears he has not a shilling: whereas he has had a banker's account ever since he was thirteen years old.

At the present moment he is employed in negotiating the sale of a knife with Master Green, and is pointing out to the latter the beauty of the six blades, and that he need not pay until after the holidays.

Champion Major has sworn that he will break every bone in his skin the next time that he cheats a little boy, and is bearing down upon him. Let us come away. It is frightful to see that big peaceful clever coward moaning under well-deserved blows and whining for mercy.

DUVAL, THE PIRATE.

(JONES MINIMUS *passes, laden with tarts.*)

Duval. Hullo! you small boy with the tarts! Come here, sir.

Jones Minimus. Please, Duval, they ain't mine.

Duval. Oh, you abominable young story-teller.

[*He confiscates the goods.*]

I think I like young Duval's mode of levying contributions better than Bullock's. The former's, at least, has the merit of more candour. Duval is the pirate of Birch's, and lies in wait for small boys laden with money or provender. He scents plunder from afar off: and pounces out on it. Woe betide the little fellow when Duval boards him!

There was a youth here whose money I used to keep, as he was of an extravagant and weak disposition; and I doled it out to him in weekly shillings, sufficient for the purchase of the necessary tarts. This boy came to me one day for half a sovereign, for a very particular purpose, he said. I afterwards found he wanted to lend the money to Duval.

The young ogre burst out laughing when in a great wrath and fury I ordered him to refund to the little boy: and proposed a bill of exchange at three months. It is true Duval's father does not pay the Doctor, and the lad never has a shilling, save that which he levies; and though he is always bragging about the splendour of Freenystown, Co. Cork, and the foxhounds his father keeps, and the claret they drink there—there comes no remittance from Castle Freeny in these bad times to the honest Doctor, who is a kindly man enough, and never yet turned an insolvent boy out of doors.

THE DORMITORIES.

MASTER HEWLETT AND MASTER NIGHTINGALE.

(Rather a cold winter night.)

Hewlett (flinging a shoe at Master Nightingale's bed, with which he hits that young gentleman.) Hullo, you! Get up and bring me that shoe!

Nightingale. Yes, Hewlett. *(He gets up.)*

Hewlett. Don't drop it, and be very careful of it, sir.

Nightingale. Yes, Hewlett.

Hewlett. Silence in the dormitory! Any boy who opens his mouth, I'll murder him. Now, sir, are not you the boy what can sing?

Nightingale. Yes, Hewlett.

Hewlett. Chaunt, then, till I go to sleep, and if I wake when you stop, you'll have this at your head.

[MASTER HEWLETT *lays his Bluchers on the bed, ready to shy at Master Nightingale's head in the case contemplated.*

Nightingale (timidly). Please, Hewlett?

Hewlett. Well, sir?

Nightingale. May I put on my trousers, please?

Hewlett. No, sir! Go on, or I'll——

Nightingale—

Through pleasures and palaces
Though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble
There's no place like home.

Home, home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like ho-ome!
There's no place like home!
(Da Capo.)

A CAPTURE AND A RESCUE.

My young friend, Patrick Champion, George's younger brother, is a late arrival among us; has much of the family quality and good-nature; is not in the least a tyrant to the small boys, but is as eager as an Amadis to fight. He is boxing his way up the school, emulating his great brother. He fixes his eye on a boy above him in strength or size, and you hear somehow that a difference has arisen between them at football, and they have their coats off presently. He has thrashed himself over the heads of many youths in this manner: for instance, if Champion can lick Dobson, who can thrash Hobson, how much more, then, can he thrash Hobson? Thus he works up and establishes his position in the school. Nor does Mr. Prince think it advisable that we ushers should walk much in the way when these little differences are being settled, unless there is some gross disparity, or danger is apprehended.

For instance, I own to having seen the row depicted here as I was shaving at my bedroom window. I did not hasten down to prevent its consequences. Fogle had confiscated a top, the property of Snivins; the which, as the little wretch was always pegging it at my toes, I did not regret. Snivins whimpered; and young Champion came up, lusting for battle. Directly he made out Fogle, he steered for him, pulling up his coat-sleeves, and clearing for action.

"Who spoke to *you*, young Champion?" Fogle said, and he flung down the top to Master Snivins. I knew there would be no fight; and perhaps Champion, too, was disappointed.

THE GARDEN.

WHERE THE PARLOUR-BOARDERS GO.

NOBLEMEN have been rather scarce at Birch's—but the heir of a great Prince has been living with the Doctor for some years.—He is Lord George Gaunt's eldest son, the noble Plantagenet Gaunt Gaunt, and nephew of the Most Honourable the Marquis of Steyne.

They are very proud of him at the Doctor's—and the two Misses and Papa, whenever a stranger comes down whom they want to dazzle, are pretty sure to bring Lord Steyne into the conversation, mentioning the last party at Gaunt House, and cursorily remarking that they have with them a young friend who will be, in all human probability, Marquis of Steyne and Earl of Gaunt, etc.

Plantagenet does not care much about these future honours: provided he can get some brown sugar on his bread and butter, or sit with three chairs and play at coach and horses quite quietly by himself, he is tolerably happy. He saunters in and out of school when he likes, and looks at the masters and other boys with a listless grin. He used to be taken to church, but he laughed and talked in odd places, so they are forced to leave him at home now. He will sit with a bit of string and play cat's-cradle for many hours. He likes to go and join the very small children at their games. Some are frightened at him; but they soon cease to fear, and order him about. I have seen him go and fetch tarts from Mrs. Ruggles for a boy of eight years old; and cry bitterly if he did not get a piece. He cannot speak quite plain, but very nearly; and is not more, I suppose, than three-and-twenty.

Of course at home they know his age, though they never come and see him. But they forget that Miss Rosa Birch is no longer a young chit as she was ten years ago, when Gaunt was brought to the school. On the contrary, she has had no small experience in the tender passion, and is at this moment smitten with a disinterested affection for Plantagenet Gaunt.

Next to a little doll with a burnt nose, which he hides

away in cunning places, Mr. Gaunt is very fond of Miss Rosa too. What a pretty match it would make! and how pleased they would be at Gaunt House, if the grandson and heir of the great Marquis of Steyne, the descendant of a hundred Gaunts and Tudors, should marry Miss Birch, the schoolmaster's daughter! It is true she has the sense on her side, and poor Plantagenet is only an idiot: but there he is, a zany, with such expectations and such a pedigree!

If Miss Rosa would run away with Mr. Gaunt, she would leave off bullying her cousin, Miss Anny Raby. Shall I put her up to the notion, and offer to lend her the money to run away? Mr. Gaunt is not allowed money. He had some once, but Bullock took him into a corner, and got it from him. He has a moderate tick opened at the tart-woman's. He stops at Rodwell Regis through the year, school-time and holiday-time, it is all the same to him. Nobody asks about him, or thinks about him, save twice a year, when the Doctor goes to Gaunt House, and gets the amount of his bills, and a glass of wine in the steward's room.

And yet you see somehow that he is a gentleman. His manner is different to that of the owners of that coarse table and parlour at which he is a boarder (I do not speak of Miss R. of course, for *her* manners are as good as those of a duchess). When he caught Miss Rosa boxing little Fiddes's ears, his face grew red, and he broke into a fierce, inarticulate rage. After that, and for some days, he used to shrink from her; but they are reconciled now. I saw them this afternoon in the garden, where only the parlour-boarders walk. He was playful, and touched her with his stick. She raised her handsome eyes in surprise, and smiled on him very kindly.

The thing was so clear, that I thought it my duty to speak to old Zoe about it. The wicked old catamaran told me she wished that some people would mind their own business, and hold their tongues—that some people were paid to teach writing, and not to tell tales and make mischief: and I have since been thinking whether I ought to communicate with the Doctor.

THE OLD PUPIL.

As I came into the playgrounds this morning, I saw a dashing young fellow with a tanned face and a blonde moustache, who was walking up and down the green arm-in-arm with Champion Major, and followed by a little crowd of boys.

They were talking of old times evidently. "What had become of Irvine and Smith?"—"Where was Bill Harris and Jones: not Squinny Jones, but Cocky Jones?"—and so forth. The gentleman was no stranger; he was an old pupil evidently, come to see if any of his old comrades remained, and to revisit the *cari luogi* of his youth.

Champion was evidently proud of his arm-fellow. He espied his brother, young Champion, and introduced him. "Come here, sir," he called. "The young 'un wasn't here in your time, Davison." "Pat, sir," said he, "this is Captain Davison, one of Birch's boys. Ask him who was among the first in the lines at Sobraon?"

Pat's face kindled up as he looked Davison full in the face, and held out his hand. Old Champion and Davison both blushed. The infantry set up a "Hurray! hurray! hurray!" Champion leading, and waving his wideawake. I protest that the scene did one good to witness. Here was the hero and cock of the school come back to see his old haunts and cronies. He had always remembered them. Since he had seen them last, he had faced death and achieved honour. But for my dignity I would have shied up my hat too.

With a resolute step, and his arm still linked in Champion's, Captain Davison now advanced, followed by a wake of little boys, to that corner of the green where Mrs. Ruggles has her tart-stand.

"Hullo, Mother Ruggles! don't you remember me?" he said, and shook her by the hand.

"Lor', if it ain't Davison Major!" she said. "Well, Davison Major, you owe me fourpence for two sausage-rolls from when you went away."

Davison laughed, and all the little crew of boys set up a similar chorus.

"I buy the whole shop," he said. "Now, young 'uns—eat away!"

Then there was such a "Hurray! hurray!" as surprised the former cheer in loudness. Everybody engaged in it except Piggy Duff, who made an instant dash at the three-cornered puffs, but was stopped by Champion, who said there should be a fair distribution. And so there was, and no one lacked, neither of raspberry open tarts, nor of mellifluous bulls'-eyes, nor of polonies, beautiful to the sight and taste.

The hurrying brought out the Doctor himself, who put his hand up to his spectacles and started when he saw the old pupil. Each blushed when he recognised the other; for seven years ago they had parted not good friends.

"What—Davison?" the Doctor said, with a tremulous voice. "God bless you, my dear fellow!"—and they shook hands. "A half-holiday, of course, boys," he added, and there was another hurray: there was to be no end to the cheering that day.

"How's—how's the family, sir?" Captain Davison asked.

"Come in and see. Flora's grown quite a lady. Dine with us, of course. Champion Major, come to dinner at five. Mr. Titmarsh, the pleasure of your company?" The Doctor swung open the garden-gate: the old master and pupil entered the house reconciled.

I thought I would just peep into Miss Raby's room, and tell her of this event. She was working away at her linen there, as usual quiet and cheerful.

"You should put up," I said with a smile; "the Doctor has given us a half-holiday."

"I never have holidays," Miss Raby replied.

Then I told her of the scene I had just witnessed, of the arrival of the old pupil, the purchase of the tarts, the proclamation of the holiday, and the shouts of the boys of "Hurray, Davison!"

"*Who* is it?" cried out Miss Raby, starting and turning as white as a sheet.

I told her it was Captain Davison from India, and described the appearance and behaviour of the Captain. When I had finished speaking, she asked me to go and get

her a glass of water; she felt unwell. But she was gone when I came back with the water.

I know all now. After sitting for a quarter of an hour with the Doctor, who attributed his guest's uneasiness no doubt to his desire to see Miss Laura Birch, Davison started up and said he wanted to see Miss Raby. "You remember, sir, how kind she was to my little brother," he said. Whereupon the Doctor, with a look of surprise that anybody should want to see Miss Raby, said she was in the little schoolroom; whither the Captain went, knowing the way from old times.

A few minutes afterwards, Miss B. and Miss Z. returned from a drive with Plantagenet Gaunt in their one-horse fly, and being informed of Davison's arrival, and that he was closeted with Miss Raby in the little schoolroom, of course made for that apartment at once. I was coming into it from the other door. I wanted to know whether she had drunk the water.

This is what both parties saw. The two were in this very attitude. "Well, upon my word!" cries out Miss Zoe. But Davison did not let go his hold; and Miss Raby's head only sank down on his hand.

"You must get another governess, sir, for the little boys," Frank Davison said to the Doctor. "Anny Raby has promised to come with me."

You may suppose I shut to the door on my side. And when I returned to the little schoolroom, it was blank and empty. Everybody was gone. I could hear the boys shouting at play in the green outside. The glass of water was on the table, where I had placed it. I took it and drank it myself, to the health of Anny Raby and her husband. It was rather a choker.

But of course I wasn't going to stop on at Birch's. When his young friends reassemble on the 1st of February next, they will have two new masters. Prince resigned too, and is at present living with me at my old lodgings at Mrs. Cammysole's. If any nobleman or gentleman wants a private tutor for his son, a note to the Rev. F. Prince will find him there.

Miss Clapperclaw says we are both a couple of old fools; and that she knew, when I set off last year to Rodwell Regis, after meeting the two young ladies at a party at

General Champion's house in our street, that I was going on a goose's errand. Well, well, that journey is over now; I shall dine at the General's on Christmas Day, where I shall meet Captain and Mrs. Davison, and some of the old pupils of Birch's; and I wish a Merry Christmas to them, and to all young and old boys.

EPILOGUE.

THE play is done; the curtain drops,
 Slow falling, to the prompter's bell:
 A moment yet the actor stops,
 And looks around, to say farewell.
 It is an irksome word and task;
 And when he's laughed and said his say,
 He shows, as he removes the mask,
 A face that's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends,
 Let's close it with a parting rhyme,
 And pledge a hand to all young friends,
 As fits the merry Christmas-time.
 On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
 That Fate ere long shall bid you play;
 Good night! with honest gentle hearts
 A kindly greeting go away!

Good night!—I'd say, the griefs, the joys,
 Just hinted in this mimic page,
 The triumphs and defeats of boys,
 Are but repeated in our age.
 I'd say, your woes were not less keen,
 Your hopes more vain, than those of men;
 Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen,
 At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say, we suffer and we strive
 Not less nor more as men than boys;
 With grizzled beards at forty-five,
 As erst at twelve, in corduroys.
 And if, in time of sacred youth,
 We learned at home to love and pray,
 Pray Heaven, that early Love and Truth
 May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
 I'd say, how fate may change and shift;
 The prize be sometimes with the fool,
 The race not always to the swift.

The strong may yield, the good may fall,
 The great man be a vulgar clown,
 The knave be lifted over all,
 The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
 Blessed be He who took and gave!
 Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
 Be weeping at her darling's grave! *
 We bow to Heaven that will'd it so,
 That darkly rules the fate of all,
 That sends the respite or the blow,
 That's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit:
 Who brought him to that mirth and state?
 His betters, see, below him sit,
 Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
 Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
 To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
 Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
 Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
 Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;
 Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
 A longing passion unfulfilled.
 Amen! whatever fate be sent,—
 Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
 Although the head with cares be bent,
 And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
 Let young and old accept their part,
 And bow before the Awful Will,
 And bear it with an honest heart.
 Who misses, or who wins the prize?
 Go, lose or conquer as you can:
 But if you fail, or if you rise,
 Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

* C. B. ob. 29 Nov. 1848, æt. 42.

A gentleman, or old or young!
(Bear kindly with my humble lays);
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas days:
The shepherds heard it overhead—
The joyful angels raised it then:
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men.

My song, save this, is little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

REBECCA AND ROWENA.

A ROMANCE UPON ROMANCE.

BY MR. M. A. TITMARSH.

PREFACE.

THOSE readers who saw in *Frazer's Magazine*, some three years since, the proposals for a continuation of *Ivanhoe*, which were issued by the undersigned, very likely imagined, that like a thousand magnificent railroad projects and other schemes then rife, my plan for a Walter-Scott-continuation and Isaac-of-York-and-Ivanhoe Junction, was never to be brought to completion. But passing many hours on a sofa of late, recovering from a fever, and ordered by DR. ELLIOTSON (whose skill and friendship rescued me from it) ON NO ACCOUNT to put pen to paper, I, of course, wished to write immediately,—for which I humbly ask the Doctor's pardon.

It need scarcely be said, that the humble artist who usually illustrates my works fell ill at the same time with myself, and on trial his hand shook so that it was found impossible he could work for the present volume. But this circumstance no one but the Author (who disapproves of odious comparisons) will regret, as it has called in the aid of my friend MR. RICHARD DOYLE to illustrate the tale.

Receive it kindly, you gentle readers of novels, who love poetical justice; and you honest children of large and small growth, who still have a relish for a little play and nonsense, and the harmless jingle of the cap and bells.

M. A. TITMARSH.

KENSINGTON,
December 20th, 1849.

REBECCA AND ROWENA.

CHAPTER I.

THE OVERTURE--COMMENCEMENT OF THE BUSINESS.

WELL-BELOVED novel-readers and gentle patronesses of romance, assuredly it has often occurred to every one of you, that the books we delight in have very unsatisfactory conclusions, and end quite prematurely with page 320 of the third volume. At that epoch of the history it is well known that the hero is seldom more than thirty years old, and the heroine by consequence some seven or eight years younger; and I would ask any of you whether it is fair to suppose that people after the above age have nothing worthy of note in their lives, and cease to exist as they drive away from Saint George's, Hanover Square? You, dear young ladies, who get your knowledge of life from the circulating library, may be led to imagine that when the marriage business is done, and Emilia is whisked off in the new travelling carriage, by the side of the enraptured Earl; or Belinda, breaking away from the tearful embraces of her excellent mother, dries her own lovely eyes upon the throbbing waistcoat of her bridegroom—you may be apt, I say, to suppose that all is over then; that Emilia and the Earl are going to be happy for the rest of their lives in his Lordship's romantic castle in the north, and Belinda and her young clergyman to enjoy uninterrupted bliss in their rose-trellised parsonage in the west of England: but some there be among the novel-reading classes—old experienced folks—who know better than this. Some there be who have been married, and found that they have still something to see and to do, and to suffer mayhap; and that adventures, and pains, and pleasures, and taxes, and sunrises and settings, and the business and joys and griefs of life go on after as before the nuptial ceremony.

Therefore I say, it is an unfair advantage, which the novelist takes of hero and heroine, as of his inexperienced reader, to say good-bye to the two former, as soon as ever they are made husband and wife; and have often wished that additions should be made to all works of fiction, which have been brought to abrupt terminations in the manner described; and that we should hear what occurs to the sober married man, as well as to the ardent bachelor; to the matron, as well as to the blushing spinster. And in this respect I admire (and would desire to imitate) the noble and prolific French author, Alexandre Dumas, Marquis Davy de la Pailleterie, who carries his heroes from early youth down to the most venerable old age; and does not let them rest, until they are so old, that it is full time the poor fellows should get a little peace and quiet. A hero is much too valuable a gentleman to be put upon the retired list, in the prime and vigour of his youth; and I wish to know, what lady among us would like to be put on the shelf, and thought no longer interesting, because she has a family growing up, and is four or five and thirty years of age? I have known ladies at sixty, with hearts as tender, and ideas as romantic, as any young misses of sixteen. Let us have middle aged novels then, as well as your extremely juvenile legends: let the young ones be warned, that the old folks have a right to be interesting: and that a lady may continue to have a heart, although she is somewhat stouter than she was when a schoolgirl, and a man his feelings, although he gets his hair from Truefitt's.

Thus I would desire, that the biographies of many of our most illustrious personages of romance, should be continued by fitting hands, and that they should be heard of, until at least a decent age.—Look at Mr. James's heroes: they invariably marry young. Look at Mr. Dickens's, they disappear from the scene when they are mere chits. I trust these authors, who are still alive, will see the propriety of telling us something more about people in whom we took a considerable interest, and who must be at present strong and hearty, and in the full vigour of health and intellect. And in the tales of the great Sir Walter (may honour be to his name), I am sure there are a number of people who are untimely carried away from us; and of whom we ought to hear more.

My dear Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York, has always,

in my mind, been one of these; nor can I ever believe that such a woman, so admirable, so tender, so heroic, so beautiful, could disappear altogether before such another woman as Rowena, that vapid, flaxen-headed creature, who is, in my humble opinion, unworthy of Ivanhoe, and unworthy of her place as heroine. Had both of them got their rights, it ever seemed to me that Rebecca would have had the husband, and Rowena would have gone off to a convent and shut herself up, where I, for one, would never have taken the trouble of inquiring for her.

But after all she married Ivanhoe. What is to be done? There is no help for it. There it is in black and white at the end of the third volume of Sir Walter Scott's chronicle, that the couple were joined together in matrimony. And must the Disinherited Knight, whose blood has been fired by the suns of Palestine, and whose heart has been warmed in the company of the tender and beautiful Rebecca, sit down contented for life by the side of such a frigid piece of propriety as that icy, faultless, prim, nminy-piminy Rowena? Forbid it fate, forbid it poetical justice! There is a simple plan for setting matters right, and giving all parties their due, which is here submitted to the novel-reader. Ivanhoe's history *must* have had a continuation; and it is this, which ensues. I may be wrong in some particulars of the narrative,—as what writer will not be?—but of the main incidents of the history, I have in my own mind no sort of doubt, and confidently submit them to that generous public which likes to see virtue righted, true love rewarded, and the brilliant Fairy descend out of the blazing chariot at the end of the pantomime, and make Harlequin and Columbine happy. What, if reality be not so, gentlemen and ladies; and if, after dancing a variety of jigs and antics, and jumping in and out of endless trap-doors and windows, through life's shifting scenes, no fairy comes down to make *us* comfortable at the close of the performance? Ah! let us give our honest novel-folks the benefit of their position, and not be envious of their good luck.

No person who has read the preceding volumes of this history, as the famous chronicler of Abbotsford has recorded them, can doubt for a moment what was the result of the marriage between Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe and the Lady Rowena. Those who have marked her conduct during her maidenhood, her distinguished politeness, her spot-

less modesty of demeanour, her unalterable coolness under all circumstances, and her lofty and gentlewoman-like bearing, must be sure that her married conduct would equal her spinster behaviour, and that Rowena the wife would be a pattern of correctness for all the matrons of England.

Such was the fact. For miles around Rotherwood her character for piety was known. Her castle was a rendezvous for all the clergy and monks of the district, whom she fed with the richest viands, while she pinched herself upon pulse and water. There was not an invalid in the three Ridings, Saxon or Norman, but the palfrey of the Lady Rowena might be seen journeying to his door, in company with Father Glauber her almoner, and Brother Thomas of Epsom, her leech. She lighted up all the churches in Yorkshire with wax-candles, the offerings of her piety. The bells of her chapel began to ring at two o'clock in the morning; and all the domestics of Rotherwood were called upon to attend at matins, at complins, at nones, at vespers, and at sermon. I need not say that fasting was observed with all the rigours of the Church; and that those of the servants of the Lady Rowena were looked upon with most favour whose hair shirts were the roughest, and who flagellated themselves with the most becoming perseverance.

Whether it was that this discipline cleared poor Wamba's wits or cooled his humour, it is certain that he became the most melancholy fool in England, and if ever he ventured upon a pun to the shuddering, poor servitors, who were mumbling their dry crusts below the salt, it was such a faint and stale joke, that nobody dared to laugh at the inuendoes of the unfortunate wag, and a sickly smile was the best applause he could muster. Once, indeed, when Guffo, the goose-boy (a half-witted, poor wretch), laughed outright at a lamentably stale pun which Wamba palmed upon him at supper-time (it was dark, and the torches being brought in, Wamba said, "Guffo, they can't see their way in the argument, and are going to *throw a little light upon the subject*"), the Lady Rowena, being disturbed in a theological controversy with Father Willibald (afterwards canonised as St. Willibald, of Bareacres, hermit and confessor), called out to know what was the cause of the unseemly interruption, and Guffo and Wamba being pointed out as the culprits, ordered them straightway into the courtyard, and three dozen to be administered to each of them.

"I got you out of Front-de-Bœuf's castle," said poor Wamba, piteously, appealing to Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, "and canst thou not save me from the lash?"

"Yes, from Front-de-Bœuf's castle, *where you were locked up with the Jewess in the tower!*" said Rowena, haughtily replying to the timid appeal of her husband; "Gurth, give him four dozen!"

And this was all poor Wamba got by applying for the mediation of his master.

In fact, Rowena knew her own dignity so well as a princess of the royal blood of England, that Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, her consort, could scarcely call his life his own, and was made, in all things, to feel the inferiority of his station. And which of us is there acquainted with the sex that has not remarked this propensity in lovely woman, and how often the wisest in the council are made to be as fools at *her* board, and the boldest in the battle-field are craven when facing her distaff?

"*Where you were locked up with the Jewess in the tower,*" was a remark, too, of which Wilfrid keenly felt, and, perhaps, the reader will understand, the significancy. When the daughter of Isaac of York brought her diamonds and rubies—the poor, gentle victim!—and, meekly laying them at the feet of the conquering Rowena, departed into foreign lands to tend the sick of her people, and to brood over the bootless passion which consumed her own pure heart, one would have thought that the heart of the royal lady would have melted before such beauty and humility, and that she would have been generous in the moment of her victory.

But did you ever know a right-minded woman pardon another for being handsome and more love-worthy than herself? The Lady Rowena did certainly say with mighty magnanimity to the Jewish maiden, "Come and live with me as a sister," as the former part of this history shows; but Rebecca knew in her heart that her ladyship's proposition was what is called *bosh* (in that noble Eastern language with which Wilfrid the Crusader was familiar), or fudge, in plain Saxon; and retired, with a broken, gentle spirit, neither able to bear the sight of her rival's happiness nor willing to disturb it by the contrast of her own wretchedness. Rowena, like the most high-bred and virtuous of women, never forgave Isaac's daughter her beauty, nor her flirtation with Wilfrid (as the Saxon lady chose

to term it); nor, above all, her admirable diamonds and jewels, although Rowena was actually in possession of them.

In a word, she was always flinging Rebecca into Ivanhoe's teeth. There was not a day in his life but that unhappy warrior was made to remember that a Hebrew damsel had been in love with him, and that a Christian lady of fashion could never forgive the insult. For instance, if Gurth, the swine-herd, who was now promoted to be a gamekeeper and verderer, brought the account of a famous wild boar in the wood, and proposed a hunt, Rowena would say, "Do, Sir Wilfrid, persecute those poor pigs—you know your friends the Jews can't abide them!" Or when, as it oft would happen, our lion-hearted monarch, Richard, in order to get a loan or a benevolence from the Jews, would roast a few of the Hebrew capitalists, or extract some of the principal rabbis' teeth, Rowena would exult and say, "Serve them right, the misbelieving wretches! England can never be a happy country until every one of these monsters is exterminated!" Or else, adopting a strain of still more savage sarcasm, would exclaim, "Ivanhoe, my dear, more persecution for the Jews! Hadn't you better interfere, my love? His Majesty will do anything for you; and, you know, the Jews were *always such favourites of yours*," or words to that effect. But, nevertheless, her ladyship never lost an opportunity of wearing Rebecca's jewels at court, whenever the Queen held a drawing-room; or at the York assizes and ball, when she appeared there, not of course because she took any interest in such things, but because she considered it her duty to attend as one of the chief ladies of the county.

Thus Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe having attained the height of his wishes, was, like many a man when he has reached that dangerous elevation, disappointed. Ah, dear friends, it is but too often so in life! Many a garden, seen from a distance, looks fresh and green, which, when beheld closely, is dismal and weedy; the shady walks melancholy and grass-grown; the bowers you would fain repose in, cushioned with stinging nettles. I have ridden in a caique upon the waters of the Bosphorus, and looked upon the capital of the Soldan of Turkey. As seen from those blue waters, with palace and pinnacle, with gilded dome and towering cypress, it seemeth a very Paradise of Mahound;

but, enter the city, and it is but a beggarly labyrinth of rickety huts and dirty alleys, where the ways are steep and the smells are foul, tenanted by mangy dogs and ragged beggars—a dismal illusion! Life is such, ah, well-a-day! It is only hope which is real, and reality is a bitterness and a deceit.

Perhaps a man, with Ivanhoe's high principles, would never bring himself to acknowledge this fact; but others did for him. He grew thin, and pined away as much as if he had been in a fever under the scorching sun of Ascalon. He had no appetite for his meals; he slept ill, though he was yawning all day. The jangling of the doctors and friars whom Rowena brought together did not in the least enliven him, and he would sometimes give proofs of somnolency during their disputes, greatly to the consternation of his lady. He hunted a good deal, and, I very much fear, as Rowena rightly remarked, that he might have an excuse for being absent from home. He began to like wine, too, who had been as sober as a hermit; and when he came back from Athelstane's (whither he would repair not unfrequently), the unsteadiness of his gait and the unnatural brilliancy of his eye were remarked by his lady, who, you may be sure, was sitting up for him. As for Athelstane, he swore by St. Wullstan that he was glad to have escaped a marriage with such a pattern of propriety; and honest Cedric the Saxon (who had been very speedily driven out of his daughter-in-law's castle) vowed by St. Waltheof that his son had bought a dear bargain.

So Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe became almost as tired of England as his royal master Richard was (who always quitted the country when he had squeezed from his loyal nobles, commons, clergy, and Jews all the money which he could get), and when the lion-hearted Prince began to make war against the French king, in Normandy and Guienne, Sir Wilfrid pined like a true servant to be in company of the good champion, alongside of whom he had shivered so many lances, and dealt such woundy blows of sword and battle-axe on the plains of Jaffa, or the breaches of Acre. Travellers were welcome at Rotherwood that brought news from the camp of the good king: and I warrant me that the knight listened with all his might when Father Drono, the chaplain, read in the *St. James's Chronykyl* (which was the paper of news he of Ivanhoe took in) of "another glo-

rious triumph"—"Defeat of the French near Blois"—"Splendid victory at Epte, and narrow escape of the French king," the which deeds of arms the learned scribes had to narrate.

However such tales might excite him during the reading, they left the knight of Ivanhoe only the more melancholy after listening: and the more moody as he sate in his great hall silently draining his Gascony wine. Silently sate he and looked at his coats of mail, hanging vacant on the wall, his banner covered with spider-webs and his sword and axe rusting there. "Ah, dear axe," sighed he (into his drinking-horn)—"ah, gentle steel! that was a merry time when I sent thee crashing into the pate of the Emir Abdul Melik as he rode on the right of Saladin. Ah, my sword, my dainty headsman, my sweet split-rib, my razor of infidel beards; is the rust to eat thine edge off, and am I never more to wield thee in battle? What is the use of a shield on a wall, or a lance that has a cobweb for a pennon? O, Richard, my good king, would I could hear once more thy voice in the front of the onset! Bones of Brian the Templar, would ye could rise from your grave at Templestowe, and that we might break another spear for honour and—and——" * * *

And *Rebecca*, he would have said—but the knight paused here in rather a guilty panic; and her Royal Highness the Princess Rowena (as she chose to style herself at home) looked so hard at him out of her china-blue eyes, that Sir Wilfrid felt as if she was reading his thoughts, and was fain to drop his own eyes into his flagon.

In a word, his life was intolerable. The dinner hour of the twelfth century, it is known, was very early: in fact people dined at ten o'clock in the morning: and after dinner, Rowena sate mum under her canopy, embroidered with the arms of Edward the Confessor, working with her maidens at the most hideous pieces of tapestry, representing the tortures and martyrdoms of her favourite saints, and not allowing a soul to speak above his breath, except when she chose to cry out in her own shrill voice when a handmaid made a wrong stitch, or let fall a ball of worsted. It was a dreary life. Wamba, we have said, never ventured to crack a joke, save in a whisper, when he was ten miles from home; and then Sir Wilfrid Ivanhoe was too weary and blue-devilled to laugh: but hunted in

silence, moodily bringing down deer and wild boar with shaft and quarrel.

Then he besought Robin of Huntingdon, the jolly outlaw, nathless, to join him, and go to the help of their fair sire King Richard, with a score or two of lances. But the Earl of Huntingdon was a very different character from Robin Hood the forester. There was no more conscientious magistrate in all the county than his lordship: he was never known to miss church or quarter-sessions; he was the strictest game proprietor in all the Riding, and sent scores of poachers to Botany Bay. "A man who has a stake in the country, my good Sir Wilfrid," Lord Huntingdon said, with rather a patronising air (his lordship had grown immensely fat since the King had taken him into grace, and required a horse as strong as an elephant to mount him), "a man with a stake in the country ought to stay *in* the country. Property has its duties as well as its privileges, and a person of my rank is bound to live on the land from which he gets his living."

"Amen!" sang out the Reverend —— Tuck, his lordship's domestic chaplain, who had also grown as sleek as the Abbot of Jorvaulx, who was as prim as a lady in his dress, wore bergamot in his handkerchief, and had his poll shaved, and his beard curled every day. And so sanctified was his Reverence grown, that he thought it was a shame to kill the pretty deer (though he ate of them still hugely, both in pasties and with French beans and currant jelly), and being shown a quarter-staff upon a certain occasion, handled it curiously, and asked "what that ugly great stick was?"

Lady Huntingdon, late Maid Marian, had still some of her old fun and spirits, and poor Ivanhoe begged and prayed that she would come and stay at Rotherwood occasionally, and *égayer* the general dulness of that castle. But her ladyship said that Rowena gave herself such airs, and bored her so intolerably with stories of King Edward the Confessor, that she preferred any place rather than Rotherwood, which was as dull as if it had been at the top of Mount Athos.

The only person who visited it was Athelstane. "His Royal Highness the Prince," Rowena of course called him, whom the lady received with royal honours. She had the guns fired, and the footmen turned out with presented arms

when he arrived; helped him to all Ivanhoe's favourite cuts of the mutton or the turkey, and forced her poor husband to light him to the state bedroom, walking backwards, holding a pair of wax candles. At this hour of bedtime the Thane used to be in such a condition that he saw two pair of candles and a couple of Ivanhoes reeling before him—let us hope it was not Ivanhoe that was reeling, but only his kinsman's brains muddled with the quantities of drink which it was his daily custom to consume. Rowena said it was the crack which the wicked Bois Guilbert, "the Jew-ess's *other* lover, Wilfrid, my dear," gave him on his royal skull, which caused the Prince to be disturbed so easily; but added, that drinking became a person of royal blood, and was but one of the duties of his station.

Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe saw it would be of no avail to ask this man to bear him company on his projected tour abroad; but still he himself was every day more and more bent upon going, and he long cast about for some means of breaking to his Rowena his firm resolution to join the King. He thought she would certainly fall ill if he communicated the news too abruptly to her; he would pretend a journey to York to attend a grand jury; then a call to London on law business or to buy stock; then he would slip over to Calais by the packet by degrees, as it were; and so be with the King before his wife knew that he was out of sight of Westminster Hall.

"Suppose your honour says you are going, as your honour would say *Bo to a goose, plump, short, and to the point*," said Wamba, the jester, who was Sir Wilfrid's chief counsellor and attendant, "depend on't Her Highness would bear the news like a Christian woman."

"Tush, malapert! I will give thee the strap," said Sir Wilfrid, in a fine tone of high tragedy indignation; "thou knowest not the delicacy of the nerves of high-born ladies. An she faint not, write me down Hollander."

"I will wager my bauble against an Irish billet of exchange that she will let your honour go off readily: that is, if you press not the matter too strongly," Wamba answered, knowingly; and this Ivanhoe found to his discomfiture: for one morning at breakfast, adopting a *déagé* air, as he sipped his tea, he said, "My love, I was thinking of going over to pay His Majesty a visit in Normandy:" upon which, laying down her muffin (which, since the royal Al-

fred baked those cakes, had been the chosen breakfast cate of noble Anglo-Saxons, and which a kneeling page tendered to her on a salver, chased by the Florentine Benvenuto Cellini),—"When do you think of going, Wilfrid, my dear?"—the lady said, and the moment the tea-things were removed, and the tables and their trestles put away, she set about mending his linen, and getting ready his carpet-bag.

So Sir Wilfrid was as disgusted at her readiness to part with him as he had been weary of staying at home, which caused Wamba the fool to say, "Marry, gossip, thou art like the man on ship-board, who, when the boatswain flogged him, did cry out 'Oh!' wherever the rope's end fell on him: which caused Master Boatswain to say, 'Plague on thee, fellow, and a pize on thee, knave, wherever I hit thee there is no pleasing thee.'"

"And truly there are some backs which Fortune is always belabouring," thought Sir Wilfrid, with a groan, "and mine is one that is ever sore."

So, with a moderate retinue, whereof the knave Wamba made one, and a large woollen comforter round his neck, which his wife's own white fingers had woven, Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe left home to join the King, his master. Rowena, standing on the steps, poured out a series of prayers and blessings, most edifying to hear, as her lord mounted his charger, which his squires led to the door. "It was the duty of the British female of rank," she said, "to suffer all, *all* in the cause of her Sovereign. *She* would not fear loneliness during the campaign: she would bear up against widowhood, desertion, and an unprotected situation."

"My cousin Athelstane will protect thee," said Ivanhoe, with profound emotion, as the tears trickled down his basnet; and bestowing a chaste salute upon the steel-clad warrior, Rowena modestly said, "She hoped His Highness would be so kind."

Then Ivanhoe's trumpet blew; then Rowena waved her pocket-handkerchief; then the household gave a shout; then the pursuivant of the good knight, Sir Wilfrid the Crusader, flung out his banner (which was argent a gules cramoisy with three Moors impaled sable); then Wamba gave a lash on his mule's haunch, and Ivanhoe, heaving a great sigh, turned the tail of his warhorse upon the castle of his fathers.

As they rode along the forest they met Athelstane, the Thane, powdering along the road in the direction of Rotherwood on his great dray-horse of a charger. "Good-bye, good luck to you, old brick," cried the Prince, using the vernacular Saxon; "pitch into those Frenchmen; give it 'em over the face and eyes; and I'll stop at home and take care of Mrs. I."

"Thank you, kinsman," said Ivanhoe, looking, however, not particularly well pleased; and the chiefs shaking hands, the train of each took its different way—Athelstane's to Rotherwood, Ivanhoe's towards his place of embarkation.

The poor knight had his wish, and yet his face was a yard long, and as yellow as a lawyer's parchment; and having longed to quit home any time these three years past, he found himself envying Athelstane, because, forsooth, he was going to Rotherwood: which symptoms of discontent being observed by the witless Wamba, caused that absurd madman to bring his rebeck over his shoulder from his back, and to sing—

ATRA CURA.

Before I lost my five poor wits,
I mind me of a Romish clerk,
Who sang how Care, the phantom dark,
Beside the belted horseman sits.
Methought I saw the griesly sprite
Jump up but now behind my Knight.

"Perhaps thou didst, knave," said Ivanhoe, looking over his shoulder; and the knave went on with his jingle.

And though he gallop as he may,
I mark that cursed monster black
Still sits behind his honour's back,
Tight squeezing of his heart alway.
Like two black Templars sit they there,
Beside one crupper, Knight and Care.

No knight am I with pennoned spear,
To prance upon a bold destrere:
I will not have black Care prevail
Upon my long-eared charger's tail,
For lo, I am a witless fool,
And laugh at Grief and ride a mule.

And his bells rattled as he kicked his mule's sides.

"Silence, fool!" said Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, in a voice

both majestic and wrathful. "If thou knowest not care and grief, it is because thou knowest not love, whereof they are the companions. Who can love without an anxious heart? How shall there be joy at meeting, without tears at parting?" (I did not see that his honour or my lady shed many anon, thought Wamba the fool; but he was only a zany, and his mind was not right.) "I would not exchange my very sorrows for thine indifference," the knight continued. "Where there is a sun there must be a shadow. If the shadow offend me, shall I put out my eyes and live in the dark? No! I am content with my fate, even such as it is. The Care of which thou speakest, hard though it may vex him, never yet rode down an honest man. I can bear him on my shoulders, and make my way through the world's press in spite of him; for my arm is strong, and my sword is keen, and my shield has no stain on it; and my heart, though it is sad, knows no guile." And here, taking a locket out of his waistcoat (which was made of chain-mail), the knight kissed the token, put it back under the waistcoat again, heaved a profound sigh, and stuck spurs into his horse.

As for Wamba, he was munching a black pudding whilst Sir Wilfrid was making the above speech (which implied some secret grief on the knight's part, that must have been perfectly unintelligible to the fool), and so did not listen to a single word of Ivanhoe's pompous remarks. They travelled on by slow stages through the whole kingdom, until they came to Dover, whence they took shipping for Calais. And in this little voyage, being exceedingly seasick, and besides elated at the thought of meeting his Sovereign, the good knight cast away that profound melancholy which had accompanied him during the whole of his land journey.

CHAPTER II.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE LION.

FROM Calais Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe took the diligence across country to Limoges, sending on Gurth, his squire, with the horses and the rest of his attendants, with the exception of Wamba, who travelled not only as the knight's fool but as his valet, and who, perched, on the roof of the carriage, amused himself by blowing tunes upon the *conducteur's* French horn. The good King Richard was, as Ivanhoe learned, in the Limousin, encamped before a little place called Chalus; the lord whereof, though a vassal of the King's, was holding the castle against his Sovereign with a resolution and valour which caused a great fury and annoyance on the part of the Monarch with the Lion Heart. For, brave and magnanimous as he was, the Lion-hearted one did not love to be balked any more than another; and, like the royal animal whom he was said to resemble, he commonly tore his adversary to pieces, and then, perchance, had leisure to think how brave the latter had been. The Count of Chalus had found, it was said, a pot of money; the royal Richard wanted it. As the Count denied that he had it, why did he not open the gates of his castle at once? It was a clear proof that he was guilty; and the King was determined to punish this rebel, and have his money and his life too.

He had naturally brought no breaching guns with him, because those instruments were not yet invented; and though he had assaulted the place a score of times with the utmost fury, His Majesty had been beaten back on every occasion, until he was so savage that it was dangerous to approach the British Lion. The Lion's wife, the lovely Berengaria, scarcely ventured to come near him. He flung the joint-stools in his tent at the heads of the Officers of State, and kicked his aides-de-camp round his pavilion; and, in fact, a maid of honour, who brought a sack-posset unto His Majesty from the Queen, after he came in from the assault, came spinning like a football out of the royal tent just as Ivanhoe entered it.

"Send me my Austrian drum-major to flog that woman," roared out the infuriate King. "By the bones of St. Barnabas she has burned the sack! By St. Wittikind, I will have her flayed alive. Ha, St. George! ha, St. Richard! whom have we here?" And he lifted up his demi-culverin, or curtal axe, a weapon weighing about thirteen hundred-weight, and was about to fling it at the intruder's head, when the latter, kneeling gracefully on one knee, said calmly, "It is I, my good liege, Wilfrid of Ivanhoe."

"What, Wilfrid of Templestowe, Wilfrid the married man, Wilfrid the hen-pecked!" cried the King with a sudden burst of good-humour, flinging away the culverin from him, as though it had been a reed (it lighted three hundred yards off, on the foot of Hugo de Bunyon, who was smoking a cigar at the door of his tent, and caused that redoubted warrior to limp for some days after). "What, Wilfrid, my gossip? Art come to see the Lion's den? There are bones in it, man, bones and carcasses, and the Lion is angry," said the King, with a terrific glare of his eyes, "but tush! we will talk of that anon. Ho! bring two gallons of hypocras for the King, and the good knight, Wilfrid of Ivanhoe. Thou art come in time, Wilfrid, for by St. Richard, and St. George, we will give a grand assault to-morrow. There will be bones broken, ha!"

"I care not, my liege," said Ivanhoe, pledging the Sovereign respectfully, and tossing off the whole contents of the bowl of hypocras to His Highness's good health,—and he at once appeared to be taken into high favour, not a little to the envy of many of the persons surrounding the King.

As His Majesty said, there was fighting and feasting in plenty before Chalus. Day after day the besiegers made assaults upon the castle, but it was held so stoutly by the Count of Chalus and his gallant garrison, that each afternoon beheld the attacking parties returning disconsolately to their tents, leaving behind them many of their own slain, and bringing back with them store of broken heads and maimed limbs, received in the unsuccessful onset. The valour displayed by Ivanhoe, in all these contests, was prodigious; and the way in which he escaped death from the discharges of mangonels, catapults, battering-rams, twenty-four pounders, boiling oil, and other artillery, with which the besieged received their enemies, was remarkable. After a day's fighting, Gurth and Wamba used to pick the

arrows out of their intrepid master's coat-of-mail, as if they had been so many almonds in a pudding. 'Twas well for the good knight, that under his first coat of armour he wore a choice suit of Toledan steel, perfectly impervious to arrow shots, and given to him by a certain Jew, named Isaac of York, to whom he had done some considerable services a few years back.

If King Richard had not been in such a rage at the repeated failures of his attacks upon the castle, that all sense of justice was blinded in the lion-hearted monarch, he would have been the first to acknowledge the valour of Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, and would have given him a Peerage and the Grand Cross of the Bath at least a dozen times in the course of the siege: for Ivanhoe led more than a dozen storming parties, and with his own hand killed as many men (*viz.* two thousand three hundred and fifty-one) within six, as were slain by the lion-hearted monarch himself. But His Majesty was rather disgusted than pleased by his faithful servant's prowess; and all the courtiers, who hated Ivanhoe for his superior valour and dexterity (for he would kill you off a couple of hundred of them of Chalus, whilst the strongest champions of the King's host could not finish more than their two dozen of a day), poisoned the royal mind against Sir Wilfrid, and made the King look upon his feats of arms with an evil eye. Roger de Backbite sneeringly told the King that Sir Wilfrid had offered to bet an equal bet that he would kill more men than Richard himself in the next assault: Peter de Toadhole said that Ivanhoe stated everywhere, that His Majesty was not the man he used to be; that pleasures and drink had enervated him; that he could neither ride, nor strike a blow with sword or axe, as he had been enabled to do in the old times in Palestine: and finally, in the twenty-fifth assault, in which they had very nearly carried the place, and in which onset Ivanhoe slew seven, and His Majesty six, of the sons of the Count de Chalus, its defender, Ivanhoe almost did for himself, by planting his banner before the King's upon the wall; and only rescued himself from utter disgrace by saving His Majesty's life several times in the course of this most desperate onslaught.

Then the luckless knight's very virtues (as, no doubt, my respected readers know) made him enemies amongst the men—nor was Ivanhoe liked by the women frequenting the

camp of the gay King Richard. His young Queen, and a brilliant court of ladies, attended the pleasure-loving monarch. His Majesty would transact business in the morning, then fight severely from after breakfast till about three o'clock in the afternoon; from which time, until after midnight, there was nothing but jigging and singing, feasting and revelry, in the royal tents. Ivanhoe, who was asked as a matter of ceremony, and forced to attend these entertainments, not caring about the blandishments of any of the ladies present, looked on at their ogling and dancing with a countenance as glum as an undertaker's, and was a perfect wet-blanket in the midst of the festivities. His favourite resort and conversation were with a remarkably austere hermit, who lived in the neighbourhood of Chalus, and with whom Ivanhoe loved to talk about Palestine, and the Jews, and other grave matters of import, better than to mingle in the gayest amusements of the court of King Richard. Many a night, when the Queen and the ladies were dancing quadrilles and polkas (in which His Majesty, who was enormously stout as well as tall, insisted upon figuring, and in which he was about as graceful as an elephant dancing a hornpipe), Ivanhoe would steal away from the ball, and come and have a night's chat under the moon with his reverend friend. It pained him to see a man of the King's age and size dancing about with the young folks. They laughed at His Majesty whilst they flattered him: the pages and maids of honour mimicked the royal mountebank almost to his face; and, if Ivanhoe ever could have laughed, he certainly would one night, when the King, in light-blue satin inexpressibles, with his hair in powder, chose to dance the Minuet de la Cour with the little Queen Berengaria.

Then, after dancing, His Majesty must needs order a guitar, and begin to sing. He was said to compose his own songs—words and music—but those who have read Lord Campobello's *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, are aware that there was a person by the name of Blondel, who, in fact, did all the musical part of the King's performances; and, as for the words, when a King writes verses, we may be sure there will be plenty of people to admire his poetry. His Majesty would sing you a ballad, of which he had stolen every idea, to an air which was ringing on all the barrel-organs of Christendom, and, turning round to his

courtiers, would say, "How do you like that? I dashed it off this morning." Or, "Blondel, what do you think of this movement in B flat?" or what not; and the courtiers and Blondel, you may be sure, would applaud with all their might, like hypocrites as they were.

One evening—it was the evening of the 27th March, 1199, indeed—His Majesty, who was in the musical mood, treated the court with a quantity of his so-called compositions, until the people were fairly tired of clapping with their hands, and laughing in their sleeves. First he sang an *original* air and poem, beginning

Cherries nice, cherries nice, nice, come choose
Fresh and fair ones, who'll refuse? etc.

The which he was ready to take his affidavit he had composed the day before yesterday. Then he sang an *original* heroic melody, of which the chorus was

Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the sea,
For Britons never, never, never slaves shall be, etc.

The courtiers applauded this song as they did the other, all except Ivanhoe, who sat without changing a muscle of his features, until the King questioned him, when the knight with a bow said "he thought he had heard something very like the air and the words elsewhere." His Majesty scowled at him a savage glance from under his red bushy eyebrows; but Ivanhoe had saved the royal life that day, and the King, therefore, with difficulty controlled his indignation.

"Well," said he, "by St. Richard and St. George, but ye never heard *this* song, for I composed it this very afternoon as I took my bath after the *mélée*. Did I not, Blondel?"

Blondel, of course, was ready to take an affidavit that His Majesty had done as he said, and the King, thrumming on his guitar with his great red fingers and thumbs, began to sing out of tune, and as follows:—

COMMANDERS OF THE FAITHFUL.

The Pope he is a happy man,
His Palace is the Vatican:
And there he sits and drains his can,
The Pope he is a happy man.
I often say when I'm at home,
I'd like to be the Pope of Rome.

And then there's Sultan Saladin,
That Turkish Soldan full of sin;
He has a hundred wives at least,
By which his pleasure is increased;
I've often wished, I hope no sin,
That I were Sultan Saladin.

But no, the Pope no wife may choose,
And so I would not wear his shoes;
No wine may drink the proud Paynim,
And so I'd rather not be him;
My wife, my wine, I love I hope,
And would be neither Turk nor Pope.

Encore! Encore! Bravo! Bis! Everybody applauded the King's song with all his might; everybody except Ivanhoe, who preserved his abominable gravity: and when asked aloud by Roger de Backbite whether he had heard that too? said firmly, "Yes, Roger de Backbite; and so hast thou if thou darest but tell the truth."

"Now, by St. Cicely, may I never touch gittern again," bawled the King in a fury, "if every note, word, and thought be not mine; may I die in to-morrow's onslaught if the song be not my song. Sing thyself, Wilfrid of the Lanthorn Jaws; thou couldst sing a good song in old times:" and with all his might, and with a forced laugh, the King, who loved brutal practical jests, flung his guitar at the head of Ivanhoe.

Sir Wilfrid caught it gracefully with one hand, and, making an elegant bow to the Sovereign, began to chant as follows:—

KING CANUTE.

King Canute was weary-hearted; he had reigned for years a score;
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much and robbing
more,
And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild sea-shore.

'Twixt the Chancellor and Bishop walked the King with steps sedate,
Chamberlains and grooms came after, silver sticks and gold sticks
great,
Chaplains, aides-de-camp, and pages,—all the officers of state.

Sliding after like his shadow, pausing when he chose to pause;
If a frown his face contracted, straight the courtiers dropped their
jaws;
If to laugh the King was minded, out they burst in loud hee-haws.

But that day a something vexed him, that was clear to old and
 young,
 Thrice his Grace had yawned at table, when his favourite gleeman
 sung,
 Once the Queen would have consoled him, but he bade her hold her
 tongue.

"Something ails my gracious Master," cried the Keeper of the Seal,
 "Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys, served at dinner, or the veal!"
 "Psha!" exclaimed the angry Monarch, "Keeper, 'tis not that I feel.

"'Tis the *heart*, and not the dinner, fool, that doth my rest impair;
 Can a King be great as I am, prithee, and yet know no care?
 Oh, I'm sick, and tired, and weary." Some one cried, "The King's
 arm-chair!"

Then towards the lackeys turning, quick my lord the Keeper
 nodded,
 Straight the King's great chair was brought him, by two footmen
 able-bodied;
 Languidly he sank into it; it was comfortably wadded.

"Leading on my fierce companions," cried he, "over storm and
 brine,
 I have fought and I have conquered! Where was glory like to
 mine?"
 Loudly all the courtiers echoed: "Where is glory like to thine?"

"What avail me all my kingdoms? Weary am I now, and old;
 Those fair sons I have begotten, long to see me dead and cold;
 Would I were, and quiet buried, underneath the silent mould!

"Oh, remorse, the writhing serpent! at my bosom tears and bites;
 Horrid, horrid things I look on, though I put out all the lights,
 Ghosts of ghastly recollections troop about my bed of nights.

"Cities burning, convents blazing, red with sacrilegious fires;
 Mothers weeping, virgins screaming, vainly for their slaughtered
 sires—"

"Such a tender conscience," cries the Bishop, "every one admires.

"But for such unpleasant bygones, cease, my gracious Lord, to
 search,
 They're forgotten and forgiven by our holy Mother Church;
 Never, never does she leave her benefactors in the lurch.

"Look! the land is crowned with minsters, which your Grace's
 bounty raised;
 Abbeys filled with holy men, where you and Heaven are daily
 praised;
 You, my lord, to think of dying? on my conscience, I'm amazed!"

"Nay, I feel," replied King Canute, "that my end is drawing near."
 "Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to squeeze a
 tear),
 "Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty year."

"Live these fifty years!" the Bishop roared, with actions made to suit,

"Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of King Canute?"

Men have lived a thousand years, and sure His Majesty will do't.

"Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Canan, Mahaleel, Methusela, Lived nine hundred years apiece, and mayn't the King as well as they?"

"Fervently," exclaimed the Keeper, "fervently I trust he may."

"*He* to die?" resumed the Bishop. "He a mortal like to *us*? Death was not for him intended, though *communis omnibus*; Keeper, you are irreligious, for to talk and cavil thus.

"With his wondrous skill in healing ne'er a doctor can compete, Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon their feet; Surely he could raise the dead up, did His Highness think it meet.

"Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun upon the hill, And, the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver moon stand still? So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will."

"Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?" Canute cried; "Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride? If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide.

"Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the sign?" Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, "Land and sea, my lord, are thine." Canute turned towards the ocean—"Back!" he said, "thou foaming brine.

"From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to retreat; Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's seat; Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet!"

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper roar, And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding on the shore; Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King and courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to human clay, But alone to praise and worship That which earth and seas obey, And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that day. King Canute is dead and gone: Parasites exist alway.

At this ballad, which, to be sure, was awfully long, and as grave as a sermon, some of the courtiers tittered, some yawned, and some affected to be asleep and snore outright. But Roger de Backbite, thinking to curry favour with the King by this piece of vulgarity, His Majesty fetched him a knock on the nose and a buffet on the ear, which, I warrant me, wakened Master Roger; to whom the King said,

“Listen and be civil, slave; Wilfrid is singing about thee. —Wilfrid, thy ballad is long, but it is to the purpose, and I have grown cool during thy homily. Give me thy hand, honest friend. Ladies, good-night. Gentlemen, we give the grand assault to-morrow; when I promise thee, Wilfrid, thy banner shall not be before mine”—and the King, giving his arm to Her Majesty, retired into the private pavilion.

CHAPTER III.

ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND.

WHILST the royal Richard and his Court were feasting in the camp outside the walls of Chalus, they of the castle were in the most miserable plight that may be conceived. Hunger, as well as the fierce assaults of the besiegers, had made dire ravages in the place. The garrison's provisions of corn and cattle, their very horses, dogs, and donkeys had been eaten up—so that it might well be said by Wamba “that famine, as well as slaughter, had *thinned* the garrison.” When the men of Chalus came on the walls to defend it against the scaling parties of King Richard—they were like so many skeletons in armour—they could hardly pull their bow-strings at last, or pitch down stones on the heads of His Majesty's party, so weak had their arms become; and the gigantic Count of Chalus, a warrior as redoubtable for his size and strength as Richard Plantagenet himself, was scarcely able to lift up his battle-axe upon the day of that last assault, when Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe ran him through the * * but we are advancing matters.

What should prevent me from describing the agonies of hunger which the Count (a man of large appetite) suffered in company with his heroic sons and garrison?—Nothing, but that Dante has already done the business in the notorious history of Count Ugolino, so that my efforts might be considered as mere imitations. Why should I not, if I were minded to revel in horrifying details, show you how the famished garrison drew lots, and ate themselves during the siege; and how the unlucky lot falling upon the Countess of Chalus, that heroic woman, taking an affectionate leave of her family, caused her large cauldron in the castle kitchen to be set a-boiling, had onions, carrots and herbs, pepper and salt made ready, to make a savoury soup, as the French like it, and when all things were quite completed, kissed her children, jumped into the cauldron from off the kitchen stool, and so was stewed down in her flannel bed-gown? Dear friends, it is not from want of imagination, or from having no turn for the terrible or pathetic,

that I spare you these details. I could give you some description that would spoil your dinner and night's rest, and make your hair stand on end. But why harrow your feelings? Fancy all the tortures and horrors that possibly can occur in a beleaguered and famished castle: fancy the feelings of men who know that no more quarter will be given them than they would get if they were peaceful Hungarian citizens, kidnapped and brought to trial by His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, and then let us rush on to the breach and prepare once more to meet the assault of dreadful King Richard and his men.

On the 29th of March, in the year 1199, the good King, having copiously partaken of breakfast, caused his trumpets to blow, and advanced with his host upon the breach of the castle of Chalus. Arthur de Pendennis bore his banner; Wilfrid of Ivanhoe fought on the King's right hand. Molyneux, Bishop of Bullocksmithy, doffed crosier and mitre for that day, and though fat and pursy, panted up the breach with the most resolute spirit, roaring out war-cries and curses, and wielding a prodigious mace of iron, with which he did good execution. Hugo de Backbite was forced to come in attendance upon the Sovereign, but took care to keep in the rear of his august master, and to shelter behind his huge triangular shield as much as possible. Many lords of note followed the King and bore the ladders; and as they were placed against the wall, the air was perfectly dark with the showers of arrows which the French archers poured out at the besiegers; and the cataract of stones, kettles, boot-jacks, chests of drawers, crockery, umbrellas, congreve-rockets, bombshells, bolts and arrows, and other missiles which the desperate garrison flung out on the storming-party. The King received a copper coal-scuttle right over his eyes, and a mahogany wardrobe was discharged at his morion, which would have felled an ox, and would have done for the King had not Ivanhoe warded it off skilfully. Still they advanced, the warriors falling around them like grass beneath the scythe of the mower.

The ladders were placed in spite of the hail of death raining round: the King and Ivanhoe were, of course, the first to mount them. Chalus stood in the breach, borrowing strength from despair; and roaring out, "Ha! Plantagenet, Saint Barbacue for Chalus!" he dealt the King a crack



Assault on the Castle of Chalus
—*Christmas Books*, p. 132.

across the helmet with his battle-axe, which shore off the gilt lion and crown that surmounted the steel cap. The King bent and reeled back; the besiegers were dismayed; the garrison and the Count of Chalus set up a shout of triumph: but it was premature.

As quick as thought Ivanhoe was into the Count with a thrust in tierce, which took him just at the joint of the armour, and ran him through as clean as a spit does a partridge. Uttering a horrid shriek, he fell back writhing; the King recovering staggered up the parapet; the rush of knights followed, and the Union Jack was planted triumphantly on the walls, just as Ivanhoe,—but we must leave him for a moment.

“Ha, St. Richard!—ha, St. George!” the tremendous voice of the Lion-king was heard over the loudest roar of the onset. At every sweep of his blade a severed head flew over the parapet, a spouting trunk tumbled, bleeding, on the flags of the bartizan. The world hath never seen a warrior equal to that Lion-hearted Plantagenet, as he raged over the keep, his eyes flashing fire through the bars of his morion, snorting and chafing with the hot lust of battle. One by one *les enfans de Chalus* had fallen: there was only one left at last of all the brave race that had fought round the gallant Count:—only one, and but a boy, a fair-haired boy, a blue-eyed boy! he had been gathering pansies in the fields but yesterday—it was but a few years, and he was a baby in his mother’s arms! What could his puny sword do against the most redoubted blade in Christendom?—and yet Bohemond faced the great champion of England, and met him foot to foot! Turn away, turn away, my dear young friends and kind-hearted ladies! Do not look at that ill-fated poor boy! his blade is crushed into splinters under the axe of the conqueror, and the poor child is beaten to his knee! * * *

“Now, by St. Barbacue of Limoges,” said Bertrand de Gourdon, “the butcher will never strike down yonder lambling! Hold thy hand, Sir King, or, by St. Barbacue——”

Swift as thought the veteran archer raised his arblast to his shoulder, the whizzing bolt fled from the ringing string, and the next moment crushed quivering into the corslet of Plantagenet.

’Twas a luckless shot, Bertrand of Gourdon! Maddened

by the pain of the wound, the brute nature of Richard was aroused: his fiendish appetite for blood rose to madness, and grinding his teeth, and with a curse too horrible to mention, the flashing axe of the royal butcher fell down on the blond ringlets of the child, and the children of Chalus were no more! * * *

I just throw this off by way of description, and to show what *might* be done if I chose to indulge in this style of composition, but as in the battles which are described by the kindly chronicler of one of whose works this present masterpiece is professedly a continuation, everything passes off agreeably; the people are slain, but without any unpleasant sensation to the reader; nay, some of the most savage and blood-stained characters of history, such is the indomitable good-humour of the great novelist, become amiable, jovial companions, for whom one has a hearty sympathy—so, if you please, we will have this fighting business at Chalus, and the garrison and honest Bertrand of Gourdon, disposed of, the former, according to the usage of the good old times, having been hung up or murdered to a man, and the latter killed in the manner described by the late Dr. Goldsmith in his History.

As for the Lion-hearted, we all very well know that the shaft of Bertrand de Gourdon put an end to the royal hero—and that from that 29th of March he never robbed or murdered any more. And we have legends in recondite books of the manner of the King's death.

"You must die, my son," said the venerable Walter of Rouen, as Berengaria was carried shrieking from the King's tent. "Repent, Sir King, and separate yourself from your children!"

"It is ill jesting with a dying man," replied the King. "Children have I none, my good lord bishop, to inherit after me."

"Richard of England," said the Archbishop, turning up his fine eyes, "your vices are your children. Ambition is your eldest child, Cruelty is your second child, Luxury is your third child; and you have nourished them from your youth up. Separate yourself from these sinful ones, and prepare your soul, for the hour of departure draweth nigh."

Violent, wicked, sinful, as he might have been, Richard of England met his death like a Christian man. Peace be

to the soul of the brave! When the news came to King Philip of France, he sternly forbade his courtiers to rejoice at the death of his enemy. "It is no matter of joy but of dolour," he said, "that the bulwark of Christendom and the bravest king of Europe is no more."

Meanwhile what has become of Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, whom we left in the act of rescuing his Sovereign by running the Count of Chalus through the body?

As the good knight stooped down to pick his sword out of the corpse of his fallen foe, some one coming behind him suddenly thrust a dagger into his back at a place where his shirt of mail was open (for Sir Wilfrid had armed that morning in a hurry, and it was his breast, not his back, that he was accustomed ordinarily to protect); and when poor Wamba came up on the rampart, which he did when the fighting was over—being such a fool that he could not be got to thrust his head into danger for glory's sake—he found his dear knight with the dagger in his back lying without life upon the body of the Count de Chalus whom he had anon slain.

Ah, what a howl poor Wamba set up when he found his master killed! How he lamented over the corpse of that noble knight and friend! What mattered it to him that Richard the King was borne wounded to his tent, and that Bertrand de Gourdon was flayed alive? At another time the sight of this spectacle might have amused the simple knave; but now all his thoughts were of his lord, so good, so gentle, so kind, so loyal, so frank with the great, so tender to the poor, so truthful of speech, so modest regarding his own merit, so true a gentleman, in a word, that anybody might, with reason, deplore him.

As Wamba opened the dear knight's corslet, he found a locket round his neck, in which there was some hair, not flaxen like that of my Lady Rowena, who was almost as fair as an Albino, but as black, Wamba thought, as the locks of the Jewish maiden whom the knight had rescued in the lists of Templestowe. A bit of Rowena's hair was in Sir Wilfrid's possession, too, but that was in his purse along with his seal of arms, and a couple of groats; for the good knight never kept any money, so generous was he of his largesses when money came in.

Wamba took the purse, and seal, and groats, but he left

the locket of hair round his master's neck, and when he returned to England never said a word about the circumstance. After all, how should he know whose hair it was? It might have been the knight's grandmother's hair for aught the fool knew; so he kept his counsel when he brought back the sad news and tokens to the disconsolate widow at Rotherwood.

The poor fellow would never have left the body at all, and indeed sate by it all night, and until the grey of the morning, when, seeing two suspicious-looking characters advancing towards him, he fled in dismay, supposing that they were marauders who were out searching for booty among the dead bodies; and having not the least courage, he fled from these, and tumbled down the breach, and never stopped running as fast as his legs would carry him until he reached the tents of his late beloved master.

The news of the knight's demise, it appeared, had been known at his quarters long before; for his servants were gone, and had ridden off on his horses; his chests were plundered, there was not so much as a shirt-collar left in his drawers, and the very bed and blankets had been carried away by these *faithful* attendants. Who had slain Ivanhoe? That remains a mystery to the present day; but Hugo de Backbite, whose nose he had pulled for defamation, and who was behind him in the assault at Chalus, was seen two years afterwards at the court of King John in an embroidered velvet waistcoat which Rowena could have sworn she had worked for Ivanhoe, and about which the widow would have made some little noise, but that—but that she was no longer a widow.

That she truly deplored the death of her lord, cannot be questioned, for she ordered the deepest mourning which any milliner in York could supply, and erected a monument to his memory as big as a minster. But she was a lady of such fine principles, that she did not allow her grief to overmaster her; and an opportunity speedily arising for uniting the two best Saxon families in England, by an alliance between herself and the gentleman who offered himself to her, Rowena sacrificed her inclination to remain single to her sense of duty; and contracted a second matrimonial engagement.

That Athelstane was the man, I suppose no reader familiar with life, and novels (which are a rescript of life,

and are all strictly natural and edifying), can for a moment doubt. Cardinal Pandulfo tied the knot for them: and lest there should be any doubt about Ivanhoe's death (for his body was never sent home after all, nor seen after Wamba ran away from it), his Eminence procured a Papal decree annulling the former marriage, so that Rowena became Mrs. Athelstane with a clear conscience. And who shall be surprised if she was happier with the stupid and boozy Thane than with the gentle and melancholy Wilfrid? Did women never have a predilection for fools, I should like to know; or fall in love with donkeys, before the time of the amours of Bottom and Titania? "Ah! Mary, had you not preferred an ass to a man, would you have married Jack Bray, when a Michael Angelo offered. Ah! Fanny, were you not a woman, would you persist in adoring Tom Hiccups, who beats you, and comes home tipsy from the Club?" Yes, Rowena cared a hundred times more about tipsy Athelstane than ever she had done for gentle Ivanhoe, and so great was her infatuation about the latter, that she would sit upon his knee in the presence of all her maidens, and let him smoke his cigars in the very drawing-room.

This is the epitaph she caused to be written by Father Drono (who piqued himself upon his Latinity), on the stone commemorating the death of her late lord:—

*Hic est Guilsfridus, belli dum vixit avidus;
Cum gladio et lancea, Normannia et quoque Francia
Verbera dura dabat: per Turcos multum equitabat:
Guilbertum occidit: atque Hierosolyma vidit.
Heu! nunc sub fossa sunt tanti militis ossa,
Uxor Athelstani est conjux castissima Thani.*

And this is the translation which the doggrel knave Wamba made of the Latin lines:

REQUIESCAT.

Under the stone you behold,
Buried, and coffined, and cold,
Lieth Sir Wilfrid the Bold.

Always he marched in advance,
Warring in Flanders and France,
Doughty with sword and with lance.

Famous in Saracen fight,
Rode in his youth the good knight,
Scattering Paynims in flight.

Brian the Templar untrue,
Fairly in tourney he slew,
Saw Hierusalem too.

Now he is buried and gone,
Lying beneath the grey stone:
Where shall you find such a one?

Long time his widow deplored,
Weeping the fate of her lord,
Sadly cut off by the sword.

When she was eased of her pain,
Came the good Lord Athelstane,
When her ladyship married again.

Athelstane burst into a loud laugh, when he heard it, at the last line, but Rowena would have had the fool whipped, had not the Thane interceded, and to him, she said, she could refuse nothing.

CHAPTER IV.

IVANHOE REDIVIVUS.

I TRUST nobody will suppose, from the events described in the last chapter, that our friend Ivanhoe is really dead. Because we have given him an epitaph or two and a monument, are these any reasons that he should be really gone out of the world? No: as in the pantomime, when we see Clown and Pantaloon lay out Harlequin and cry over him, we are always sure that Master Harlequin will be up at the next minute alert and shining in his glistening coat; and, after giving a box on the ears to the pair of them, will be taking a dance with Columbine, or leaping gaily through the clock-face, or into the three-pair-of-stairs window:—so Sir Wilfrid, the Harlequin of our Christmas piece, may be run through a little, or may make believe to be dead, but will assuredly rise up again when he is wanted, and show himself at the right moment.

The suspicious-looking characters from whom Wamba ran away were no cut-throats and plunderers, as the poor knave imagined, but no other than Ivanhoe's friend, the hermit, and a reverend brother of his, who visited the scene of the late battle in order to see if any Christians still survived there, whom they might shrive and get ready for Heaven, or to whom they might possibly offer the benefit of their skill as leeches. Both were prodigiously learned in the healing art; and had about them those precious elixirs which so often occur in romances, and with which patients are so miraculously restored. Abruptly dropping his master's head from his lap as he fled, poor Wamba caused the knight's pate to fall with rather a heavy thump to the ground, and if the knave had but stayed a minute longer, he would have heard Sir Wilfrid utter a deep groan. But though the fool heard him not, the holy hermits did; and to recognise the gallant Wilfrid, to withdraw the enormous dagger still sticking out of his back, to wash the wound with a portion of the precious elixir, and to pour a little of it down his throat, was with the excellent hermits the work of an instant; which remedies being applied, one

of the good men took the knight by the heels and the other by the head, and bore him daintily from the castle to their hermitage in a neighbouring rock. As for the Count of Chalus, and the remainder of the slain, the hermits were too much occupied with Ivanhoe's case to mind them, and did not, it appears, give them any elixir, so that, if they are really dead, they must stay on the rampart stark and cold; or if otherwise, when the scene closes upon them as it does now, they may get up, shake themselves, go to the slips and drink a pot of porter, or change their stage-clothes and go home to supper. My dear readers, you may settle the matter among yourselves as you like. If you wish to kill the characters really off, let them be dead, and have done with them: but, *entre nous*, I don't believe they are any more dead than you or I are, and sometimes doubt whether there is a single syllable of truth in this whole story.

Well, Ivanhoe was taken to the hermit's cell, and there doctored by the holy fathers for his hurts, which were of such a severe and dangerous order, that he was under medical treatment for a very considerable time. When he woke up from his delirium, and asked how long he had been ill, fancy his astonishment when he heard that he had been in the fever for six years! He thought the reverend fathers were joking at first, but their profession forbade them from that sort of levity; and besides, he could not possibly have got well any sooner, because the story would have been sadly put out had he appeared earlier. And it proves how good the fathers were to him, and how very nearly that scoundrel of a Hugh de Backbite's dagger had finished him, that he did not get well under this great length of time, during the whole of which the fathers tended him without ever thinking of a fee. I know of a kind physician in this town who does as much sometimes, but I won't do him the ill service of mentioning his name here.

Ivanhoe, being now quickly pronounced well, trimmed his beard, which by this time hung down considerably below his knees, and calling for his suit of chain armour, which before had fitted his elegant person as tight as wax, now put it on, and it bagged and hung so loosely about him, that even the good friars laughed at his absurd appearance. It was impossible that he should go about the country in such a garb as that: the very boys would laugh at him: so the friars gave him one of their old gowns, in

which he disguised himself; and, after taking an affectionate farewell of his friends, set forth on his return to his native country. As he went along, he learned that Richard was dead, that John reigned, that Prince Arthur had been poisoned, and was of course made acquainted with various other facts of public importance recorded in Pinnock's Catechism and the Historic Page.

But these subjects did not interest him near so much as his own private affairs; and I can fancy that his legs trembled under him, and his pilgrim's staff shook with emotion, as at length, after many perils, he came in sight of his paternal mansion of Rotherwood, and saw once more the chimneys smoking, the shadows of the oaks over the grass in the sunset, and the rooks winging over the trees. He heard the supper gong sounding: he knew his way to the door well enough; he entered the familiar hall with a *benedicite*, and without any more words took his place.

* * * * *

You might have thought for a moment that the grey friar trembled, and his shrunken cheek looked deadly pale; but he recovered himself presently, nor could you see his pallor for the cowl which covered his face.

A little boy was playing on Athelstane's knee; Rowena, smiling and patting the Saxon Thane fondly on his broad bull-head, filled him a huge cup of spiced wine from a golden jug. He drained a quart of the liquor, and, turning round, addressed the friar,—

"And so, grey frere, thou sawest good King Richard fall at Chalus by the bolt of that felon bowman?"

"We did, an it please you. The brothers of our house attended the good King in his last moments; in truth, he made a Christian ending!"

"And didst thou see the archer flayed alive? It must have been rare sport," roared Athelstane, laughing hugely at the joke. "How the fellow must have howled!"

"My love!" said Rowena, interposing tenderly, and putting a pretty white finger on his lip.

"I would have liked to see it too," cried the boy.

"That's my own little Cedric, and so thou shalt. And, friar, didst see my poor kinsman Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe? They say he fought well at Chalus!"

"My sweet lord," again interposed Rowena, "mention him not."

"Why? Because thou and he were so tender in days of yore—when you could not bear my plain face, being all in love with his pale one?"

"Those times are past now, dear Athelstane," said his affectionate wife, looking up to the ceiling.

"Marry, thou never couldst forgive him the Jewess, Rowena."

"The odious hussy! don't mention the name of the unbelieving creature," exclaimed the lady.

"Well, well, poor Will was a good lad—a thought melancholy and milksop though. Why, a pint of sack fuddled his poor brains."

"Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe was a good lance," said the friar. "I have heard there was none better in Christendom. He lay in our convent after his wounds, and it was there we tended him till he died. He was buried in our north cloister."

"And there's an end of him," said Athelstane. "But come, this is dismal talk. Where's Wamba the jester? Let us have a song. Stir up, Wamba, and don't lie like a dog in the fire! Sing us a song, thou crack-brained jester, and leave off whimpering for bygones. Tush, man! There be many good fellows left in this world."

"There be buzzards in eagles' nests," Wamba said, who was lying stretched before the fire, sharing the hearth with the Thane's dogs. "There be dead men alive and live men dead. There be merry songs and dismal songs. Marry, and the merriest are the saddest sometimes. I will leave off motley and wear black, gossip Athelstane. I will turn howler at funerals, and then, perhaps, I shall be merry. Motley is fit for mutes, and black for fools. Give me some drink, gossip, for my voice is as cracked as my brain."

"Drink and sing, thou beast, and cease prating," the Thane said.

And Wamba, touching his rebeck wildly, sat up in the chimney-side and curled his lean shanks together and began:—

LOVE AT TWO SCORE.

Ho! pretty page, with dimpled chin,
That never has known the barber's shear,
All your aim is woman to win.
This is the way that boys begin.
Wait till you've come to forty year!

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,
Billing and cooing is all your cheer,
Sighing and singing of midnight strains
Under Bonnybells' window-panes.
Wait till you've come to forty year!

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear;
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
Once you have come to forty year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose beards are grey;
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome, ere
Ever a month was past away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper and we not list,
Or look away and never be missed,
Ere yet ever a month was gone.

Gillian's dead, Heaven rest her bier,
How I loved her twenty years' syne!
Marian's married, but I sit here,
Alive and merry at forty year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

"Who taught thee that merry lay, Wamba, thou son of Witless?" roared Athelstane, clattering his cup on the table and shouting the chorus.

"It was a good and holy hermit, sir, the pious clerk of Copmanhurst, that you wot of, who played many a prank with us in the days that we knew King Richard. Ah, noble sir, that was a jovial time and a good priest."

"They say the holy priest is sure of the next bishopric, my love," said Rowena. "His Majesty hath taken him into much favour. My Lord of Huntingdon looked very well at the last ball, though I never could see any beauty in the Countess—a freckled, blowsy thing, whom they used to call Maid Marian; though, for the matter of that, what between her flirtations with Major Littlejohn and Captain Scarlett, really——"

"Jealous again—haw! haw!" laughed Athelstane.

"I am above jealousy, and scorn it," Rowena answered, drawing herself up very majestically.

"Well, well, Wamba's was a good song," Athelstane said.

"Nay, a wicked song," said Rowena, turning up her eyes as usual. "What! rail at woman's love? Prefer a filthy wine-cup to a true wife? Woman's love is eternal, my Athelstane. He who questions it would be a blasphemer were he not a fool. The well-born and well-nurtured gentlewoman loves once and once only."

"I pray you, madam, pardon me, I—I am not well," said the grey friar, rising abruptly from his settle, and tottering down the steps of the dais. Wamba sprung after him, his bells jingling as he rose, and casting his arms round the apparently fainting man, he led him away into the court. "There be dead men alive and live men dead," whispered he. "There be coffins to laugh at and marriages to cry over. Said I not sooth, holy friar?" And when they had got out into the solitary court, which was deserted by all the followers of the Thane, who were mingling in the drunken revelry in the hall, Wamba, seeing that none were by, knelt down, and kissing the friar's garment, said, "I knew thee, I knew thee, my lord and my liege!"

"Get up," said Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, scarcely able to articulate; "only fools are faithful."

And he passed on and into the little chapel where his father lay buried. All night long the friar spent there, and Wamba the Jester lay outside watching as mute as the saint over the porch.

When the morning came, Wamba was gone; and the knave being in the habit of wandering hither and thither as he chose, little notice was taken of his absence by a master and mistress who had not much sense of humour. As for Sir Wilfrid, a gentleman of his delicacy of feelings could not be expected to remain in a house where things so naturally disagreeable to him were occurring, and he quitted Rotherwood incontinently, after paying a dutiful visit to the tomb where his old father, Cedric, was buried, and hastened on to York, at which city he made himself known to the family attorney, a most respectable man, in whose hands his ready money was deposited, and took up a sum sufficient to fit himself out with credit, and a handsome retinue, as became a knight of consideration. But he changed his name, wore a wig and spectacles, and disguised himself entirely, so that it was impossible his friends

or the public should know him, and thus metamorphosed, went about whithersoever his fancy led him. He was present at a public ball at York, which the Lord Mayor gave, danced Sir Roger de Coverley in the very same set with Rowena—who was disgusted that Maid Marian took precedence of her—he saw little Athelstane overeat himself at the supper, and pledged his big father in a cup of sack; he met the Reverend Mr. Tuck at a missionary meeting, where he seconded a resolution proposed by that eminent divine;—in fine, he saw a score of his old acquaintances, none of whom recognised in him the warrior of Palestine and Templestowe. Having a large fortune and nothing to do, he went about this country performing charities, slaying robbers, rescuing the distressed, and achieving noble feats of arms. Dragons and giants existed in his day no more, or be sure he would have had a fling at them: for the truth is, Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe was somewhat sick of the life which the hermits of Chalus had restored to him, and felt himself so friendless and solitary that he would not have been sorry to come to an end of it. Ah, my dear friends and intelligent British public, are there not others who are melancholy under a mask of gaiety, and who, in the midst of crowds, are lonely? Liston was a most melancholy man; Grimaldi had feelings; and there are others I wot of—but psha!—let us have the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

IVANHOE TO THE RESCUE.

THE rascally manner in which the chicken-livered successor of Richard of the Lion-heart conducted himself to all parties, to his relatives, his nobles, and his people, is a matter notorious, and set forth clearly in the *Historic Page*: hence, although nothing, except perhaps success, can, in my opinion, excuse disaffection to the Sovereign, or appearance in armed rebellion against him, the loyal reader will make allowance for two of the principal personages of this narrative, who will have to appear in the present chapter in the odious character of rebels to their lord and king. It must be remembered, in partial exculpation of the fault of Ivanhoe and Rowena (a fault for which they were bitterly punished, as you shall presently hear), that the Monarch exasperated his subjects in a variety of ways,—that before he murdered his royal nephew, Prince Arthur, there was a great question whether he was the rightful King of England at all,—that his behaviour as an uncle, and a family man, was likely to wound the feelings of any lady and mother,—finally, that there were palliations for the conduct of Rowena and Ivanhoe, which it now becomes our duty to relate.

When his Majesty destroyed Prince Arthur, the Lady Rowena, who was one of the ladies of honour to the Queen, gave up her place at Court at once, and retired to her castle of Rotherwood. Expressions made use of by her, and derogatory to the character of the Sovereign, were carried to the Monarch's ears by some of those parasites, doubtless, by whom it is the curse of kings to be attended; and John swore, by St. Peter's teeth, that he would be revenged upon the haughty Saxon lady,—a kind of oath which, though he did not trouble himself about all other oaths, he was never known to break. It was not for some years after he had registered this vow, that he was enabled to keep it.

Had Ivanhoe been present at Rouen when the King meditated his horrid designs against his nephew, there is little doubt that Sir Wilfrid would have prevented them,

and rescued the boy: for Ivanhoe was, we need scarcely say, a hero of romance; and it is the custom and duty of all gentlemen of that profession to be present on all occasions of historic interest, to be engaged in all conspiracies, royal interviews, and remarkable occurrences,—and hence Sir Wilfrid would certainly have rescued the young Prince, had he been anywhere in the neighbourhood of Rouen, where the foul tragedy occurred. But he was a couple of hundred leagues off, at Chalus, when the circumstance happened: tied down in his bed as crazy as a Bedlamite, and raving ceaselessly in the Hebrew tongue, which he had caught up during a previous illness in which he was tended by a maiden of that nation, about a certain Rebecca Ben Isaacs, of whom, being a married man, he never would have thought, had he been in his sound senses. During this delirium, what were Politics to him, or he to Politics? King John or King Arthur were entirely indifferent to a man who announced to his nurse-tenders, the good hermits of Chalus before mentioned, that he was the Marquis of Jericho, and about to marry Rebecca the Queen of Sheba. In a word, he only heard of what had occurred when he reached England, and his senses were restored to him. Whether was he happier, sound of brain and entirely miserable (as any man would be who found so admirable a wife as Rowena married again), or perfectly crazy, the husband of the beautiful Rebecca? I don't know which he liked best.

Howbeit the conduct of King John inspired Sir Wilfrid with so thorough a detestation of that Sovereign, that he never could be brought to take service under him; to get himself presented at St. James's, or in any way to acknowledge, but by stern acquiescence, the authority of the sanguinary successor of his beloved King Richard. It was Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, I need scarcely say, who got the Barons of England to league together and extort from the King that famous instrument and palladium of our liberties at present in the British Museum, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury—the MAGNA CHARTA. His name does not naturally appear in the list of Barons, because he was only a knight, and a knight in disguise too: nor does Athelstane's signature figure on that document. Athelstane, in the first place, could not write; nor did he care a penny-piece about politics, so long as he could drink his wine at

home undisturbed, and have his hunting and shooting in quiet.

It was not until the King wanted to interfere with the sport of every gentleman in England (as we know by reference to the Historic Page that this odious monarch did), that Athelstane broke out into open rebellion, along with several Yorkshire squires and noblemen. It is recorded of the King, that he forbade every man to hunt his own deer; and, in order to secure an obedience to his orders, this Herod of a monarch wanted to secure the eldest sons of all the nobility and gentry, as hostages for the good behaviour of their parents.

Athelstane was anxious about his game—Rowena was anxious about her son. The former swore that he would hunt his deer in spite of all Norman tyrants—the latter asked, should she give up her boy to the ruffian who had murdered his own nephew? * The speeches of both were brought to the King at York; and, furious, he ordered an instant attack upon Rotherwood, and that the lord and lady of that castle should be brought before him dead or alive.

Ah, where was Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, the unconquerable champion, to defend the castle against the royal party? A few thrusts from his lance would have spitted the leading warriors of the King's host: a few cuts from his sword would have put John's forces to rout. But the lance and sword of Ivanhoe were idle on this occasion. "No, be hanged to me!" said the knight bitterly, "*this* is a quarrel in which I can't interfere. Common politeness forbids. Let yonder ale-swilling Athelstane defend his—ha, ha—*wife*; and my Lady Rowena guard her—ha, ha, ha—*son*." And he laughed wildly and madly; and the sarcastic way in which he choked and gurgled out the words "wife" and "son" would have made you shudder to hear.

When he heard, however, that, on the fourth day of the siege, Athelstane had been slain by a cannon ball (and this time for good, and not to come to life again as he had done before), and that the widow (if so the innocent bigamist may be called) was conducting the defence of Rotherwood herself with the greatest intrepidity, showing herself upon the walls with her little son (who bellowed like a bull, and did not like the fighting at all), pointing the guns and en-

* See Hume, Giraldus Cambrensis, The Monk of Croyland, and Pinnock's Catechism.

couraging the garrison in every way—better feelings returned to the bosom of the knight of Ivanhoe, and summoning his men, he armed himself quickly, and determined to go forth to the rescue.

He rode without stopping for two days and two nights in the direction of Rotherwood, with such swiftness and disregard for refreshment, indeed, that his men dropped one by one upon the road, and he arrived alone at the lodge-gate of the park. The windows were smashed; the door stove in; the lodge, a neat little Swiss cottage, with a garden where the pinafores of Mrs. Gurth's children might have been seen hanging on the gooseberry bushes in more peaceful times, was now a ghastly heap of smoking ruins—cottage, bushes, pinafores, children lay mangled together, destroyed by the licentious soldiery of an infuriate monarch! Far be it from me to excuse the disobedience of Athelstane and Rowena to their Sovereign; but surely, surely this cruelty might have been spared.

Gurth, who was lodge-keeper, was lying dreadfully wounded and expiring at the flaming and violated threshold of his lately picturesque home. A catapult and a couple of mangonels had done his business. The faithful fellow, recognising his master, who had put up his visor and forgotten his wig and spectacles in the agitation of the moment, exclaimed, "Sir Wilfrid! my dear master—praised be St. Waltheof—there may be yet time—my beloved mistr—master Athelst . . ." He sank back, and never spoke again.

Ivanhoe spurred on his horse Bavieca madly up the chestnut avenue. The castle was before him; the western tower was in flames; the besiegers were pressing at the southern gate; Athelstane's banner, the bull rampant, was still on the northern bartizan. "An Ivanhoe, an Ivanhoe!" he bellowed out, with a shout that overcame all the din of battle—*Nostre Dame a la rescousse*—and to hurl his lance through the midriff of Reginald de Bracy, who was commanding the assault, who fell howling with anguish, to wave his battle-axe over his own head, and cut off those of thirteen men-at-arms, was the work of an instant. "An Ivanhoe, an Ivanhoe!" he still shouted, and down went a man as sure as he said "hoe!"

"Ivanhoe! Ivanhoe!" a shrill voice cried from the top of the northern bartizan. Ivanhoe knew it.

"Rowena! my love! I come!" he roared on his part. "Villains! touch but a hair of her head, and I . . ."

Here, with a sudden plunge and a squeal of agony, Bavia sprang forward wildly, and fell as wildly on her back, rolling over and over upon the knight. All was dark before him; his brain reeled; it whizzed; something came crashing down on his forehead. St. Waltheof, and all the saints of the Saxon calendar protect the knight! * * *

When he came to himself, Wamba and the lieutenant of his lances were leaning over him with a bottle of the hermit's elixir. "We arrived here the day after the battle," said the fool; "marry, I have a knack of that."

"Your worship rode so deucedly quick, there was no keeping up with your worship," said the lieutenant.

"The day—after—the bat—" groaned Ivanhoe.—"Where is the Lady Rowena?"

"The castle has been taken and sacked," the lieutenant said,—and pointed to what once *was* Rotherwood, but was now only a heap of smoking ruins.—Not a tower left, not a roof, not a floor, not a single human being! Everything was flame and ruin, smash and murder!

Of course Ivanhoe fell back fainting again among the ninety-seven men-at-arms whom he had slain; and it was not until Wamba had applied a second, and uncommonly strong, dose of the elixir that he came to life again. The good knight was, however, from long practice, so accustomed to the severest wounds, that he bore them far more easily than common folk, and thus was enabled to reach York upon a litter, which his men constructed for him, with tolerable ease.

Rumour had as usual advanced him; and he heard at the hotel where he stopped, what had been the issue of the affair at Rotherwood. A minute or two after his horse was stabbed, and Ivanhoe knocked down, the western bartizan was taken by the storming party which invested it, and every soul slain, except Rowena and her boy, who were tied upon horses and carried away, under a secure guard, to one of the King's castles—nobody knew whither—and Ivanhoe was recommended by the hotel-keeper (whose house he had used in former times) to reassume his wig and spectacles, and not call himself by his own name any more, lest some of the King's people should lay hands on him. However, as he had killed everybody round about

him, there was but little danger of his discovery; and the Knight of the Spectacles, as he was called, went about York quite unmolested, and at liberty to attend to his own affairs.

We wish to be brief in narrating this part of the gallant hero's existence; for his life was one of feeling rather than affection, and the description of mere sentiment is considered by many well-informed persons to be tedious. What *were* his sentiments, now it may be asked, under the peculiar position in which he found himself? He had done his duty by Rowena, certainly: no man could say otherwise. But as for being in love with her any more, after what had occurred, that was a different question. Well, come what would, he was determined still to continue doing his duty by her;—but as she was whisked away, the deuce knew whither, how could he do anything? So he resigned himself to the fact that she was thus whisked away.

He, of course, sent emissaries about the country to endeavour to find out where Rowena was; but these came back without any sort of intelligence; and it was remarked that he still remained in a perfect state of resignation. He remained in this condition for a year, or more; and it was said that he was becoming more cheerful, and he certainly was growing rather fat. The Knight of the Spectacles was voted an agreeable man in a grave way; and gave some very elegant, though quiet parties, and was received in the best society of York.

It was just at assize-time, the lawyers and barristers had arrived, and the town was unusually gay; when, one morning, the attorney, whom we have mentioned as Sir Wilfrid's man of business, and a most respectable man, called upon his gallant client at his lodgings, and said he had a communication of importance to make. Having to communicate with a client of rank, who was condemned to be hanged for forgery, Sir Hugo de Backbite, the attorney said, he had been to visit that party in the condemned cell; and on the way through the yard, and through the bars of another cell, had seen and recognised an old acquaintance of Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe—and the lawyer held him out, with a particular look, a note, written on a piece of whity-brown paper.

What were Ivanhoe's sensations when he recognised the handwriting of Rowena!—he tremblingly dashed open the billet, and read as follows:—

"MY DEAREST IVANHOE,—For I am thine now as erst, and my first love for ever—ever dear to me. Have I been near thee dying for a whole year, and didst thou make no effort to rescue thy Rowena? Have ye given to others—I mention not their name nor their odious creed—the heart that ought to be mine? I send thee my forgiveness from my dying pallet of straw.—I forgive thee the insults I have received, the cold and hunger I have endured, the failing health of my boy, the bitterness of my prison, thy infatuation about that Jewess, which made our married life miserable, and which caused thee, I am sure, to go abroad to look after her. I forgive thee all my wrongs, and fain would bid thee farewell. Mr. Smith hath gained over my gaoler—he will tell thee how I may see thee.—Come and console my last hour by promising that thou wilt care for my boy—*his* boy who fell like a hero (when thou wert absent) combating by the side of
ROWENA."

The reader may consult his own feelings, and say whether Ivanhoe was likely to be pleased or not by this letter: however, he inquired of Mr. Smith, the solicitor, what was the plan which that gentleman had devised for the introduction to Lady Rowena, and was informed that he was to get a barrister's gown and wig, when the gaoler would introduce him into the interior of the prison. These decorations, knowing several gentlemen of the Northern Circuit, Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe easily procured, and, with feelings of no small trepidation, reached the cell where, for the space of a year, poor Rowena had been immured.

If any person have a doubt of the correctness, of the historical exactness, of this narrative, I refer him to the *Bibliographie Universelle* (article "Jean sans Terre"), which says, "La femme d'un baron auquel on vint demander son fils, répondit, 'Le roi pense-t-il que je confierai mon fils à un homme qui a égorgé son neveu de sa propre main?' Jean fit enlever la mère et l'enfant, et la laissa mourir de faim dans les cachots."

I picture to myself, with a painful sympathy, Rowena undergoing this disagreeable sentence. All her virtues, her resolution, her chaste energy and perseverance, shine with redoubled lustre, and, for the first time since the commencement of the history, I feel that I am partially reconciled to her. The weary year passes—she grows weaker

and more languid, thinner and thinner! At length Ivanhoe, in the disguise of a barrister of the Northern Circuit, is introduced to her cell, and finds his lady in the last stage of exhaustion, on the straw of her dungeon, with her little boy in her arms. She has preserved his life at the expense of her own, giving him the whole of the pittance which her gaolers allowed her, and perishing herself of inanition.

There is a scene! I feel as if I had made it up, as it were, with this lady, and that we part in peace, in consequence of my providing her with so sublime a death-bed. Fancy Ivanhoe's entrance—their recognition—the faint blush upon her worn features—the pathetic way in which she gives little Cedric in charge to him, and his promises of protection.

"Wilfrid, my early loved," slowly gasped she, removing her grey hair from her furrowed temples, and gazing on her boy fondly, as he nestled on Ivanhoe's knee—"promise me, by St. Waltheof of Templestowe—promise me one boon!"

"I do," said Ivanhoe, clasping the boy, and thinking it was to that little innocent the promise was intended to apply.

"By St. Waltheof?"

"By St. Waltheof!"

"Promise me, then," gasped Rowena, staring wildly at him, "that you never will marry a Jewess?"

"By St. Waltheof," cried Ivanhoe, "this is too much! Rowena!" But he felt his hand grasped for a moment, the nerves then relaxed, the pale lip ceased to quiver—she was no more!

CHAPTER VI.

IVANHOE THE WIDOWER.

HAVING placed young Cedric at school at the Hall of Dotheboyes, in Yorkshire, and arranged his family affairs, Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe quitted a country which had no longer any charms for him, and in which his stay was rendered the less agreeable by the notion that King John would hang him, if ever he could lay hands on the faithful follower of King Richard and Prince Arthur.

But there was always in those days a home and occupation for a brave and pious knight. A saddle on a gallant war-horse, a pitched field against the Moors, a lance wherewith to spit a turbaned infidel, or a road to Paradise carved out by his scimeter,—these were the height of the ambition of good and religious warriors; and so renowned a champion as Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe was sure to be well received wherever blows were stricken for the cause of Christendom. Even among the dark Templars, he who had twice overcome the most famous lance of their Order was a respected though not a welcome guest: but among the opposition company of the Knights of St. John, he was admired and courted beyond measure; and always affectioning that Order, which offered him, indeed, its first rank and commanderies, he did much good service, fighting in their ranks for the glory of Heaven and St. Waltheof, and slaying many thousands of the heathen in Prussia, Poland, and those savage northern countries. The only fault that the great and gallant, though severe and ascetic Folko of Heydenbraten, the chief of the Order of St. John, found with the melancholy warrior, whose lance did such good service to the cause, was, that he did not persecute the Jews as so religious a knight should. He let off sundry captives of that persuasion whom he had taken with his sword and his spear, saved others from torture, and actually ransomed the two last grinders of a venerable rabbi (that Roger de Cartright, an English knight of the Order, was about to extort from the elderly Israelite) with a hundred crowns

and a gimmel ring, which were all the property he possessed. Whenever he so ransomed or benefited one of this religion, he would moreover give them a little token or a message (were the good knight out of money), saying, "Take this token, and remember this deed was done by Wilfrid the Disinherited, for the services whilome rendered to him by Rebecca, the daughter of Isaac of York." So among themselves, and in their meetings and synagogues, and in their restless travels from land to land, when they of Jewry cursed and reviled all Christians, as such abominable heathens will, they nevertheless excepted the name of the Desdichado, or the doubly-disinherited as he now was, the Desdichado-Doblado.

The account of all the battles, storms, and scaladoes in which Sir Wilfrid took part, would only weary the reader; for the chopping off one heathen's head with an axe must be very like the decapitation of any other unbeliever. Suffice it to say, that wherever this kind of work was to be done, and Sir Wilfrid was in the way, he was the man to perform it. It would astonish you were you to see the account that Wamba kept of his master's achievements, and of Bulgarians, Bohemians, Croatians, slain or maimed by his hand: and as, in those days, a reputation for valour had an immense effect upon the soft hearts of women, and even the ugliest man, were he a stout warrior, was looked upon with favour by Beauty; so Ivanhoe, who was by no means ill-favoured, though now becoming rather elderly, made conquests over female breasts as well as over Saracens, and had more than one direct offer of marriage made to him by princesses, countesses, and noble ladies possessing both charms and money, which they were anxious to place at the disposal of a champion so renowned. It is related that the Duchess Regent of Kartoffelberg offered him her hand, and the Ducal Crown of Kartoffelberg, which he had rescued from the unbelieving Prussians; but Ivanhoe evaded the Duchess's offer by riding away from her capital secretly at midnight, and hiding himself in a convent of Knights Hospitallers, on the borders of Poland; and it is a fact that the Princess Rosalia Seraphina of Pumpnickel, the most lovely woman of her time, became so frantically attached to him, that she followed him on a campaign, and was discovered with his baggage disguised as a horse-boy. But no princess, no beauty, no female blandishments had

any charms for Ivanhoe: no hermit practised a more austere celibacy. The severity of his morals contrasted so remarkably with the lax and dissolute manner of the young lords and nobles in the courts which he frequented, that these young springalds would sometimes sneer and call him Monk and Milksop; but his courage in the day of battle was so terrible and admirable, that I promise you the youthful libertines did not sneer *then*; and the most reckless of them often turned pale when they couched their lances to follow Ivanhoe. Holy Waltheof! it was an awful sight to see him with his pale, calm face, his shield upon his breast, his heavy lance before him, charging a squadron of heathen Bohemians, or a regiment of Cossacks! Wherever he saw the enemy, Ivanhoe assaulted him; and when people remonstrated with him, and said if he attacked such and such a post, breach, castle, or army, he would be slain, "And suppose I be?" he answered, giving them to understand that he would as lief the Battle of Life were over altogether.

While he was thus making war against the northern infidels, news was carried all over Christendom of a catastrophe which had befallen the good cause in the south of Europe, where the Spanish Christians had met with such a defeat and massacre at the hands of the Moors as had never been known in the proudest days of Saladin.

Thursday, the 9th of Shaban, in the 605th year of the Hejira, is known all over the West as the *amun-al-ark*, the year of the battle of Alarcos, gained over the Christians by the Moslems of Andalus, on which fatal day Christendom suffered a defeat so signal, that it was feared the Spanish peninsula would be entirely wrested away from the dominion of the Cross. On that day the Franks lost 150,000 men and 30,000 prisoners. A man-slave sold among the unbelievers for a dirhem; a donkey, for the same; a sword, half a dirhem; a horse, five dirhems. Hundreds of thousands of these various sorts of booty were in the possession of the triumphant followers of Yakoob-al-Mansoor. Curses on his head! But he was a brave warrior, and the Christians before him seemed to forget that they were the descendants of the brave Cid, the *Kanbitoos*, as the Moorish hounds (in their jargon) denominated the famous Campeador.

A general move for the rescue of the faithful in Spain—a crusade against the infidels triumphing there, was preached throughout all Europe by all the most eloquent clergy: and thousands and thousands of valorous knights and nobles, accompanied by well-meaning varlets and vassals of the lower sort, trooped from all sides to the rescue. The straits of Gibel-al-Tariff, at which spot the Moor, passing from Barbary, first planted his accursed foot on the Christian soil, were crowded with the galleys of the Templars and the knights of St. John, who flung succours into the menaced kingdoms of the peninsula; the inland sea swarmed with their ships hasting from their forts and islands, from Rhodes and Byzantium, from Jaffa and Askalon. The Pyrenean peaks beheld the pennons and glittered with the armour of the knights marching out of France into Spain; and, finally, in a ship that set sail direct from Bohemia, where Sir Wilfrid happened to be quartered at the time when the news of the defeat of Alarcos came and alarmed all good Christians, Ivanhoe landed at Barcelona, and proceeded to slaughter the Moors forthwith.

He brought letters of introduction from his friend Folko of Heydenbraten, the Grand Master of the Knights of Saint John, to the venerable Baldomero de Garbanzos, Grand Master of the renowned order of Saint Jago. The chief of Saint Jago's knights paid the greatest respect to a warrior, whose fame was already so widely known in Christendom; and Ivanhoe had the pleasure of being appointed to all the posts of danger and forlorn hopes that could be devised in his honour. He would be called up twice or thrice in a night to fight the Moors: he led ambushes, scaled breaches, was blown up by mines, was wounded many hundred times (recovering, thanks to the elixir, of which Wamba always carried a supply); he was the terror of the Saracens, and the admiration and wonder of the Christians.

To describe his deeds would, I say, be tedious; one day's battle was like that of another. I am not writing in ten volumes like Monsieur Alexandre Dumas, or even in three like other great authors. We have no room for the recounting of Sir Wilfrid's deeds of valour. Whenever he took a Moorish town, it was remarked, that he went anxiously into the Jewish quarter, and inquired amongst the Hebrews, who were in great numbers in Spain, for Rebecca,

the daughter of Isaac. Many Jews, according to his wont, he ransomed, and created so much scandal by this proceeding, and by the manifest favour which he showed to the people of the nation, that the Master of Saint Jago remonstrated with him, and it is probable he would have been cast into the Inquisition and roasted, but that his prodigious valour and success against the Moors counterbalanced his heretical partiality for the children of Jacob.

It chanced that the good knight was present at the siege of Xixona in Andalusia, entering the breach the first, according to his wont, and slaying, with his own hand, the Moorish lieutenant of the town, and several hundred more of its unbelieving defenders. He had very nearly done for the Alfaqui, or governor, a veteran warrior with a crooked scimeter and a beard as white as snow, but a couple of hundred of the Alfaqui's bodyguard flung themselves between Ivanhoe and their chief, and the old fellow escaped with his life, leaving a handful of his beard in the grasp of the English knight. The strictly military business being done, and such of the garrison as did not escape put, as by right, to the sword, the good knight, Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, took no further part in the proceedings of the conquerors of that ill-fated place. A scene of horrible massacre and frightful reprisals ensued, and the Christian warriors, hot with victory and flushed with slaughter, were, it is to be feared, as savage in their hour of triumph as ever their heathen enemies had been.

Among the most violent and least scrupulous was the ferocious knight of Saint Jago, Don Beltran de Cuchilla y Trabuco y Espada y Espelon. Raging through the vanquished city like a demon, he slaughtered indiscriminately all those infidels of both sexes whose wealth did not tempt him to a ransom, or whose beauty did not reserve them for more frightful calamities than death. The slaughter over, Don Beltran took up his quarters in the Albaycen, where the Alfaqui had lived who had so narrowly escaped the sword of Ivanhoe; but the wealth, the treasure, the slaves, and the family of the fugitive chieftain, were left in possession of the conqueror of Xixona. Among the treasures Don Beltran recognised with a savage joy the coat-armours and ornaments of many brave and unfortunate companions-in-arms who had fallen in the fatal battle of Alarcos. The sight of those bloody relics added fury to his cruel

disposition, and served to steel a heart already but little disposed to sentiments of mercy.

Three days after the sack and plunder of the place, Don Beltran was seated in the hall-court lately occupied by the proud Alfaqui, lying in his divan, dressed in his rich robes, the fountains playing in the centre, the slaves of the Moor ministering to his scarred and rugged Christian conqueror. Some fanned him with peacocks' pinions, some danced before him, some sang Moors' melodies to the plaintive notes of a guzla, one—it was the only daughter of the Moor's old age, the young Zutulbe, a rosebud of beauty—sat weeping in a corner of the gilded hall, weeping for her slain brethren, the pride of Moslem chivalry, whose heads were blackening in the blazing sunshine on the portals without, and for her father, whose home had been thus made desolate.

He and his guest, the English knight Sir Wilfrid, were playing at chess, a favourite amusement with the chivalry of the period, when a messenger was announced from Valencia, to treat, if possible, for the ransom of the remaining part of the Alfaqui's family. A grim smile lighted up Don Beltran's features as he bade the black slave admit the messenger. He entered. By his costume it was at once seen that the bearer of the flag of truce was a Jew—the people were employed continually then as ambassadors between the two races at war in Spain.

"I come," said the old Jew (in a voice which made Sir Wilfrid start), "from my lord the Alfaqui to my noble señor, the invincible Don Beltran de Cuchilla, to treat for the ransom of the Moor's only daughter, the child of his old age and the pearl of his affection."

"A pearl is a valuable jewel, Hebrew. What does the Moorish dog bid for her?" asked Don Beltran, still smiling grimly.

"The Alfaqui offers 100,000 dinars, twenty-four horses with their caparisons, twenty-four suits of plate armour, and diamonds and rubies to the amount of 1,000,000 dinars."

"Ho, slaves!" roared Don Beltran, "show the Jew my treasury of gold. How many hundred thousand pieces are there?" And ten enormous chests were produced in which the accountant counted 1000 bags of 1000 dirhems each, and displayed several caskets of jewels containing such a

treasure of rubies, smaragds, diamonds, and jacinths as made the eyes of the aged ambassador twinkle with avarice.

"How many horses are there in my stable?" continued Don Beltran; and Muley, the master of the horse, numbered three hundred fully caparisoned; and there was, likewise, armour of the richest sort for as many cavaliers, who followed the banner of this doughty captain.

"I want neither money nor armour," said the ferocious knight; "tell this to the Alfaqui, Jew. And I will keep the child, his daughter, to serve the messes for my dogs, and clean the platters for my scullions."

"Deprive not the old man of his child," here interposed the knight of Ivanhoe; "bethink thee, brave Don Beltran, she is but an infant in years."

"She is my captive, Sir Knight," replied the surly Don Beltran; "I will do with my own as becomes me."

"Take 200,000 dirhems!" cried the Jew; "more! anything! The Alfaqui will give his life for his child!"

"Come hither, Zutulbe!—come hither, thou Moorish pearl!" yelled the ferocious warrior; "come closer, my pretty black-eyed houri of heathenesse! Hast heard the name of Beltran de Espada y Trabuco?"

"There were three brothers of that name at Alarcos, and my brothers slew the Christian dogs!" said the proud young girl, looking boldly at Don Beltran, who foamed with rage.

"The Moors butchered my mother and her little ones at midnight, in our castle of Murcia," Beltran said.

"Thy father fled like a craven, as thou didst, Don Beltran!" cried the high-spirited girl.

"By Saint Jago, this is too much!" screamed the infuriated nobleman; and the next moment there was a shriek, and the maiden fell to the ground with Don Beltran's dagger in her side.

"Death is better than dishonour!" cried the child, rolling on the blood-stained marble pavement. "I—I spit upon thee, dog of a Christian!" and with this, and with a savage laugh, she fell back and died.

"Bear back this news, Jew, to the Alfaqui," howled the Don, spurning the beauteous corpse with his foot. "I would not have ransomed her for all the gold in Barbary!" And shuddering, the old Jew left the apartment, which Ivanhoe quitted likewise.

When they were in the outer court, the knight said to the Jew, "ISAAC OF YORK, dost thou not know me?" and threw back his hood, and looked at the old man.

The old Jew stared wildly, rushed forward, as if to seize his hand, then started back, trembling convulsively, and clutching his withered hands over his face, said, with a burst of grief, "Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe!—no, no!—I do not know thee!"

"Holy mother! what has chanced?" said Ivanhoe, in his turn becoming ghastly pale; "where is thy daughter—where is Rebecca?"

"Away from me!" said the old Jew, tottering, "away! REBECCA IS—DEAD!"

* * * * *

When the Disinherited Knight heard that fatal announcement, he fell to the ground senseless, and was for some days as one perfectly distraught with grief. He took no nourishment and uttered no word. For weeks he did not relapse out of his moody silence, and when he came partially to himself again, it was to bid his people to horse, in a hollow voice, and to make a foray against the Moors. Day after day he issued out against these infidels, and did nought but slay and slay. He took no plunder as other knights did, but left that to his followers; he uttered no war-cry, as was the manner of chivalry, and he gave no quarter, insomuch that the "silent knight" became the dread of all the Paynims of Granada and Andalusia, and more fell by his lance than by that of any the most clamorous captain of the troops in arms against them. Thus the tide of battle turned, and the Arab historian El Makary recounts how, at the great battle of Al Akab, called by the Spaniards Las Navas, the Christians retrieved their defeat at Alarcos, and absolutely killed half a million of Mahometans. Fifty thousand of these, of course, Don Wilfrid took to his own lance; and it was remarked that the melancholy warrior seemed somewhat more easy in spirits after that famous feat of arms.

CHAPTER VII.

THE END OF THE PERFORMANCE.

IN a short time the redoubtable knight, Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, had killed off so many of the Moors, that though those unbelieving miscreants poured continual reinforcements into Spain from Barbary, they could make no head against the Christian forces, and in fact came into battle quite discouraged at the notion of meeting the dreadful silent knight. It was commonly believed amongst them, that the famous Malek Ric Richard of England, the conqueror of Saladin, had come to life again, and was battling in the Spanish hosts—that this, his second life was a charmed one, and his body inaccessible to blow of scimeter or thrust of spear—that after battle he ate the hearts and drank the blood of many young Moors for his supper: a thousand wild legends were told of Ivanhoe, indeed, so that the Morisco warriors came half-vanquished into the field, and fell an easy prey to the Spaniards, who cut away among them without mercy. And although none of the Spanish historians whom I have consulted make mention of Sir Wilfrid as the real author of the numerous triumphs which now graced the arms of the good cause, this is not in the least to be wondered at in a nation that has always been notorious for bragging, and for the non-payment of their debts of gratitude as of their other obligations, and that writes histories of the Peninsular war with the Emperor Napoleon, without making the slightest mention of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, or of the part taken by BRITISH VALOUR in that transaction. Well, it must be confessed, on the other hand, that we brag enough of our fathers' feats in those campaigns; but this is not the subject at present under consideration.

To be brief, Ivanhoe made such short work with the unbelievers, that the monarch of Aragon, King Don Jayme, saw himself speedily enabled to besiege the city of Valencia, the last stronghold which the Moors had in his dominions, and garrisoned by many thousands of those infidels under the command of their King Abou Abdallah Mahom-

med, son of Yakoob Almansoor. The Arabian historian El Makary gives a full account of the military precautions taken by Aboo Abdallah to defend his city, but as I do not wish to make a parade of my learning, or to write a costume novel, I shall pretermit any description of the city under its Moorish governors.

Besides the Turks who inhabited it, there dwelt within its walls great store of those of the Hebrew nation, who were always protected by the Moors during their unbelieving reign in Spain; and who were, as we very well know, the chief physicians, the chief bankers, the chief statesmen, the chief artists and musicians, the chief everything, under the Moorish kings. Thus it is not surprising that the Hebrews, having their money, their liberty, their teeth, their lives, secure under the Mahometan domination, should infinitely prefer it to the Christian sway, beneath which they were liable to be deprived of every one of these benefits.

Among these Hebrews of Valencia, lived a very ancient Israelite,—no other than Isaac of York, before mentioned, who came into Spain with his daughter, soon after Ivanhoe's marriage, in the third volume of the first part of this history. Isaac was respected by his people for the money which he possessed, and his daughter for her admirable good qualities, her beauty, her charities, and her remarkable medical skill.

The young Emir Aboo Abdallah was so struck by her charms, that though she was considerably older than his Highness, he offered to marry her, and instal her as Number 1 of his wives,—and Isaac of York would not have objected to the union (for such mixed marriages were not uncommon between the Hebrews and Moors those days),—but Rebecca firmly, but respectfully, declined the proposals of the Prince, saying that it was impossible she should unite herself with a man of a creed different to her own.

Although Isaac was, probably, not over well pleased at losing this chance of being father-in-law to a Royal Highness, yet as he passed among his people for a very strict character, and there were in his family several rabbis of great reputation and severity of conduct, the old gentleman was silenced by this objection of Rebecca's, and the young lady herself applauded by her relatives for her resolute behaviour. She took their congratulations in a very frigid manner, and said that it was her wish not to marry at all,

but to devote herself to the practice of medicine altogether, and to helping the sick and needy of her people. Indeed, although she did not go to any public meetings, she was as benevolent a creature as the world ever saw: the poor blessed her wherever they knew her, and many benefited by her who guessed not whence her gentle bounty came.*

But there are men in Jewry who admire beauty, and, as I have even heard, appreciate money too, and Rebecca had such a quantity of both that all the most desirable bachelors of the people were ready to bid for her. Ambassadors came from all quarters to propose for her. Her own uncle, the venerable Ben Solomons, with a beard as long as a Cashmere goat, and a reputation for learning and piety which still lives in his nation, quarrelled with his son Moses, the red-haired diamond merchant of Trebizond, and his son Simeon, the bald bill-broker of Bagdad, each putting in a claim for their cousin. Ben Minories came from London, and knelt at her feet; Ben Jochanan arrived from Paris, and thought to dazzle her with the latest waistcoats from the Palais Royal; and Ben Jonah brought her a present of Dutch herrings, and besought her to come back and be Mrs. Ben Jonah at the Hague.

Rebecca temporised as best she might. She thought her uncle was too old. She besought dear Moses and dear Simeon not to quarrel with each other, and offend their father by pressing their suit. Ben Minories, from London, she said, was too young, and Jochanan from Paris, she pointed out to Isaac of York, must be a spendthrift, or he would not wear those absurd waistcoats. As for Ben Jonah, she said she could not bear the notion of tobacco and Dutch herrings—she wished to stay with her papa, her dear papa. In fine, she invented a thousand excuses for delay, and it was plain that marriage was odious to her. The only man whom she received with anything like favour, was young Bevis Marks of London, with whom she was very familiar. But Bevis had come to her with a certain token that had been given to him by an English knight, who saved him from a faggot to which the ferocious Hospitalier Folko of Heydenbraten was about to condemn him. It was but a ring, with an emerald in it, that Bevis

* Though I am writing but a Christmas farce, I hope the kind-hearted reader will excuse me for saying that I am thinking of the beautiful life and death of Adelaide the Queen.

knew to be sham, and not worth a groat. Rebecca knew about the value of jewels too; but ah! she valued this one more than all the diamonds in Prester John's turban. She kissed it; she cried over it; she wore it in her bosom always; and when she knelt down at night and morning, she held it between her folded hands on her neck. . . . Young Bevis Marks went away finally no better off than the others; the rascal sold to the King of France a handsome ruby, the very size of the bit of glass in Rebecca's ring; but he always said he would rather have had her than ten thousand pounds, and very likely he would, for it was known she would at once have a plumb to her fortune.

These delays, however, could not continue for ever; and at a great family meeting held at Passover time, Rebecca was solemnly ordered to choose a husband out of the gentlemen there present; her aunts pointing out the great kindness which had been shown to her by her father, in permitting her to choose for herself. One aunt was of the Solomon faction, another aunt took Simeon's side, a third most venerable old lady—the head of the family, and a hundred and forty-four years of age—was ready to pronounce a curse upon her, and cast her out, unless she married before the month was over. All the jewelled heads of all the old ladies in council, all the beards of all the family wagged against her—it must have been an awful sight to witness.

At last, then, Rebecca was forced to speak. "Kinsmen!" she said, turning pale, "when the Prince Abou Abdil asked me in marriage, I told you I would not wed but with one of my own faith."

"She has turned Turk," screamed out the ladies. "She wants to be a princess, and has turned Turk," roared the rabbis.

"Well, well," said Isaac, in rather an appeased tone, "let us hear what the poor girl has got to say. Do you want to marry his Royal Highness, Rebecca? Say the word, yes or no."

Another groan burst from the rabbis—they cried, shrieked, chattered, gesticulated, furious to lose such a prize; as were the women, that she should reign over them, a second Esther.

"Silence," cried out Isaac; "let the girl speak,—speak boldly, Rebecca dear, there's a good girl."

Rebecca was as pale as a stone. She folded her arms on her breast and felt the ring there. She looked round all the assembly, and then at Isaac. "Father," she said, in a thrilling low steady voice, "I am not of your religion—I am not of the Prince Boabdil's religion—I—I am of *his* religion."

"His! whose? in the name of Moses, girl," cried Isaac.

Rebecca clasped her hands on her beating chest, and looked round with dauntless eyes. "Of his," she said, "who saved my life and your honour, of my dear, dear champion's. I never can be his, but I will be no other's. Give my money to my kinsmen; it is that they long for. Take the dross, Simeon and Solomon, Jonah and Jochanan, and divide it among you, and leave me. I will never be yours, I tell you, never. Do you think, after knowing him and hearing him speak,—after watching him wounded on his pillow, and glorious in battle" (her eyes melted and kindled again as she spoke these words), "I can mate with such as *you*? Go. Leave me to myself. I am none of yours. I love him, I love him. Fate divides us—long, long miles separate us; and I know we may never meet again. But I love and bless him always. Yes, always. My prayers are his; my faith is his. Yes, my faith is your faith, Wilfrid, Wilfrid! I have no kindred more,—I am a Christian!". . .

At this last word there was such a row in the assembly, as my feeble pen would in vain endeavour to depict. Old Isaac staggered back in a fit, and nobody took the least notice of him. Groans, curses, yells of men, shrieks of women filled the room with such a furious jabbering, as might have appalled any heart less stout than Rebecca's; but that brave woman was prepared for all, expecting, and perhaps hoping, that death would be her instant lot. There was but one creature who pitied her, and that was her cousin and father's clerk, little Ben Davids, who was but thirteen, and had only just begun to carry a bag, and whose crying and boo-hooing, as she finished speaking, was drowned in the screams and maledictions of the elder Israelites. Ben Davids was madly in love with his cousin (as boys often are with ladies of twice their age), and he had presence of mind suddenly to knock over the large brazen lamp on the table, which illuminated the angry conclave, and whispering to Rebecca to go up to her own room and

lock herself in, or they would kill her else, he took her hand and led her out.

From that day she disappeared from among her people. The poor and the wretched missed her, and asked for her in vain. Had any violence been done to her, the poorer Jews would have risen and put all Isaac's family to death; and besides, her old flame, Prince Boabdil, would have also been exceedingly wrathful. She was not killed then, but, so to speak, buried alive, and locked up in Isaac's back kitchen; an apartment into which scarcely any light entered, and where she was fed upon scanty portions of the most mouldy bread and water. Little Ben Davids was the only person who visited her, and her sole consolation was to talk to him about *Ivanhoe*, and how good and how gentle he was, how brave and how true; and how he slew the tremendous knight of the Templars, and how he married a lady whom Rebecca scarcely thought worthy of him, but with whom she prayed he might be happy; and of what colour his eyes were, and what were the arms on his shield, viz., a tree with the word "*Desdichado*" written underneath, etc. etc. etc.; all which talk would not have interested little Davids, had it come from anybody else's mouth, but to which he never tired of listening as it fell from her sweet lips.

So, in fact, when old Isaac of York came to negotiate with Don Beltran de Cuchilla for the ransom of the Alfaqui's daughter of Xixona, our dearest Rebecca was no more dead than you and I; and it was in his rage and fury against *Ivanhoe* that Isaac told that cavalier the falsehood which caused the knight so much pain and such a prodigious deal of bloodshed to the Moors, and who knows, trivial as it may seem, whether it was not that very circumstance which caused the destruction in Spain of the Moorish power?

Although Isaac, we may be sure, never told his daughter that *Ivanhoe* had cast up again, yet Master Ben Davids did, who heard it from his employer; and he saved Rebecca's life by communicating the intelligence, for the poor thing would have infallibly perished but for this good news. She had now been in prison four years three months and twenty-four days, during which time she had partaken of nothing but bread and water (except such occasional tit-bits as Davids could bring her—and these were few indeed;

for old Isaac was always a curmudgeon, and seldom had more than a pair of eggs for his own and Davids' dinner); and she was languishing away when the news came suddenly to revive her. Then, though in the darkness you could not see her cheeks, they began to bloom again: then her heart began to beat and her blood to flow, and she kissed the ring on her neck a thousand times a day at least; and her constant question was, "Ben Davids! Ben Davids! when is He coming to besiege Valencia?" She knew he would come; and, indeed, the Christians were encamped before the town ere a month was over.

* * * * *

And now, my dear boys and girls, I think I perceive behind that dark scene of the back kitchen (which is just a simple flat, painted stone-colour, that shifts in a minute) bright streaks of light flashing out, as though they were preparing a most brilliant, gorgeous, and altogether dazzling illumination, with effects never before attempted on any stage. Yes, the fairy in the pretty pink tights and spangled muslin is getting into the brilliant revolving chariot of the realms of bliss.—Yes, most of the fiddlers and trumpeters have gone round from the orchestra to join in the grand triumphal procession, where the whole strength of the company is already assembled, arrayed in costumes of Moorish and Christian chivalry, to celebrate the "Terrible Escalade"—the "Rescue of Virtuous Innocence"—the "Grand Entry of the Christians into Valencia"—"Appearance of the Fairy Day-Star," and "Unexampled displays of pyrotechnic festivity." Do you not, I say, perceive that we are come to the end of our history; and, after a quantity of rapid and terrific fighting, brilliant change of scenery, and songs, appropriate or otherwise, are bringing our hero and heroine together? Who wants a long scene at the last? Mammās are putting the girls' cloaks and boas on—papas have gone out to look for the carriage, and left the box-door swinging open, and letting in the cold air—if there *were* any stage-conversation, you could not hear it, for the scuffling of the people who are leaving the pit. See, the orange-women are preparing to retire. To-morrow their play-bills will be as so much waste-paper—so will some of our masterpieces, woe is me—but lo! here we come to Scene the last, and Valencia is besieged and captured by the Christians.



“Who is it but dear Rebecca!”
—*Christmas Books*, p. 169.



Who is the first on the wall, and who hurls down the green standard of the Prophet? Who chops off the head of the Emir Abou Whatdyecallum, just as the latter has cut over the cruel Don Beltran de Cuchilla y etc.? Who, attracted to the Jewish quarter by the shrieks of the inhabitants who are being slain by the Moorish soldiery, and by a little boy by the name of Ben Davids, who recognises the knight by his shield, finds Isaac of York *égorgé* on a threshold, and clasping a large back-kitchen key? Who but Ivanhoe—who but Wilfrid? “An Ivanhoe to the rescue,” he bellows out; he has heard that news from little Ben Davids that makes him sing. And who is it that comes out of the house—trembling—panting—with her arms out—in a white dress—with her hair down—who is it but dear Rebecca! Look, they rush together, and Master Wamba is waving an immense banner over them, and knocks down a circumambient Jew with a ham, which he happens to have in his pocket. . . . As for Rebecca, now her head is laid upon Ivanhoe’s heart: I shall not ask to hear what she is whispering, or describe further that scene of meeting, though I declare I am quite affected when I think of it. Indeed I have thought of it any time these five-and-twenty years—ever since, as a boy at school, I commenced the noble study of novels—ever since the day when, lying on sunny slopes of half-holidays, the fair chivalrous figures and beautiful shapes of knights and ladies were visible to me—ever since I grew to love Rebecca, that sweetest creature of the poet’s fancy, and longed to see her righted.

That she and Ivanhoe were married follows of course; for Rowena’s promise extorted from him was, that he would never wed a Jewess, and a better Christian than Rebecca now was never said her Catechism. Married I am sure they were, and adopted little Cedric; but I don’t think they had any other children, or were subsequently very boisterously happy. Of some sort of happiness melancholy is a characteristic, and I think these were a solemn pair, and died rather early.

THE KICKLEBURYS ON THE RHINE.

BY MR. M. A. TITMARSH.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

BEING

AN ESSAY ON THUNDER AND SMALL BEER.

ANY reader who may have a fancy to purchase a copy of this present edition of the "History of the Kickleburys Abroad," had best be warned in time that the *Times* newspaper does not approve of the work, and has but a bad opinion both of the author and his readers. Nothing can be fairer than this statement: if you happen to take up the poor little volume at a railroad station, and read this sentence, lay the book down, and buy something else. You are warned. What more can the author say? If after this you *will* buy,—amen! pay your money, take your book, and fall to. Between ourselves, honest reader, it is no very strong potation which the present purveyor offers to you. It will not trouble your head much in the drinking. It was intended for that sort of negus which is offered at Christmas parties; and of which ladies and children may partake with refreshment and cheerfulness. Last year I tried a brew which was old, bitter, and strong; and scarce any one would drink it. This year we send round a milder tap, and it is liked by customers; though the critics (who like strong ale, the rogues!) turn up their noses. In heaven's name, Mr. Smith, serve round the liquor to the gentlefolks. Pray, dear madam, another glass; it is Christmas time, it will do you no harm. It is not intended to keep long, this sort of drink. (Come, froth up, Mr. Publisher, and pass quickly round!) And as for the professional gentlemen, we must get a stronger sort for *them* some day.

The *Times'* gentleman (a very difficult gent to please) is the loudest and noisiest of all, and has made more hideous faces over the refreshment offered to him than any other

critic. There is no use shirking this statement! when a man has been abused in the *Times*, he can't hide it, any more than he could hide the knowledge of his having been committed to prison by Mr. Henry, or publicly caned in Pall Mall.

You see it in your friends' eyes when they meet you. They know it. They have chuckled over it to a man. They whisper about it at the club, and look over the paper at you. My next-door neighbour came to see me this morning, and I saw by his face that he had the whole story pat. "Hem!" says he, "well, I *have* heard of it; and the fact is, they were talking about you at dinner last night, and mentioning that the *Times* had—ahem!—'walked into you.'"

"My good M——" I say—and M—— will corroborate, if need be, the statement I make here—"here is the *Times*' article, dated January 4th, which states so and so, and here is a letter from the publisher, likewise dated January 4th, and which says:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—Having this day sold the last copy of the first edition (of x thousand) of the '*Kickleburys Abroad*,' and having orders for more, had we not better proceed to a second edition? and will you permit me to enclose an order on," etc. etc.?

Singular coincidence! And if every author who was so abused by a critic had a similar note from a publisher, good Lord! how easily would we take the critic's censure!

"Yes, yes," you say; "it is all very well for a writer to affect to be indifferent to a critique from the *Times*. You bear it as a boy bears a flogging at school, without crying out; but don't swagger and brag as if you liked it."

Let us have truth before all. I would rather have a good word than a bad one from any person: but if a critic abuses me from a high place, and it is worth my while, I will appeal. If I can show that the judge who is delivering sentence against me, and laying down the law and making a pretence of learning, has no learning and no law, and is neither more nor less than a pompous noodle, who ought not to be heard in any respectable court, I will do so; and then, dear friends, perhaps you will have something to laugh at in this book.—

"THE KICKLEBURYS ABROAD.

"It has been customary, of late years, for the purveyors of amusing literature—the popular authors of the day—to put forth certain opuscles, denominated 'Christmas Books,' with the ostensible intention of swelling the tide of exhilaration, or other expansive emotions, incident upon the exodus of the old and the inauguration of the new year. We have said that their ostensible intention was such, because there is another motive for these productions, locked up (as the popular author deems) in his own breast, but which betrays itself, in the quality of the work, as his principal incentive. Oh! that any muse should be set upon a high stool to cast up accounts and balance a ledger! Yet so it is; and the popular author finds it convenient to fill up the declared deficit, and place himself in a position the more effectually to encounter those liabilities which sternly assert themselves contemporaneously and in contrast with the careless and free-handed tendencies of the season by the emission of Christmas books—a kind of literary *assignats*, representing to the emitter expunged debts, to the receiver an investment of enigmatical value. For the most part bearing the stamp of their origin in the vacuity of the writer's exchequer rather than in the fulness of his genius, they suggest by their feeble flavour the rinsings of a void brain after the more important concoctions of the expired year. Indeed, we should as little think of taking these compositions as examples of the merits of their authors as we should think of measuring the valuable services of Mr. Walker, the postman, or Mr. Bell, the dust-collector, by the copy of verses they leave at our doors as a provocative of the expected annual gratuity—effusions with which they may fairly be classed for their intrinsic worth no less than their ultimate purport.

"In the Christmas book presently under notice, the author appears (under the thin disguise of Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh) in '*propria personâ*' as the popular author, the contributor to *Punch*, the remorseless pursuer of unconscious vulgarity and feeble-mindedness, launched upon a tour of relaxation to the Rhine. But though exercising, as is the wont of popular authors in their moments of leisure, a plentiful reserve of those higher qualities to which

they are indebted for their fame, his professional instincts are not altogether in abeyance. From the moment his eye lights upon a luckless family group embarked on the same steamer with himself, the sight of his accustomed quarry—vulgarity, imbecility, and affectation—reanimates his relaxed sinews, and, playfully fastening his satiric fangs upon the familiar prey, he dallies with it in mimic ferocity like a satiated mouser.

“Though faintly and carelessly indicated, the characters are those with which the author loves to surround himself. A tuft-hunting county baronet’s widow, an inane captain of dragoons, a graceless young baronet, a lady with groundless pretensions to feeble health and poesy, an obsequious nonentity her husband, and a flimsy and artificial young lady, are the personages in whom we are expected to find amusement. Two individuals alone form an exception to the above category, and are offered to the respectful admiration of the reader,—the one, a shadowy serjeant-at-law, Mr. Titmarsh’s travelling companion, who escapes with a few side puffs of flattery, which the author struggles not to render ironical, and a mysterious countess, spoken of in a tone of religious reverence, and apparently introduced that we may learn by what delicate discriminations our adoration of rank should be regulated.

“To those who love to hug themselves in a sense of superiority by admeasurement with the most worthless of their species, in their most worthless aspects, the *Kickleburys on the Rhine* will afford an agreeable treat, especially as the purveyor of the feast offers his own moments of human weakness as a modest *entrée* in this banquet of erring mortality. To our own, perhaps unphilosophical taste, the aspirations towards sentimental perfection of another popular author are infinitely preferable to *these sardonic divings after the pearl of truth, whose lustre is eclipsed in the display of the diseased oyster*. Much, in the present instance, perhaps all the disagreeable effect of his subject is no doubt attributable to the absence of Mr. Thackeray’s usual brilliancy of style. A few flashes, however, occur, such as the description of M. Lenoir’s gaming establishment, with the momentous crisis to which it was subjected, and the quaint and imaginative sallies evoked by the whole town of Rougetnoirbourg and its lawful prince. These, with the illustrations, which are spirited enough, redeem the

book from an absolute ban. Mr. Thackeray's pencil is more congenial than his pen. He cannot draw his men and women with their skins off, and, therefore, the effigies of his characters are pleasanter to contemplate than the flayed anatomies of the letter-press."

There is the whole article. And the reader will see (in the paragraph preceding that memorable one which winds up with the diseased oyster) that he must be a worthless creature for daring to like the book, as he could only do so from a desire to hug himself in a sense of superiority by admeasurement with the most worthless of his fellow-creatures!

The reader is worthless for liking a book of which all the characters are worthless, except two, which are offered to his respectful admiration; and of these two the author does not respect one, but struggles not to laugh in his face; whilst he apparently speaks of another in a tone of religious reverence, because the lady is a countess, and because he (the author) is a sneak. So reader, author, characters, are rogues all. Be there any honest men left, Hal? About Printing-house Square, mayhap you may light on an honest man, a squeamish man, a proper moral man, a man that shall talk you Latin by the half-column if you will but hear him.

And what a style it is, that great man's! What hoighth of foine language entoirely! How he can discoorse you in English for all the world as if it was Latin! For instance, suppose you and I had to announce the important news that some writers published what are called Christmas books; that Christmas books are so called because they are published at Christmas: and that the purpose of the authors is to try and amuse people. Suppose, I say, we had, by the sheer force of intellect, or by other means of observation or information, discovered these great truths, we should have announced them in so many words. And there it is that the difference lies between a great writer and a poor one; and we may see how an inferior man may fling a chance away. How does my friend of the *Times* put these propositions? "It has been customary," says he, "of late years for the purveyors of amusing literature to put forth certain opuscles, denominated Christmas books, with the ostensible intention of swelling the tide of exhilaration, or other expansive emotions, incident upon the exo-

dus of the old or the inauguration of the new year." That is something like a sentence; not a word scarcely but's in Latin, and the longest and handsomest out of the whole dictionary. That is proper economy—as you see a buck from Holywell Street put every pinchbeck pin, ring, and chain which he possesses about his shirt, hands, and waistcoat, and then go and cut a dash in the Park, or swagger with his order to the theatre. It costs him no more to wear all his ornaments about his distinguished person than to leave them at home. If you can be a swell at a cheap rate, why not? And I protest, for my part, I had no idea what I was really about in writing and submitting my little book for sale, until my friend the critic, looking at the article, and examining it with the eyes of a connoisseur, pronounced that what I had fancied simply to be a book was in fact "an opusculé denominated so-and-so, and ostensibly intended to swell the tide of expansive emotion incident upon the inauguration of the new year." I can hardly believe as much even now—so little do we know what we really are after, until men of genius come and interpret.

And besides the ostensible intention, the reader will perceive that my judge has discovered another latent motive, which I had "locked up in my own breast." The sly rogue! (if we may so speak of the court). There is no keeping anything from him; and this truth, like the rest, has come out, and is all over England by this time. Oh, that all England, which has bought the judge's charge, would purchase the prisoner's plea in mitigation! "Oh, that any muse should be set on a high stool," says the bench, "to cast up accounts and balance a ledger! Yet so it is; and the popular author finds it convenient to fill up the declared deficit by the emission of Christmas books—a kind of assignats that bear the stamp of their origin in the vacuity of the writer's exchequer." There is a trope for you! You rascal, you wrote because you wanted money! His lordship has found out what you were at, and that there is a deficit in your till. But he goes on to say that we poor devils are to be pitied in our necessity; and that these compositions are no more to be taken as examples of our merits than the verses which the dustman leaves at his lordship's door, "as a provocative of the expected annual gratuity," are to be considered as measuring his, the scavenger's, valuable services—nevertheless the author's and

the scavenger's "effusions may fairly be classed, for their intrinsic worth, no less than their ultimate purport."

Heaven bless his lordship on the bench—What a gentleman-like badinage he has, and what a charming and playful wit always at hand! What a sense he has for a simile, or what Mrs. Malaprop calls an odorous comparison, and how gracefully he conducts it to "its ultimate purport." A gentleman writing a poor little book is a scavenger asking for a Christmas-box!

As I try this small beer which has called down such a deal of thunder, I can't help thinking that it is not Jove who has interfered (the case was scarce worthy of his divine vindictiveness); but the Thunderer's man, Jupiter Jeames, taking his master's place, adopting his manner, and trying to dazzle and roar like his awful employer. That figure of the dustman has hardly been flung from heaven: that "ultimate purport" is a subject which the Immortal would hardly handle. Well, well; let us allow that the book is not worthy of such a polite critic—that the beer is not strong enough for a gentleman who has taste and experience in beer.

That opinion no man can ask his honour to alter; but (the beer being the question) why make unpleasant allusions to the *Gazette*, and hint at the probable bankruptcy of the brewer? Why twit me with my poverty; and what can the *Times'* critic know about the vacuity of my exchequer? Did he ever lend me any money? Does he not himself write for money? (and who would grudge it to such a polite and generous and learned author?) If he finds no disgrace in being paid, why should I? If he has ever been poor, why should he joke at my empty exchequer? Of course such a genius is paid for his work: with such neat logic, such a pure style, such a charming poetical turn of phrase, of course a critic gets money. Why, a man who can say of a Christmas book that "it is an opusculè denominated so-and-so, and ostensibly intended to swell the tide of expansive emotion incident upon the exodus of the old year," must evidently have had immense sums and care expended on his early education, and deserves a splendid return. You can't go into the market, and get scholarship like *that*, without paying for it: even the flogging that such a writer must have had in early youth (if he was at a public school where the rods were paid for), must have cost

his parents a good sum. Where would you find any but an accomplished classical scholar to compare the books of the present (or indeed any other) writer to "sardonic divings after the pearl of truth, whose lustre is eclipsed in the display of the diseased oyster;" mere Billingsgate doesn't turn out oysters like these; they are of the Lucrine lake:—this satirist has pickled his rods in Latin brine. Fancy, not merely a diver, but a sardonic diver: and the expression of his confounded countenance on discovering not only a pearl, but an eclipsed pearl, which was in a diseased oyster! I say it is only by an uncommon and happy combination of taste, genius, and industry, that a man can arrive at uttering such sentiments in such fine language,—that such a man ought to be well paid, as I have no doubt he is, and that he is worthily employed to write literary articles, in large type, in the leading journal of Europe. Don't we want men of eminence and polite learning to sit on the literary bench, and to direct the public opinion?

But when this profound scholar compares me to a scavenger who leaves a copy of verses at his door and begs for a Christmas-box, I must again cry out and say, "My dear sir, it is true your simile is offensive, but can you make it out? Are you not hasty in your figures and allusions?" If I might give a hint to so consummate a rhetorician, you should be more careful in making your figures figures, and your similes like: for instance, when you talk of a book "swelling the tide of exhilaration incident to the inauguration of the new year," or of a book "bearing the stamp of its origin in vacuity," etc.,—or of a man diving sardonically; or of a pearl eclipsed in the display of a diseased oyster—there are some people who will not apprehend your meaning: some will doubt whether you had a meaning: some even will question your great powers, and say, "Is this man to be a critic in a newspaper, which knows what English, and Latin too, and what sense and scholarship are?" I don't quarrel with you—I take for granted your wit and learning, your modesty and benevolence—but why scavenger—Jupiter Jeames—why scavenger? A gentleman, whose biography the *Examiner* was fond of quoting before it took its present serious and orthodox turn, was pursued by an outraged wife to the very last stage of his existence with an appeal almost as pathetic—Ah, sir, why scavenger?

How can I be like a dustman that rings for a Christmas-box at your hall-door? I never was there in my life. I never left at your door a copy of verses provocative of an annual gratuity, as your noble honour styles it. Who are you? If you are the man I take you to be, it must have been you who asked the publisher for my book, and not I who sent it in, and begged a gratuity of your worship. You abused me out of the *Times*' window; but if ever your noble honour sent me a gratuity out of your own door, may I never drive another dust-cart. "Provocative of a gratuity!" O splendid swell! How much was it your worship sent out to me by the footman? Every farthing you have paid I will restore to your lordship, and I swear I shall not be a halfpenny the poorer.

As before, and on similar seasons and occasions, I have compared myself to a person following a not dissimilar calling: let me suppose now, for a minute, that I am a writer of a Christmas farce, who sits in the pit, and sees the performance of his own piece. There comes applause, hissing, yawning, laughter, as may be: but the loudest critic of all is our friend the cheap buck, who sits yonder and makes his remarks, so that all the audience may hear. "*This a farce!*" says Beau Tibbs: "demmy! it's the work of a poor devil who writes for money,—confound his vulgarity! *This a farce!* Why isn't it a tragedy, or a comedy, or an epic poem, stap my vitals? *This a farce indeed!* It's a feller as sends round his 'at, and appeals to charity. Let's 'ave our money back again, I say." And he swaggers off;—and you find the fellow came with an author's order.

But if, in spite of Tibbs, our "kyind friends," etc. etc. etc.—if the little farce, which was meant to amuse Christmas (or what my classical friend calls *Exodus*), is asked for, even up to Twelfth Night,—shall the publisher stop because Tibbs is dissatisfied? Whenever that capitalist calls to get his money back, he may see the letter from the respected publisher, informing the author that all the copies are sold, and that there are demands for a new edition. Up with the curtain, then! Vivat Regina! and no money returned, except the *Times*' "gratuity!"

M. A. TITMARSH.

January 5, 1851.

THE KICKLEBURYS ON THE RHINE.

THE cabman, when he brought us to the wharf, and made his usual charge of six times his legal fare, before the settlement of which he pretended to refuse the privilege of an *exeat regno* to our luggage, glared like a disappointed fiend when Lankin, calling up the faithful Hutchison, his clerk, who was in attendance, said to him, "Hutchison, you will pay this man. My name is Serjeant Lankin, my chambers are in Pump Court. My clerk will settle with you, sir." The cabman trembled; we stepped on board; our lightsome luggage was speedily whisked away by the crew; our berths had been secured by the previous agency of Hutchison; and a couple of tickets, on which were written, "Mr. Serjeant Lankin," "Mr. Titmarsh" (Lankin's, by the way, incomparably the best and comfortablest sleeping place), were pinned on to two of the curtains of the beds in a side cabin when we descended.

Who was on board? There were Jews, with Sunday papers and fruit; there were couriers and servants struggling about; there were those bearded foreign visitors of England, who always seem to decline to shave or wash themselves on the day of a voyage, and, on the eve of quitting our country, appear inclined to carry away as much as possible of its soil on their hands and linen; there were parties already cosily established on deck under the awning; and steady going travellers for'ard, smoking already the pleasant morning cigar, and watching the phenomena of departure.

The bell rings: they leave off bawling, "Anybody else for the shore?" The last grape and *Bell's Life* merchant has scuffled over the plank: the Johns of the departing nobility and gentry line the brink of the quay, and touch their hats; Hutchison touches his hat to me—to *me*, Heaven bless him! I turn round inexpressibly affected and delighted, and whom do I see but Captain Hicks!

"Hallo! *you* here?" says Hicks, in a tone which seems to mean, "Confound you, you are everywhere."

Hicks is one of those young men who seem to be everywhere a great deal too often.

How are they always getting leave from their regiments? If they are not wanted in this country (as wanted they cannot be, for you see them sprawling over the railing in Rotten Row all day, and shaking their heels at every ball in town),—if they are not wanted in this country, I say, why the deuce are they not sent off to India, or to Demerara, or to Sierra Leone, by Jove?—the farther the better; and I should wish a good unwholesome climate to try 'em and make 'em hardy. Here is this Hicks, then—Captain Lancelot Hicks, if you please—whose life is nothing but breakfast, smoking, riding-school, billiards, mess, polking, billiards and smoking again, and *da capo*, pulling down his moustaches, and going to take a tour after the immense labours of the season.

"How do you do, Captain Hicks?" I say. "Where are you going?"

"Oh, I am going to the Whine," says Hicks; "everybody goes to the Whine." The *Whine*, indeed! I dare say he can no more spell properly than he can speak.

"Who is on board—anybody?" I ask, with the air of a man of fashion. "To whom does that immense pile of luggage belong—under charge of the lady's maid, the courier, and the British footman?" A large white K is painted on all the boxes.

"How the deuce should I know?" says Hicks, looking, as I fancy, both red and angry, and strutting off with his great cavalry lurch and swagger: whilst my friend the Serjeant looks at him lost in admiration, and surveys his shining little boots, his chains and breloques, his whiskers and ambrosial moustaches, his gloves and other dandifications, with a pleased wonder—as the ladies of the Sultan's harem surveyed that great lady from Park Lane who paid them a visit; or the simple subjects of Montezuma looked at one of Cortez's heavy dragoons.

"That must be a marquis at least," whispers Lankin, who consults me on points of society, and is pleased to have a great opinion of my experience.

I burst out in a scornful laugh. "*That!*" I say—"He is a captain of dragoons, and his father is an attorney in

Bedford Row. The whiskers of a roturier, my good Lankin, grow as long as the beard of a Plantagenet. It don't require much noble blood to learn the polka. If you were younger, Lankin, we might go for a shilling a night, and dance every evening at M. Laurent's Casino, and skip about in a little time as well as that fellow. Only we despise the kind of thing, you know—only we're too grave, and too steady."

"And too fat," whispers Lankin, with a laugh.

"Speak for yourself, you maypole," says I. "If you can't dance yourself, people can dance round you—put a wreath of flowers upon your old poll, stick you up in a village green, and so make use of you."

"I should gladly be turned into anything so pleasant," Lankin answers; "and so, at least, get a chance of seeing a pretty girl now and then. They don't show in Pump Court, or at the University Club where I dine. You are a lucky fellow, Titmarsh, and go about in the world. As for me, *I* never——"

"And the judges' wives, you rogue?" I say. "Well, no man is satisfied; and the only reason I have to be angry with the Captain yonder is that, the other night, at Mrs. Perkins's, being in conversation with a charming young creature, who knows all my favourite passages in Tennyson, and takes a most delightful little line of opposition in the Church controversy—just as we were in the very closest, dearest, pleasantest part of the talk, comes up young Hotspur yonder, and whisks her away in a polka. What have you and I to do with polkas, Lankin? He took her down to supper—what have you and I to do with suppers?"

"Our duty is to leave them alone," said the philosophical Serjeant. "And now about breakfast—shall we have some?" And as we spoke, a savoury little procession of stewards and stewards' boys, with drab tin dish-covers, passed from the caboose, and descended the stairs to the cabin. The vessel had passed Greenwich by this time, and had worked its way out of the mast-forest which guards the approaches of our city.

The owners of those innumerable boxes, bags, oil-skins, guitar-cases, whereon the letter K was engraven, appeared to be three ladies, with a slim gentleman of two or three and thirty, who was probably the husband of one of them.

He had numberless shawls under his arm and guardianship. He had a strap full of Murray's Handbooks and Continental Guides in his keeping; and a little collection of parasols and umbrellas, bound together, and to be carried in state before the chief of the party, like the lictor's fasces before the consul.

The chief of the party was evidently the stout lady. One parasol being left free, she waved it about, and commanded the luggage and the menials to and fro. "Horace, we will sit there," she exclaimed, pointing to a comfortable place on the deck. Horace went and placed the shawls and the Guidebooks. "Hirsch, avy vou conty les bagages? tronts sett morso ong too?" The German courier said, "Oui, miladi," and bowed a rather sulky assent. "Bowman, you will see that Finch is comfortable, and send her to me." The gigantic Bowman, a gentleman in an undress uniform, with very large and splendid armorial buttons, and with traces of the powder of the season still lingering in his hair, bows, and speeds upon my lady's errand.

I recognise Hirsch, a well-known face upon the European high-road, where he has travelled with many acquaintances. With whom is he making the tour now?—Mr. Hirsch is acting as courier to Mr. and Mrs. Horace Milliken. They have not been married many months, and they are travelling, Hirsch says, with a contraction of his bushy eyebrows, with miladi, Mrs. Milliken's mamma. And who is her ladyship? Hirsch's brow contracts into deeper furrows. "It is Miladi Gigglesbury," he says, "Mr. Didmarsh. Berhaps you know her." He scowls round at her, as she calls out loudly, "Hirsch, Hirsch!" and obeys that summons.

It is the great Lady Kicklebury of Pocklington Square, about whom I remember Mrs. Perkins made so much ado at her last ball; and whom old Perkins conducted to supper. When Sir Thomas Kicklebury died (he was one of the first tenants of the Square), who does not remember the scutcheon with the coronet with two balls, that flamed over No. 36? Her son was at Eton then, and has subsequently taken an honorary degree at Oxford, and been an ornament of Platt's and the Oswestry Club. He fled into St. James's from the great house in Pocklington Square, and from St. James's to Italy and the Mediterranean,

where he has been for some time in a wholesome exile. Her eldest daughter's marriage with Lord Roughhead was talked about last year; but Lord Roughhead, it is known, married Miss Brent; and Horace Milliken, very much to his surprise, found himself the affianced husband of Miss Lavinia Kicklebury, after an agitating evening at Lady Polkimore's, when Miss Lavinia, feeling herself faint, went out on to the leads (the terrace, Lady Polkimore *will* call it) on the arm of Mr. Milliken. They were married in January—it's not a bad match for Miss K.—Lady Kicklebury goes and stops for six months of the year at Pigeoncot with her daughter and son-in-law; and now that they are come abroad, she comes too. She must be with Lavinia under the present circumstances.

When I am arm-in-arm, I tell this story glibly off to Lankin, who is astonished at my knowledge of the world, and says, "Why, Titmarsh, you know everything."

"I *do* know a few things, Lankin, my boy," is my answer. "A man don't live in society, and *pretty good* society, let me tell you, for nothing."

The fact is, that all the above details are known to almost any man in our neighbourhood. Lady Kicklebury does not meet with *us* much, and has greater folks than we can pretend to be at her parties. But we know about *them*. She'll condescend to come to Perkins's, *with whose firm she banks*; and she *may* overdraw *her account*; but of that, of course, I know nothing.

When Lankin and I go downstairs to breakfast, we find, if not the best, at least the most conspicuous places in occupation of Lady Kicklebury's party, and the hulking London footman making a darkness in the cabin, as he stoops through it bearing cups and plates to his employers.

[Why do they always put mud into coffee on board steamers? Why does the tea generally taste of boiled boots? Why is the milk scarce and thin? And why do they have those bleeding legs of boiled mutton for dinner? I ask why? In the steamers of other nations you are well fed. Is it impossible that Britannia, who confessedly rules the waves, should attend to the victuals a little, and that meat should be well cooked under a Union Jack? I just put in this question, this most interesting question, in a momentous parenthesis, and resume the tale.]

When Lankin and I descend to the cabin, then, the tables are full of gobbling people; and, though there *do* seem to be a couple of places near Lady Kicklebury, immediately she sees our eyes directed to the inviting gap, she slides out, and with her ample robe covers even more than that large space to which by art and nature she is entitled, and calling out, "Horace, Horace!" and nodding, and winking, and pointing, she causes her son-in-law to extend the wing on his side. We are cut off *that* chance of a breakfast. We shall have the tea at its third water, and those two damp black mutton-chops, which nobody else will take, will fall to our cold share.

At this minute a voice, clear and sweet, from a tall lady in a black veil, says, "Mr. Titmarsh," and I start and murmur an ejaculation of respectful surprise, as I recognise no less a person than the Right Honourable the Countess of Knightsbridge, taking her tea, breaking up little bits of toast with her slim fingers, and sitting between a Belgian horse-dealer and a German violoncello-player, who was a *congé* after the opera—like any other mortal.

I whisper her Ladyship's name to Lankin. The Serjeant looks towards her with curiosity and awe. Even he, in his Pump Court solitude, has heard of that star of fashion—that admired amongst men, and even women—that Diana severe yet simple, the accomplished Aurelia of Knightsbridge. Her husband has but a small share of *her* qualities. How should he? The turf and the foxchase are his delights—the smoking-room at the Travellers'—nay, shall we say it?—the illuminated arcades of Vauxhall, and the gambols of the dishevelled Terpsichore. Knightsbridge has his faults—ah! even the peerage of England is not exempt from them. With Diana for his wife, he flies the halls where she sits severe and serene, and is to be found (shrouded in smoke, 'tis true) in those caves where the contrite chimney-sweep sings his terrible death-chant, or the Bacchanalian judge administers a satiric law. Lord Knightsbridge has his faults, then; but he has the gout at Rougetnoirbourg, near the Rhine, and thither his wife is hastening to minister to him.

"I have done," says Lady Knightsbridge with a gentle bow, as she rises; "you may have this place, Mr. Titmarsh; and I am sorry my breakfast is over: I should have

prolonged it had I thought that *you* were coming to sit by me. Thank you—my glove.” (Such an absurd little glove, by the way.) “We shall meet on the deck when you have done.”

And she moves away with an august curtsy. I can't tell how it is, or what it is, in that lady: but she says, “How do you do?” as nobody else knows how to say it. In all her actions, motions, thoughts, I would wager there is the same calm grace and harmony. She is not very handsome, being very thin, and rather sad-looking. She is not very witty, being only up to the conversation, whatever it may be; and yet, if she were in black serge, I think one could not help seeing that she was a Princess, and Serene Highness; and if she were a hundred years old, she could not be but beautiful. I saw her performing her devotions in Antwerp Cathedral, and forgot to look at anything else there;—so calm and pure, such a sainted figure hers seemed.

When this great lady did the present writer the honour to shake his hand (I had the honour to teach writing and the rudiments of Latin to the young and intelligent Lord Viscount Pimlico), there seemed to be a commotion in the Kicklebury party—heads were nodded together, and turned towards Lady Knightsbridge; in whose honour, when Lady Kicklebury had sufficiently reconnoitred her with her eyeglass, the baronet's lady rose and swept a reverential curtsy, backing until she fell up against the cushions at the stern of the boat. Lady Knightsbridge did not see this salute, for she did not acknowledge it, but walked away slimly (she seems to glide in and out of a room), and disappeared up the stair to the deck.

Lankin and I took our places, the horse-dealer making room for us; and I could not help looking, with a little air of triumph, over to the Kicklebury faction, as much as to say, “You fine folks, with your large footman and supercilious airs, see what *we* can do.”

As I looked—smiling, and nodding, and laughing at me, in a knowing, pretty way, and then leaning to mamma as if in explanation, what face should I see but that of the young lady at Mrs. Perkins's, with whom I had had that pleasant conversation which had been interrupted by the demand of Captain Hicks for a dance? So, then, that was

Miss Kicklebury, about whom Miss Perkins, my young friend, has so often spoken to me (the young ladies were in conversation when I had the happiness of joining them; and Miss P. went away presently to look to her guests)—that is Miss Fanny Kicklebury.

A sudden pang shot athwart my bosom. Lankin might have perceived it, but the honest Serjeant was so awe-stricken by his late interview with the Countess of Knightsbridge, that his mind was unfit to grapple with other subjects—a pang of feeling (which I concealed under the grin and graceful bow wherewith Miss Fanny's salutations were acknowledged) tore my heart-strings—as I thought of—I need not say—of Hicks.

He had danced with her, he had supped with her—he was here, on board the boat. Where was that dragoon? I looked round for him. In quite a far corner—but so that he could command the Kicklebury party, I thought—he was eating his breakfast, the great healthy oaf, and consuming one broiled egg after another.

In the course of the afternoon, all parties, as it may be supposed, emerged upon deck again, and Miss Fanny and her mamma began walking the quarter-deck, with a quick pace, like a couple of post-captains. When Miss Fanny saw me, she stopped and smiled, and recognised the gentleman who had amused her so at Mrs. Perkins's. What a dear, sweet creature Eliza Perkins was! They had been at school together. She was going to write to Eliza everything that happened in the voyage.

"*Everything?*" I said, in my particularly sarcastic manner.

"Well, everything that was worth telling. There was a great number of things that were very stupid, and of people that were very stupid. Everything that *you* say, Mr. Titmarsh, I am sure I may put down. You have seen Mr. Titmarsh's funny books, mamma?"

Mamma said she had heard—she had no doubt they were very amusing. "Was not that—ahem—Lady Knightsbridge, to whom I saw you speaking, sir?"

"Yes; she is going to nurse Lord Knightsbridge, who has the gout at Rougetnoirbourg."

"Indeed! how very fortunate! what an extraordinary coincidence! We are going too," said Lady Kicklebury.

I remarked "that everybody was going to Rougetnoir-

bourg this year; and I heard of two gentlemen—Count Carambole and Colonel Cannon—who had been obliged to sleep there on a billiard-table for want of a bed.”

“My son Kicklebury—are you acquainted with Sir Thomas Kicklebury?” her ladyship said, with great stateliness—“is at Noirbourg, and will take lodgings for us. The springs are particularly recommended for my daughter, Mrs. Milliken; and, at great personal sacrifice, I am going thither myself: but what will not a mother do, Mr. Titmarsh? Did I understand you to say that you have the—the *entrée* at Knightsbridge House? The parties are not what they used to be, I am told. Not that *I* have any knowledge. *I* am but a poor country baronet’s widow, Mr. Titmarsh; though the Kickleburys date from Henry III., and *my* family is not of the most modern in the country. You have heard of General Guff, my father, perhaps? aide-de-camp to the Duke of York, and wounded by his Royal Highness’s side at the bombardment of Valenciennes. *We move in our own sphere.*”

“Mrs. Perkins is a very kind creature,” I said, “and it was a very pleasant ball. Did you not think so, Miss Kicklebury?”

“I thought it odious,” said Miss Fanny. “I mean, it *was* pleasant until that—that stupid man—what was his name—came and took me away to dance with him.”

“What! don’t you care for a red coat and moustaches?” I asked.

“I adore genius, Mr. Titmarsh,” said the young lady, with a most killing look of her beautiful blue eyes, “and I have every one of your works by heart—all, except the last, which I can’t endure. I think it’s wicked, positively wicked—my darling Scott!—how can you? And are you going to make a Christmas-book this year?”

“Shall I tell you about it?”

“Oh, do tell us about it,” said the lively, charming creature, clapping her hands: and we began to talk, being near Lavinia (Mrs. Milliken) and her husband, who was ceaselessly occupied in fetching and carrying books, biscuits, pillows, and cloaks, scent-bottles, the Italian greyhound, and the thousand and one necessities of the pale and interesting bride. Oh, how she did fidget! how she did grumble! how she altered and twisted her position! and how she did make poor Milliken trot!

After Miss Fanny and I had talked, and I had told her my plan, which she pronounced to be delightful, she continued—"I never was so provoked in my life, Mr. Titmarsh, as when that odious man came and interrupted that dear delightful conversation."

"On your word? The odious man is on board the boat: I see him smoking just by the funnel yonder, look! and looking at us."

"He is very stupid," said Fanny; "and all that I adore is intellect, dear Mr. Titmarsh."

"But why is he on board?" said I, with a *fin sourire*.

"Why is he on board? Why is everybody on board? How do we meet? (and oh, how glad I am to meet you again!) You don't suppose that *I* know how the horrid man came here?"

"Eh! he may be fascinated by a pair of blue eyes, Miss Fanny! Others have been so," I said.

"Don't be cruel to a poor girl, you wicked, satirical creature," she said. "I think Captain Hicks odious—there! and I was quite angry when I saw him on the boat. Mamma does not know him, and she was so angry with me for dancing with him that night—though there was nobody of any particular mark at poor dear Mrs. Perkins's—that is, except *you*, Mr. Titmarsh."

"And I am not a dancing man," I said with a sigh.

"I hate dancing men; they can do nothing but dance."

"Oh yes, they can. Some of them can smoke, and some can ride, and some can even spell very well."

"You wicked, satirical person. I'm quite afraid of you!"

"And some of them call the Rhine the 'Whine,'" I said, giving an admirable imitation of poor Hicks's drawling manner.

Fanny looked hard at me with a peculiar expression on her face. At last she laughed. "Oh, you wicked, wicked man," she said, "what a capital mimic you are, and so full of cleverness! Do bring up Captain Hicks—isn't that his name?—and trot him out for us. Bring him up, and introduce him to mamma: do now, go!"

Mamma, in the meantime, had waited her time, and was just going to step down the cabin stairs as Lady Knightsbridge ascended from them. To draw back, to make a most profound curtsy, to exclaim, "Lady Knightsbridge!

I have had the honour of seeing your ladyship at—hum—hum—hum (this word I could not catch) House,”—all these feats were performed by Lady Kicklebury in one instant, and acknowledged with the usual calmness by the younger lady.

“And may I hope,” continues Lady Kicklebury, “that that most beautiful of all children—a mother may say so—that Lord Pinlico has recovered his hooping-cough? we were so anxious about him. Our medical attendant is Mr. Topham, and he used to come from Knightsbridge House to Pocklington Square, often and often. I am interested about the hooping-cough. My own dear boy had it most severely; that dear girl, my eldest daughter, whom you see stretched on the bench—she is in a very delicate state, and only lately married—not such a match as I could have wished: but Mr. Milliken is of a good family, distantly related to your ladyship’s. A Milliken, in George the Third’s reign, married a Boltimore, and the Boltimores, I think, are your first cousins. They married this year, and Lavinia is so fond of me, that she can’t part with me, and I have come abroad just to please her. We are going to Noirbourg. I think I heard from my son that Lord Knightsbridge was at Noirbourg.”

“I believe I have had the pleasure of seeing Sir Thomas Kicklebury at Knightsbridge House,” Lady Knightsbridge said, with something of sadness.

“Indeed! and Kicklebury had never told her! He laughed at her when she talked about great people: he told her all sorts of ridiculous stories when upon this theme.” But, at any rate, the acquaintance was made—Lady Kicklebury would not leave Lady Knightsbridge; and even in the throes of sea-sickness, and the secret recesses of the cabin, *would* talk to her about the world, Lord Pinlico, and her father, General Guff, late aide-de-camp to the Duke of York.

That those throes of sickness ensued, I need not say. A short time after passing Ramsgate, Serjeant Lankin, who had been exceedingly gay and satirical (in his calm way; he quotes Horace, my favourite bits, as an author, to myself, and has a quiet snigger; and, so to speak, amontillado flavour, exceedingly pleasant)—Lankin, with a rueful and livid countenance, descended into his berth, in the which that six foot of serjeant packed himself, I don’t know how.

When Lady Knightsbridge went down, down went Kicklebury. Milliken and his wife stayed, and were ill together on deck. A palm of glory ought to be awarded to that man for his angelic patience, energy, and suffering. It was he who went for Mrs. Milliken's maid, who wouldn't come to her mistress. It was he, the shyest of men, who stormed the ladies' cabin—that maritime harem—in order to get her mother's bottle of salts. It was he who went for the brandy and water, and begged, and prayed, and besought his adored Lavinia to taste a leetle drop. Lavinia's reply was, "Don't—go away—don't tease, Horace," and so forth. And, when not wanted, the gentle creature subsided on the bench, by his wife's feet, and was sick in silence.

[*Mem.*—In married life, it seems to me, that it is almost always Milliken and wife, or just the contrary. The angels minister to the tyrants; or the gentle, henpecked husband cowers before the superior partlet. If ever I marry, I know the sort of woman *I* will choose; and I won't try her temper by over-indulgence, and destroy her fine qualities by a ruinous subserviency to her wishes.]

Little Miss Fanny stayed on deck, as well as her sister, and looked at the stars of Heaven, as they began to shine there, and at the Foreland lights as we passed them. I would have talked with her; I would have suggested images of poesy and thoughts of beauty; I would have whispered the word of sentiment—the delicate allusion—the breathing of the soul that longs to find a congenial heart—the sorrows and aspirations of the wounded spirit, stricken and sad, yet not *quite* despairing; still knowing that the hope-plant lurked in its crushed ruins—still able to gaze on the stars and the ocean, and love their blazing sheen, their boundless azure. I would, I say, have taken the opportunity of that stilly night to lay bare to her the treasures of a heart that, I am happy to say, is young still; but circumstances forbade the frank outpouring of my poet soul: in a word, I was obliged to go and lie down on the flat of my back, and endeavour to control *other* emotions which struggled in my breast.

Once, in the night-watches, I arose, and came on deck; the vessel was not, methought, pitching much; and yet—and yet Neptune was inexorable. The placid stars looked down, but they gave me no peace. Lavinia Milliken

seemed asleep, and her Horace, in a death-like torpor, was huddled at her feet. Miss Fanny had quitted the larboard side of the ship, and had gone to starboard; and I thought that there was a gentleman beside her, but I could not see very clearly, and returned to the horrid crib, where Lankin was asleep, and the German fiddler underneath him was snoring like his own violoncello.

In the morning we were all as brisk as bees. We were in the smooth waters of the lazy Scheld. The stewards began preparing breakfast with that matutinal eagerness which they always show. The sleepers in the cabin were roused from their horse-hair couches by the stewards' boys nudging, and pushing, and flapping table-cloths over them. I shaved and made a neat toilette, and came upon deck just as we lay off that little Dutch fort, which is, I dare say, described in Murray's Guidebook, and about which I had some rare banter with poor Hicks and Lady Kicklebury, whose sense of humour is certainly not very keen. He had, somehow, joined her ladyship's party, and they were looking at the fort and its tricoloured flag—that floats familiar in Vandevelde's pictures—and at the lazy shipping, and the tall roofs, and dumpy church towers, and flat pastures, lying before us in a Cuyyp-like haze.

I am sorry to say, I told them the most awful fibs about that fort. How it had been defended by the Dutch patriot, Van Swammerdam, against the united forces of the Duke of Alva and Marshal Turenne, whose leg was shot off as he was leading the last unsuccessful assault, and who turned round to his aide-de-camp and said, “*Allez dire au Premier Consul, que je meurs avec regret de ne pas avoir assez fait pour la France!*” which gave Lady Kicklebury an opportunity to *placer* her story of the Duke of York, and the bombardment of Valenciennes; and caused young Hicks to look at me in a puzzled and appealing manner and hint that I was “chaffing!”

“Chaffing, indeed!” says I, with a particularly arch eyewinkle at Miss Fanny. “I wouldn't make fun of *you*, Captain Hicks! If you doubt my historical accuracy, look at the ‘*Biographie Universelle*.’ I say—look at the ‘*Biographie Universelle*.’”

He said, “Oh—ah—the ‘*Biogwaphie Universelle*’ may be all vewy well, and that; but I never can make out whether you are joking or not, somehow; and I always

fancy you are going to *cawickachaw* me. Ha ha!" And he laughed—the good-natured dragoon laughed, and fancied he had made a joke.

I entreated him not to be so severe upon me; and again he said, "Haw haw!" and told me "I mustn't expect to have it all *my own way*, and, if I gave a hit, I must expect a *Punch* in return. Haw haw!" Oh, you honest young Hicks!

Everybody, indeed, was in high spirits. The fog cleared off, the sun shone, the ladies chatted and laughed, even Mrs. Milliken was in good humour ("My wife is all intellect," Milliken says, looking at her with admiration), and talked with us freely and gaily. She was kind enough to say that it was a great pleasure to meet with a literary and well-informed person—that one often lived with people that did not comprehend one. She asked if my companion, that tall gentleman—Mr. Serjeant Lankin, was he?—was literary. And when I said that Lankin knew more Greek, and more Latin, and more law, and more history, and more everything, than all the passengers put together, she vouchsafed to look at him with interest, and enter into a conversation with my modest friend, the Serjeant. Then it was that her adoring husband said "his Lavinia was all intellect";—and Lady Kicklebury saying that "*she* was not a literary woman; that in *her* day few acquirements were requisite for the British female; but that she knew *the spirit of the age*, and her *duty as a mother*," and that "Lavinia and Fanny had had the best masters, and the best education which money and constant maternal solicitude could impart." If our matrons are virtuous, as they are, and it is Britain's boast, permit me to say that they certainly know it.

The conversation growing powerfully intellectual under Mrs. Milliken, poor Hicks naturally became uneasy, and put an end to literature by admiring the ladies' head-dresses. "Cab-heads, hoods, what do you call 'em?" he asked of Miss Kicklebury. Indeed, she and her sister wore a couple of those blue silk over-bonnets, which have lately become the fashion, and which I never should have mentioned but for the young lady's reply.

"Those hoods!" she said—"we call those hoods *Uglies*, Captain Hicks."

Oh, how pretty she looked as she said it! The blue eyes

looked up under the blue hood, so archly and gaily; ever so many dimples began playing about her face; her little voice rang so fresh and sweet, that a heart which has never loved a tree or flower but the vegetable in question was sure to perish—a heart worn down and sickened by repeated disappointment, mockery, faithlessness—a heart whereof despair is an accustomed tenant, and in whose desolate and lonely depths dwells an abiding gloom, began to throb once more—began to beckon Hope from the window—began to admit sunshine—began to—O Folly, Folly! O Fanny! O Miss K., how lovely you looked as you said, “We call those hoods Uglies!” Ugly, indeed!

This is a chronicle of feelings and characters, not of events and places, so much. All this time our vessel was making rapid way up the river, and we saw before us the slim towers of the noble cathedral of Antwerp soaring in the rosy sunshine. Lankin and I had agreed to go to the Grand Laboureur, on the Place de Meir. They give you a particular kind of jam-tarts there—called Nuns’ tarts, I think—that I remember, these twenty years, as the very best tarts—as good as the tarts which we ate when we were boys. The Laboureur is a dear old quiet comfortable hotel; and there is no man in England who likes a good dinner better than Lankin.

“What hotel do you go to?” I asked of Lady Kicklebury.

“We go to the Saint Antoine, of course. Everybody goes to the Saint Antoine,” her ladyship said. “We propose to rest here; to do the Rubens’s; and to proceed to Cologne to-morrow. Horace, call Finch and Bowman; and your courier, if he will have the condescension to wait upon *me*, will perhaps look to the baggage.”

“I think, Lankin,” said I, “as everybody seems going to the Saint Antoine, we may as well go, and not spoil the party.”

“I think I’ll go too,” says Hicks; as if *he* belonged to the party.

And oh, it was a great sight when we landed, and at every place at which we paused afterwards, to see Hirsch over the Kicklebury baggage, and hear his polyglot maledictions at the porters! If a man sometimes feels sad and lonely at his bachelor condition, if *some* feelings of envy

prevade his heart, at seeing beauty on another's arm, and kind eyes directed towards a happier mug than his own—at least there are some consolations in travelling, when a fellow has but one little portmanteau or bag which he can easily shoulder, and thinks of the innumerable bags and trunks which the married man and the father drags after him. The married Briton on a tour is but a luggage overseer; his luggage is his morning thought, and his nightly terror. When he floats along the Rhine he has one eye on a ruin, and the other on his luggage. When he is on the railroad he is always thinking, or ordered by his wife to think, "Is the luggage safe?" It clings round him. It never leaves him (except when it *does* leave him, as a trunk or two will, and make him doubly miserable). His carpet-bags lie on his chest at night, and his wife's forgotten bandbox haunts his turbid dreams.

I think it was after she found that Lady Kicklebury proposed to go to the Grand Saint Antoine that Lady Knightsbridge put herself with her maid into a carriage and went to the other inn. We saw her at the cathedral, where she kept aloof from our party. Milliken went up the tower, and so did Miss Fanny. I am too old a traveller to mount up those immeasurable stairs, for the purpose of making myself dizzy by gazing upon a vast map of low countries stretched beneath me, and waited with Mrs. Milliken and her mother below.

When the tower-climbers descended we asked Miss Fanny and her brother what they had seen.

"We saw Captain Hicks up there," remarked Milliken. "And I am very glad you didn't come, Lavinia, my love. The excitement would have been too much for you, quite too much."

All this while Lady Kicklebury was looking at Fanny, and Fanny was holding her eyes down; and I knew that between her and this poor Hicks there could be nothing serious, for she had laughed at him and mimicked him to me half a dozen times in the course of the day.

We "do the Rubens's," as Lady Kicklebury says; we trudge from cathedral to picture-gallery, from church to church. We see the calm old city, with its towers and gables, the bourse, and the vast town-hall; and I have the honour to give Lady Kicklebury my arm during these peregrinations, and to hear a hundred particulars regarding

her ladyship's life and family. How Milliken has been recently building at Pigeoncot; how he will have two thousand a year more when his uncle dies; how she had peremptorily to put a stop to the assiduities of that unprincipled young man, Lord Roughhead, whom Lavinia always detested, and who married Miss Brent out of sheer pique. It was a great escape for her darling Lavinia. Roughhead is a most wild and dissipated young man, one of Kicklebury's Christchurch friends, of whom her son has too many, alas! and she enters into many particulars respecting the conduct of Kicklebury—the unhappy boy's smoking, his love of billiards, his fondness for the turf; she fears he has already injured his income, she fears he is even now playing at Noirbourg; she is going thither to wean him, if possible, from his companions and his gaieties—what may not a mother effect? She only wrote to him the day before they left London to announce that she was marching on him with her family. He is in many respects like his poor father—the same openness and frankness, the same easy disposition, alas! the same love of pleasure. But she had reformed the father, and will do her utmost to call back her dear misguided boy. She had an advantageous match for him in view—a lady not beautiful in person, it is true, but possessed of every good principle, and a very, very handsome fortune. It was under pretence of flying from this lady that Kicklebury left town. But she knew better.

I say young men will be young men, and sow their wild oats; and think to myself that the invasion of his mamma will be perhaps more surprising than pleasant to young Sir Thomas Kicklebury, and that she possibly talks about herself and her family, and her virtues, and her daughters, a little too much; but she *will* make a confidant of me, and all the time we are doing the Rubens's she is talking of the pictures at Kicklebury, of her portrait by Lawrence, pronounced to be his finest work, of Lavinia's talent for drawing, and the expense of Fanny's music-masters; of her house in town (where she hopes to see me); of her parties which were stopped by the illness of her butler. She talks Kicklebury until I am sick. And oh, Miss Fanny, all of this I endure, like an old fool, for an occasional sight of your bright eyes and rosy face!

[Another parenthesis. "We hope to see you in town, Mr. Titmarsh." Foolish mockery! If all the people whom one has met abroad, and who have said "We hope to meet you often in town," had but made any the slightest efforts to realise their hopes by sending a simple line of invitation through the penny post, what an enormous dinner acquaintance one would have had! But I mistrust people who say "We hope to see you in town."]

Lankin comes in at the end of the day, just before dinner-time. He has paced the whole town by himself—church, tower, and fortifications, and Rubens, and all. He is full of Egmont and Alva. He is up to all the history of the siege, when Chassée defended, and the French attacked the place. After dinner we stroll along the quays; and, over the quiet cigar in the hotel court, Monsieur Lankin discourses about the Rubens pictures, in a way which shows that the learned Serjeant has an eye for pictorial beauty as well as other beauties in this world, and can rightly admire the vast energy, the prodigal genius, the royal splendour of the King of Antwerp. In the most modest way in the world he has remarked a student making clever sketches at the Museum, and has ordered a couple of copies from him of the famous Vandyke and the wondrous adoration of the Magi, "a greater picture," says he "than even the cathedral picture," in which opinion those may agree who like. He says he thinks Miss Kicklebury is a pretty little thing, that all my swans are geese, and that as for that old woman, with her airs and graces, she is the most intolerable old nuisance in the world. There is much good judgment, but there is too much sardonic humour about Lankin. He cannot appreciate women properly. He is spoiled by being an old bachelor, and living in that dingy old Pump Court; where, by the way, he has a cellar fit for a pontiff. We go to rest; they have given us humble lodgings high up in the building, which we accept like philosophers who travel with but a portman-teau apiece. The Kickleburys have the grand suite, as becomes their dignity. Which, which of those twinkling lights illumines the chamber of Miss Fanny?

Hicks is sitting in the court too, smoking his cigar. He and Lankin met in the fortifications. Lankin says he is a sensible fellow, and seems to know his profession. "Ev-

ery man can talk well about something," the Serjeant says. "And one man can about everything," says I, at which Lankin blushes; and we take our flaring tallow candles and go to bed. He has us up an hour before the starting time, and we have that period to admire Herr Oberkellner, who swaggers as becomes the Oberkellner of a house frequented by ambassadors; who contradicts us to our faces, and whose own countenance is ornamented with yesterday's beard, of which, or of any part of his clothing, the graceful youth does not appear to have divested himself since last we left him. We recognise, somewhat dingy and faded, the elaborate shirt-front which appeared at yesterday's banquet. Farewell, Herr Oberkellner, may we never see your handsome countenance, washed or unwashed, shaven or unshorn, again!

Here come the ladies—"Good-morning, Miss Fanny." "I hope you slept well, Lady Kicklebury?" "A tremendous bill?" "No wonder; how can you expect otherwise, when you have such a bad dinner?" Hearken to Hirsch's comminations over the luggage. Look at the honest Belgian soldiers and that fat Freyschütz on guard, his rifle in one hand, and the other hand in his pocket. Captain Hicks bursts into a laugh at the sight of the fat Freyschütz, and says, "By Jove, Titmarsh, you must cawickachaw him." And we take our seats at length and at leisure, and the railway trumpets blow, and (save for a brief halt) we never stop till night, trumpeting by green flats and pastures, by broad canals and old towns, through Liége and Verviers, through Aix and Cologne, till we are landed at Bonn at nightfall.

We all have supper, or tea—we have become pretty intimate—we look at the strangers' book, as a matter of course, in the great room of the Star Hotel. Why, everybody is on the Rhine! Here are the names of half one's acquaintance.

"I see Lord and Lady Exborough are gone on," says Lady Kicklebury, whose eye fastens naturally on her kindred aristocracy. "Lord and Lady Wyebridge and suite, Lady Zedland and her family."

"Hallo! here's Cutler of the Onety-oneth, and MacMull of the Greens, *en route* to Noirbourg," says Hicks confidentially. "Know MacMull? Devilish good fellow—such a fellow to smoke."

Lankin, too, reads and grins. "Why, are they going the Rhenish circuit?" he says, and reads:—

Sir Thomas Minos, Lady Minos, nebst Begleitung, aus England.

Sir John Œachus, mit Familie und Dienerschaft, aus England.

Sir Roger Rhadamanthus.

Thomas Smith, Serjeant.

Serjeant Brown and Mrs. Brown, aus England.

Serjeant Tomkins, Anglais. Madame Tomkins, Mesdemoiselles Tomkins.

Monsieur Kewsy, Conseiller de S. M. la Reine d'Angleterre. Mrs. Kewsy, three Miss Kewsys.

And to this list, Lankin, laughing, had put down his own name, and that of the reader's obedient servant, under the august autograph of Lady Kicklebury, who signed for herself, her son-in-law, and her suite.

Yes, we all flock the one after the other, we faithful English folks. We can buy Harvey Sauce, and Cayenne Pepper, and Morison's Pills, in every city in the world. We carry our nation everywhere with us; and are in our island, wherever we go. *Toto divisos orbe*—always separated from the people in the midst of whom we are.

When we came to the steamer next morning, the castled crag of Drachenfels rose up in the sunrise before, and looked as pink as the cheeks of Master Jacky, when they have been just washed in the morning. How that rosy light, too, did become Miss Fanny's pretty dimples, to be sure! How good a cigar is at the early dawn! I maintain that it has a flavour which it does not possess at later hours, and that it partakes of the freshness of all Nature. And wine, too; wine is never so good as at breakfast—only one can't drink it, for tipsiness's sake.

See! there is a young fellow drinking soda-water and brandy already. He puts down his glass with a gasp of satisfaction. It is evident that he had need of that fortifier and refresher. He puts down the beaker and says, "How are you, Titmarsh? I was *so* cut last night. My eyes, wasn't I! Not in the least; that's all."

It is the youthful descendant and heir of an ancient line: the noble Earl of Grimsby's son, Viscount Talboys. He is travelling with the Rev. Baring Leader, his tutor; who,

having a great natural turn and liking towards the aristocracy, and having inspected Lady Kicklebury's cards on her trunks, has introduced himself to her ladyship already, and has inquired after Sir Thomas Kicklebury, whom he remembers perfectly, and whom he had often the happiness of meeting when Sir Thomas was an undergraduate at Oxford. There are few characters more amiable, and delightful to watch and contemplate, than some of those middle-aged Oxford bucks who hang about the University, and live with the young tufts. Leader can talk racing and boating with the fastest young Christchurch gentleman. Leader occasionally rides to cover with Lord Talboys; is a good shot, and seldom walks out without a setter or a spaniel at his heels. Leader knows the "Peerage" and the "Racing Calendar" as well as the Oxford cram-books. Leader comes up to town and dines with Lord Grimsby. Leader goes to Court every two years. He is the greatest swell in his common-room. He drinks claret, and can't stand port wine any longer, and the old fellows of his College admire him, and pet him, and get all their knowledge of the world and the aristocracy from him. I admire those kind old dons when they appear, affable and jaunty, men of the world, members of the Camford and Oxbridge Club, upon the London pavement. I like to see them over the *Morning Post* in the common-room; with a "Ha, I see Lady Rackstraw has another daughter."—"Poppleton there has been at another party at X—— House, and *you* weren't asked, my boy."—"Lord Coverdale has got a large party staying at Coverdale. Did you know him at Christchurch? He was a very handsome man before he broke his nose fighting the bargeman at Iffy: a light weight, but a beautiful sparrer," etc. Let me add that Leader, although he does love a tuft, has a kind heart: as his mother and sisters in Yorkshire know; as all the village knows too—which is proud of his position in the great world, and welcomes him very kindly when he comes down and takes the duty at Christmas, and preaches to them one or two of "the very sermons which Lord Grimsby was good enough to like, when I delivered them at Talboys."

"You are not acquainted with Lord Talboys?" Leader asks, with a *dégagé* air. "I shall have much pleasure in introducing you to him. Talboys, let me introduce you to Lady Kicklebury. Sir Thomas Kicklebury was not at

Christchurch in your time; but you have heard of him, I daresay. Your son has left a reputation at Oxford."

"I should think I have, too. He walked a hundred miles in a hundred hours. They said he bet that he'd drink a hundred pints of beer in a hundred hours; but I don't think he could do it—not strong beer; don't think any man could. The beer here isn't worth a——"

"My dear Talboys," says Leader, with a winning smile, "I suppose Lady Kicklebury is not a judge of beer—and what an unromantic subject of conversation here, under the castled crag immortalised by Byron."

"What the deuce does it mean about peasant girls with dark blue eyes, and hands that offer corn and wine?" asks Talboys. "*I've* never seen any peasant girls, except the—ugliest set of women I ever looked at."

"The poet's licence. I see, Milliken, you are making a charming sketch. You used to draw when you were at Brazennose, Milliken; and play—yes, you played the violoncello."

Mr. Milliken still possessed these accomplishments. He was taken up that very evening by a soldier at Coblenz, for making a sketch of Ehrenbreitstein. Mrs. Milliken sketches, immensely too, and writes poetry: such dreary pictures, such dreary poems! but professional people are proverbially jealous; and I doubt whether our fellow-passenger, the German, would even allow that Milliken could play the violoncello."

Lady Kicklebury gives Miss Fanny a nudge when Lord Talboys appears, and orders her to exert all her fascinations. How the old lady coaxes, and she wheedles! She pours out the Talboys pedigree upon him; and asks after his aunt, and his mother's family. Is he going to Noirebourg? How delightful! There is nothing like British spirit; and to see an English matron well set upon a young man of large fortune and high rank, is a great and curious sight.

And yet, somehow, the British doggedness does not always answer. "Do you know that old woman in the drab jacket, Titmarsh?" my hereditary legislator asks of me. "What the devil is she bothering *me* for, about my aunts, and setting her daughter at me? I ain't such a fool as that. I ain't clever, Titmarsh; I never said I was. I never pretend to be clever, and that—but why does that

old fool bother *me*, hay? Heigho! I'm devlish thirsty. I was devlish cut last night. I think I must have another go-off. Hallo you! Kellner! Garsong! Ody soda, Oter petty vare do dyvee de Conac! That's your sort; isn't it, Leader?"

"You will speak French well enough if you practise," says Leader with a tender voice; "practice is everything. Shall we dine at the table d'hôte? Waiter! put down the name of Viscount Talboys and Mr. Leader, if you please."

The boat is full of all sorts and conditions of men. For'ard, there are peasants and soldiers: stumpy, placid-looking little warriors for the most part, smoking feeble cigars, and looking quite harmless under their enormous helmets. A poor, stunted, dull-looking boy of sixteen, staggering before a black-striped sentry-box, with an enormous musket on his shoulder, does not seem to me a martial or awe-inspiring object. Has it not been said that we carry our prejudices everywhere, and only admire what we are accustomed to admire in our own country?

Yonder walks a handsome young soldier who has just been marrying a wife. How happy they seem! and how pleased that everybody should remark their happiness. It is a fact that in the full sunshine, and before a couple of hundred people on board the *Joseph Miller* steamer, the soldier absolutely kissed Mrs. Soldier, at which the sweet Fanny Kicklebury was made to blush.

We were standing together looking at the various groups: the pretty peasant woman (really pretty for once), with the red headdress and fluttering ribbons, and the child in her arms; the jolly fat old gentleman (who little thought he would ever be a frontispiece in this life), and who was drinking Rhine wine before noon, and turning his back upon all the castles, towers, and ruins, which reflected their crumbling peaks in the water; upon the handsome young students who came with us from Bonn, with their national colours in their caps, with their picturesque looks, their yellow ringlets, their budding moustaches, and with cuts upon almost every one of their noses, obtained in duels at the university—most picturesque are these young fellows, indeed—but, ah, why need they have such black hands?

Near us is a type, too, a man who adorns his own tale,

and points his own moral. "Yonder, in his carriage, sits the Count de Reineck, who won't travel without that dismal old chariot, though it is shabby, costly, and clumsy, and though the wicked Red Republicans come and smoke under his very nose—yes, Miss Fanny, it is the lusty young Germany, pulling the nose of the worn-out old world."

"Law, what *do* you mean, Mr. Titmarsh?" cries the dear Fanny.

"And here comes Mademoiselle de Reineck, with her companion—you see she is wearing out one of the faded silk gowns which she has spoiled at the Residenz during the season, for the Reinecks are economical, though they are proud, and forced, like many other insolvent grandees, to do and to wear shabby things."

"It is very kind of the young countess to call her companion 'Louise,' and to let Louise call her 'Laure'; but if faces may be trusted—and we can read in one countenance conceit and tyranny, deceit and slyness in another—dear Louise has to suffer some hard raps from dear Laure; and, to judge from her dress, I don't think poor Louise has her salary paid very regularly."

"What a comfort it is to live in a country where there is neither insolence nor bankruptcy among the great folks, nor cringing nor flattery among the small. Isn't it, Miss Fanny?"

Miss Fanny says that she can't understand whether I am joking or serious, and her mamma calls her away to look at the ruins of Wigginstein. Everybody looks at Wigginstein—you are told in Murray to look at Wigginstein.

Lankin, who has been standing by, with a grin every now and then upon his sardonic countenance, comes up and says, "Titmarsh, how can you be so impertinent?"

"Impertinent! as how?"

"The girl must understand what you mean: and you shouldn't laugh at her own mother to her. Did you ever see anything like the way in which that horrible woman is following the young lord about?"

"See! You see it every day, my dear fellow; only the trick is better done, and Lady Kicklebury is rather a clumsy practitioner. See! why, nobody is better aware of the springs which are set to catch him than that young fel-



The Reinecks.

—*Christmas Books*, p. 206.

low himself, who is as knowing as any veteran in May Fair. And you don't suppose that Lady Kicklebury fancies that she is doing anything mean, or anything wrong? Heaven bless you! she never did anything wrong in her life. She has no idea but that everything she says, and thinks, and does is right. And no doubt she never did rob a church: and was a faithful wife to Sir Thomas, and pays her tradesmen. Confound her virtue! It is that which makes her so wonderful—that brass armour in which she walks impenetrable—not knowing what pity is, or charity; crying sometimes when she is vexed, or thwarted, but laughing never—cringing, and domineering by the same natural instinct—never doubting about herself above all. Let us rise, and revolt against those people, Lankin. Let us war with them, and smite them utterly. It is to use against these, especially, that Scorn and Satire were invented."

"And the animal you attack," says Lankin, "is provided with a hide to defend him—it is a common ordinance of nature."

And so we pass by tower and town, and float up the Rhine. We don't describe the river. Who does not know it? How you see people asleep in the cabins at the most picturesque parts, and angry to be awakened when they fire off those stupid guns for the echoes! It is as familiar to numbers of people as Greenwich; and we know the merits of the inns along the road as if they were the Trafalgar or the Star and Garter. How stale everything grows! If we were to live in a garden of Eden now, and the gate were open, we should go out, and tramp forward, and push on, and get up early in the morning, and push on again—anything to keep moving, anything to get a change, anything but quiet for the restless children of Cain.

So many thousands of English folks have been at Rougetnoirbourg in this and past seasons, that it is scarcely needful to alter the name of that pretty little gay wicked place. There were so many British barristers there this year that they called the Hôtel des Quatre Saisons the Hotel of Quarter Sessions. There were judges and their wives, serjeants and their ladies, Queen's counsel learned in the law, the northern circuit and the western circuit—

there were officers of half-pay and full-pay, military officers, naval officers, and sheriffs' officers. There were people of high fashion and rank, and people of no rank at all—there were men and women of reputation, and of the two kinds of reputation—there were English boys playing cricket—English pointers putting up the German partridges, and English guns knocking them down—there were women whose husbands, and men whose wives were at home—there was High Church and Low Church—England turned out for a holiday, in a word. How much farther shall we extend our holiday ground, and where shall we camp next? A winter at Cairo is nothing now. Perhaps ere long we shall be going to Saratoga Springs, and the Americans coming to Margate for the summer.

Apartments befitting her dignity and the number of her family had been secured for Lady Kicklebury by her dutiful son, in the same house in which one of Lankin's friends had secured for us much humbler lodgings. Kicklebury received his mother's advent with a great deal of good humour; and a wonderful figure the good-natured little baronet was when he presented himself to his astonished friends, scarcely recognisable by his own parent and sisters, and the staring retainers of their house.

"Mercy, Kicklebury! have you become a Red Republican?" his mother asked.

"I can't find a place to kiss you," said Miss Fanny, laughing to her brother; and he gave her pretty cheek such a scrub with his red beard, as made some folks think it would be very pleasant to be Miss Fanny's brother.

In the course of his travels, one of Sir Thomas Kicklebury's chief amusements and cares had been to cultivate this bushy auburn ornament. He said that no man could pronounce German properly without a beard to his jaws; but he did not appear to have got much beyond this preliminary step to learning; and, in spite of his beard, his honest English accent came out, as his jolly English face looked forth from behind that fierce and bristly decoration, perfectly good-humoured and unmistakable. We try our best to look like foreigners, but we can't. Every Italian mendicant or Pont Neuf beggar knows his Englishman in spite of blouse, and beard, and slouched hat. "There is a peculiar highbred grace about us," I whisper to Lady Kicklebury, "an aristocratic *je ne sais quoi*, which is not

to be found in any but Englishmen; and it is that which makes us so immensely liked and admired all over the Continent." Well, this may be truth or joke—this may be a sneer or a simple assertion: our vulgarities and our insolences may perhaps make us as remarkable as that high breeding which we assume to possess. It may be that the continental society ridicules and detests us as we walk domineering over Europe—but, after all, which of us would denationalise himself? who wouldn't be an Englishman? Come, sir, cosmopolite as you are, passing all your winters at Rome or at Paris; exile by choice, or poverty, from your own country; preferring easier manners, cheaper pleasures, a simpler life: are you not still proud of your British citizenship, and would you like to be a Frenchman?

Kicklebury has a great acquaintance at Noirbourg, and as he walks into the great concert-room at night, introducing his mother and sisters there, he seems to look about with a little anxiety lest all of his acquaintance should recognise him. There are some in that most strange and motley company with whom he had rather not exchange salutations under present circumstances. Pleasure-seekers from every nation in the world are here, sharpers of both sexes, wearers of the stars and cordons of every court in Europe, Russian princesses, Spanish grandees, Belgian, French, and English nobles, every degree of Briton, from the ambassador who has his *congé*, to the London apprentice who has come out for his fortnight's lark. Kicklebury knows them all, and has a good-natured nod for each.

"Who is that lady with the three daughters who saluted you, Kicklebury?" asks his mother.

"That is our Ambassadors at X., ma'am. I saw her yesterday buying a penny toy for one of her little children in Frankfort Fair."

Lady Kicklebury looked towards Lady X.: she makes Her Excellency an undeveloped curtsy, as it were; she waves her plumed head (Lady K. is got up in great style, in a rich *déjeuner* toilette, perfectly regardless of expense); she salutes the ambassadors with a sweeping gesture from her chair, and backs before her as before royalty, and turns to her daughters large eyes full of meaning, and spreads out her silks in state.

"And who is that distinguished-looking man who just

passed, and who gave you a reserved nod?" asks her ladyship. "Is that Lord X.?"

Kicklebury burst out laughing. "That, ma'am, is Mr. Higmore, of Conduit Street, tailor, draper, and habit-maker—and I owe him a hundred pound."

"The insolence of that sort of people is really intolerable," says Lady Kicklebury. "There *must* be some distinction of classes. They ought not to be allowed to go everywhere. And who is yonder, that lady with the two boys and the—the very high complexion?" Lady Kicklebury asks.

"That is a Russian princess: and one of those little boys, the one who is sucking a piece of barley-sugar, plays, and wins five hundred louis in a night."

"Kicklebury, you do not play? Promise your mother you do not! Swear to me at this moment you do not! Where are the horrid gambling-rooms? There at that door where the crowd is? Of course I shall never enter them!"

"Of course not, ma'am," says the affectionate son on duty. "And if you come to the balls here, please don't let Fanny dance with anybody, until you ask me first; you understand? Fanny, you will take care."

"Yes, Tom," says Fanny.

"What, Hicks, how are you, old fellow? How is Platts? Who would have thought of you being here? When did you come?"

"I had the pleasure of travelling with Lady Kicklebury and her daughters in the London boat to Antwerp," says Captain Hicks, making the ladies a bow. Kicklebury introduces Hicks to his mother as his most particular friend—and he whispers Fanny that "he's as good a fellow as ever lived, Hicks is." Fanny says "he seems very kind and good-natured; and—and Captain Hicks waltzes very well," says Miss Fanny with a blush, "and I hope I may have him for one of my partners."

What a Babel of tongues it is in this splendid hall with gleaming marble pillars, a ceaseless rushing whisper as if the band were playing its music by a waterfall! The British lawyers are all got together, and my friend Lankin, on his arrival, has been carried off by his brother serjeants and becomes once more a lawyer. "Well, brother Lankin," says old Sir Thomas Minos, with his venerable kind face, "you have got your rule, I see." And they fall into talk

about their law matters, as they always do, wherever they are—at a club, in a ball-room, at a dinner-table, at the top of Chimborazo. Some of the young barristers appear as bucks with uncommon splendour, and dance and hang about the ladies. But they have not the easy languid deuce-may-care air of the young bucks of the Hicks and Kicklebury school—they can't put on their clothes with that happy negligence; their neckcloths sit quite differently on them, somehow; they become very hot when they dance, and yet do not spin round near so quickly as those London youths, who have acquired experience *in corpore vili*, and learned to dance easily by the practice of a thousand casinos.

Above the Babel tongues and the clang of the music, as you listen in the great saloon, you hear from a neighbouring room a certain sharp ringing clatter, and a hard clear voice cries out, "Zero rouge," or "Trente-cinq noir. Impair et passe"; and then there is a pause of a couple of minutes, and then the voice says, "Faites le Jeu Messieurs. Le Jeu est fait, Rien ne va plus"—and the sharp ringing clatter recommences. You know what that room is? That is Hades. That is where the spirited proprietor of the establishment takes his toll, and thither the people go who pay the money which supports the spirited proprietor and this fine palace and gardens. Let us enter Hades, and see what is going on there.

Hades is not an unpleasant place. Most of the people look rather cheerful. You don't see any frantic gamblers gnashing their teeth or dashing down their last stakes. The winners have the most anxious faces; or the poor shabby fellows who have got systems, and are pricking down the alternations of red and black on cards, and don't seem to be playing at all. On *fête* days the country people come in, men and women, to gamble, and *they* seem to be excited as they put down their hard-earned florins with trembling rough hands, and watch the turn of the wheel. But what you call the good company is very quiet and easy. A man loses his mass of gold, and gets up and walks off, without any particular mark of despair. The only gentleman whom I saw at Noirbourg who seemed really affected was a certain Count de Mustacheff, a Russian of enormous wealth, who clenched his fists, beat his breast, cursed his stars, and absolutely cried with grief, not for losing money,

but for neglecting to win, and play upon a *coup de vingt*, a series in which the red was turned up twenty times running: which series had he but played, it is clear that he might have broken M. Lenoir's bank, and shut up the gambling-house, and doubled his own fortune—when he would have been no happier, and all the balls and music, all the newspaper-rooms and parks, all the feasting and pleasure of this delightful Rougetnoirbourg would have been at an end.

For though he is a wicked gambling prince, Lenoir, he is beloved in all these regions; his establishment gives life to the town, to the lodging-house and hotel-keepers, to the milliners and hackney-coachmen, to the letters of horse-flesh, to the huntsmen and gardes-de-chasse; to all these honest fiddlers and trumpeters who play so delectably. Were Lenoir's bank to break, the whole little city would shut up; and all the Noirbourgers wish him prosperity, and benefit by his good fortune.

Three years since the Noirbourgers underwent a mighty panic. There came, at a time when the chief Lenoir was at Paris, and the reins of government were in the hands of his younger brother, a company of adventurers from Belgium, with a capital of three hundred thousand francs, and an infallible system for playing *rouge et noir*, and they boldly challenged the bank of Lenoir, and sate down before his croupiers, and defied him. They called themselves in their pride the Contrebanque de Noirbourg: they had their croupiers and punters, even as Lenoir had his: they had their rouleaux of napoleons, stamped with their Contrebanquish seal:—and they began to play.

As when two mighty giants step out of a host and engage, the armies stand still in expectation, and the puny privates and commonalty remain quiet to witness the combat of the tremendous champions of the war: so it is said that when the Contrebanque arrived, and ranged itself before the officers of Lenoir—rouleau to rouleau, bank-note to bank-note, war for war, controlment for controlment—all the minor punters and gamblers ceased their peddling play, and looked on in silence round the verdant plain, where the great combat was to be decided.

Not used to the vast operations of war, like his elder brother, Lenoir junior, the lieutenant, telegraphed to his absent chief the news of the mighty enemy who had come

down upon him, asked for instructions, and in the meanwhile met the foeman like a man. The Contrebanque of Noirbourg gallantly opened its campaign.

The Lenoir bank was defeated day after day, in numerous savage encounters. The tactics of the Contrebanquist generals were irresistible: their infernal system bore down everything before it, and they marched onwards terrible, and victorious, as the Macedonian Phalanx. Tuesday, a loss of eighteen thousand florins; Wednesday, a loss of twelve thousand florins; Thursday, a loss of forty thousand florins—night after night the young Lenoir had to chronicle these disasters in melancholy despatches to his chief.

What was to be done? Night after night the Noirbourgers retired home doubtful and disconsolate; the horrid Contrebanquists gathered up their spoils and retired to a victorious supper. How was it to end? Far away at Paris, the elder Lenoir answered these appeals of his brother by sending reinforcements of money. Chests of gold arrived for the bank. The Prince of Noirbourg bade his beleaguered lieutenant not to lose heart: he himself never for a moment blenched in this trying hour of danger.

The Contrebanquists still went on victorious. Rouleau after rouleau fell into their possession. At last the news came. The Emperor has joined the Grand Army. Lenoir himself had arrived from Paris, and was once more among his children, his people. The daily combats continued: and still, still, though Napoleon was with the Eagles, the abominable Contrebanquists fought, and conquered. And far greater than Napoleon, as great as Ney himself under disaster, the bold Lenoir never lost courage, never lost good-humour, was affable, was gentle, was careful of his subjects' pleasures and comforts, and met an adverse fortune with a dauntless smile.

With a devilish forbearance and coolness, the atrocious Contrebanque—like Polyphemus, who only took one of his prisoners out of the cave at a time, and so ate them off at leisure—the horrid Contrebanquists, I say, contented themselves with winning so much before dinner, and so much before supper—say five thousand florins for each meal. They played and won at noon: they played and won at eventide. They of Noirbourg went home sadly every night: the invader was carrying all before him. What must have been the feelings of the great Lenoir? What

were those of Washington before Trenton, when it seemed all up with the cause of American Independence; what those of the virgin Elizabeth, when the Armada was signalled; what those of Miltiades, when the multitudinous Persian bore down on Marathon? The people looked on at the combat, and saw their chieftain stricken, bleeding, falling, fighting still.

At last there came one day when the Contrebanquists had won their allotted sum, and were about to leave the tables which they had swept so often. But pride and lust of gold had seized upon the heart of one of their vainglorious chieftains; and he said, "Do not let us go yet—let us win a thousand florins more!" So they stayed and set the bank yet a thousand florins. The Noirbourgers looked on, and trembled for their prince.

Some three hours afterwards—a shout, a mighty shout was heard around the windows of that palace: the town, the gardens, the hills, the fountains took up and echoed the jubilant acclaim. Hip, hip, hip, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! People rushed into each other's arms; men, women, and children cried and kissed each other. Croupiers, who never feel, who never tremble, who never care whether black wins or red loses, took snuff from each other's boxes, and laughed for joy; and Lenoir the dauntless, the INVINCIBLE Lenoir, wiped the drops of perspiration from his calm forehead, as he drew the enemy's last rouleau into his till. He had conquered. The Persians were beaten horse and foot—the Armada had gone down. Since Wellington had shut up his telescope at Waterloo, when the Prussians came charging on to the field, and the guard broke and fled, there had been no such heroic endurance, such utter defeat, such signal and crowning victory. Vive Lenoir! I am a Lenoirite. I have read his newspapers, strolled in his gardens, listened to his music, and rejoiced in his victory: I am glad he beat those Contrebanquists. *Dissipati sunt.* The game is up with them.

The instances of this man's magnanimity are numerous, and worthy of Alexander the Great, or Harry the Fifth, or Robin Hood. Most gentle is he, and thoughtful to the poor, and merciful to the vanquished. When Jeremy Did- dler, who had lost twenty pounds at his table, lay in inglorious pawn at his inn—when O'Toole could not leave Noirbourg until he had received his remittances from Ire-

land—the noble Lenoir paid Diddler's inn bill, advanced O'Toole money upon his well-known signature, franked both of them back to their native country again; and has never, wonderful to state, been paid from that day to this. If you will go play at his table, you may; but nobody forces you. If you lose, pay with a cheerful heart. *Dulce est desipere in loco.* This is not a treatise of morals. Friar Tuck was not an exemplary ecclesiastic, nor Robin Hood a model man; but he was a jolly outlaw: and I daresay the Sheriff of Nottingham, whose money he took, rather relished his feast at Robin's green table

And if you lose, worthy friend, as possibly you will, at Lenoir's pretty games, console yourself by thinking that it is much better for you in the end that you should lose, than that you should win. Let me, for my part, make a clean breast of it, and own that your humble servant did, on one occasion, win a score of napoleons, and beginning with a sum of no less than five shillings. But until I had lost them again I was so feverish, excited, and uneasy, that I had neither delectation in reading the most exciting French novels, nor pleasure in seeing pretty landscapes, nor appetite for dinner. The moment, however, that graceless money was gone, equanimity was restored: Paul Féval and Eugène Sue began to be terrifically interesting again; and the dinners at Noirbourg, though by no means good culinary specimens, were perfectly sufficient for my easy and tranquil mind. Lankin, who played only a lawyer's rubber at whist, marked the salutary change in his friend's condition; and, for my part, I hope and pray that every honest reader of this volume who plays at M. Lenoir's table will lose every shilling of his winnings before he goes away. Where are the gamblers whom we have read of? Where are the card-players whom we can remember in our early days? At one time almost every gentleman played, and there were whist-tables in every lady's drawing-room. But trumps are going out along with numbers of old-world institutions; and, before very long, a black-leg will be as rare an animal as a knight in armour

There was a little dwarfish, abortive counter-bank set up at Noirbourg this year, but the gentlemen soon disagreed among themselves; and, let us hope, were cut off in detail by the great Lenoir. And there was a Frenchman at our

inn who had won two napoleons per day for the last six weeks, and who had an infallible system, whereof he kindly offered to communicate the secret for the consideration of a hundred louis; but there came one fatal night when the poor Frenchman's system could not make head against fortune, and her wheel went over him, and he disappeared utterly.

With the early morning everybody rises and makes his or her appearance at the Springs, where they partake of water with a wonderful energy and perseverance. They say that people get to be fond of this water at last; as to what tastes cannot men accustom themselves? I drank a couple of glasses of an abominable sort of feeble salts in a state of very gentle effervescence; but though there was a very pretty girl who served it, the drink was abominable, and it was a marvel to see the various toppers, who tossed off glass after glass which the fair-haired little Hebe delivered sparkling from the well.

Seeing my wry faces, old Captain Carver expostulated, with a jolly twinkle of his eye, as he absorbed the contents of a sparkling crystal beaker. "Pooh! take another glass, sir: you'll like it better and better every day. It refreshes you, sir: it fortifies you: and as for liking it—gad! I remember the time when I didn't like claret. Times are altered now, ha! ha! Mrs Fantail, madam, I wish you a very good morning. How is Fantail? He don't come to drink the water: so much the worse for him."

To see Mrs. Fantail of an evening is to behold a magnificent sight. She ought to be shown in a room by herself; and, indeed, would occupy a moderate-sized one with her person and adornments. Marie Antoinette's hoop is not bigger than Mrs. Fantail's flounces. Twenty men taking hands (and, indeed, she likes to have at least that number about her) would scarcely encompass her. Her chestnut ringlets spread out in a halo round her face: she must want two or three coiffeurs to arrange that prodigious head-dress; and then, when it is done, how can she endure that extraordinary gown? Her travelling bandboxes must be as large as omnibuses.

But see Mrs. Fantail in the morning, having taken in all sail; the chestnut curls having disappeared, and two limp bands of brown hair over her lean, sallow face; and you

see before you an ascetic, a nun, a woman worn by mortifications, of a sad yellow aspect, drinking salts at the well: a vision quite different from that rapturous one of the previous night's ball-room. No wonder Fantail does not come out of a morning; he had rather not see such a Rebecca at the well.

Lady Kicklebury came for some mornings pretty regularly, and was very civil to Mr. Leader, and made Miss Fanny drink when his lordship took a cup, and asked Lord Talboys and his tutor to dinner. But the tutor came, and, blushing, brought an excuse from Talboys; and poor Milliken had not a very pleasant evening after Mr. Baring Leader rose to go away.

But though the water was not good, the sun was bright, the music cheery, the landscape fresh and pleasant, and it was always amusing to see the vast varieties of our human species that congregated at the Springs, and trudged up and down the green allées. One of the gambling conspirators of the roulette table it was good to see here, in his private character, drinking down pints of salts like any other sinner, having a homely wife on his arm, and between them a poodle on which they lavished their tenderest affection. You see these people care for other things besides trumps; and are not always thinking about black and red:—as even ogres are represented, in their histories, as of cruel natures, and licentious appetites, and, to be sure, fond of eating men and women; but yet it appears that their wives often respected them, and they had a sincere liking for their own hideous children. And, besides the card-players, there are band-players: every now and then a fiddle from the neighbouring orchestra, or a disorganized bassoon, will step down and drink a glass of water, and jump back into his rank again.

Then come the burly troops of English, the honest lawyers, merchants, and gentlemen, with their wives and buxom daughters, and stout sons that, almost grown to the height of manhood, are boys still, with rough wideawake hats and shooting-jackets, full of lark and laughter. A French boy of sixteen has had *des passions* ere that time, very likely, and is already particular in his dress, an ogler of the women, and preparing to kill. Adolphe says to Alphonse—"Là voilà, cette charmante Miss Fanni, la belle Kickleburi; je te donne, ma parole, elle est fraîche comme

une rose; la crois-tu riche, Alphonse?" "Je me range, mon ami, vois-tu; la vie de garçon me pèse. Ma parole d'honneur! je me range."

And he gives Miss Fanny a killing bow, and a glance which seems to say, "Sweet Anglaise, I know that I have won your heart."

Then besides the young French buck, whom we will willingly suppose harmless, you see specimens of the French raff, who goes *aux eaux*; gambler, speculator, sentimentalist, duellist, travelling with madame, his wife, at whom other raffs nod and wink familiarly. This rogue is much more picturesque and civilised than the similar person in our own country: whose manners betray the stable; who never reads anything but *Bell's Life*; and who is much more at ease in conversing with a groom than with his employer. Here come Mr. Boucher and Mr. Fowler: better to gamble for a score of nights with honest Monsieur Lenoir, than to sit down in private once with those gentlemen. But we have said that their profession is going down, and the number of Greeks daily diminishes. They are travelling with Mr. Bloundell, who was a gentleman once, and still retains about him some faint odour of that time of bloom; and Bloundell has put himself on young Lord Talboys, and is trying to get some money out of that young nobleman. But the English youth of the present day is a wideawake youth, and male or female artifices are expended pretty much in vain on our young travelling companion.

Who come yonder? Those two fellows whom we met at the table-d'hôte at the Hotel de Russie the other day: gentlemen of splendid costume, and yet questionable appearances, the eldest of whom called for the list of wines, and cried out loud enough for all the company to hear, "Lafitte, six florins. 'Arry, shall we 'ave some Lafitte? You don't mind? No more do I then. I say, waiter, let's 'ave pint of ordinaire." Truth is stranger than fiction. You good fellow, wherever you are, why did you ask 'Arry to 'ave that pint of ordinaire in the presence of your obedient servant? How could we do otherwise than chronicle the speech?

And see: here is a lady who is doubly desirous to be put into print, who encourages it and invites it. It appears that on Lankin's first arrival at Noirbourg with his travel-

ling companion, a certain sensation was created in the little society by the rumour that an emissary of the famous Mr. Punch had arrived in the place; and, as we were smoking the cigar of peace on the lawn after dinner, looking on at the benevolent pretty scene, Mrs. Hopkins, Miss Hopkins, and the excellent head of the family, walked many times up and down before us; eyed us severely face to face, and then walking away, shot back fierce glances at us in the Parthian manner; and at length, at the third or fourth turn, and when we could not but overhear so fine a voice, Mrs. Hopkins looks at us steadily, and says, "I'm sure he may put me in if he likes: I don't mind."

Oh, ma'am! Oh, Mrs. Hopkins! how should a gentleman, who had never seen your face or heard of you before, want to put *you* in? What interest can the British public have in you? But as you wish it, and court publicity, here you are. Good luck go with you, madam. I have forgotten your real name, and should not know you again if I saw you. But why could not you leave a man to take his coffee and smoke his pipe in quiet?

We could never have time to make a catalogue of all the portraits that figure in this motley gallery. Among the travellers in Europe, who are daily multiplying in numbers and increasing in splendour, the United States' dandies must not be omitted. They seem as rich as the Milor of old days; they crowd in European capitals; they have elbowed out people of the old country from many hotels which we used to frequent; they adopt the French fashion of dressing rather than ours, and they grow handsomer beards than English beards: as some plants are found to flourish and shoot up prodigiously when introduced into a new soil. The ladies seem to be as well dressed as Parisians, and as handsome; though somewhat more delicate, perhaps, than the native English roses. They drive the finest carriages, they keep the grandest houses, they frequent the grandest company—and, in a word, the Broadway Swell has now taken his station and asserted his dignity amongst the grandees of Europe. He is fond of asking Count Reineck to dinner, and Gräfinn Laura will condescend to look kindly upon a gentleman who has millions of dollars. Here comes a pair of New Yorkers. Behold their elegant curling beards, their velvet coats, their delicate primrose gloves and cambric handkerchiefs, and the

aristocratic beauty of their boots. Why, if you had sixteen quarterings, you could not have smaller feet than those; and if you were descended from a line of kings you could not smoke better or bigger cigars.

Lady Kicklebury deigns to think very well of these young men, since she has seen them in the company of grandees and heard how rich they are. "Who is that very stylish-looking woman, to whom Mr. Washington Walker spoke just now?" she asks of Kicklebury.

Kicklebury gives a twinkle of his eye. "Oh, that, mother! that is Madame La Princesse de Mogador—it's a French title."

"She danced last night, and danced exceedingly well; I remarked her. There's a very high-bred grace about the Princess."

"Yes, exceedingly. We'd better come on," says Kicklebury, blushing rather as he returns the Princess's nod.

It is wonderful how large Kicklebury's acquaintance is. He has a word and a joke, in the best German he can muster, for everybody—for the high well-born lady, as for the German peasant maiden, who stood for the lovely portrait which faces this page; as for the pretty little washer-woman, who comes full sail down the streets, a basket on her head, and one of Mrs. Fantail's wonderful gowns swelling on each arm. As we were going to the Schloss-Garten I caught a sight of the rogue's grinning face yesterday, close at little Gretel's ear under her basket; but spying out his mother advancing, he dashed down a by-street, and when we came up with her, Gretel was alone.

One but seldom sees the English and the holiday visitors in the ancient parts of Noirbourg; they keep to the streets of new buildings and garden villas which have sprung up under the magic influence of M. Lenoir, under the white towers and gables of the old German town. The Prince of Trente et Quarante has quite overcome the old serene sovereign of Noirbourg, whom one cannot help fancying a prince like a prince in a Christmas pantomime—a burlesque prince with twopence-halfpenny for a revenue, jolly and irascible, a prime-minister-kicking prince, fed upon fabulous plum-puddings and enormous pasteboard joints, by cooks and valets with large heads which never alter their grin. Not that this portrait is from the life. Perhaps he has no life. Perhaps there is no prince in the great white



Charge of Noirbourg.
—*Christmas Books*, p. 221.

tower that we see for miles before we enter the little town. Perhaps he has been mediatised, and sold his kingdom to Monsieur Lenoir. Before the palace of Lenoir there is a grove of orange-trees in tubs, which Lenoir bought from another German prince, who went straightway and lost the money, which he had been paid for his wonderful orange-trees, over Lenoir's green tables, at his roulette and Trente et Quarante. A great prince is Lenoir in his way; a generous and magnanimous prince. You may come to his feast and pay nothing, unless you please. You may walk in his gardens, sit in his palace, and read his thousand newspapers. You may go and play at whist in his small drawing-rooms, or dance and hear concerts in his grand saloon—and there is not a penny to pay. His fiddlers and trumpeters begin trumpeting and fiddling for you at the early dawn—they twang and blow for you in the afternoon, they pipe for you at night that you may dance—and there is nothing to pay—Lenoir pays for all. Give him but the chances of the table, and he will do all this and more. It is better to live under Prince Lenoir than a fabulous old German *Durchlaucht*, whose cavalry ride wicker horses with petticoats, and whose prime minister has a great pasteboard head. *Vive le Prince Lenoir!*

There is a grotesque old carved gate to the palace of the *Durchlaucht*, from which you could expect none but a pantomime procession to pass. The place looks asleep; the courts are grass-grown and deserted. Is the Sleeping Beauty lying yonder, in the great white tower? What is the little army about? It seems a sham army: a sort of grotesque military. The only charge of infantry was this: one day when passing through the old town, looking for sketches. Perhaps they become croupiers at night. What can such a fabulous prince want with anything but a sham army? My favourite walk was in the ancient quarter of the town—the dear old fabulous quarter, away from the noisy actualities of life and Prince Lenoir's new palace—out of eye and earshot of the dandies and the ladies in their grand best clothes at the promenades—and the rattling whirl of the roulette wheel—and I liked to wander in the glum old gardens under the palace wall, and imagine the Sleeping Beauty within there.

Some one persuaded us one day to break the charm, and see the interior of the palace. I am sorry we did. There

was no Sleeping Beauty in any chamber that we saw; nor any fairies, good or malevolent. There was a shabby set of clean old rooms, which looked as if they had belonged to a prince hard put to it for money, and whose tin crown jewels would not fetch more than King Stephen's pantaloons. A fugitive prince, a brave prince struggling with the storms of fate, a prince in exile may be poor; but a prince looking out of his own palace windows, with a dressing-gown out at elbows, and dunned by his subject washerwoman—I say this is a painful object. When they get shabby they ought not to be seen. “Don't you think so, Lady Kicklebury?” Lady Kicklebury evidently had calculated the price of the carpets and hangings, and set them justly down at a low figure. “These German princes,” she said, “are not to be put on a level with English noblemen.” “Indeed,” we answer, “there is nothing so perfect as England; nothing so good as our aristocracy; nothing so perfect as our institutions.” “Nothing! *nothing!*” says Lady K.

An English princess was once brought to reign here; and almost the whole of the little court was kept upon her dowry. The people still regard her name fondly; and they show, at the Schloss, the rooms which she inhabited. Her old books are still there—her old furniture brought from home; the presents and keepsakes sent by her family are as they were in the princess's lifetime: the very clock has the name of a Windsor maker on its face; and portraits of all her numerous race decorate the homely walls of the now empty chambers. There is the benighted old king, his beard hanging down to the star on his breast; and the first gentleman of Europe—so lavish of his portrait everywhere, and so chary of showing his royal person—all the stalwart brothers of the now all but extinct generation are there; their quarrels and their pleasures, their glories and disgraces, enemies, flatterers, detractors, admirers,—all now buried. Is it not curious to think that the King of Trumps now virtually reigns in this place, and has deposed the other dynasty?

Very early one morning, wishing to have a sketch of the White Tower in which our English princess had been imprisoned, I repaired to the gardens, and set about a work, which, when completed, will no doubt have the honour of a place on the line at the Exhibition; and, returning home—

wards to breakfast, musing upon the strange fortunes and inhabitants of the queer, fantastic, melancholy place, behold, I came suddenly upon a couple of persons, a male and a female; the latter of whom wore a blue hood or "ugly," and blushed very much on seeing me. The man began to laugh behind his moustaches, the which cachinnation was checked by an appealing look from the young lady; and he held out his hand and said, "How d'ye do, Titmarsh? Been out making some cawickachaws, hay?"

I need not say that the youth before me was the heavy dragoon, and the maiden was Miss Fanny Kicklebury. Or need I repeat that, in the course of my blighted being, I never loved a young gazelle to glad me with its dark blue eye, but when it came to, etc., the usual disappointment was sure to ensue? There is no necessity why I should allude to my feelings at this most manifest and outrageous case. I gave a withering glance of scorn at the pair, and, with a stately salutation, passed on.

Miss Fanny came tripping after me. She held out her little hand with such a pretty look of deprecation, that I could not but take it; and she said, "Mr. Titmarsh, if you please, I want to speak to you, if you please"; and, choking with emotion, I bade her speak on.

"My brother knows all about it, and highly approves of Captain Hicks," she said, with her head hanging down; "and oh, he's very good and kind; and I know him *much* better now than I did when we were on board the steamer."

I thought how I had mimicked him, and what an ass I had been.

"And you know," she continued, "that you have quite deserted me for the last ten days for your great acquaintances."

"I have been to play chess with Lord Knightsbridge, who has the gout."

"And to drink tea constantly with that American lady; and you have written verses in her album, and in Lavinia's album; and as I saw that you had quite thrown me off, why I—my brother approves of it highly; and—and Captain Hicks likes you very much, and says you amuse him very much—indeed he does," says the arch little wretch. And then she added a postscript, as it were to her letter,

which contained, as usual, the point which she wished to urge:—

“You—won’t break it to mamma—will you be so kind? My brother will do that”—and I promised her; and she ran away, kissing her hand to me. And I did not say a word to Lady Kicklebury, and not above a thousand people at Noirbourg knew that Miss Kicklebury and Captain Hicks were engaged.

And now let those who are too confident of their virtue listen to the truthful and melancholy story which I have to relate, and humble themselves, and bear in mind that the most perfect among us are occasionally liable to fall. Kicklebury was not perfect. I do not defend his practice. He spent a great deal more time and money than was good for him at M. Lenoir’s gaming-table, and the only thing which the young fellow never lost was his good-humour. If Fortune shook her swift wings and fled away from him, he laughed at the retreating pinions, and you saw him dancing and laughing as gaily after losing a rouleau as if he was made of money, and really had the five thousand a year which his mother said was the amount of the Kicklebury property. But when her ladyship’s jointure, and the young ladies’ allowances, and the interest of mortgages were paid out of the five thousand a year, I grieve to say that the gallant Kicklebury’s income was to be counted by hundreds and not by thousands; so that, for any young lady who wants a carriage (and who can live without one?) our friend the baronet is not a desirable specimen of bachelors. Now, whether it was that the presence of his mamma interrupted his pleasures, or certain of her ways did not please him, or that he had lost all his money at roulette and could afford no more, certain it is, that after about a fortnight’s stay at Noirbourg, he went off to shoot with Count Einhorn in Westphalia; he and Hicks parting the dearest of friends, and the baronet going off on a pony which the captain lent to him. Between him and Milliken, his brother-in-law, there was not much sympathy: for he pronounced Mr. Milliken to be what is called a muff; and had never been familiar with his elder sister Lavinia, of whose poems he had a mean opinion, and who used to tease and worry him by teaching him French, and telling tales of him to his mamma, when he was a schoolboy home for

the holidays. Whereas, between the baronet and Miss Fanny there seemed to be the closest affection: they walked together every morning to the waters; they joked and laughed with each other as happily as possible. Fanny was almost ready to tell fibs to screen her brother's malpractices from her mamma; she cried when she heard of his mishaps, and that he had lost too much money at the green table; and when Sir Thomas went away, the good little soul brought him five louis, which was all the money she had, for you see she paid her mother handsomely for her board; and when her little gloves and milliner's bills were settled—how much was there left out of two hundred a year? And she cried when she heard that Hicks had lent Sir Thomas money, and went up and said, "Thank you, Captain Hicks," and shook hands with the Captain so eagerly, that I thought he was a lucky fellow who had a father a wealthy attorney in Bedford Row. Heigh-ho! I saw how matters were going. The birds *must* sing in the spring-time, and the flowers bud.

Mrs. Milliken, in her character of invalid, took the advantage of her situation to have her husband constantly about her, reading to her, or fetching the doctor to her, or watching her whilst she was dozing, and so forth; and Lady Kicklebury found the life which this pair led rather more monotonous than that sort of existence which she liked, and would leave them alone with Fanny (Captain Hicks not uncommonly coming in to take tea with the three), whilst her ladyship went to the Redoute to hear the music, or read the papers, or play a game of whist there.

The newspaper room at Noirbourg is next to the roulette room, into which the doors are always open; and Lady K. would come, with newspaper in hand, into this play-room, sometimes, and look on at the gamesters. I have mentioned a little Russian boy, a little imp, with the most mischievous intelligence and good-humour in his face, who was suffered by his parents to play as much as he chose, and who pulled bonbons out of one pocket and napoleons out of the other, and seemed to have quite a diabolical luck at the table.

Lady Kicklebury's terror and interest at seeing this boy were extreme. She watched him and watched him, and he seemed always to win; and at last her ladyship put down

just a florin—only just one florin—on one of the numbers at roulette which the little Russian imp was backing. Number twenty-seven came up, and the croupiers flung over three gold pieces and five florins to Lady Kicklebury, which she raked up with a trembling hand.

She did not play any more that night, but sate in the play-room, pretending to read the *Times* newspaper: but you could see her eye peering over the sheet, and always fixed on the little imp of a Russian. He had very good luck that night, and his winning made her very savage. As he retired, rolling his gold pieces into his pocket and sucking his barley-sugar, she glared after him with angry eyes; and went home, and scolded everybody, and had no sleep. I could hear her scolding. Our apartments in the Tissisch House overlooked Lady Kicklebury's suite of rooms; the great windows were open in the autumn. Yes; I could hear her scolding, and see some other people sitting whispering in the embrasure, or looking out on the harvest moon.

The next evening Lady Kicklebury shirked away from the concert; and I saw her in the play-room again, going round and round the table; and, lying in ambush behind the *Journal des Débats*, I marked how, after looking stealthily round, my lady whipped a piece of money under the croupier's elbow, and (there having been no coin there previously) I saw a florin on the Zero.

She lost that, and walked away. Then she came back and put down two florins on a number, and lost again, and became very red and angry; then she retreated, and came back a third time, and a seat being vacated by a player, Lady Kicklebury sate down at the verdant board. Ah me! She had a pretty good evening, and carried off a little money again that night. The next day was Sunday: she gave two florins at the collection at church, to Fanny's surprise at mamma's liberality. On this night of course there was no play. Her ladyship wrote letters, and read a sermon.

But the next night she was back at the table; and won very plentifully, until the little Russian sprite made his appearance, when it seemed that her luck changed. She began to bet upon him, and the young Calmuck lost too. Her ladyship's temper went along with her money: first she backed the Calmuck, and then she played against him.

When she played against him, his luck turned, and he began straightway to win. She put on more and more money as she lost: her winnings went: gold came out of secret pockets. She had but a florin left at last, and tried it on a number, and failed. She got up to go away. I watched her, and I watched Mr. Justice Æachus, too, who put down a napoleon when he thought nobody was looking.

The next day my Lady Kicklebury walked over to the money-changers, where she changed a couple of circular notes. She was at the table that night again: and the next night, and the next night, and the next.

By about the fifth day she was like a wild woman. She scolded so that Hirsch, the courier, said he should retire from monsieur's service, as he was not hired by Lady Kicklebury: that Bowman gave warning, and told another footman in the building that he wouldn't stand the old cat no longer, blow him if he would: that the maid (who was a Kicklebury girl) and Fanny cried: and that Mrs. Milliken's maid, Finch, complained to her mistress, who ordered her husband to remonstrate with her mother. Milliken remonstrated with his usual mildness, and, of course, was routed by her ladyship. Mrs. Milliken said, "Give me the daggers," and came to her husband's rescue. A battle royal ensued; the scared Milliken hanging about his blessed Lavinia, and entreating and imploring her to be calm. Mrs. Milliken *was* calm. She asserted her dignity as mistress of her own family, as controller of her own household, as wife of her adored husband; and she told her mamma, that with her or hers she must not interfere; that she knew her duty as a child, but that she also knew it as a wife, as a—— The rest of the sentence was drowned, as Milliken, rushing to her, called her his soul's angel, his adored blessing.

Lady Kicklebury remarked that Shakspeare was very right in stating how much sharper than a thankless tooth it is to have a serpent child.

Mrs. Milliken said the conversation could not be carried on in this manner; that it was best her mamma should now know, once for all, that the way in which she assumed the command at Pigeoncot was intolerable; that all the servants had given warning, and it was with the greatest difficulty they could be soothed; and that, as their living

together only led to quarrels and painful recriminations (the calling her, after her forbearance, *a serpent child*, was an expression which she would hope to forgive and forget), they had better part.

Lady Kicklebury wears a front, and, I make no doubt, a complete jasey; or she certainly would have let down her back hair at this minute, so overpowering were her feelings, and so bitter her indignation at her daughter's black ingratitude. She intimated some of her sentiments by ejaculatory conjurations of evil. She hoped her daughter might *not* feel what ingratitude was; that *she* might never have children to turn on her and bring her to the grave with grief.

"Bring me to the grave with fiddlestick!" Mrs. Milliken said with some asperity. "And, as we are going to part, mamma, and as Horace has paid *everything* on the journey as yet, and we have only brought a *very* few circular notes with us, perhaps you will have the kindness to give him your share of the travelling expenses—for you, for Fanny, and your two servants whom you *would* bring with you; and the man has only been a perfect hindrance and great useless log, and our courier has had to do *everything*. Your share is now eighty-two pounds."

Lady Kicklebury at this gave three screams, so loud that even the resolute Lavinia stopped in her speech. Her ladyship looked wildly: "Lavinia! Horace! Fanny, my child," she said, "come here, and listen to your mother's shame."

"What?" cried Horace, aghast.

"I am ruined! I am a beggar! Yes; a beggar. I have lost all—all at yonder dreadful table."

"How do you mean all? How much is all?" asked Horace.

"All the money I brought with me, Horace. I intended to have paid the whole expenses of the journey: yours, this ungrateful child's—everything. But a week ago, having seen a lovely baby's lace dress at the lace-shop; and—and—won enough at wh-wh-whoo-ist to pay for it, all but two-two florins—in an evil moment I went to the roulette-table—and lost—every shilling; and now, on my knees before you, I confess my shame."

I am not a tragic painter, and certainly won't attempt to depict *this* harrowing scene. But what could she mean by

saying she wished to pay everything? She had but two twenty-pound notes; and how she was to have paid all the expenses of the tour with that small sum, I cannot conjecture.

The confession, however, had the effect of mollifying poor Milliken and his wife; after the latter had learned that her mamma had no money at all at her London bankers', and had overdrawn her account there, Lavinia consented that Horace should advance her fifty pounds upon her ladyship's solemn promise of repayment.

And now it was agreed that this highly respectable lady should return to England, quick as she might: somewhat sooner than all the rest of the public did; and leave Mr. and Mrs. Horace Milliken behind her, as the waters were still considered highly salutary to that most interesting invalid. And to England Lady Kicklebury went; taking advantage of Lord Talboys' return thither to place herself under his lordship's protection: as if the enormous Bowman was not protector sufficient for her ladyship; and as if Captain Hicks would have allowed any mortal man, any German student, any French tourist, any Prussian whickerado, to do a harm to Miss Fanny! For though Hicks is not a brilliant or poetical genius, I am bound to say that the fellow has good sense, good manners, and a good heart; and with these qualities, a competent sum of money, and a pair of exceedingly handsome moustaches, perhaps the poor little Mrs. Lancelot Hicks may be happy.

No accident befell Lady Kicklebury on her voyage homewards; but she got one more lesson at Aix-la-Chapelle, which may serve to make her ladyship more cautious for the future: for, seeing Madame la Princesse de Mogador enter into a carriage on the railway, into which Lord Talboys followed, nothing would content Lady Kicklebury but to rush into the carriage after this noble pair; and the vehicle turned out to be what is called on the German lines, and what I wish were established in England, the *Rauch Coupé*. Having seated himself in this vehicle, and looked rather sulkily at my lady, Lord Talboys began to smoke, which, as the son of an English earl, heir to many thousands per annum, Lady Kicklebury permitted him to do. And she introduced herself to Madame la Princesse de Mogador, mentioning to Her Highness that she had the

pleasure of meeting Madame la Princesse at Rougetnoirbourg; that she, Lady K., was the mother of the Chevalier de Kicklebury, who had the advantage of the acquaintance of Madame la Princesse, and that she hoped Madame la Princesse had enjoyed her stay at the waters. To these advances the Princess of Mogador returned a gracious and affable salutation, exchanging glances of peculiar meaning with two highly respectable bearded gentlemen who travelled in her suite; and, when asked by milady whereabouts Her Highness's residence was at Paris, said that her hotel was in the Rue Notre Dame de Lorette, where Lady Kicklebury hoped to have the honour of waiting upon Madame la Princesse de Mogador.

But when one of the bearded gentlemen called the Princess by the familiar name of Fifine, and the other said "Veux-tu fumer, Mogador?" and the Princess actually took a cigar and began to smoke, Lady Kicklebury was aghast, and trembled; and presently Lord Talboys burst into a loud fit of laughter.

"What is the cause of your lordship's amusement?" asked the dowager, looking very much frightened, and blushing like a maiden of sixteen.

"Excuse me, Lady Kicklebury, but I can't help it," he said. "You've been talking to your opposite neighbour—she don't understand a word of English—and calling her princess, and highness, and she's no more a princess than you or I. She is a little milliner in the street she mentioned, and she dances at Mabilles and Château Rouge."

Hearing these two familiar names, the Princess looked hard at Lord Talboys, but he never lost countenance; and at the next station Lady Kicklebury rushed out of the smoking-carriage and returned to her own place; where, I dare say, Captain Hicks and Miss Fanny were delighted once more to have the advantage of her company and conversation. And so they went back to England, and the Kickleburys were no longer seen on the Rhine. If her ladyship is not cured of hunting after great people, it will not be for want of warning; but which of us in life has not had many warnings; and is it for lack of them that we stick to our little failings still?

When the Kickleburys were gone, that merry little Rougetnoirbourg did not seem the same place to me, somehow.

The sun shone still, but the wind came down cold from the purple hills; the band played, but their tunes were stale; the promenaders paced the alleys, but I knew all their faces: as I looked out of my windows in the Tissisch House upon the great blank casements lately occupied by the Kickleburys, and remembered what a pretty face I had seen looking thence but a few days back, I cared not to look any longer; and though Mrs. Milliken did invite me to tea, and talked fine arts and poetry over the meal, both the beverage and the conversation seemed very weak and insipid to me, and I fell asleep once in my chair opposite that highly cultivated being. "Let us go back, Lankin," said I to the Serjeant, and he was nothing loth; for most of the other serjeants, barristers, and Queen's counsel were turning homewards by this time, the period of term time summoning them all to the Temple.

So we went straight one day to Biberich on the Rhine, and found the little town full of Britons, all trooping home like ourselves. Everybody comes, and everybody goes away again, at about the same time. The Rhine innkeepers say that their customers cease with a single day almost:—that in three days they shall have ninety, eighty, a hundred guests; on the fourth, ten, or eight. We do as our neighbours do. Though we don't speak to each other much when we are out a-pleasuring, we take our holiday in common, and go back to our work in gangs. Little Biberich was so full that Lankin and I could not get rooms at the large inns frequented by other persons of fashion, and could only procure a room between us, "at the German House, where you find English comfort," says the advertisement, "with German prices."

But oh, the English comfort of those beds! How did Lankin manage in his, with his great long legs? How did I toss and tumble in mine, which, small as it was, I was not destined to enjoy alone, but to pass the night in company with anthropophagous wretched reptiles, who took their horrid meal off an English Christian! I thought the morning would never come; and when the tardy dawn at length arrived, and as I was in my first sleep, dreaming of Miss Fanny, behold I was wakened up by the Serjeant, already dressed and shaven, and who said, "Rise, Titmarsh, the steamer will be here in three-quarters of an

hour." And the modest gentleman retired, and left me to dress.

The next morning we had passed by the rocks and towers, the old familiar landscapes, the gleaming towns by the river-side, and the green vineyards combed along the hills, and when I woke up it was at a great hotel at Cologne, and it was not sunrise yet.

Deutz lay opposite, and over Deutz the dusky sky was reddened. The hills were veiled in the mist and the grey. The grey river flowed underneath us; the steamers were roosting along the quays, a light keeping watch in the cabins here and there, and its reflections quivering in the water. As I look, the sky-line towards the east grows redder and redder. A long troop of grey horsemen winds down the river road, and passes over the bridge of boats. You might take them for ghosts, those grey horsemen, so shadowy do they look; but you hear the trample of their hoofs as they pass over the planks. Every minute the dawn twinkles up into the twilight; and over Deutz the heaven blushes brighter. The quays begin to fill with men: the carts begin to creak and rattle, and wake the sleeping echoes. Ding, ding, ding, the steamers' bells begin to ring: the people on board to stir and wake: the lights may be extinguished, and take their turn of sleep: the active boats shake themselves, and push out into the river: the great bridge opens, and gives them passage: the church bells of the city begin to clink: the cavalry trumpets blow from the opposite bank: the sailor is at the wheel, the porter at his burthen, the soldier at his musket, and the priest at his prayers. . . .

And lo! in a flash of crimson splendour, with blazing scarlet clouds running before his chariot, and heralding his majestic approach, God's sun rises upon the world, and all nature wakens and brightens.

O glorious spectacle of light and life! O beatific symbol of Power, Love, Joy, Beauty! Let us look at thee with humble wonder, and thankfully acknowledge and adore. What gracious forethought is it—what generous and loving provision, that deigns to prepare for our eyes and to soothe our hearts with such a splendid morning festival! For these magnificent bounties of Heaven to us let us be thankful, even that we can feel thankful (for thanks surely is

the noblest effort, as it is the greatest delight, of the gentle soul)—and so, a grace for this feast let all say who partake of it.

See! the mist clears off Drachenfels, and it looks out from the distance, and bids us a friendly farewell. Farewell to holiday and sunshine; farewell to kindly sport and pleasant leisure! Let us say good-bye to the Rhine, friend. Fogs, and cares, and labour are awaiting us by the Thames; and a kind face or two looking out for us to cheer and bid us welcome.

THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

PREFATORY REMARKS.

[*The necessity of a work on Snobs, demonstrated from History and proved by felicitous illustrations:—I am the individual destined to write that work—My vocation is announced in terms of great eloquence—I show that the world has been gradually preparing itself for the Work and the Man—Snobs are to be studied like other objects of Natural Science and are a part of the Beautiful (with a large B). They pervade all classes—affecting instance of Colonel Snobley.*]

WE have all read a statement (the authenticity of which I take leave to doubt entirely, for upon what calculations, I should like to know, is it founded?)—we have all, I say, been favoured by perusing a remark, that when the times and necessities of the world call for a Man, that individual is found. Thus, at the French Revolution (which the reader will be pleased to have introduced so early), when it was requisite to administer a corrective dose to the nation, Robespierre was found a most foul and nauseous dose indeed, and swallowed eagerly by the patient, greatly to the latter's ultimate advantage: thus, when it becomes necessary to kick John Bull out of America, Mr. Washington stepped forward, and performed that job to satisfaction: thus when the Earl of Aldborough was unwell, Professor Holloway appeared with his pills, and cured his Lordship, as per advertisement, etc. etc. Numberless instances might be adduced to show, that when a nation is in great want the relief is at hand, just as in the Pantomime (that microcosm), where, when *Clown* wants anything—a warming-pan, a pump-handle, a goose, or a lady's tippet—a fellow comes sauntering out from behind the side-scenes

with the very article in question. And here I cannot help observing how very queer and peculiar the condition of our own beloved England and Ireland must be. One can fancy a great people led by Moses or liberated by Washington, or saved by Leonidas or Alfred the Great; whereas the heroes destined to relieve *us* at present, are a couple of notorious quacks, as Sir Robert and Mr. O'Connell will bear me out in asserting. This I throw out as a mere parenthetical observation, and revert to the former argument, which anybody may admit or deny.

At any rate, men about to commence an undertaking don't deny it. Say it is a railroad: the directors begin by stating that "A more intimate connection between Bathershins and Derrynane Beg is necessary for the advancement of civilisation, and demanded by the multitudinous acclamations of the great Irish people." Or suppose it is a newspaper: the prospectus states that "At a time when the Church is in danger, threatened from without by savage fanaticism and miscreant unbelief, and undermined from within by dangerous Jesuitism and suicidal Schism, a Want has been universally felt—a suffering people has looked abroad—for an Ecclesiastical Champion and Guardian. A body of Prelates and Gentlemen have therefore stepped forward in this our hour of danger, and determined on establishing *The Beadle* newspaper," etc. etc. But one or other of these points at least is incontrovertible. The public wants a thing—therefore it is supplied with it; or the public is supplied with a thing—therefore it wants it.

I have long gone about with a conviction in my mind that I had a work to do—a Work, if you like, with a great W; a Purpose to fulfil; a chasm to leap into, like Curtius, horse and foot; a Great Social Evil to Discover and Remedy. That Conviction Has Pursued me for Years. It has Dogged me in the Busy Street; Seated Itself By Me in the Lonely Study; Jogged my Elbow as it Lifted The Wine Cup at the Festive Board; Pursued me through the Maze of Rotten Row; Followed me in Far Lands, on Brighton's Shingly Beach, or Margate's Sand. The Voice Outpiped the Roaring of the Sea, it Nestles in my Nightcap, And it Whispers "Wake, Slumberer, thy Work is Not Yet Done." Last Year, by Moonlight, in the Colosseum, the Little Sedulous Voice Came to Me and Said, "Smith, or Jones" (the Writer's Name is Neither Here Nor There)—"Smith,



Specimen snobs.

—*Snobs*, p. 237.

or Jones, my fine fellow, this is all very well; but you ought to be at home, writing your great work on Snobs."

When a man has this sort of vocation, it is all nonsense attempting to elude it. He *must* speak out to the nations; he must *unbusm* himself, as Jeames would say, or choke and die. "Mark to yourself," I have often mentally exclaimed to your humble servant, "the gradual way in which you have been prepared for, and are now led by an irresistible necessity to enter upon your great labour. First, the World was made: then, as a matter of course, Snobs; they existed for years and years and were no more known than America. But presently—*ingens patebat tellus*—the people became darkly aware that there was such a race. Not above five and twenty years since, a name, an expressive monosyllable arose to designate that race. That name has spread over England like railroads subsequently; Snobs are known and recognised throughout an Empire on which I am given to understand the Sun never sets. *Punch* appears at the ripe season, to chronicle their history; and the Individual comes forth to write that history in *Punch*.

I have (and for this gift I congratulate myself with a Deep and Abiding Thankfulness) an eye for a Snob. If the Truthful is the Beautiful: it is Beautiful to study even the Snobbish: to track Snobs through History, as certain little dogs in Hampshire hunt out truffles: to sink shafts in society and come upon rich veins of Snob-ore. Snob-bishness is like Death in a quotation from Horace, which I hope you have never heard "beating with equal foot at poor men's doors, and kicking at the gates of Emperors." It is a great mistake to judge of Snobs lightly, and think they exist among the lower classes merely. An immense percentage of Snobs I believe is to be found in every rank of this mortal life. You must not judge hastily or vulgarly of Snobs: to do so shows that you are yourself a Snob. I myself have been taken for one.

When I was taking the water at Bagnigge Wells, and living at the Imperial Hotel there, there used to sit opposite me at breakfast, for a short time, a Snob so insufferable that I felt I should never get any benefit of the waters so long as he remained. His name was Lieutenant-Colonel Snobley, of a certain dragoon regiment. He wore japanned boots and moustachios: he lisped, drawled and left the "r's" out of his words; he was always flourishing about

and smoothing his lacquered whiskers with a huge flaming bandanna, that filled the room with an odour of musk so stifling that I determined to do battle with that Snob, and that either he or I should quit the Inn. I first began harmless conversations with him; frightening him exceedingly, for he did not know what to do when so attacked, and had never the slightest notion that anybody would take such a liberty with him as to speak *first*; then I handed him the paper: then, as he would take no notice of these advances, I used to look him in the face steadily and—and use my fork in the light of a toothpick. After two mornings of this practice, he could bear it no longer, and fairly quitted the place.

Should the Colonel see this, will he remember the Gent who asked him if he thought Publicoaler was a fine writer, and drove him from the Hotel with a four-pronged fork?

CHAPTER I.

THE SNOB, SOCIALLY CONSIDERED.

THERE are relative and positive Snobs. I mean by Positive, such persons as are Snobs everywhere, in all companies, from morning till night, from youth to the grave, being by Nature endowed with Snobbishness—and others who are Snobs only in certain circumstances and relations of life.

For instance: I once knew a man who committed before me an act as atrocious as that which I have indicated in the last chapter as performed by me for the purpose of disgusting Colonel Snobley; viz. the using the fork in the guise of a toothpick. I once, I say, knew a man, who, dining in my company at the Europa coffee house (opposite the Grand Opera, and, as everybody knows, the only decent place for dining at Naples), ate peas with the assistance of his knife. He was a person with whose society I was greatly pleased at first—indeed, we had met in the crater of Mount Vesuvius, and were subsequently robbed and held to ransom by brigands in Calabria, which is nothing to the purpose—a man of great powers, excellent heart and varied information; but I had never before seen him with a dish of peas, and his conduct in regard to them caused me the deepest pain.

After having seen him thus publicly comport himself, but one course was open to me—to cut his acquaintance. I commissioned a mutual friend (the Honourable Poly Anthus) to break the matter to this gentleman as delicately as possible, and to say that painful circumstances—in no wise affecting Mr. Marrowfat's honour or my esteem for him—had occurred which obliged me to forego my intimacy with him; and accordingly we met, and gave each other the cut direct that night at the Duchess of Monte Fiasco's ball.

Everybody at Naples remarked the separation of the Damon and Pythias—indeed, Marrowfat had saved my life more than once—but, as an English gentleman, what was I to do?

My dear friend was, in this case, the Snob *relative*. It is not snobbish of persons of rank of any other nation to employ their knife in the manner alluded to. I have seen Monte Fiasco clean his trencher with his knife, and every Principe in company doing likewise. I have seen, at the hospitable board of H.I.H. the Grand Duchess Stephanie of Baden—(who, if these humble lines should come under her Imperial eyes, is besought to remember graciously the most devoted of her servants)—I have seen, I say, the Hereditary Princess of Potztausend-Donnerwetter (that serenely-beautiful woman!) use her knife in lieu of a fork or spoon: I have seen her almost swallow it, by Jove! like Ramo Samee, the Indian juggler. And did I blench? Did my estimation for the Princess diminish? No, lovely Amalia! One of the truest passions that ever was inspired by woman was raised in this bosom by that lady. Beautiful one! Long, long may the knife carry food to those lips! the reddest and loveliest in the world!

The cause of my quarrel with Marrowfat I never breathed to mortal soul for years. We met in the halls of the aristocracy—our friends and relatives. We jostled each other in the dance or at the board, but the estrangement continued, and seemed irrevocable, until the fourth of June last year.

We met at Sir George Golloper's. We were placed, he on the right, your humble servant on the left of the admirable Lady G. Peas formed part of the banquet—ducks and green peas. I trembled as I saw Marrowfat helped, and turned away sickening, lest I should behold the weapon darting down his horrid jaws.

What was my astonishment—what my delight—when I saw him use his fork like any other Christian! He did not administer the cold steel once. Old times rushed upon me—the remembrance of old services—his rescuing me from the brigands—his gallant conduct in the affair with the Countess dei Spinachi—his lending me the £1700. I almost burst into tears with joy—my voice trembled with emotion. “Frank, my boy!” I exclaimed. “Frank Marrowfat, my dear fellow! a glass of wine!” . . . Blushing—deeply moved—almost as tremulous as I was myself, Frank answered, “George, shall it be Hock or Madeira?” I could have hugged him to my heart but for the presence of the company; little did Lady Golloper know what was

the cause of the motion which sent the duck I was carving into her Ladyship's pink satin lap. The most good-natured of women pardoned the error, and the butler removed the bird.

We have been the closest friends ever since, nor, of course, has Frank repeated his odious habit. He acquired it at a country school, where they cultivated peas and only used two-pronged forks, and it was only by living on the continent, where the usage of the four prong is general, that he lost the horrible custom. In this point, and this only, I confess myself a member of the Silver Fork school, and if this tale induce but one reader of *Punch* to pause, to examine in his own mind solemnly and ask, "Do I or do I not, eat peas with a knife?" to see the ruin which may fall upon himself by continuing the practice, or his family, by beholding the example—these lines will not have been written in vain. And now, whatever other authors may be who contribute to this miscellany, I flatter myself Silk Buckingham will at least say that *I* am a moral man.

By the way, as some readers are dull of comprehension, I may as well say what the moral of this story is. The moral is this—Society having ordained certain customs, men are bound to obey the law of society and conform to its harmless orders.

If I should go to the British and Foreign Institute (and Heaven forbid I should go under any pretext or in any costume whatever!)—if I should go to one of the tea-parties in a dressing gown and slippers, and not in the usual attire of a gentleman, viz., pumps, a gold waist-coat, a crush hat, a sham frill and a white choker—I should be insulting Society and *eating peas with my knife*. Let the porters of the Institute hustle out the individual who shall so offend. Such an offender is, as regards society, a most emphatical and refractory Snob. It has its code and police as well as governments, and he must conform who would profit by the decrees set forth for the common comfort.

I am naturally averse to egotism, and hate self-laudation consumedly; but I can't help relating here a circumstance illustrative of the point in question, in which I must think I acted with considerable prudence.

Being at Constantinople a few years since (on a delicate mission)—the Russians were playing a double game, be-

tween ourselves, and it became necessary on our part to employ an extra negotiator—Lerckerbiss Pasha of Roumelia, then Chief Galeongee of the Porte, gave a diplomatic banquet at his summer Palace at Bajukdere. I was on the left of the Galeongee, and the Russian agent, Count de Diddloff, on his dexter side. Diddloff is a dandy who would die of a rose in aromatic pain; he had tried to have me assassinated three times in the course of the negotiation: but of course we were friends in public, and saluted each other in the most cordial and charming manner.

The Galeongee is—or was, alas! for a bow-string has done for him—a staunch supporter of the old school of Turkish politics. We dined with our fingers and had flaps of bread for plates; the only innovation he admitted was the use of European liquors, in which he indulged with great gusto. He was an enormous eater. Amongst the dishes a very large one was placed before him of a lamb dressed in its wool, stuffed with prunes, garlic, assafoetida, capsicums, and other condiments, the most abominable mixture that ever mortal smelt or tasted. The Galeongee ate of this hugely; and pursuing the Eastern fashion, insisted on helping his friends right and left, and when he came to a particularly spicy morsel would push it with his own hands into his guests' very mouths.

I shall never forget the look of poor Diddloff when his Excellency, rolling up a large quantity of this into a ball and exclaiming "Buk buk" (it is very good), administered the horrible bolus to Diddloff. The Russian's eyes rolled dreadfully as he received it; he swallowed it with a grimace that I thought must precede a convulsion, and seizing a bottle next him, which he thought was Sauterne, but which turned out to be French brandy, he swallowed nearly a pint before he knew his error. It finished him; he was carried away from the dining-room almost dead, and laid out to cool in a summer house on the Bosphorus.

When it came to my turn I took down the condiment with a smile, said Bismillah, licked my lips with easy gratification, and when the next dish was served made up a ball myself so dexterously and popped it down the old Galeongee's mouth with so much grace that his heart was won. Russia was put out of court at once and the treaty of Kabobanople was signed. As for Diddloff, all was over with him; he was recalled to St. Petersburg, and Sir

Roderic Murchison saw him under the No. 3967, working in the Ural mines.

The moral of this tale, I need not say, is, that there are many disagreeable things in society which you are bound to take down, and to do so with a smiling face.

CHAPTER II.

THE SNOB ROYAL.

LONG since, at the commencement of the reign of her present Gracious Majesty, it chanced "on a fair summer evening," as Mr. James would say, that three or four young cavaliers were drinking a cup of wine after dinner at the hostelry called the King's Arms, kept by Mistress Anderson, in the royal village of Kensington. 'Twas a balmy evening, and the wayfarers looked out on a cheerful scene. The tall elms of the ancient gardens were in full leaf, and countless chariots of the nobility of England whirled by to the neighbouring palace where princely Sussex (whose income latterly only allowed him to give tea-parties) entertained his royal niece at a State banquet. When the *caroches* of the nobles had set down their owners at the banquet hall, their varlets and servitors came to quaff a flagon of nut-brown ale in the King's Arms garden, hard by. We watched these fellows from our lattice. By Saint Boniface! 'twas a rare sight!

The tulips in Mynheer Van Dunk's gardens were not more gorgeous than the liveries of these pie-coated retainers. All the flowers of the field bloomed in their ruffled bosoms, all the hues of the rainbow gleamed in their plush breeches, and the long caned ones walked up and down the garden with that charming solemnity, that delightful quivering swagger of the calves, which has always had a frantic fascination for us. The walk was not wide enough for them as the shoulder-knots strutted up and down it in canary and crimson and light blue. Suddenly, in the midst of their pride, a little bell was rung, a side door opened, and (after setting down their Royal Mistress) Her Majesty's own Crimson Footmen, with epaulets and black plushes, came in.

It was pitiable to see the other poor Johns slink off at this arrival! Not one of the honest private Plushes could stand up before the Royal Flunkies. They left the walk; they sneaked into dark holes and drank their beer in

silence. The Royal Plush kept possession of the garden until the Royal Plush dinner was announced, when it retired, and we heard from the pavilion where they dined conservative cheers, and speeches, and Kentish fires. The other Flunkies we never saw more.

My dear Flunkies, so absurdly conceited at one moment and so abject the next, are but the types of their masters in this world. *He who meanly admires mean things is a Snob*—perhaps that is a safe definition of the character.

And this is why I have, with the utmost respect, ventured to place The Snob Royal at the head of my list, causing all others to give way before him, as the Flunkies before the royal representative in Kensington Gardens. To say of such a Gracious Sovereign that he is a Snob, is but to say that his Majesty is a man. Kings, too, are men and Snobs. In a country where Snobs are in the majority, a prime one, surely, cannot be unfit to govern. With us, they have succeeded to admiration.

For instance, James I. was a Snob, and a Scotch Snob, than which the world contains no more offensive creature. He appears to have had not one of the good qualities of a man—neither courage, nor generosity, nor honesty, nor brains: but read what the great Divines and Doctors of England said about him! Charles II., his grandson, was a rogue, but not a Snob: whilst Louis XIV., his old square-toes of a contemporary—the great worshipper of Bigwig-gery—has always struck me as a most undoubted and Royal Snob.

I will not, however, take instances from our own country of Royal Snobs, but refer to a neighbouring kingdom, that of Brentford—and its monarch, the late great and lamented Gorgius IV. With the same humility with which the footmen at the King's Arms gave way before the Plush Royal, the aristocracy of the Brentford nation bent down and truckled before Gorgius, and proclaimed him the first gentleman in Europe. And it's a wonder to think what is the gentlefolks' opinion of a gentleman when they gave Gorgius such a title.

What is it to be a gentleman? Is it to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner? Ought a gentleman to be a loyal son, a true husband, and honest father? Ought his life to

be decent—his bills to be paid—his tastes to be high and elegant—his aims in life lofty and noble? In a word, ought not the Biography of a First Gentleman in Europe to be of such a nature, that it might be read in Young Ladies' Schools with advantage and studied with profit in the Seminaries of Young Gentlemen? I put this question to all instructors of youth—to Mrs. Ellis and the Women of England; to all schoolmasters, from Doctor Hawtrey down to Mr. Squeers. I conjure up before me an awful tribunal of youth and innocence, attended by its venerable instructors (like the ten thousand red-cheeked charity children in Saint Paul's), sitting in judgment, and Gorgius pleading his case in the midst. Out of Court, out of Court, fat old Florizel! Beadles, turn out that bloated, pimple-faced man!—If Gorgius *must* have a statue in the new Palace which the Brentford nation is building, it ought to be set up in the Flunkies' Hall. He should be represented cutting out a coat, in which art he is said to have excelled. He also invented Maraschino Punch, a shoe-buckle (this was in the vigour of his youth and the prime force of his invention), and a Chinese pavilion, the most hideous building in the world. He could drive a Four-in-hand very nearly as well as the Brighton Coachman, could fence elegantly, and, it is said, played the fiddle well. And he smiled with such irresistible fascination that persons who were introduced into his august presence became his victims, body and soul, as a rabbit becomes the prey of a great big boa-constrictor.

I would wager that if Mr. Widdicombe were by a revolution placed on the throne of Brentford, people would be equally fascinated by his irresistibly majestic smile, and tremble as they knelt down to kiss his hand. If he went to Dublin they would erect an obelisk on the spot where he first landed, as the Paddylanders did when Gorgius visited them. We have all of us read with delight that story of the King's voyage to Haggisland, where his presence inspired such a fury of loyalty; and where the most famous man of the country—the Baron of Bradwardine—coming on board the royal yacht, and finding a glass out of which Gorgius had drunk, put it into his coat pocket as an inestimable relic, and went ashore in his boat again. But the Baron sat down upon the glass and broke it, and cut his coat-tails very much, and the inestimable relic was lost to

the world for ever. O noble Bradwardine! what Old World superstition could set you on your knees before such an idol as that?

If you want to moralise upon the mutability of human affairs, go and see the figure of Gorgius in his real, identical robes, at the waxwork.—Admittance, one shilling. Children and flunkies, sixpence. Go, and pay sixpence.

CHAPTER III.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE ARISTOCRACY ON SNOBS.

LAST Sunday week, being at church in the City, and the service just ended, I heard two Snobs conversing about the parson. One was asking the other who the clergyman was? "He is Mr. So-and-so," the second Snob answered, "domestic chaplain to the Earl of What-d'ye-call-'em." "Oh, is he?" said the first Snob, with a tone of indescribable satisfaction. The parson's orthodoxy and identity were at once settled in this Snob's mind. He knew no more about the Earl than about the Chaplain, but he took the latter's character upon the authority of the former, and went home quite contented with his Reverence, like a little truckling Snob.

This incident gave me more matter for reflection even than the sermon, and wonderment at the extent and prevalence of Lord-olatry in this country. What could it matter to Snob whether his Reverence were chaplain to his Lordship or not? What Peerage Worship there is all through this free country! How we are all implicated in it, and more or less down on our knees. And with regard to the great subject on hand, I think that the influence of the Peerage upon Snobbishness has been more remarkable than that of any other institution. The increase, encouragement and maintenance of Snobs are among the "priceless services," as Lord John Russell says, which we owe to the nobility.

It can't be otherwise. A man becomes enormously rich, or he jobs successfully in the aid of a minister, or he wins a great battle, or executes a treaty, or is a clever lawyer who makes a multitude of fees and ascends the bench, and the country rewards him for ever with a gold coronet (with more or less balls or leaves) and a title and a rank as legislator. "Your merits are so great," says the nation, "that your children shall be allowed to reign over us, in a manner. It does not in the least matter that your eldest son be a fool: we think your services so remarkable that he shall have the reversion of your honours when death

vacates your noble shoes. If you are poor we will give you such a sum of money as shall enable you and the eldest born of your race for ever to live in fat and splendour. It is our wish that there should be a race set apart in this happy country, who shall hold the first rank, have the first prizes and chances in all government jobs and patronages. We cannot make all your dear children Peers—that would make the Peerage common and crowd the house of Lords uncomfortably—but the young ones shall have everything a Government can give; they shall get the pick of all the places; they shall be Captains and Lieutenant-Colonels at nineteen, when hoary-headed old lieutenants are spending thirty years at drill; they shall command ships at one-and-twenty, and veterans who fought before they were born. And as we are eminently a free people, and in order to encourage all men to do their duty, we say to any man of any rank—get enormously rich, make immense fees as a lawyer, or great speeches, or distinguish yourself and win battles—and you, even you, shall come into the privileged class, and your children shall reign naturally over ours.”

How can we help Snobbishness, with such a prodigious national institution erected for its worship? How can we help cringing to Lords? Flesh and blood can't do otherwise. What man can withstand the prodigious temptation? Inspired by what is called a noble emulation, some people grasp at honours and win them; others, too weak or mean, blindly admire and grovel before those who have gained them; others, not being able to acquire them, furiously hate, abuse, and envy. There are only a few bland and not-in-the-least conceited philosophers, who can behold the state of society, viz. toadyism, organised:—base Man and Mammon worship, instituted by command of law: Snobbishness, in a word, perpetuated, and mark the phenomenon calmly. And of these calm moralists, is there one, I wonder, whose heart would not throb with pleasure if he could be seen walking arm-in-arm with a couple of Dukes down Pall Mall? No: it is impossible, in our condition of society, not to be sometimes a snob.

On one side it encourages the Commoner to be snobbishly mean, and the noble to be snobbishly arrogant. When a noble Marchioness writes in her travels about the hard necessity under which steam-boat travellers labour of

being brought into contact "with all sorts and conditions of people," implying that a fellowship with God's creatures is disagreeable to her Ladyship, who is their superior—when, I say, the Marchioness of Londonderry writes in this fashion, we must consider that out of her natural heart it would have been impossible for any woman to have had such a sentiment; but that the habit of truckling and cringing which all who surround her have adopted towards this beautiful and magnificent lady—this proprietor of so many black and other diamonds, has really induced her to believe that she is the superior of the world in general: and that people are not to associate with her except awfully, at a distance. I recollect being once at the City of Grand Cairo, through which a European Royal Prince was passing India-wards. One night at the inn there was a great disturbance: a man had drowned himself in the well hard by: all the inhabitants of the hotel came bustling into the Court, and amongst others your humble servant, who asked of a certain young man the reason of the disturbance. How was I to know that this young gent was a Prince? He had not his crown and sceptre on; he was dressed in a white jacket and felt hat: but he looked surprised at anybody speaking to him: answered an unintelligible monosyllable, and—*beckoned his Aide-de-Camp to come and speak to me.* It is our fault, not that of the great, that they should fancy themselves so far above us. If you *will* fling yourself under the wheels, Juggernaut will go over you, depend upon it; and if you and I, my dear friend, had Kotoo performed before us every day—found people whenever we appeared grovelling in slavish adoration—we should drop into the airs of superiority quite naturally, and accept the greatness with which the world insisted upon endowing us.

Here is an instance out of Lord Londonderry's travels, of that calm, good-natured, undoubting way in which a great man accepts the homage of his inferiors. After making some profound and ingenious remarks about the town of Brussels, his Lordship says:—"Staying some days at the Hôtel de Belle Vue—a greatly overrated establishment and not nearly so comfortable as the Hôtel de France—I made acquaintance with Dr. L—the physician of the mission. He was desirous of doing the honour of the place to me, and he ordered for us a *dîner en gourmand*

at the chief restaurateur's, maintaining it surpassed the Rocher at Paris. Six or eight partook of the entertainment, and we all agreed it was infinitely inferior to the Paris display, and much more extravagant. So much for the copy."

And so much for the gentleman who gave the dinner. Dr. L——, desirous to do his Lordship "the honour of the place," feasts him with the best victuals money can procure—and my lord finds the entertainment extravagant and inferior. Extravagant! it was not extravagant to *him*. Inferior! Mr. L—— did his best to satisfy those noble jaws, and my lord receives the entertainment and dismisses the giver with a rebuke. It is like a three tailed Pasha grumbling about an unsatisfactory backsheesh.

But how should it be otherwise in a country where Lord-olatry is part of our creed, and our children are brought up to respect the "Peerage" as the Englishman's second Bible?

CHAPTER IV.

"THE COURT CIRCULAR" AND ITS INFLUENCE ON SNOBS.

EXAMPLE is the best of precepts: so let us begin with a true and authentic story, showing how young aristocratic Snobs are reared, and how early their Snobbishness may be made to bloom. A beautiful and fashionable lady (pardon, Gracious Madam, that your story should be made public; but it is so moral that it ought to be known to the universal world) told me that in her early youth she had a little acquaintance, who is now indeed a beautiful and fashionable lady too. In mentioning Miss Snobky, daughter of Sir Snobby Snobky, whose presentation at Court caused such a sensation last Thursday, need I say more?

When Miss Snobky was so very young as to be in the nursery regions, and to walk of early mornings in St. James's Park, protected by a French governess and followed by a huge hirsute flunkey in the canary coloured livery of the Snobkys, she used occasionally in these promenades to meet with young Lord Claude Lollipop, the Marquis of Sillabub's younger son. In the very height of the season, from some unexplained cause, the Snobkys suddenly determined upon leaving town. Miss Snobky spoke to her female friend and confidante. "What will poor Claude Lollipop say when he hears of my absence?" asked the tender-hearted child.

"O, perhaps he won't hear of it," answers the confidante.

"*My dear, he will read it in the papers,*" replied the dear little fashionable rogue of seven years old. She knew already her importance, and how all the world of England, how all the would-be genteel people, how all the silver-fork worshippers, how all the tattle-mongers, how all the grocers' ladies, the tailors' ladies, the attorneys' and merchants' ladies, and the people living at Clapham and Brunswick Square, who have no more chance of consorting with a Snobky, than my beloved reader has of dining with the Emperor of China—yet watched the movements of the

Snobkys with interest, and were glad to know when they came to London and left it.

Here is the account of Miss Snobky's dress, and that of her mother, Lady Snobky, from the papers of last Friday:—

“MISS SNOBKY

“Habit de Cour, composed of a yellow nankeen illusion-dress over a slip of rich pea-green corduroy, trimmed en tablier, with bouquets of Brussels sprouts: the body and sleeves handsomely trimmed with calimanco and festooned with a pink train and white radishes. Head-dress, carrots and lappets.”

“LADY SNOBKY

“Costume de Cour, composed of a train of the most superb Pekin bandannas, elegantly trimmed with spangles, tinfoil, and red-tape. Bodice and under-dress of sky-blue velveteen, trimmed with bouffants and noeuds of bell-pulls. Stomacher, a muffin. Head-dress, a bird's nest with a bird of paradise, over a rich brass knocker en fer-ronière. This splendid costume, by Madame Crinoline, of Regent Street, was the object of universal admiration.”

This is what you read. O, Mrs. Ellis! O, mothers, daughters, aunts, grandmothers of England, this is the sort of writing which is put in the newspapers for you! How can you help being the mothers, daughters, etc., of Snobs, so long as this balderdash is set before you?

You stuff the little rosy foot of a Chinese young lady of fashion into a slipper that is about the size of a salt-cruet, and keep the poor little toe there imprisoned and twisted up so long that the dwarfishness becomes irremediable. Later, the foot would not expand to the natural size were you to give her a washing tub for a shoe, and for all her life she has little feet, and is a cripple. O, my dear Miss Wiggins, thank your stars that those beautiful feet of yours—though I declare when you walk they are so small as to be almost invisible—thank your stars that society never so practised upon them, but look around and see how many friends of ours in the highest circles have had their brains so prematurely and hopelessly pinched and distorted.

How can you expect that those poor creatures are to

move naturally when the world and their parents have mutilated them so cruelly? As long as a *Court Circular* exists, how the deuce are people whose names are chronicled in it ever to believe themselves the equals of the cringing race which daily reads that abominable trash? I believe that ours is the only country in the world now, where the *Court Circular* remains in full flourish—where you read—“This day His Royal Highness, Prince Pattypan, was taken an airing in his go-cart.” “The Princess Piminy was taken a drive, attended by her ladies of honour and accompanied by her doll, etc.” We laugh at the solemnity with which Saint Simon announces that *Sa Majesté se médicament aujourd’hui*. Under our very noses the same folly is daily going on. That wonderful and mysterious man, the author of the *Court Circular*, drops in with his budget at the newspaper offices every night. I once asked the Editor of a paper to allow me to lie in wait and see him.

I am told that in a kingdom where there is a German King-Consort (Portugal it must be, for the Queen of that country married a little German Prince, who is greatly admired and respected by the natives), whenever the Consort takes the diversion of shooting among the rabbit warrens of Cintra, or the pheasant preserves of Mafra, he has a keeper to load his guns as a matter of course, and then they are handed to the nobleman, his equerry, and the nobleman hands them to the Prince, who blazes away—gives back the discharged gun to the nobleman, who gives it to the keeper, and so on. But the Prince *won’t take the gun from the hands of the loader*.

As long as this unnatural and monstrous etiquette continues, Snobs there must be. The three persons engaged in this transaction are, for the time being, Snobs.

1. The keeper—the least Snob of all, because he is discharging his daily duty; but he appears here as a Snob—that is to say, in a position of debasement, before another human being (the German Prince) with whom he is only allowed to communicate through another party. A free Portuguese game-keeper, who confesses himself to be unworthy to communicate directly with any person, confesses himself to be a Snob.

2. The nobleman in waiting is a Snob. If it degrades the German Prince to receive the gun from the gamekeeper, it is degrading to the nobleman in waiting to execute that

service. He acts as a Snob towards the keeper, whom he keeps from communication with the Prince, a Snob towards the Prince to whom he pays a degrading homage.

3. The King Consort of Portugal is a Snob for insulting fellow men in this way. There's no harm in his accepting the services of the keeper directly; but indirectly he insults the service performed and the two servants who perform it, and therefore I say respectfully, is a most undoubted though royal Sn-b.

And then you read in the *Diario do Governo*—"Yesterday His Majesty the King took the diversion of shooting in the woods of Cintra, attended by Colonel the Honourable Whiskerando Sombruro. His Majesty returned to the Necessidades to lunch at etc. etc."

Oh, that *Court Circular*! once more I exclaim. Down with the *Court Circular*—that engine and propagator of Snobbishness! I promise to subscribe for a year to any daily paper that shall come out without a *Court Circular*—were it the *Morning Herald* itself. When I read that trash I rise in my wrath; I feel myself disloyal, a regicide, a member of the Calf's-head Club. The only *Court Circular* story which ever pleased me was that of the King of Spain, who in great part was roasted because there was not time for the Prime Minister to command the Lord Chamberlain to desire the Grand Gold Stick to order the first page in waiting to bid the chief of the flunkies to request the Housemaid of Honour to bring up a pail of water to put His Majesty out. I am like the Pasha of Three Tails to whom the Sultan sends his *Court Circular*, the bow-string.

It chokes me. May its usage be abolished for ever.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT SNOBS ADMIRE.

Now let us consider how difficult it is even for great men to escape from being Snobs. It is very well for the reader whose fine feelings are disgusted by the assertion that Kings, Princes, Lords, are Snobs, to say, "You are confessedly a Snob yourself. In professing to depict Snobs it is only your own ugly mug which you are copying with a Narcissus-like conceit and fatuity." But I shall pardon this explosion of ill-temper on the part of my constant reader, reflecting upon the misfortune of his birth and country. It is impossible for *any* Briton, perhaps, not to be a Snob in some degree. If people can be convinced of this fact, an immense point is gained, surely. If I have pointed out the disease, let us hope that other scientific characters may discover the remedy.

If you, who are a person of the middle ranks of life, are a Snob—you, whom nobody flatters particularly; you who have no toadies; you whom no cringing flunkies or shopmen bow out of doors; you whom the policeman tells to move on; you who are jostled in the crowd of this world and amongst the Snobs our brethren; consider how much harder it is for a man to escape who has not your advantages and is all his life long subject to adulation, the butt of meanness: consider how difficult it is for the Snob's idol not to be a Snob.

As I was discoursing with my friend Eugenio in this impressive way, Lord Buckram passed us, the son of the Marquis of Bagwig, and knocked at the door of the family mansion in Red Lion Square. His noble father and mother occupied, as everybody knows, distinguished posts in the Courts of late Sovereigns. The Marquis was Lord of the Pantry, and her Ladyship, Lady of the Powder Closet to Queen Charlotte. Buck (as I call him, for we are very familiar) gave me a nod as he passed, and I proceeded to show to Eugenio how it was impossible that this nobleman should not be one of ourselves, having been practised upon by Snobs all his life.

His parents resolved to give him a public education, and sent him to school at the earliest possible period. The Rev. Otto Rose, D.D., Principal of the Preparatory Academy for young noblemen and gentlemen, Richmond Lodge, took this little lord in hand and fell down and worshipped him. He always introduced him to fathers and mothers who came to visit their children at the school. He referred with pride and pleasure to the most noble the Marquis of Bagwig as one of the kind friends and patrons of his Seminary. He made Lord Buckram a bait for such a multiplicity of pupils that a new wing was built to Richmond Lodge, and thirty-five new little white dimity beds were added to the establishment. Mrs. Rose used to take out the little lord in the one-horse chaise with her when she paid visits, until the Rector's lady and the Surgeon's wife almost died with envy. His own son and Lord Buckram having been discovered robbing an orchard together, the Doctor flogged his own flesh and blood most unmercifully for leading the young lord astray. He parted from him with tears. There was always a letter directed to the Most Noble the Marquis of Bagwig on the Doctor's study table, when any visitors were received by him.

At Eton, a great deal of Snobbishness was thrashed out of Lord Buckram, and he was birched with perfect impartiality. Even there, however, a select band of sucking tuft-hunters followed him. Young Croesus lent him three-and-twenty bran new sovereigns out of his father's bank. Young Crawley did his exercises for him and tried "to know him at home," but Young Bull licked him in a fight of fifty-five minutes, and he was caned several times with great advantage, for not sufficiently polishing his master, Smith's, shoes. Boys are not *all* toadies in the morning of life.

But when he went to the University, crowds of toadies sprawled over him. The tutors toadied him. The fellows in hall paid him great clumsy compliments. The Dean never remarked his absence from Chapel, or heard any noise issuing from his rooms. A number of respectable young fellows (it is among the respectable, the Baker-Street class, that Snobbishness flourishes more than among any set of people in England)—a number of these clung to him like leeches. There was no end now to Croesus's loans of money; and Buckram couldn't ride out with the hounds

but Crawley (a timid creature by nature) was in the field and would take any leap at which his friend chose to ride. Young Rose came up to the same College, having been kept back for that express purpose by his father. He spent a quarter's allowance in giving Buckram a single dinner; but he knew there was always pardon for him for extravagance in such a cause; and a ten-pound note always came to him from home when he mentioned Buckram's name in a letter. What wild visions entered the brains of Mrs. Podge and Miss Podge, the wife and daughter of the Principal of Lord Buckram's College, I don't know, but that reverend old gentleman was too profound a flunkey by nature ever for one minute to think that a child of his could marry a nobleman. He therefore hastened on his daughter's union with Professor Crab.

When Lord Buckram, after taking his honorary degree (for Alma Mater is a Snob too, and truckles to a Lord like the rest)—when Lord Buckram went abroad to finish his education, you all know what dangers he ran and what numbers of caps were set at him; Lady Leach and her daughters followed him from Paris to Rome, and from Rome to Baden Baden; Miss Leggit burst into tears before his face when he announced his determination to quit Naples, and fainted on the neck of her mamma; Captain Macdragon of Macdragonstown, County Tipperary, called upon him to “explene his intintions with respect to his sister, Miss Amalia Macdragon, of Macdragonstown” and proposed to shoot him unless he married that spotless and beautiful young creature, who was afterwards led to the altar by Mr. Muff at Cheltenham. If perseverance and forty thousand pounds down could have tempted him, Miss Lydia Croesus would certainly have been Lady Buckram. Count Towrowski was glad to take her with half the money, as all the genteel world knows.

And now perhaps, the reader is anxious to know what sort of a man this is who wounded so many ladies' hearts, and who has been such a prodigious favourite with men. If we were to describe him it would be personal, and *Punch* notoriously is never so. Besides, it really does not matter in the least what sort of a man he is, or what his personal qualities are.

Suppose he is a young nobleman of a literary turn, and published poems ever so foolish and feeble, the Snobs

would purchase thousands of his volumes; the publishers (who refused my *Passion Flowers* and my grand Epic at any price) would give him his own. Suppose he is a nobleman of a jovial turn, and has a fancy for wrenching off knockers, frequenting gin-shops, and half-murdering policemen; the public will sympathise good-naturedly with his amusements and say he is a hearty, honest fellow. Suppose he is fond of play and the turf, and has a fancy to be a blackleg and occasionally condescends to pluck a pigeon at cards: the public will pardon him and many honest people will court him, as they would court a housebreaker, if he happened to be a lord. Suppose he is an idiot; yet, by a glorious constitution, he's good enough to govern us. Suppose he is an honest, high-minded gentleman; so much the better for himself. But he may be an ass and yet respected; or a ruffian, and yet be exceedingly popular; or a rogue, and yet excuses will be found for him. Snobs will worship him. Male Snobs will do him honour, and females look kindly upon him, however hideous he may be.

CHAPTER VI.

ON SOME RESPECTABLE SNOBS.

HAVING received a great deal of obloquy for dragging monarchs, princes, and the respected nobility into the Snob category, I trust to please everybody in the present chapter by stating my firm opinion that it is among the respectable classes of this vast and happy empire that the greatest profusion of Snobs is to be found. I pace down my beloved Baker Street (I am engaged on a life of Baker, the founder of this celebrated Street), I walk in Harley Street (where every other house has a hatchment), Wimpole Street, that is as cheerful as the Catacombs—a dingy Mausoleum of the genteel—I rove round Regent's Park where the plaster is patching off the house walls; where Methodist preachers are holding forth to three little children in the green inclosures, and puffy valetudinarians are cantering in the solitary mud:—I thread the doubtful zigzags of May Fair, where Mrs. Kitty Lorimer's brougham may be seen drawn up next door to old Lady Lollipop's belozenged family coach—I roam through Belgravia, that pale and polite district, where all the inhabitants look prim and correct and the mansions are painted a faint whity-brown; I lose myself in the new Squares and Terraces of the brilliant bran new Bayswater and Tyburn Junction line; and in one and all of these districts the same truth comes across me. I stop before any house at hazard and say, "O house, you are inhabited—O knocker, you are knocked at—O undress flunkey, sunning your lazy calves as you lean against the iron railings, you are paid by—Snobs." It is a tremendous thought, that; and it is almost sufficient to drive a benevolent mind to madness to think that perhaps there is not one in ten of those houses where the "Peerage" does not lie on the Drawing-room table. Considering the harm that foolish lying book does, I would have all the copies of it burned, as the barber burned all Quixote's books of humbugging chivalry.

Look at this grand house in the middle of the square. The Earl of Loughcorrib lives there: he has fifty thousand

a year. A *déjeuner dansant* given at his house last week cost, who knows how much? The mere flowers for the rooms and bouquets for the ladies cost four hundred pounds; that man in drab trousers, coming crying down the steps, is a dun. Lord Loughcorrib has ruined him and won't see him: that is, he is peeping through the blind of his study at him now. Go thy ways, Loughcorrib, thou art a Snob, a heartless pretender, a hypocrite of hospitality; a rogue who passes forged notes upon society;—but I am growing too eloquent.

You see that fine house, No. 23, where a butcher's boy is ringing the area-bell. He has three mutton chops in his tray. They are for the dinner of a very different and very respectable family; for Lady Susan Scraper and her daughters, Miss Scraper and Miss Emily Scraper. The domestics, luckily for them, are on board wages—two huge footmen in light blue and canary, a fat steady coachman who is a methodist, and a butler who would never have stayed in the family but that he was orderly to General Scraper when the General distinguished himself at Walcheren. His widow sent his portrait to the United Service Club, and it is hung up in one of the back dressing closets there. He is represented at a parlour window with red curtains; in the distance is a whirlwind, in which cannon are firing off; and he is pointing to a chart on which are written the words Walcheren, Tobago.

Lady Susan is, as everybody knows by referring to the "British Bible," a daughter of the great and good Earl Bagwig before mentioned. She thinks everything belonging to her the greatest and best in the world. The first of men naturally are the Buckrams, her own race; then follow in rank the Scrapers. The General was the greatest General: his eldest son, Scraper Buckram Scraper, is at present the greatest and best; his second son the next greatest and best; and herself the paragon of women.

Indeed, she is a most respectable and honourable lady. She goes to church of course: she would fancy the Church in danger if she did not. She subscribes to the Church and Parish Charities, and is a directress of many meritorious charitable institutions—of Queen Charlotte's Lying-In Hospital—the Washerwomen's Asylum,—the British Drummers' Daughters' Home, etc., etc. She is a model of a matron.

The tradesman never lived who could say that his bill was not paid on the quarter day. The beggars of her neighbourhood avoid her like a pestilence; for when she walks out, protected by John, that domestic has always two or three Mendicity tickets ready for deserving objects. Ten guineas a year will pay all her charities. There is no respectable lady in all London who gets her name more often printed for such a sum of money.

Those three mutton chops which you see entering at the kitchen door will be served on the family plate at seven o'clock this evening, the huge footman being present, and the butler in black, and the crest and coat of arms of the Scrapers blazing everywhere. I pity Miss Emily Scaper—she is still young—young and hungry. Is it a fact that she spends her pocket money in buns? Malicious tongues say so, but she has very little to spare for buns, the poor little hungry soul! For the fact is, that when the footmen and the ladies'-maids, and the fat coach horses, which are jobbed, and the six dinner parties in the season, and the two great solemn evening parties, and the rent of the big house, and the journey to an English or foreign watering place for the autumn, are paid, my lady's income has dwindled away to a very small sum, and she is as poor as you or I.

You would not think it when you saw her big carriage rattling up to the Drawing-room and caught a glimpse of her plumes, lappets, and diamonds waving over her ladyship's sandy hair and majestic hooked nose;—you would not think it when you hear "Lady Susan Scaper's carriage" bawled out at midnight so as to disturb all Belgravia—you would not think it when she comes rustling into church, the obsequious John behind with the bag of Prayer-books. Is it possible, you would say, that so grand and awful a personage as that can be hard up for money? Alas! so it is.

She never heard such a word as Snob, I will engage, in this wicked and vulgar world. And, O stars and garters! how she would start if she heard that she—she, as solemn as Minerva—she, as chaste as Diana (without that heathen goddess's unladylike propensity for field sports)—that she too was a Snob!

A Snob she is, as long as she sets that prodigious value upon herself, upon her name, upon her outward appear-

ance, and indulges in that intolerable pomposity; as long as she goes parading abroad like Solomon in all his glory—as long as she goes to bed (as I believe she does) with a turban and a bird of Paradise in it, and a court train to her nightgown; as long as she is so insufferably virtuous and condescending; as long as she does not cut at least one of those footmen down into mutton chops for the benefit of the young ladies. I had my notions of her from my old school-fellow—from her son, Sydney Scraper—a Chancery barrister without any practice—the most placid, polite and genteel of Snobs, who never exceeded his allowance of two hundred a year, and who may be seen any evening at the Oxford and Cambridge Club, simpering over the *Quarterly Review* in the blameless enjoyment of his half-pint of port.

CHAPTER VII.

ON SOME RESPECTABLE SNOBS.

Look at the next house to Lady Susan Scaper's. The fine mansion with the awning over the door; that canopy will be let down this evening for the comfort of the friends of Sir Alured and Lady S. de Mogyns, whose parties are so much admired by the public, and the givers themselves.

Peach-coloured liveries laced with silver, and pea-green plush inexpressibles render the De Mogyns' flunkies the pride of the ring when they appear in Hyde Park, where Lady de Mogyns, as she sits upon her satin cushions, with her dwarf spaniel in her arms, only bows to the very selectest of the genteel. Times are altered now with Mary Anne, or, as she calls herself, Marian de Mogyns.

She was the daughter of Captain Flack, of the Rathdrum Fencibles, who crossed with his regiment over from Ireland to Caernarthenshire ever so many years ago, and defended Wales from the Corsican invader. The Rathdrums were quartered at Pontydwdlm, where Marian wooed and won her De Mogyns, a young banker in the place. His attentions to Miss Flack at a race ball were such, that her father said De Mogyns must either die on the field of honour, or become his son-in-law. He preferred marriage. His name was Muggins then, and his father—a flourishing banker, army-contractor, smuggler and general jobber—almost disinherited him on account of this connexion. There is a story that Muggins the Elder was made a baronet for having lent money to a R-y-l-p-rs-n-ge. I do not believe it. The R-y-l Family always paid their debts, from the Prince of Wales downwards.

Howbeit, to his life's end he remained simple Sir Thomas Muggins representing Pontydwdlm in Parliament for many years after the war. The old banker died in course of time, and, to use the affectionate phrase common on such occasions, "cut up" prodigiously well. His son, Alfred Smith Mogyns, succeeded to the main portion of his wealth, and to his titles and the bloody hands of his scutcheon. It was not for many years after that he appeared as Sir

Alured Mogyns Smyth de Mogyns, with a genealogy found out for him by the Editor of "Fluke's Peerage," and which appears as follows in that work:—

"De Mogyns, Sir Alured Mogyns Smyth, 2nd Baronet. This gentleman is a representative of one of the most ancient families of Wales, who trace their descent until it is lost in the mists of antiquity. A genealogical tree beginning with Shem is in the possession of the family, and is stated by a legend of many thousand years' date to have been drawn on papyrus by a grandson of the patriarch himself. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt of the immense antiquity of the race of Mogyns.

"In the time of Boadicea, Hogyn Mogyn, of the hundred Beeves, was a suitor and a rival of Caractacus for the hand of that Princess. He was a person gigantic in stature, and was slain by Suetonius in the battle which terminated the liberties of Britain. From him descended directly the Princes of Pontydwdlm, Mogyn of the Golden Harp (see the Mabinogion of Lady Charlotte Guest), Bogyn-Merodac-Ap-Mogyn (the black fiend son of Mogyn), and a long list of bards and warriors, celebrated both in Wales and Armorica. The independent Princes of Mogyn long held out against the ruthless Kings of England, until finally Gam Mogyns made his submission to Prince Henry, son of Henry IV., and under the name of Sir David Gam de Mogyns was distinguished at the battle of Agincourt. From him the present Baronet is descended. (And here the descent follows in order until it comes to,) Thomas Muggins, first Baronet of Pontydwdlm Castle, for 23 years Member of Parliament for that borough, who had issue, Alured Mogyns Smyth, the present Baronet, who married Marian, daughter of the late General P. Flack, of Ballyflack, in the Kingdom of Ireland, of the Counts Flack of the H.R. Empire. Sir Alured has issue, Alured Caradic, born 1819, Marian, 1811, Blanche Adeliza, Emily Doria, Adelaide Orleans, Katinka Rostopchin, Patrick Flack, died 1809.

"Arms—a mullion garbled, gules on a saltire reversed of the second. Crest—a tom-tit rampant regardant. Motto—*Ung Roy ung Mogyns.*"

It was long before Lady de Mogyns shone as a star in the fashionable world. At first, poor Muggins was in the

hands of the Flacks, the Claneys, the Toolles, the Shanahans, his wife's Irish relations; and whilst he was yet but heir apparent, his house overflowed with claret and the national nectar, for the benefit of his Hibernian relatives. Tom Tufto absolutely left the street in which they lived in London, because, he said, "it was infected with such a confounded smell of whisky from the house of those *Iwish* people."

It was abroad that they learned to be genteel. They pushed into all foreign courts, and elbowed their way into the halls of Ambassadors. They pounced upon the stray nobility, and seized young lords travelling with their bear-leaders. They gave parties at Naples, Rome and Paris. They got a royal prince to attend their *soirées* at the latter place, and it was here that they first appeared under the name of De Mogyns, which they bear with such splendour to this day.

All sorts of stories are told of the desperate efforts made by the indomitable Lady de Mogyns to gain the place she now occupies, and those of my beloved readers who live in middle life and are unacquainted with the frantic struggles, the wicked feuds, the intrigues, cabals and disappointments which, as I am given to understand, reign in the fashionable world, may bless their stars that they at least are not *fashionable* Snobs. The intrigues set afoot by the De Mogyns, to get the Duchess of Buckskin to her parties, would strike a Talleyrand with admiration. She had a brain fever after being disappointed of an invitation to Lady Aldermanbury's *thé dansant*, and would have committed suicide but for a ball at Windsor. I have the following story from my noble friend Lady Clapperclaw herself,—Lady Kathleen O'Shaughnessy that was, and daughter of the Earl of Turfenthunder.

"When that ojoues disguised Irishwoman, Lady Muggins, was struggling to take her place in the world, and was bringing out her hidjous daughter Blanche," said old Lady Clapperclaw, "(Marian has a hump-back and doesn't show, but she's the only lady in the family)—when that wretched Polly Muggins was bringing out Blanche, with her radish of a nose, and her carrots of ringlets, and her turnip for a face, she was most anxious—as her father had been a cowboy on my father's land—to be patronised by us, and asked me point-blank, in the midst of a silence at

Count Volauvents, the French Ambassador's dinner, why I had not sent her a card for my ball.

"'Because my rooms are already too full, and your ladyship would be crowded inconveniently,' says I; indeed she takes up as much room as an elephant; besides, I wouldn't have her, and that was flat.

"I thought my answer was a settler to her: but the next day she comes weeping to my arms—'Dear Lady Clapperclaw,' says she, 'it's not for *me*; I ask it for my blessed Blanche! a young creature in her first season, and not at your ball! My tender child will pine and die of vexation. I don't want to come. I will stay at home to nurse Sir Alured in the gout. Mrs. Bolster is going, I know; she will be Blanche's Chaperon.'

"'You wouldn't subscribe for the Rathdrum blanket and potato fund—you, who come out of the parish,' says I, 'and whose grandfather, honest man, kept cows there.'

"'Will twenty guineas be enough, dearest Lady Clapperclaw?'

"'Twenty guineas is sufficient,' says I, and she paid them; so I said, 'Blanche may come, but not you, mind;' and she left me with a world of thanks.

"Would you believe it?—when my ball came the horrid woman made her appearance with her daughter! 'Didn't I tell you not to come?' said I in a mighty passion. 'What would the world have said?' cries my Lady Muggins; 'my carriage is gone for Sir Alured to the Club; let me stay only ten minutes, dearest Lady Clapperclaw.'

"'Well, as you are here, Madam, you may stay and get your supper,' I answered, and so left her, and never spoke a word more to her all night.

"And now," screamed out old Lady Clapperclaw, clapping her hands, and speaking with more brogue than ever, "what do you think, after all my kindness to her, the wicked, vulgar, odious, impudent, upstart of a cowboy's granddaughter, has done?—she cut me yesterday in Hy' Park, and hasn't sent me a ticket for her ball to-night, though they say Prince George is to be there."

Yes, such is the fact. In the race of fashion the resolute and active De Mogyns has passed the poor old Clapperclaw. Her progress in gentility may be traced by the sets of friends whom she has courted, and made, and cut, and left behind her. She has struggled so gallantly for

polite reputation, that she has won it; pitilessly kicking down the ladder as she advanced, degree by degree.

Her Irish relations were first sacrificed; she made her father dine in the Steward's room, to his perfect contentment; and would send Sir Alured thither likewise, but that he is a peg on which she hopes to hang her future honours, and is, after all, paymaster of her daughter's fortunes. He is meek and content. He has been so long a gentleman that he is used to it, and acts the part of Governor very well. In the daytime he goes from the Union to Arthur's, and from Arthur's to the Union. He is a dead hand at picquet, and loses a very comfortable maintenance to some young fellows, at whist, at the Traveller's.

His son has taken his father's seat in Parliament, and has of course joined Young England. He is the only man in the country who believes in the De Mogyns, and sighs for the days when a De Mogyns led the van of battle. He has written a little volume of spoony puny poems. He wears a lock of the hair of Laud, the Confessor and Martyr, and fainted when he kissed the Pope's toe at Rome. He sleeps in white kid gloves, and commits dangerous excesses upon green tea.

CHAPTER VIII.

GREAT CITY SNOBS.

THERE is no disguising the fact that this series of papers is making a prodigious sensation among all classes in this Empire. Notes of admiration (!), of interrogation (?), of remonstrance, approval, or abuse, come pouring into *Mr. Punch's* box. We have been called to task for betraying the secrets of three different families of De Mogyns; no less than four Lady Susan Scrapers have been discovered; and young gentlemen are quite shy of ordering half a pint of port and simpering over *The Quarterly Review* at the Club, lest they should be mistaken for Sydney Scraper, Esq. "What *can* be your antipathy to Baker Street?" asks same fair remonstrant, evidently writing from that quarter.—"Why only attack the aristocratic Snobs?" says one estimable correspondent. "Are not the Snobbish Snobs to have their turn?"—"Pitch into the University Snobs!" writes an indignant gentleman (who spells elegant with two L's). "Show up the Clerical Snob," suggests another.—"Being at Meurice's Hotel, Paris, some time since," some wag hints, "I saw Lord B. leaning out of the window with his boots in his hand, and bawling '*Garçon, cirez-moi ces bottes.*' Oughtn't he to be brought in among the Snobs?"

No; far from it. If his lordship's boots are dirty it is because he is Lord B. and walks. There is nothing snobbish in having only one pair of boots, or a favourite pair; and certainly nothing snobbish in desiring to have them clean. Lord B. in so doing performed a perfectly natural and gentlemanlike action; for which I am so pleased with him that I have had him designed in a favourable and elegant attitude, and put at the head of this chapter in the place of honour. No, we are not personal in these candid remarks. As Phidias took the pick of a score of beauties before he completed a Venus: so have we to examine, perhaps, a thousand Snobs before one is expressed upon paper.

Great City Snobs are the next in the hierarchy and ought

to be considered. But here is a difficulty. The Great City Snob is commonly most difficult of access. Unless you are a capitalist you cannot visit him in the recesses of his bank parlour in Lombard Street. Unless you are a sprig of nobility there is a little hope of seeing him at home. In a great City Snob firm there is generally one partner whose name is down for charities and who frequents Exeter Hall: you may catch a glimpse of another (a scientific City Snob) at my Lord N——'s *soirées*, or the lectures of the London Institution; of a third (a City Snob of taste) at picture auctions, at private views of exhibitions, or at the Opera or the Philharmonic. But intimacy is impossible, in most cases, with this grave, pompous, and awful being.

A mere gentleman may hope to sit at almost anybody's table—to take his place at my lord duke's in the country—to dance a quadrille at Buckingham Palace itself—(beloved Lady Wilhelmina Waggle-wiggle! do you recollect the sensation we made at the ball of our late adored sovereign Queen Caroline, at Brandenburgh House, Hammer-smith?); but the City Snob's doors are for the most part closed to him, and hence all that one knows of this great class is mostly from hearsay.

In other countries of Europe, the Banking Snob is more expansive and communicative than with us, and receives all the world into his circle. For instance, everybody knows the princely hospitalities of the Scharlachschild family at Paris, Naples, Frankfort, etc. They entertain all the world, even the poor, at their *fêtes*. Prince Polonia, at Rome, and his brother, the Duke of Strachino, are also remarkable for their hospitalities. I like the spirit of the first-named nobleman. Titles not costing much in the Roman territory, he has had the head clerk of the banking-house made a Marquis, and his Lordship will screw a *bajocco* out of you in exchange as dexterously as any commoner could do. It is a comfort to be able to gratify such grantees with a farthing or two—it makes the poorest man feel that he can do good. The Polonias have intermarried with the greatest and most ancient families of Rome, and you see their heraldic cognisance (a mushroom *or* on an azure field) quartered in a hundred places in the city, with the arms of the Colannas and Dorias.

Our City Snobs have the same mania of aristocratic marriages. I like to see such. I am of a savage and envious

nature,—I like to see those two humbugs which, dividing, as they do, the social empire of this kingdom between them, hate each other naturally—making truce and uniting—for the sordid interests of either. I like to see an old aristocrat swelling with pride of race, the descendant of illustrious Norman robbers, whose blood has been pure for centuries, and who looks down on common Englishmen as a free-born American does on a nigger. I like to see old Stiffneck obliged to bow down his head and swallow his infernal pride, and drink the cup of humiliation poured out by Pump and Aldgate's butler. "Pump and Aldgate," says he, "your grandfather was a bricklayer, and his hod is still kept in the bank. Your pedigree begins in a work-house; mine can be dated from all the royal palaces of Europe. I came over with the Conqueror: I am own cousin to Charles Martel, Orlando Furioso, Philip Augustus, Peter the Cruel, and Frederic Barbarossa. I quarter the Royal arms of Brentford in my coat. I despise you, but I want money; and I will sell you my beloved daughter, Blanche Stiffneck, for a hundred thousand pounds, to pay off my mortgages. Let your son marry her, and she shall become Lady Blanche Pump and Aldgate."

Old Pump and Aldgate clutches at the bargain. And a comfortable thing it is to think that birth can be bought for money. So you learn to value it. Why should we, who don't possess it, set a higher store on it than those who do? Perhaps the best use of that book, the "Peerage," is to look down the list and see how many have bought and sold birth,—how poor sprigs of nobility somehow sell themselves to rich City Snobs' daughters—how rich City Snobs purchase noble ladies—and so to admire the double baseness of the bargain.

Old Pump and Aldgate buys the article, and pays the money. The sale of the girl's person is blessed by a Bishop at St. George's, Hanover Square, and next year you read, "At Roehampton, on Saturday, the Lady Emila Pump, of a son and heir."

After this interesting event, some old acquaintance, who saw young Pump in the parlour at the bank in the City, said to him, familiarly, "How's your wife, Pump, my boy?"

Mr. Pump looked exceedingly puzzled and disgusted, and, after a pause, said, "*Lady Blanche Pump* is pretty well, I thank you."

"O, I thought she was your wife!" said that familiar brute Snooks, wishing him good-bye; and ten minutes after the story was all over the Stock Exchange, where it is told, when young Pump appears, to this very day.

We can imagine the weary life this poor Pump, this martyr to Mammon, is compelled to undergo. Fancy the domestic enjoyments of a man who has a wife who scorns him; who cannot see his own friends in his own house; who, having deserted the middle rank of life, is not yet admitted to the higher; but who is resigned to rebuffs and delay and humiliation, contented to think that his son will be more fortunate.

It used to be the custom of some very old-fashioned clubs in the City, when a gentleman asked for change for a guinea, always to bring it to him in *washed silver*: that which had passed immediately out of the hands of the vulgar being considered "as too coarse to soil a gentleman's fingers." So, when the City Snob's money has been washed during a generation or so; has been washed into estates, and woods and castles and town-mansions,—it is allowed to pass current as real aristocratic coin. Old Pump sweeps a shop, runs of messages, becomes a confidential clerk and partner. Pump the Second becomes chief of the house, spins more and more money, marries his son to an Earl's daughter. Pump Tertius goes on with the bank; but his chief business in life is to become the father of Pump Quartus, who comes out a full-blown aristocrat, and takes his seat as Baron Pumpington, and his race rules hereditarily over this nation of Snobs.

CHAPTER IX.

ON SOME MILITARY SNOBS.

As no society in the world is more agreeable than that of well-bred and well-informed military gentlemen, so likewise, none is more insufferable than that of Military Snobs. They are to be found of all grades, from the General Officer, whose padded old breast twinkles all over with a score of stars, clasps, and decorations, to the budding Cornet, who is shaving for a beard, and has just been appointed to the Saxe Coburg Lancers.

I have always admired that dispensation of rank in our country, which sets up this last named little creature (who was flogged only last week because he could not spell) to command great whiskered warriors, who have faced all dangers of climate and battle; which, because he has money to lodge at the agent's, will place him over the heads of men who have a thousand times more experience and desert; and which, in the course of time, will bring him all the honours of his profession when the veteran soldier he commanded has got no other reward for his bravery than his berth in Chelsea Hospital, and the veteran officer he superseded has slunk into shabby retirement, and ends his disappointed life on a threadbare half-pay.

When I read in the *Gazette* such announcements as "Lieutenant and Captain Grig, from the Bombardier Guards, to be Captain, vice Grizzle, who retires," I know what becomes of the Peninsular Grizzle; I follow him in spirit to the humble country town, where he takes up his quarters, and occupies himself with the most desperate attempts to live like a gentleman, on half the stipend of a tailor's foreman; and I picture to myself little Grig rising from rank to rank, skipping from one regiment to another, with an increased grade in each, avoiding disagreeable foreign service, and ranking as a Colonel at thirty;—all because he has money, and Lord Grigsby is his father, who had the same luck before him. Grig must blush at first to give his orders to old men in every way his betters.

And as it is difficult for a spoilt child to escape being selfish and arrogant, so it is a very hard task indeed for this spoiled child of Fortune not to be a Snob.

It must have often been a matter of wonder to the candid reader, that the Army, the most enormous Job of all our political institutions, should yet work so well in the field; and we must cheerfully give Grig and his like the credit for courage which they display whenever occasion calls for it. The Duke's dandy regiments fought as well as any (they said better than any, but that is absurd). The great Duke himself was a dandy once, and jobbed on, as Marlborough did before him. But this only proves that dandies are brave as well as other Britons—as all Britons. Let us concede that the high-born Grig rode into the entrenchments at Sobraon as gallantly as Corporal Wallop, the ex-ploughboy.

The times of war are more favourable to him than the periods of peace. Think of Grig's life in the Bombardier Guards, or the Jackboot Guards; his marches from Windsor to London, from London to Windsor, from Knightsbridge to Regent's Park; the idiotic services he has to perform, which consist in inspecting the pipeclay of his company, or the horses in the stable, or bellowing out "Shoulder humps! Carry humps!" all which duties the very smallest intellect that ever belonged to mortal man suffice to comprehend. The professional duties of a footman are quite as difficult and various. The red-jackets who hold gentlemen's horses in St. James's Street could do the work just as well as those vacuous, good-natured, gentlemanlike, rickety little Lieutenants, who may be seen sauntering along Pall Mall, in high heeled little boots, or rallying round the standard of their regiment in the Palace Court, at eleven o'clock, when the band plays. Did the beloved reader ever see one of the young fellows staggering under the flag, or, above all, going through the operation of saluting it? It is worth a walk to the Palace to witness that magnificent piece of tomfoolery.

I have had the honour of meeting once or twice an old gentleman, whom I look upon to be a specimen of army-training, and who has served in crack regiments, or commanded them, all his life. I allude to Lieutenant-General the Honourable Sir George Granby Tufto, K.C.B., K.T.S., K.H., K.S.W., etc., etc. His manners are irreproachable

generally; in society he is a perfect gentleman, and a most thorough Snob.

A man can't help being a fool, be he ever so old, and Sir George is a greater ass at sixty-eight than he was when he first entered the army at fifteen. He distinguished himself everywhere; his name is mentioned with praise in a score of *Gazettes*; he is the man, in fact, whose padded breast, twinkling over with innumerable decorations, has already been introduced to the reader. It is difficult to say what virtues this prosperous gentleman possesses. He never read a book in his life, and, with his purple old gouty fingers, still writes a schoolboy hand. He has reached old age and grey hairs without being the least venerable. He dresses like an outrageously young man to the present moment, and laces and pads his bloated old carcass as if he were still handsome George Tufto of 1800. He is selfish, brutal, passionate, and a glutton. It is curious to mark him at table, and see him heaving in his waistband, his little bloodshot eyes gloating over his meal. He swears considerably in his talk, and tells filthy garrison stories after dinner. On account of his rank and his services, people pay the bestarred and betitled old brute a sort of reverence; and he looks down upon you and me, and exhibits his contempt for us, with a stupid and artless candour, which is quite amusing to watch. Perhaps, had he been bred to another profession, he would not have been the disreputable old creature he now is. But what other? He was fit for none; too incorrigibly idle and dull for any trade but this, in which he has distinguished himself publicly as a good and gallant officer, and privately for riding races, drinking port, fighting duels, and seducing women. He believes himself to be one of the most honourable and deserving beings in this world. About Waterloo Place, of afternoons, you may see him tottering in his varnished boots, and leering under the bonnets of the women who pass by. When he dies of apoplexy, the *Times* will have a quarter of a column about his services and battles—four lines of print will be wanted to describe his titles and orders alone—and the earth will cover one of the wickedest and dullest old wretches that ever strutted over it.

Lest it should be imagined that I am of so obstinate a misanthropic nature as to be satisfied with nothing, I beg (for the comfort of the forces) to state my belief that the

Army is not composed of such persons as the above. He has only been selected for the study of civilians and the military, as a specimen of a prosperous and bloated army Snob. No: when epaulets are not sold; when corporal punishments are abolished, and Corporal Smith has a chance to have his gallantry rewarded as well as that of Lieutenant Grig; when there is no such rank as Ensign and Lieutenant (the existence of which rank is an absurd anomaly, and an insult upon all the rest of the army), and should there be no war, I should not be disinclined to be a Major-General myself.

I have a little sheaf of Army-Snobs in my portfolio, but shall pause in my attack upon the forces until next week.

CHAPTER X.

MILITARY SNOBS.

WALKING in the Park yesterday with my young friend Tagg, and discoursing with him upon the next number of the Snob, at the very nick of time who should pass us but two very good specimens of Military Snobs,—the Sporting Military Snob, Captain Rag, and the “larking” or raffish Military Snob, Ensign Famish. Indeed you are very sure to meet them lounging on horseback, about five o’clock, under the trees by the Serpentine, examining critically the inmates of the flashy broughams which parade up and down “the Lady’s Mile.”

Tagg and Rag are very well acquainted, and so the former, with that candour inseparable from intimate friendship, told me his dear friend’s history. Captain Rag is a small dapper north-country man. He went when quite a boy into a crack light cavalry regiment, and by the time he got his troop, had cheated all his brother officers so completely, selling them lame horses for sound ones, and winning their money by all manner of strange and ingenious contrivances, that his Colonel advised him to retire, which he did without much reluctance, accommodating a youngster, who had just entered the regiment, with a glandered charger at an uncommonly stiff figure.

He has since devoted his time to billiards, steeple-chasing, and the turf. His headquarters are Rummer’s, in Conduit Street, where he keeps his kit, but he is ever on the move in the exercise of his vocation as a gentleman jockey and gentleman leg.

According to *Bell’s Life* he is an invariable attendant at all races, and an actor in most of them. He rode the winner at Leamington; he was left for dead in a ditch a fortnight ago at Harrow; and yet there he was, last week, at the Croix de Berny, pale and determined as ever, astonishing the *badauds* of Paris by the elegance of his seat and the neatness of his rig, as he took a preliminary gallop on that vicious brute, “The Disowned,” before starting for “the French Grand National.”

He is a regular attendant at the Corner, where he compiles a limited but comfortable libretto. During the season he rides often in the park, mounted on a clever, well-bred pony. He is to be seen escorting that celebrated horse-woman, Fanny Highflyer, or in confidential converse with Lord Thimblerig, the eminent handicapper.

He carefully avoids decent society, and would rather dine off a steak at the One Tun with Sam Snaffle the jockey, Captain O'Rourke, and two or three other notorious turf robbers, than with the choicest company in London. He likes to announce at Rummer's that he is going to run down and spend his Saturday and Sunday in a friendly way with Hocus, the leg, at his little box near Epsom, where, if report speak true, many "ruminish plants" are concocted.

He does not play billiards often, and never in public: but when he does play, he always contrives to get hold of a good flat, and never leaves him till he has done him uncommonly brown. He has lately been playing a good deal with Famish.

When he makes his appearance in a drawing-room, which occasionally happens at a hunt-meeting or a race-ball, he enjoys himself extremely.

His young friend is Ensign Famish, who is not a little pleased to be seen with such a smart fellow as Rag, who bows to the best turf company in the Park. Rag lets Famish accompany him to Tattersall's, and sells him bargains in horse-flesh, and uses Famish's cab. That young gentleman's regiment is in India, and he is at home on sick leave. He recruits his health by being intoxicated every night, and fortifies his lungs, which are weak, by smoking cigars all day. The policemen about the Haymarket know the little creature, and the early cabmen salute him. The closed doors of fish and lobster shops open after service, and vomit out little Famish, who is either tipsy and quarrelsome—when he wants to fight the cabmen; or drunk and helpless, when some kind friend (in yellow satin) takes care of him. All the neighbourhood, the cabmen, the police, the early potato men, and the friends in yellow satin, know the young fellow, and he is called Little Bobby by some of the very worst reprobates in Europe.

His mother, Lady Fanny Famish, believes devotedly

that Robert is in London solely for the benefit of consulting the physician; is going to have him exchanged into a dragoon regiment, which doesn't go to that odious India; and has an idea that his chest is delicate, and that he takes gruel every evening, when he puts his feet in hot water. Her Ladyship resides at Cheltenham, and is of a serious turn

Bobby frequents the Union-Jack Club of course; where he breakfasts on pale ale and devilled kidneys at three o'clock; where beardless young heroes of his own sort congregate; and make merry, and give each other dinners; where you may see half a dozen of young rakes of the fourth or fifth order lounging and smoking on the steps; where you behold Slapper's long-tailed leggy mare in the custody of a red-jacket until the Captain is primed for the Park with a glass of curaçoa; and where you see Hobby, of the Highland Buffs, driving up with Dobby of the Madras Fusiliers, in the great banging, swinging cab, which the latter hires from Rumble of Bond Street.

In fact, Military Snobs are of such number and variety, that a hundred weeks of *Punch* would not suffice to give an audience to them. There is, besides, the disreputable old Military Snob who has seen service, the respectable old military snob who has seen none, and gives himself the most prodigious Martinet-airs. There is the Medical-Military Snob, who is generally more outrageously military in his conversation than the greatest *sabreur* in the army. There is the Heavy-Dragoon Snob, whom young ladies admire, with his great stupid pink face and yellow moustachios—a vacuous, solemn, foolish, but brave and honourable Snob. There is the Amateur Military Snob, who writes Captain on his cards because he is a Lieutenant in the Bungay Militia. There is the Lady-killing Military Snob; and more, who need not be named.

But let no man, we repeat, charge *Mr. Punch* with disrespect for the army in general—the gallant and judicious army, every man of which, from F.M. The Duke of Wellington, etc. downwards—(with the exception of H.R.H. Field Marshal Prince Albert, who, however, can hardly count as a military man), reads *Punch* in every quarter of the globe.

Let those civilians who sneer at the acquirements of the army read Sir Harry Smith's account of the Battle of

Aliwal. A noble deed was never told in nobler language. And you who doubt if chivalry exists, or the age of heroism has passed by—think of Sir Henry Hardinge, with his son, “dear little Arthur,” riding in front of the line at Ferozeshah. I hope no English painter will endeavour to illustrate that scene; for who is there to do justice to it? The history of the world contains no more brilliant and heroic picture. No, no; the men who perform these deeds with such brilliant valour, and describe them with such modest manliness—*such* are not Snobs. Their country admires them, their Sovereign rewards them, and *Punch*, the universal railer, takes off his hat and says, Heaven save them!

CHAPTER XI.

ON CLERICAL SNOBS.

AFTER Snobs military, Snobs clerical suggest themselves quite naturally, and it is clear that, with every respect for the cloth, yet having a regard for truth, humanity, and the British public, such a vast and influential class must not be omitted from our notices of the great Snob world.

Of these Clerics there are some whose claim to Snobbishness is undoubted, and yet it cannot be discussed here, for the same reason that *Punch* would not set up his show in a Cathedral, out of respect for the solemn service celebrated within. There are some places where he acknowledges himself not privileged to make a noise, and puts away his show, and silences his drum, and takes off his hat, and holds his peace.

And I know this, that if there are some Clerics who do wrong, there are straightway a thousand newspapers to haul up those unfortunates, and cry, Fie upon them, fie upon them! while, though the press is always ready to yell and bellow excommunication against these stray delinquent parsons, it somehow takes very little count of the many good ones—of the tens of thousands of honest men, who lead Christian lives, who give to the poor generously, who deny themselves rigidly, and live and die in their duty, without ever a newspaper paragraph in their favour. My beloved friend and reader, I wish you and I could do the same: and let me whisper my belief, *entre nous*, that of those eminent philosophers who cry out against parsons the loudest, there are not many who have got their knowledge of the church by going thither often.

But you who have ever listened to village bells, or have walked to church as children on sunny Sabbath mornings; you who have ever seen the parson's wife tending the poor man's bedside; or the town clergyman threading the dirty stairs of noxious alleys upon his sacred business,—do not raise a shout when one of these falls away, or yell with the mob that howls after him.

Every man can do that. When old Father Noah was overtaken in his cups, there was only one of his sons who dared to make merry at his disaster, and he was not the most virtuous of the family. Let us too turn away silently, nor huzza like a parcel of schoolboys, because some big young rebel suddenly starts up and whops the schoolmaster.

I confess, though, if I had by me the names of those seven or eight Irish bishops, the probates of whose wills were mentioned in last year's journals, and who died leaving behind them some two hundred thousand pounds apiece—I would like to put *them* up as patrons of my Clerical Snobs, and operate upon them as successfully as I see from the newspapers Mr. Eisenberg, Chiropodist, has lately done upon "His Grace the Right Reverend Lord Bishop of Tapioca."

And I confess, that when those Right Reverend Prelates come up to the gates of Paradise with their probates of wills in their hands, I confess I think that their chance is . . . But the gates of Paradise is a far way to follow their Lordships; so let us trip down again, lest awkward questions be asked there about our own favourite vices too.

And don't let us give way to the vulgar prejudice, that clergymen are an over-paid and luxurious body of men. When that eminent ascetic, the late Sydney Smith—(by the way, by what law of nature is it that so many Smiths in this world are called Sydney Smith?)—lauded the system of great prizes in the Church,—without which he said gentlemen would not be induced to follow the clerical profession, he admitted most pathetically that the Clergy in general were by no means to be envied for their worldly prosperity. From reading the works of some modern writers of repute, you would fancy that a parson's life was passed in gorging himself with plum-pudding and port-wine; and that his Reverence's fat chops were always greasy with the crackling of tithe pigs. Caricaturists delight to represent him so; round, short-necked, pimple-faced, apoplectic, bursting out of waistcoat, like a black pudding, a shovel hatted fuzz-wigged Silenus. Whereas, if you take the real man, the poor fellow's flesh-pots are very scantily furnished with meat. He labours commonly for a wage that a tailor's foreman would despise; he has,

too, such claims upon his dismal income as most philosophers would rather grumble to meet; many tithes are levied upon *his* pocket, let it be remembered, by those who grudge him his means of livelihood. He has to dine with the Squire; and his wife must dress neatly, and he must "look like a gentleman," as they call it, and bring up his six great hungry sons as such. Add to this, if he does his duty, he has such temptations to spend his money as no mortal man could withstand. Yes; you who can't resist purchasing a chest of cigars, because they are so good; or an ormolu clock at Howell and James's, because it is such a bargain; or a box at the Opera, because Lablache and Grisi are divine in the "Puritani;" fancy how difficult it is for a parson to resist spending half-a-crown when John Breakstone's family are without a loaf; or "standing" a bottle of port for poor Polly Rabbits, who has her thirteenth child; or treating himself to a suit of corduroys for little Bob Scarecrow, whose breeches are sadly out at elbow. Think of these temptations, brother moralists and philosophers, and don't be too hard on the parson.

But what is this? Instead of "showing up" the parsons, are we indulging in maudlin praises of that monstrous black-coated race? O saintly Francis, lying at rest under the turf! O Jimmy, and Johnny, and Willy, friends of my youth! O noble and dear old Elias! how should he who knows you, not respect you and your calling? May this pen never write a pennyworth again, if it ever cast ridicule upon either!

CHAPTER XII.

ON CLERICAL SNOBS AND SNOBBISHNESS.

"DEAR Mr. Snob," an amiable young correspondent writes, who signs himself Snobling, "ought the clergyman who, at the request of a noble Duke, lately interrupted a marriage ceremony between two persons perfectly authorised to marry, to be ranked or not among the Clerical Snobs?"

This, my dear young friend, is not a fair question. One of the illustrated weekly papers has already seized hold of the clergyman, and blackened him most unmercifully, by representing him in his cassock performing the marriage service. Let that be sufficient punishment; and, if you please, do not press the query.

It is very likely that if Miss Smith had come with a license to marry Jones, the parson in question, not seeing old Smith present, would have sent off the beadle in a cab to let the old gentleman know what was going on; and would have delayed the service until the arrival of Smith Senior. He very likely thinks it is his duty to ask *all* marriageable young ladies, who come without their Papa, why their parent is absent; and, no doubt, *always* sends off the beadle for that missing governor.

Or, it is very possible that the Duke of Coeurdelion was Mr. Whatdyecallum's most intimate friend, and has often said to him, "Whatdyecallum, my boy, my daughter must never marry the Capting. If ever they try at your church, I beseech you, considering the terms of intimacy on which we are, to send off Rattan in a hack-cab to fetch me."

In either of which cases, you see, dear Snobling, that though the parson would not have been authorized, yet he might have been excused for interfering. He has no more right to stop my marriage than to stop my dinner, to both of which, as a free-born Briton, I am entitled by law, if I can pay for them. But consider pastoral solicitude, a deep sense of the duties of his office, and pardon this inconvenient, but genuine zeal.

But if the clergyman did in the Duke's case what he would not do in Smith's; if he has no more acquaintance with the Coeurdelion family than I have with the Royal

and Serene House of Saxe-Coburg Gotha—*then*, I confess, my dear Snobling, your question might elicit a disagreeable reply, and one which I respectfully decline to give. I wonder what Sir George Tufto would say, if a sentry left his post because a noble lord (not in the least connected with the service) begged the sentinel not to do his duty?

Alas! that the beadle who canes little boys and drives them out, cannot drive worldliness out too; and what is worldliness but Snobbishness? When, for instance, I read in the newspapers that the Right Reverend the Lord Charles James administered the rite of confirmation to a *party of the juvenile nobility* at the Chapel Royal,—as if the Chapel Royal were a sort of ecclesiastical Almack's, and young people were to get ready for the next world in little exclusive genteel knots of the aristocracy, who were not to be disturbed in their journey thither by the company of the vulgar;—when I read such a paragraph as that (and one or two such generally appear during the present fashionable season), it seems to me to be the most odious, mean, and disgusting part of that odious, mean, and disgusting publication, the *Court Circular*; and that Snobbishness is therein carried to quite an awful pitch. What, gentlemen, can't we even in the Church acknowledge a republic? There, at least, the Herald's College itself might allow that we all of us have the same pedigree, and are direct descendants of Eve and Adam, whose inheritance is divided amongst us.

I hereby call upon all Dukes, Earls, Baronets and other potentates, not to lend themselves to this shameful scandal and error, and beseech all Bishops who read this publication, to take the matter into consideration, and to protest against the continuance of the practice, and to declare, "We won't confirm or christen Lord Tomnoddy, or Sir Carnaby Jenks, to the exclusion of any other young Christian;" the which declaration if their Lordships are induced to make, a great *lapis offensionis* will be removed, and the Snob Papers will not have been written in vain.

A story is current of a celebrated *nouveau-riche*, who having had occasion to oblige that excellent prelate the Bishop of Bullocksmithy, asked his Lordship in return, to confirm his children privately in his Lordship's own chapel; which ceremony the grateful prelate accordingly performed. Can satire go farther than this? Is there even in this

most amusing of prints, any more *naïve* absurdity? It is as if a man wouldn't go to Heaven unless he went in a special train, or as if he thought (as some people think about vaccination) Confirmation more effectual when administered at first hand. When that eminent person, the Begum Sumroo, died, it is said she left ten thousand pounds to the Pope, and ten thousand to the Archbishop of Canterbury,—so that there should be no mistake—so as to make sure of having the ecclesiastical authorities on her side. This is only a little more openly and undisguisedly Snobbish than the cases before alluded to. A well-bred Snob is just as secretly proud of his riches and honours as a *parvenu* Snob who makes the most ludicrous exhibition of them; and a high-born Marchioness or Duchess just as vain of herself and her diamonds, as Queen Quashyboo, who sews a pair of epaulettes on to her skirt, and turns out in state in a cocked hat and feathers.

It is not out of disrespect to my peerage, which I love and honour, (indeed, have I not said before, that I should be ready to jump out of my skin if two Dukes would walk down Pall Mall with me?)—it is not out of disrespect for the individuals that I wish these titles had never been invented; but, consider, if there were no tree, there would be no shadow; and how much more honest society would be, and how much more serviceable the clergy would be (which is our present consideration) if these temptations of rank and continual baits of worldliness were not in existence, and perpetually thrown out to lead them astray.

I have seen many examples of their falling away. When, for instance, Tom Sniffle first went into the country as Curate for Mr. Fuddlestone (Sir Huddleston Fuddlestone's brother), who resided on some other living, there could not be a more kind, hard working, and excellent creature, than Tom. He had his aunt to live with him. His conduct to his poor was admirable. He wrote annually reams of the best-intentioned and most vapid sermons. When Lord Brandyball's family first came down into the country, and invited him to dine at Brandyball Park, Sniffle was so agitated that he almost forgot how to say Grace, and upset a bowl of currant-jelly sauce in Lady Fanny Toffy's lap.

What were the consequences of his intimacy with that noble family? He quarrelled with his aunt for dining out

every night. The wretch forgot his poor altogether; and killed his old nag by always riding over to Brandyball, where he revelled in the maddest passion for Lady Fanny. He ordered the neatest new clothes and ecclesiastical waistcoats from London; he appeared with corazza-shirts, lacerated boots, and perfumery; he bought a blood-horse from Bob Toffy; was seen at archery meetings, public breakfasts, actually at cover; and, I blush to say, that I saw him in a stall at the Opera; and afterwards riding by Lady Fanny's side in Rotten Row. He *double-barrelled* his name, (as many poor Snobs do) and instead of T Sniffle, as formerly, came out, in a porcelain card, as Rev. T. D'Arcy Sniffle, Burlington Hotel.

The end of all this may be imagined: when the Earl of Brandyball was made acquainted with the Curate's love for Lady Fanny, he had that fit of the gout which so nearly carried him off (to the inexpressible grief of his son, Lord Alicompayne) and uttered that remarkable speech to Sniffle, which disposed of the claims of the latter:—"If I didn't respect the Church, Sir," his Lordship said, "by Jove I'd kick you down stairs:" his Lordship then fell back into the fit aforesaid, and Lady Fanny, as we all know, married General Podager.

As for poor Tom, he was over head and ears in debt, as well as in love: his creditors came down upon him. Mr. Hemp, of Portugal Street, proclaimed his name lately as a reverend outlaw; and he has been seen at various foreign watering-places; sometimes doing duty; sometimes "coaching" a stray gentleman's son at Carlsruhe or Kissingen; sometimes—must we say it?—lurking about the roulette-tables with a tuft to his chin.

If temptation had not come upon this unhappy fellow in the shape of a Lord Brandyball, he might still have been following his profession, humbly and worthily. He might have married his cousin with four thousand pounds, the wine-merchant's daughter, (the old gentleman quarrelled with his nephew for not soliciting wine-orders from Lord B. for him); he might have had seven children, and taken private pupils, and eked out his income, and lived and died a country parson.

Could he have done better? You who want to know how great, and good, and noble such a character may be, read Stanley's "Life of Doctor Arnold."

CHAPTER XIII.

ON CLERICAL SNOBS.

AMONG the varieties of the Snob Clerical, the University Snob and the Scholastic Snob ought never to be forgotten; they form a very strong battalion in the black-coated army.

The wisdom of our ancestors (which I admire more and more every day) seemed to have determined that the education of youth was so paltry and unimportant a matter, that almost any man, armed with a birch and a regulation cassock and degree, might undertake the charge; and many an honest country gentleman may be found to the present day, who takes very good care to have a character with his butler when he engages him; and will not purchase a horse without the strongest warranty and the closest inspection; but sends off his son, young John Thomas, to school without asking any questions about the Schoolmaster, and places the lad at Switchester College, under Doctor Block, because he (the good old English gentleman) had been at Switchester under Doctor Buzwig, forty years ago.

We have a love for all little boys at school; for many scores of thousands of them read and love *Punch*:—may he never write a word that shall not be honest and fit for them to read! He will not have his young friends to be Snobs in the future, or to be bullied by Snobs, or given over to such to be educated. Our connection with the Youth at the Universities is very close and affectionate. The candid undergraduate is our friend. The pompous old College Don trembles in his common room, lest we should attack him and show him up as a Snob.

When Railroads were threatening to invade the land which they have since conquered, it may be recollected what a shrieking and outcry the authorities of Oxford and Eton made, lest the iron abominations should come near those seats of pure learning, and tempt the British youth astray. The supplications were in vain; the railroad is in upon them, and the Old-World institutions are doomed. I felt charmed to read in the papers the other day a most veracious puffing advertisement, headed, "To College and

back for five shillings." The College Gardens (it said) will be thrown open on this occasion; the College youths will perform a regatta; the Chapel of King's College will have its celebrated music;—and all for five shillings! The Goths have got into Rome; Napoleon Stephenson draws his republican lines round the sacred old cities; and the ecclesiastical big-wigs, who garrison them, must prepare to lay down key and crozier before the iron conqueror.

If you consider, dear reader, what profound Snobbishness the University system produced, you will allow that it is time to attack some of those feudal middle-age superstitions. If you go down for five shillings to look at the "College Youths," you may see one sneaking down the court without a tassel to his cap; another with a gold or silver fringe to his velvet trencher, a third lad with a master's gown and hat walking at ease over the sacred College grass-plats, which common men must not tread on.

He may do it, because he is a nobleman. Because a lad is a lord the University gives him a degree at the end of two years, which another is seven in acquiring. Because he is a lord, he has no call to go through an examination. Any man who has not been to college and back for five shillings, would not believe in such distinctions in a place of education, so absurd and monstrous do they seem to be.

The lads with gold and silver lace are sons of rich gentlemen, and called Fellow Commoners; they are privileged to feed better than the pensioners, and to have wine with their victuals, which the latter can only get in their rooms

The unlucky boys who have no tassels to their caps, are called sizers—*servitors* at Oxford—(a very pretty and gentlemanlike title). A distinction is made in their clothes because they are poor; for which reason they wear a badge of poverty and are not allowed to take their meals with their fellow-students.

When this wicked and shameful distinction was set up, it was of a piece with all the rest—a part of the brutal, unchristian, blundering feudal system. Distinctions of rank were then so strongly insisted upon, that it would have been thought blasphemy to doubt them, as blasphemous as it is in parts of the United States now, for a nigger to set up as the equal of a white man. A ruffian like Henry VIII. talked as gravely about the divine powers vested in

him, as if he had been an inspired prophet. A wretch like James I. not only believed himself a particular sanctity, but other people believed him. Government regulated the length of a merchant's shoes, as well as meddled with his trade, prices, exports, machinery. It thought itself justified in roasting a man for his religion, or pulling a Jew's teeth out if he did not pay a contribution, or ordered him to dress in a yellow gabardine, and locked him in a particular quarter

Now a merchant may wear what boots he pleases, and has pretty nearly acquired the privilege of buying and selling without the Government laying its paws upon the bargain. The stake for heretics is gone; the pillory is taken down; Bishops are even found lifting up their voices against the remains of persecution, and ready to do away with the last Catholic Disabilities. Sir Robert Peel, though he wished it ever so much, has no power over Mr. Benjamin Disraeli's grinders, or any means of violently handling that gentleman's jaw. Jews are not called upon to wear badges: on the contrary, they may live in Piccadilly, or the Minories, according to fancy; they may dress like Christians, and do so sometimes in a most elegant and fashionable manner

Why is the poor College servitor to wear that name and that badge still? Because Universities are the last places into which Reform penetrates. But now that she can go to College and back for five shillings, let her travel down thither.

CHAPTER XIV.

ON UNIVERSITY SNOBS.

ALL the men of Saint Boniface will recognise Hugby and Crump in these two pictures. They were tutors in our time, and Crump is since advanced to be President of the College. He was formerly, and is now, a rich specimen of a University Snob.

At five-and-twenty, Crump invented three new metres, and published an edition of an exceedingly improper Greek Comedy, with no less than twenty emendations upon the German text of Schnupfenius and Schnapsius. These services to religion instantly pointed him out for advancement in the Church and he is now President of Saint Boniface, and very narrowly escaped the bench.

Crump thinks Saint Boniface the centre of the world, and his position as President, the highest in England. He expects the fellows and tutors to pay him the same sort of service that Cardinals pay to the Pope. I am sure Crawley would have no objection to carry his trencher, or Page to hold up the skirts of his gown as he stalks into chapel. He roars out the responses there as if it were an honour to heaven, that the President of Saint Boniface should take a part in the service, and in his own lodge and college acknowledges the Sovereign only as his superior.

When the allied monarchs came down, and were made Doctors of the University, a breakfast was given at Saint Boniface; on which occasion Crump allowed the Emperor Alexander to walk before him, but took the *pas* himself of the King of Prussia and Prince Blucher. He was going to put the Hetman Platoff to breakfast at a side-table with the under college-tutors; but he was induced to relent, and merely entertained that distinguished Cossack with a discourse on his own language; in which he showed that the Hetman knew nothing about it.

As for us undergraduates, we scarcely knew more about Crump than about the Grand Lama. A few favoured youths are asked occasionally to tea at the lodge, but they do not speak unless first addressed by the Doctor; and if they venture to sit down, Crump's follower, Mr. Toady,

whispers, "Gentlemen, will you have the kindness to get up?—The President is passing;" or, "Gentlemen, the President prefers that undergraduates should not sit down;" or words to a similar effect.

To do Crump justice, he does not cringe now to great people. He rather patronises them than otherwise; and, in London, speaks quite affably to a Duke who has been brought up at his college, or holds out a finger to a Marquis. He does not disguise his own origin, but brags of it with considerable self-gratulation:—"I was a Charity-boy," says he; "see what I am now; the greatest Greek scholar of the greatest College of the greatest University of the greatest Empire in the world." The argument being, that this is a capital world for beggars, because he, being a beggar, has managed to get on horseback.

Hugby owes his eminence to patient merit and agreeable perseverance. He is a meek, mild, inoffensive creature, with just enough of scholarship to fit him to hold a lecture; or set an examination paper. He rose by kindness to the aristocracy. It was wonderful to see the way in which that poor creature grovelled before a nobleman or a lord's nephew, or even some noisy and disreputable commoner, the friend of a lord. He used to give the young noblemen the most painful and elaborate breakfasts, and adopt a jaunty, genteel air, and talk with them (although he was decidedly serious) about the opera, or the last run with the hounds. It was good to watch him in the midst of a circle of young tufts, with his mean, smiling, eager, uneasy familiarity. He used to write home confidential letters to their parents, and made it his duty to call upon them when in town, to condole or rejoice with them when a death, birth, or marriage took place in their family; and to feast them whenever they came to the University. I recollect a letter lying on a desk in his lecture-room for a whole term, beginning, "My Lord Duke." It was to show us that he corresponded with such dignities.

When the late lamented Lord Glenlivat, who broke his neck at a hurdle-race, at the premature age of twenty-four, was at the University, the amiable young fellow, passing to his rooms in the early morning, and seeing Hugby's boots at his door, on the same staircase, playfully wadded the insides of the boots with cobbler's wax, which caused excruciating pains to the Rev. Mr. Hugby, when he came



Crump.

—*Snobs*, p. 293

to take them off the same evening, before dining with the Master of St. Crispin's.

Everybody gave the credit of this admirable piece of fun to Lord Glenlivat's friend, Bob Tizzy, who was famous for such feats, and who had already made away with the College pump-handle; filed Saint Boniface's nose smooth with his face; carried off four images of nigger-boys from the tobacco-nests; painted the senior proctor's horse pea-green, etc. etc., and Bob (who was of the party certainly, and would not peach) was just on the point of incurring expulsion, and so losing the family living which was in store for him, when Glenlivat nobly stepped forward, owned himself to be the author of the delightful *jeu d'esprit*, apologised to the tutor, and accepted the rustication.

Hugby cried when Glenlivat apologised; if the young nobleman had kicked him round the court, I believe the tutor would have been happy, so that an apology and a reconciliation might subsequently ensue. "My lord," said he, "in your conduct on this and all other occasions, you have acted as becomes a gentleman; you have been an honour to the University, as you will be to the peerage, I am sure, when the amiable vivacity of youth is calmed down, and you are called upon to take your proper share in the government of the nation." And when his lordship took leave of the University, Hugby presented him a copy of his "Sermons to a Nobleman's Family" (Hugby was once private tutor to the sons of the Earl of Muffborough) which Glenlivat presented in return to Mr. William Ramm, known to the fancy as the Tutbury Pet, and the sermons now figure on the boudoir-table of Mrs. Ramm, behind the bar of her house of entertainment, "The Game Cock and Spurs," near Woodstock, Oxon.

At the beginning of the long vacation, Hugby comes to town, and puts up in handsome lodgings near Saint James's Square; rides in the Park in the afternoon; and is delighted to read his name in the morning papers among the list of persons present at Muffborough House, and the Marquis of Farintosh's evening parties. He is a member of Sydney Scraper's Club, where, however, he drinks his pint of claret.

Sometimes you may see him on Sundays, at the hour when tavern-doors open, whence issue little girls with great

jugs of porter; when charity-boys walk the streets, bearing brown dishes of smoking shoulders of mutton and baked 'taters; when Sheeny and Moses are seen smoking their pipes before their lazy shutters in Seven-Dials; when a crowd of smiling persons in clean outlandish dresses, in monstrous bonnets and flaring printed gowns, or in crumpled glossy coats and silks, that bear the creases of the drawers where they have lain all the week, file down the High Street—sometimes, I say, you may see Hugby coming out of the Church of Saint Giles-in-the-Fields, with a stout gentlewoman leaning on his arm, whose old face bears an expression of supreme pride and happiness as she glances round at all the neighbours, and who faces the Curate himself, and marches into Holborn, where she pulls the bell of a house, over which is inscribed, "Hugby, Haberdasher." It is the mother of the Rev. F. Hugby, as proud of her son in his white choker as Cornelia of her jewels at Rome. That is old Hugby bringing up the rear with the Prayer-books, and Betsy Hugby, the old maid, his daughter—old Hugby, Haberdasher and Churchwarden.

In the front room up stairs, where the dinner is laid out, there is a picture of Muffborough Castle; of the Earl of Muffborough, K.X., Lord Lieutenant for Diddlesex; an engraving from an Almanac of Saint Boniface College, Oxon.; and a sticking-plaister portrait of Hugby when young in a cap and gown. A copy of his "Sermons to a Nobleman's Family" is on the book-shelf by the "Whole Duty of Man," the Reports of the Missionary Societies, and the Oxford University Calendar. Old Hugby knows part of this by heart; every living belonging to Saint Boniface, and the name of every tutor, fellow nobleman, and undergraduate.

He used to go to meeting and preach himself, until his son took orders; but of late the old gentleman has been accused of Puseyism, and is quite pitiless against the Dissenters.

CHAPTER XV.

ON UNIVERSITY SNOBS.

I SHOULD like to fill several volumes with accounts of various University Snobs; so fond are my reminiscences of them, and so numerous are they. I should like to speak, above all, of the wives and daughters of some of the Professor-Snobs; their amusements, habits, jealousies; their innocent artifices to entrap young men; their pic-nics, concerts and evening parties. I wonder what has become of Emily Blades, daughter of Blades, the Professor of the Mandingo language? I remember her shoulders to this day, as she sate in the midst of a crowd of about seventy young gentlemen, from Corpus and Catharine Hall, entertaining them with ogles and French songs on the guitar. Are you married, fair Emily of the shoulders? What beautiful ringlets those were that used to dribble over them!—what a waist!—what a killing sea-green shot-silk gown!—what a cameo the size of a muffin! There were thirty-six young men of the University in love at one time with Emily Blades: and no words are sufficient to describe the pity, the sorrow, the deep, deep commiseration—the rage, fury, and uncharitableness in other words—with which the Miss Trumps (daughter of Trumps, the Professor of Phlebotomy) regarded her, because she didn't squint, and because she wasn't marked with the small-pox.

As for the young University Snobs, I am getting too old, now, to speak of such very familiarly. My recollections of them lie in the far, far past—almost as far back as Pelham's time.

We *then* used to consider Snobs, raw-looking lads, who never missed chapel; who wore high-lows and no straps; who walked two hours on the Trumpington road every day of their lives; who carried off the College scholarships and who overrated themselves in hall. We were premature in pronouncing our verdict of youthful Snobbishness. The man without straps fulfilled his destiny and duty. He eased his old Governor, the Curate in Westmoreland, or helped his sisters to set up the Lady's School. He wrote a

Dictionary, or a Treatise on Conic Sections, as his nature and genius prompted. He got a fellowship: and then took to himself a wife, and a living. He presides over a parish now, and thinks it rather a dashing thing to belong to the Oxford and Cambridge Club; and his parishioners love him, and snore under his sermons. No, no, he is not a Snob. It is not straps that make the gentleman, or high-lows that unmake him, be they ever so thick. My son, it is you who are the Snob if you lightly despise a man for doing his duty, and refuse to shake an honest man's hand because it wears a Berlin glove.

We then used to consider it not the least vulgar for a parcel of lads who had been whipped three months previous, and were not allowed more than three glasses of port at home, to sit down to pine-apples and ices at each other's rooms, and fuddle themselves with Champagne and Claret.

One looks back to what was called "a wine-party" with a sort of wonder. Thirty lads round a table covered with bad sweetmeats, drinking bad wines, telling bad stories, singing bad songs over and over again. Milk punch—smoking—ghastly headache—frightful spectacle of dessert table next morning, and smell of tobacco—your guardian, the clergyman, dropping in in the midst of this—expecting to find you deep in Algebra, and discovering the Gyp administering soda-water.

There were young men who despised the lads who indulged in the coarse hospitalities of wine-parties, and prided themselves in giving *récherché* little French dinners. Both wine-party-givers and dinner-givers were Snobs.

There were what used to be called "dressy" Snobs:—Jimmy, who might be seen at five o'clock elaborately rigged out, with a camelia in his button-hole, glazed boots, and fresh kid gloves twice a day;—Yessamy, who was conspicuous for his "jewellery,"—a young donkey, glittering all over with chains, rings, and shirt-studs;—Jacky, who rode every day solemnly on the Blenheim Road, in pumps and white silk stockings, with his hair curled—all three of whom flattered themselves they gave laws to the University about dress—all three most odious varieties of Snobs.

Sporting Snobs of course there were, and are always—those happy beings in whom Nature has implanted a love of slang: who loitered about the horsekeeper's stables, and drove the London coaches—a stage in and out, and might

be seen swaggering through the courts in pink of early mornings, and indulged in dice and blind-hookey at nights, and never missed a race, or a boxing-match; and rode flat races, and kept bull-terriers. Worse Snobs even than these were poor miserable wretches who did not like hunting at all, and could not afford it, and were in mortal fear at a two-foot ditch; but who hunted because Glenlivat and Cinqbars hunted. The Billiard Snob and the Boating Snob were varieties of these, and are to be found elsewhere than in Universities.

Then there were Philosophical Snobs, who used to ape statesmen at the Sporting Clubs, and who believed as a fact, that Government always had an eye on the University where to select orators for the House of Commons. There were audacious young Free-thinkers, who adored nobody or nothing, except perhaps Robespierre, and the Koran, and panted for the day when the pale name of priest should shrink and dwindle away before the indignation of an enlightened world.

But the worst of all University Snobs are those unfortunates who go to rack and ruin from their desire to ape their betters. Smith becomes acquainted with great people at College, and is ashamed of his father the tradesman. Jones has fine acquaintances, and lives after their fashion like a gay, free-hearted fellow as he is, and ruins his father, and robs his sister's portion, and cripples his younger brother's outset in life, for the pleasure of entertaining my lord, and riding by the side of Sir John. And though it may be very good fun for Robinson to fuddle himself at home as he does at College and to be brought home by the policeman he has just been trying to knock down—think what fun it is for the poor old soul, his mother!—the half-pay Captain's widow, who has been pinching herself all her life long, in order that that jolly young fellow might have a University Education.

CHAPTER XVI.

ON LITERARY SNOBS.

WHAT will he say about Literary Snobs? has been a question, I make no doubt, often asked by the public. How can he let off his own profession? Will that truculent and unsparing monster, who attacks the nobility, the clergy, the army, and the ladies indiscriminately, hesitate when the turn comes to *égorger* his own flesh and blood?

My dear and excellent querist, whom does the Schoolmaster flog so resolutely as his own son? Didn't Brutus chop his offspring's head off? You have a very bad opinion indeed of the present state of Literature and of literary men, if you fancy that any one of us would hesitate to stick a knife into his neighbour penman, if the latter's death could do the state any service.

But the fact is, that in the literary profession THERE ARE NO SNOBS. Look round at the whole body of British men of letters, and I defy you to point out among them a single instance of vulgarity, or envy, or assumption.

Men and women, as far as I have known them, they are all modest in their demeanour, elegant in their manners, spotless in their lives, and honourable in their conduct to the world and to each other. You *may*, occasionally, it is true, hear one literary man abusing his brother; but why? Not in the least out of malice; not at all from envy; merely from a sense of truth and public duty. Suppose, for instance, I good-naturedly point out a blemish in my friend Mr. Punch's person, and say Mr. P. has a hump-back, and his nose and chin are more crooked than those features in the Apollo or Antinous, which we are accustomed to consider as our standards of beauty; does this argue malice on my part towards Mr. Punch? Not in the least. It is the critic's duty to point out defects as well as merits, and he invariably does this duty with the utmost gentleness and candour.

An intelligent foreigner's testimony about our manners is always worth having, and I think, in this respect, the work of an eminent American, Mr. N. P. Willis, is emi-

nently valuable and impartial. In his "History of Ernest Clay," a crack magazine writer, the reader will get an exact account of the life of a popular man of letters in England. He is always the great lion of society

He takes the *pas* of Dukes and Earls; all the nobility crowd to see him; I forget how many Baronesses and Duchesses fall in love with him. But on this subject let us hold our tongues. Modesty forbids that we should reveal the names of the heart-broken Countesses and dear Marchionesses who are pining for every one of the contributors in this periodical

If anybody wants to know how intimately authors are connected with the fashionable world, they have but to read the genteel novels. What refinement and delicacy pervades the works of Mrs. Barnaby! What delightful good company do you meet with in Mrs. Armytage. She seldom introduces you to anybody under a Marquis! I don't know anything more delicious than the picture of genteel life in "Ten Thousand a Year," except perhaps the "Young Duke," and "Coningsby." There's a modest grace about *them*, and an air of easy high fashion, which only belongs to blood, my dear Sir—to true blood.

And what linguists many of our writers are! Lady Bulwer, Lady Londonderry, Sir Edward himself—they write the French language with a luxurious elegance and ease, which sets them far above their continental rivals, of whom not one (except Paul de Kock) knows a word of English. And what Briton can read without enjoyment the words of James, so admirable for terseness; and the playful humour and dazzling off-hand lightness of Ainsworth? Among other humourists, one might glance at a Jerrold, the chivalrous advocate of Toryism and Church and State; and a Beckett, with a lightsome pen, but a savage earnestness of purpose; a Jeames, whose pure style, and wit unmingled with buffoonery, was relished by a congenial public

Speaking of critics, perhaps there never was a review that has done so much for literature as the admirable *Quarterly*. It has its prejudices, to be sure, as which of us have not? It goes out of its way to abuse a great man, or lays mercilessly on to such pretenders as Keats and Tennyson; but on the other hand, it is the friend of all young authors, and has marked and nurtured all the rising talent of

the country. It is loved by everybody. There, again, is *Blackwood's Magazine*—conspicuous for modest elegance and amiable satire; that Review never passes the bounds of politeness in a joke. It is the arbiter of manners; and while gently exposing the foibles of Londoners (for whom the *beaux esprits* of Edinburgh entertain a justifiable contempt), it is never coarse in its fun. The fiery enthusiasm of the *Athenæum* is well known: and the bitter wit of the too difficult *Literary Gazette*. The *Examiner* is perhaps too timid, and the *Spectator* too boisterous in its praise—but who can carp at these minor faults? No, no; the critics of England and the authors of England are unrivalled as a body; and hence it becomes impossible for us to find fault with them.

Above all, I never knew a man of letters *ashamed of his profession*. Those who know us, know what an affectionate and brotherly spirit there is among us all. Sometimes one of us rises in the world: we never attack him or sneer at him under those circumstances, but rejoice to a man at his success. If Jones dines with a lord, Smith never says Jones is a courtier and cringer. Nor, on the other hand, does Jones, who is in the habit of frequenting the society of great people, give himself any airs on account of the company he keeps; but will leave a Duke's arm in Pall Mall to come over and speak to poor Brown, the young penny-a-liner.

That sense of equality and fraternity amongst Authors has always struck me as one of the most amiable characteristics of the class. It is because we know and respect each other, that the world respects us so much; that we hold such a good position in society, and demean ourselves so irreproachably when there.

Literary persons are held in such esteem by the nation, that about two of them have been absolutely invited to Court during the present reign; and it is probable that towards the end of the season, one or two will be asked to dinner by Sir Robert Peel.

They are such favourites with the public, that they are continually obliged to have their pictures taken and published; and one or two could be pointed out, of whom the nation insists upon having a fresh portrait every year. Nothing can be more gratifying than this proof of the affectionate regard which the people has for its instructors.

Literature is held in such honour in England, that there is a sum of near twelve hundred pounds per annum set apart to pension deserving persons following that profession. And a great compliment this is, too, to the professors, and a proof of their generally prosperous and flourishing condition. They are generally so rich and thrifty, that scarcely any money is wanted to help them.

If every word of this is true, how, I should like to know, am I to write about Literary Snobs?

CHAPTER XVII.

ON LITERARY SNOBS.

In a Letter from "One of Themselves" to Mr. Smith, the celebrated Penny-a-Liner

"MY DEAR SMITH—Of the many indignant remonstrants who have written regarding the opinion expressed in the last lecture, that there were no Snobs in the Literary Profession, I have thought it best to address you personally, and through you, the many gentlemen who are good enough to point out instances of literary characters whom they are pleased to think have the best claim to the rank of Snob. 'Have you read poor Theodore Crook's Life, as given in the *Quarterly*,' asks one; 'and does any one merit the title of Snob more than that poor fellow?' 'What do you say to Mrs. Cruor's novels, and Mrs. Wallop's works of fashionable fiction?' writes some misogynist. 'Was not Tom Macau a Snob, when he dated from Windsor Castle?' asks a third. A fourth—who is evidently angry on a personal matter, and has met with a slight from Tom Fustian since he has come into his fortune—begs us to show up that celebrated literary man. 'What do you say to Crawley Spoker, the man who doesn't know where Bloomsbury Square is—the Marquis of Borgia's friend?' writes an angry patriot, with the Great Russell Street postmark. 'What do you say to Bendigo de Minorities?' demands another curious inquirer.

"I think poor Crook's Life a wholesome one. It teaches you not to put your trust in great people—in great, splendid, and titled Snobs. It shows what the relations between the poor Snob and the rich Snob are. Go to a great man's table, dear Smith, and know your place there. Cut jokes, make songs, grin and chatter for him as his monkey does, and amuse him, and eat your victuals, and elbow a Duchess, and be thankful, you rogue! Isn't it pleasant to read your name among the fashionables in the papers?—Lord Hookham, Lord Charles Snivey, Mr. Smith.

"Mrs. Cruor's works, and Mrs. Wollop's novels are also

wholesome, if not pleasant reading. For these ladies, moving at the tip-top of fashion, as they undoubtedly do, and giving accurate pictures of the genteel, serve to warn many honest people who might otherwise be taken in, and show fashionable life to be so utterly stupid, mean, tedious, drivelling, and vulgar, as to reconcile spirits otherwise discontented to mutton and Bloomsbury Square.

“As for the Right Honourable Mr. Macau—I perfectly well recollect the noise which was made about that Right Honourable gentleman’s audacity in writing a letter from Windsor Castle, and think,—that he was A Snob for putting such an address to his letter?—no; only that the Public was a Snob for making such a pother about it,—the Public—that looks at Windsor Castle with terror, and thinks it blasphemy to speak familiarly about it.

“In the first place, Mr. Macau was there, and therefore could not be anywhere else. Why should he, then, being at one place, date his letter from any other? Then, I conceive, he has as good a right to be in Windsor Castle as the Royal Albert himself. Her Majesty (be it spoken with the respect that so awful a theme merits!) is the august house-keeper of that public residence. Part of her royal duty is a gracious hospitality and reception of the chief officers of the nation; therefore I opine that Mr. Macau had as good a right to his apartment at Windsor Castle as to his red box in Downing Street; and had no call to go to Windsor in secret, or to be ashamed of going thither, or to conceal his residence there.

“As for honest Tom Fustian, who has cut ‘Libertas’—‘Libertas’ must suffer under the calamity—until Tom publishes another novel; about a month before which time, *Libertas*, as a critic of the *Weekly Tomahawk*, will probably receive a most affectionate invitation to Fustianville Lodge. About this time, Mrs. Fustian will call upon Mrs. *Libertas* (in her yellow chariot lined with pink, and a green hammercloth) and make the tenderest inquiries about the dear little children. All this is very well, but *Libertas* should understand his place in the world; an author is made use of when wanted, and then dropped; he must consent to mix with the genteel world upon these conditions; and Fustian belongs to the world now that he has a yellow chariot and pink lining.

“All the world cannot be expected to be so generous as

the Marquis of Borgia, Spoker's friend. That *was* a generous and high-minded nobleman—a real patron—if not of letters, at least of literary men. My Lord left Spoker almost as much money as he left to Centsuisse, his valet—forty or fifty thousand pounds apiece to *both* of the honest fellows. And they deserved it. There are some things, dear Smith, that Spoker knows; though he *doesn't* know where Bloomsbury Square is—and some very queer places too.

“And, finally, concerning young Ben de Minorities. What right have I to hold up that famous literary man as a specimen of the Great Britannic Literary Snob? Mr. de Minorities is not only a man of genius, (as you are, my dear Smith, though your washerwoman duns you for her little bill), but he has achieved those advantages of wealth which you have not; and we should respect him as our chief and representative in the circles of the fashion. When the Choctaw Indians were here some time ago, who was the individual whose self and house were selected to be shown to those amiable foreigners as models of the establishment and the person of ‘an English gentleman’? Of all England, De Minorities was the man that was selected by Government as the representative of the British aristocracy. I know it's true. I saw it in the papers; and a nation never paid a higher compliment to a literary man.

“And I like to see him in his public position—a quill-driver, like one of us—I like to see him because he makes our profession *respected*. For what do we admire Shakespeare so much as for his wondrous versatility? He must have *been* everything he describes: Falstaff, Miranda, Caliban, Marc Antony, Ophelia, Justice Shallow—and so I say De Minorities must know more of politics than any man, for he has been (or has offered to be) everything. In the morning of life Joseph and Daniel were sponsors for the blushing young neophyte, and held him up at the font of freedom. It would make a pretty picture! Circumstances occasioned him to quarrel with the most venerable of his godfathers, and to modify the opinions advanced in the generosity of his youth. Would he have disliked a place under the Whigs? Even with them, it is said, the young patriot was ready to serve his country. Where would Peel be now, had he known his value? I turn from the harrowing theme, and depict to myself the disgust of the Ro-

mans when Coriolanus encamped before the Porta del Popolo, and the mortification of Francis the First when he saw the Constable Bourbon opposite to him at Pavia. *Raro antecedentem*, etc., *deseruit pede Poena claudo* (as a certain poet remarks); and I declare I know nothing more terrible than Peel, at the catastrophe of a sinister career—Peel writhing in torture, with Nemesis de Minorities down upon him!

“I know nothing in Lempriere’s Dictionary itself, more terrific than that picture of Godlike vengeance. What! Peel thought to murder Canning, did he? and to escape because the murder was done twenty years ago? No, no. What! Peel thought to repeal the Corn-laws, did he? In the first place, before Corn bills or Irish bills are settled, let us know who was it that killed Lord George Bentinck’s ‘relative.’ Let Peel answer for that murder to the country, to the weeping and innocent Lord George, and to Nemesis de Minorities, his champion.

“I call his interference real chivalry. I regard Lord George’s affection for his uncle-in-law as the most elegant and amiable of the qualities of that bereaved young nobleman—and I am proud, dear Smith, to think that it is a man of letters who backs him in his disinterested feud; and if Lord George is the head of the great English country party, it is a man of letters who is viceroy over him. Happy country! to have such a pair of saviours. Happy Lord George! to have such a friend and patron—happy men of letters! to have a man out of their ranks the chief and saviour of the nation.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON SOME POLITICAL SNOBS.

I DON'T know where the Snob-Amateur finds more specimens of his favourite species than in the political world. Whig Snobs, Tory and Radical Snobs, Conservative and Young England Snobs, Official and Parliamentary Snobs, Diplomatic Snobs, and About-the-Court Snobs present themselves to the imagination in numberless and graceful varieties, so that I scarcely know which to show up first.

My private friends are aware that I have an aunt who is a Duchess, and as such, Lady of the Powder-Closet; and that my cousin, Lord Peter, is Pewter-Stick in Waiting and Groom of the Dust-Pan. Had these dear relatives been about to hold their positions, nothing would have induced me to be savage upon that dismal branch of the political Snobs to which they belong; but her Grace and Lord Peter are going out with the present administration; and perhaps it will alleviate the bitterness occasioned by their own resignation, if we have a little fun and abuse of their successors.

This is written before the ministerial changes are avowed; but I hear in the best society (indeed Tom Spiffle told me at the Baron de Houndsditch's *déjeuner* at Twickenham last week) that Lionel Rampant succeeds to my cousin Peter's Pewter-Stick, Toffy is next to certain of the Dust-Pan; whilst the Powder-Closet has been positively promised to Lady Gules.

What the deuce can her ladyship want with such a place? is a question which suggests itself to my simple mind. If I had thirty thousand a year, if I had gouty feet (though this is a profound secret) and an amiable epileptic husband at home, like Lord Gules, and a choice of town and country houses, parks, castles, villas, books, cooks, carriages, and other enjoyments and amusements, would I become a sort of a-kind of a what-d'ye-call-'em—of an upper servant in fact—to a personage ever so illustrious and beloved?

Would I forsake my national rest, my home and society, my husband, family, and independence, to take charge of any powder-puff in any establishment; to speak under my

breath, to stand up for hours before any young prince, however exalted? Would I consent to ride backwards in a carriage, when the delicacy of my constitution rendered that mode of transit peculiarly odious to me, because there was a scutcheon, surmounted by an imperial crown, on the panels, of which the chief was a field, or with three lions gules? No. I would yield in affection for my Institutions to none; but I would cultivate my loyalty, and respect my crown *de loin*. For, say what you will, there is always something ludicrous and mean in the character of a flunkey. About a neat handed Phillis, who lays your table and brushes your carpet without pretension; a common servant who brushes your boots and waits behind your chair in his natural and badly-made black coat, there is no absurdity or incongruity; but when you get to a glorified flunkey in lace, plush, and aiguillettes, wearing a bouquet that nobody wears, a powdered head that nobody wears, a gilt cocked-hat only fit for a baboon,—I say the well-constituted man can't help grinning at this foolish, monstrous, useless, shameful caricature of a man which Snobbishness has set up to worship it; to straddle behind its carriage with preternatural calves; to carry its prayer-book to church in a velvet bag; to hand it little three-cornered notes, bowing solemnly, over a silver tea-tray, etc. There is something shameful and foolish, I say, in John as at present constituted.

We can't be men and brothers as long as that poor devil is made to antic before us in his present fashion—as long as the unfortunate wretch is not allowed to see the insult passed upon him by that ridiculous splendour. This reform must be done. We have abolished negro slavery. John must now be *emancipated from plush*. And I expect the flunkies unborn will thank and bless *Punch*; and if he has not a niche beside William Wilberforce in the Palace of Westminster, at least he ought to have a statue in the waiting-room where the servants assemble.

And if John is ridiculous, is not a Pewter-Stick in waiting? If John in his yellow plush inexpressibles dangling behind my lady's carriage, or sauntering up and down before St. James's Palace while his mistress is spreading out her train at the Drawing-room, is an object of the saddest contempt, poor fellow, of the most ludicrous splendour—one of the most insane and foolish live caricatures which

this present age exhibits—is my Lord Peter, the Pewter-Stick, far behind him? And do you think, my dear sir, that the public will bear this kind of thing for many centuries longer? How long do you suppose *Court Circulars* will last, and those tawdry old-world humiliating ceremonies which they chronicle? When I see a body of beef-eaters in laced scarlet; a parcel of tradesmen dressed up as soldiers, and calling themselves Gentlemen Pensioners, and what not; a theatre-manager (though this I acknowledge, by the way, is seldom enough) grinning before Majesty with a pair of candles, and walking backwards in a Tom-Fool's coat, with a sword entangling his wretched legs; a bevy of pompous officers of the household bustling and strutting and clearing the way; am I filled with awe at the august ceremony? Ought it to inspire respect? It is no more genuine than the long faces of mutes at a funeral—no more real than Lord George Bentinck's grief about Mr. Canning, let us say. What is it makes us all laugh at the picture in the last number (which picture is alone worth the price of the volume), of '*Punch* Presenting y^e Tenth Volume to y^e Queene?' The admirable manner in which the Gothic art and ceremony is ridiculed; the delightful absurdity and stiffness; the outrageous aping of decorum; the cumbrous ludicrous nonsensical splendour. Well: the real pageant is scarcely less absurd—the Chancellor's wig and mace almost as old and foolish as the Jester's cap and bauble. Why is any Chancellor, any Stage-Manager, any Pewter-Stick, any John called upon to dress himself in any fancy dress, or to wear any badge. I respect my Bishop of London, my Right Reverend Charles James, just as much since he left off a wig as I did when he wore one. I should believe in the sincerity of his piety, even though a John, in purple raiment (looking like a sort of half-pay Cardinal), *didn't* carry his Lordship's prayer-books in a bag after him to the Chapel Royal: nor do I think Royalty would suffer, or Loyalty be diminished, if Gold, Silver, and Pewter-Sticks were melted, and if the *Grandes Charges à la Cour*—Ladies of the Powder Closet, Mistresses of the Paterns, and the like, were abolished in *saecula saeculorum*.

And I would lay a wager, that by the time *Punch* has published his eightieth volume, the ceremonies whereof we have here been treating will be as dead as the Corn-Laws, and the nation will bless *Punch* and Peel for destroying both.

CHAPTER XIX.

ON WHIG SNOBS.

WE don't know—we are too modest to calculate (every man who sends in his contributions to *Mr. Punch's* broad sheet is modest) the effect of our works; and the influence which they may have on society and the world.

Two instances—*apropos* of the above statement of opinion—occurred last week. My dear friend and fellow contributor Jones (I shall *call* him Jones, though his patronymic is one of the most distinguished in this Empire), wrote a paper entitled “Black Monday,” in which the claims of the Whigs to office were impartially set forth, and their title to heavenborn statesmanship rather sceptically questioned. The *sic vos non vobis* was Jones's argument. The Whigs don't roam the fields and buzz from flower to flower, as the industrious bees do; but they take possession of the hives and the honey. The Whigs don't build the nests like the feathered songsters of the grove, but they come in for those nests and the eggs which they contain. They magnanimously reap what the nation sows, and are perfectly contented with their mode of practice, and think the country ought to love and admire them excessively for condescending to take advantage of its labour.

This was Jones's argument. “You let Cobden do all the work,” says he, “and having done it, you appropriate the proceeds calmly to yourselves, and offer him a fifteenth-rate place in your sublime corps.” Jones was speaking of the first and abortive attempt of the Whigs to take office last year; when they really offered Richard Cobden a place something better than that of a Downing Street Messenger; and actually were good enough to propose that he should enjoy some such official dignity, as that of carrying Lord Tom Noddy's red box.

What ensued last week, when Peel gave in his adhesion to Free Trade, and meekly resigning his place and emoluments, walked naked out of office into private life? John Russell and Company stepped in to assume those garments which, according to that illustrious English gentleman, the

Member for Shrewsbury, the Right Honourable Baronet, had originally "conveyed" from the Whigs, but which (according to Jones and every contributor to *Punch*) the Whigs themselves had abstracted from Richard Cobden, Charles Villiers, John Bright, and others,—what, I say, ensued? Dare you come forward, O Whigs? Jones exclaimed,—O Whig Snobs; I cry out with all my heart, and put Richard Cobden and his fellows into the rear rank, and claim the victory which was won by other and better swords than your puny, twiddling court blades ever were! Do you mean to say that *you* are to rule; and Cobden is to be held of no account? It was thus that at a contest for Shrewsbury, more severe than any Mr. B. Disraeli ever encountered, one Falstaff came forward and claimed to have slain Hotspur, when the noble Harry had run him through. It was thus in France that some dandified representatives of the people looked on, when Hoche or Bonaparte won the victories of the Republic.

What took place in consequence of *Punch's* remonstrance? *The Whigs offered a seat in the Cabinet to Richard Cobden.* With humble pride I say, as a member of the *Punch* administration, that a greater compliment was never offered to our legislative body.

And now with respect to my own little endeavour to advance our country's weal. Those who remember the last week's remarks on Political Snobs, must recollect the similitude into which, perforce, we entered—the comparison of the British Flunkey with the Court Flunkey—the great official Household Snob. Poor John in his outrageous plush and cocked hat, with his absurd uniform, facings, aiguillettes; with his cocked hat, bag-wig and powder; with his amazing nosegay in his bosom, and compared to the First Lord of the Dustpan, or the Head Groom of the Pantry, and the motto enforced on the mind was—"Am I not a man and a brother?"

The result of this good humoured and elegant piece of satire is to be found in the *Times* newspaper of Saturday, the 4th July.

"We understand that the situations in the Household have been offered to His Grace the Duke of Stilton and His Grace the Duke of Doublegloucester. Their Graces have declined the honour which was proposed to them, but have

nevertheless signified their intention of supporting publicly the new administration."

Could a public writer have a greater triumph? I make no manner of doubt that the Dukes alluded to have, upon perusal and consideration of the last chapter of *Snoobs*, determined that they will wear no livery however august; that they will take no service however majestic, but content themselves with the modesty of their independence and endeavour to live reputably upon five hundred or a thousand pounds per diem. If *Punch* has been able to effect these reforms in a single week—to bring the great Whig party to acknowledge that there are, after all, as great, nay, better men than they in this wicked world—to induce the great Whig magnate to see that servitude—servitude to the greatest Prince out of the smallest and most illustrious court in Deutschland—does not become their station—why, we are baulked of the best part of our article on Whig Snoobs. The paper is already written.

Perhaps the race is extinct (or on the verge of extinction), with its progeny of puny philosophers, and dandy patriots, and polite philanthropists, and fond believers in House of Commons' traditions. Perhaps My Lord or Sir Thomas, will condescend, from their parks and halls, to issue manifestoes to the towns and villages, and say "We approve of the wishes of the people to be represented. We think that their grievances are not without foundation, and we place ourselves at their head in our infinite wisdom, in order to overcome the Tories, their enemies and our own." Perhaps, I say, the magnificent Whigs have at last discovered that without a regiment, volunteer officers, ever so bedizened with gold lace, are not particularly efficient; that without a ladder even the most aspiring Whigs cannot climb to eminence; that the nation, in a word, no more cares for the Whigs than it cares for the Stuart dynasty, or for the Heptarchy, or for George Canning, who passed away some few hundred years afterwards; or for any collapsed tradition. The Whigs? Charles Fox was a great man in his time, and so were the archers with their long-bows at Agincourt. But gunpowder is better. The world keeps moving. The great time-stream rushes onward; and just now a few little Whigling heads and bodies are bobbing and kicking on the surface.

My dearest friend, the period of submersion comes, and down they go, down among the dead men, and what need have we to act as humanity-men, and hook out poor little bodies?

A paper about Whig Snobs is therefore absurd!

CHAPTER XX.

ON CONSERVATIVE OR COUNTRY-PARTY SNOBS.

IN the whole Court of King Charles there was no more chivalrous and loyal a Conservative than Sir Geoffrey Hudson, Knight; who, though not much better than a puppy dog, was as brave as the biggest lion, and was ready to fight anybody of any stature. Of the same valour and intrepidity was the ingenious hidalgo Don Quixote, of la Mancha, who would level his lance, cry his war cry, and gallop at a windmill, if he mistook it for a giant or any other nuisance; and though nobody ever said that the Don's wits were of the sound order—every one acknowledged his courage and constancy, his gentle bearing and purity of purpose.

We all of us have a compassionate sweetness of temper for all half-witted persons—for all ludicrous poor dwarfs engaged in enterprises, utterly beyond their ability; for all poor, blind, cracked, honest idiots, who fancy that they are heroes or commanders or emperors or champions—when they are only a little way removed from a strait-waistcoat, and barely tolerated at large.

In regard of Political Snobs, the more I consider them the more this feeling of compassion predominates, until, were all the papers upon Snobs to be written in the same key, we should have, instead of a lively and facetious series of essays, a collection that would draw tears even from undertakers, and would be about as jovial as Doctor Dodd's "Prison Thoughts" or Law's "Serious Call." We cannot afford (I think) to scorn and laugh at Political Snobs; only to pity them. There is Peel. If ever there was a Political Snob—a dealer in cant and commonplaces, an upholder of shams and a pompous declaimer of humbugs—Heaven knows he was a Snob. But he repents and shows signs of grace: he comes down on his knees and confesses his errors so meekly, that we are melted at once. We take him into our arms and say, "Bobby, my boy, let bygones be bygones; it is never too late to repent. Come and join us, and don't make Latin quotations, or vent clap-

traps about your own virtue and consistency; or steal anybody's clothes any more." We receive him, and protect him from the Snobs, his ex-companions, who are howling without, and he is as safe in Judy's arms as in his mamma's.

Then there are the Whigs. They rejoice in power; they have got what they panted for—that possession in Downing Street for which to hear some of them, you would have fancied they were destined by Heaven. Well—now they are in place—to do them justice they are comporting themselves with much meekness. They are giving a share of their good things to Catholics as well as Protestants. They don't say, "No Irish need apply," but enliven the Cabinet with a tolerable sprinkling of the brogue. Lord John comes before his constituents with a humble and contrite air, and seems to say, "Gentlemen! Although the Whigs are great, there is something, after all, greater—I mean the People; whose servants we have the honour to be, and for whose welfare we promise to look zealously." Under such dispositions, who can be angry with Whig Snobs?—only a misanthropic ruffian who never took in a drop of the milk of human kindness.

Finally, there are the Conservative, or—as the poor devils call themselves now—the Country-party Snobs. Can anybody be angry with *them*? Can any one consider Don Quixote an accountable being, or feel alarmed by Geoffrey Hudson's demeanour when he arms in a fury and threatens to run you through?

I had gone down last week (for the purpose of meditating at ease and in fresh air, upon our great subject of Snobs) to a secluded spot called the Trafalgar Hotel, at Greenwich, when, interrupted by the arrival of many scores of most wholesome-looking men, in red faces and the fairest of linen, I asked Augustus Frederick, the waiter, what this multitude was that was come down to create a scarcity amongst whitebait? "Don't you know, sir!" says he, "It's The Country-Party." And so it was. The real, original, unbending, no surrender aristocrats; the men of the soil; our old, old leaders; our Plantagenets; our Somersets; our Disraelis; our Hudsons, and our Stanleys. They have turned out in force, and for another struggle; they have taken "the Rupert of debate," Geoffrey Stanley, for leader, and set up their standard of "no surrender" on Whitebait Hill.

As long as we have Cromwell and the Ironsides, the honest Country-party are always welcome to Rupert and the cavaliers. Besides, hasn't the member for Pontefract come over to us? and isn't it all up with the good old cause now he has left it?

My heart then, far from indulging in rancour towards those poor creatures, indulged only in the softest emotions in their behalf; I blessed them as they entered the dinner-room by twos and threes, as they consigned their hats to the waiters with preternatural solemnity, and rushed in to conspire. Worthy chivalrous, and mistaken Snobs, I said, mentally, "Go and reclaim your rights over bowls of water-soupy; up with your silver forks and chivalry of England, and pin to earth the manufacturing caitiffs who would rob you of your birthrights. Down with all Cotton-spinners! St. George for the Country-party! A Geoffrey to the rescue!" I respect the delusion of those poor souls. What! repeal the repeal of the Corn-laws? Bring us back to the good old Tory times? No, no. Humpty-dumpty has had a great fall, and all the Queen's horses and all the Queen's men can't put Humpty-dumpty straight again.

Let the honest creatures cry out "No Surrender!" and let us laugh as we are winning, and listen to them in good humour. We know what "No Surrender" means—any time these fifteen years. "It is the nature of the popular *bellua*," says the dear old *Quarterly Review*, with its usual grace, and polite felicity of illustration, "never to be sated, and to increase in voracity and audacity by every sop that is thrown to it." Bit by bit, day by day, ever since the Reform Bill, the poor devils whom the old *Quarterly* represents have had to feed the popular *bellua*—as anybody may see who reads the periodical in question. "No Surrender!" bellows the *Quarterly*, but *Bellua* demands a Catholic Emancipation Act, and bolts it, and is not satisfied—a Reform Act—a Corporation and Test Act—a Free-Trade Act—*Bellua* swallows all. O horror of horrors! O poor dear bewildered old *Quarterly*! O Mrs. Gamp! O Mrs. Harris! When everything is given up, and while you are still shrieking "No Surrender!" *Bellua* will be hungry still, and end by swallowing up the Conservative party too.

And shall we be angry with the poor victim? Have you ever seen the *bellua* called a cat with a mouse in preserve?

“No Surrender!” pipes the poor little long-tailed creature, scudding from corner to corner. *Bellua* advances, pats him good humouredly on the shoulder, tosses him about quite playfully, and—gobbles him at the proper season.

Brother Snobs of England! That is why we let off the Conservative and Country-party Snob so easily.

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CHAPTER XXI.

ARE THERE ANY WHIG SNOBS?

FORTUNATELY this is going to be quite a little chapter. I am not going, like Thomas of Finsbury, to put ugly questions to Government, or obstruct in any way the march of the Great Liberal Administration. The best thing we can do is not to ask questions at all, but to trust the Whigs implicitly, and rely on their superior wisdom. They are wiser than we are. A kind Providence ordained that they should govern us, and endowed them with universal knowledge. Other people change their opinions· they never do. For instance, Peel avows that his opinions on the Corn Laws never changed; they have always held the Free-Trade doctrines; they have always been wise and perfect. We didn't know it: but it's the fact—Lord John says so. And the great Whig chiefs go down to their constituents, and congratulate themselves and the world that Commercial Freedom is the law of the Empire, and bless Heaven for creating Whigs to expound this great truth to the world. Free Trade! Heaven bless you! the Whigs invented Free Trade—and everything else that ever *has* been invented. Some day or other—when the Irish Church goes by the board; when, perhaps, the State Church follows it; when Household Suffrage becomes an acknowledged truth; when Education actually does become National; when even the Five Points of Thomas of Finsbury come to be visible to the naked eye—you will see the Whigs always *were* advocates of Household Suffrage; that *they* invented National Education; that *they* were the boys who settled the Church Question; and that they had themselves originated the Five Points, of which Feargus O'Connor was trying to take the credit. Where there's Perfection there can't be Snobbishness. The Whigs have known and done—know and do—will know and do everything.

And again, you can't expect reasonably to find many Snobs among them. There are so few of them. A fellow who writes a book about the Aristocracy of England, and calls himself Hampden, Junior, (and who is as much like

John Hampden as *Mr. Punch* is like the Apollo Belvedere), enumerates a whole host of trades, and names of Englishmen who have been successful in them; and finds that the aristocracy has produced—no good tin-men, let us say, or lawyers, or tailors, or artists, or divines, or dancers on the tight rope, or persons of other callings; whereas, out of The People have sprung numbers more or less who have distinguished themselves in the above professions. The inference of which is, that the aristocracy is the inferior, the people the superior race. This is rather hard of Hampden, Junior, and not quite a fair argument against the infamous and idiotic aristocracy; for it is manifest that a Lord cannot play upon the fiddle, or paint pictures by a natural gift and without practice; that men adopt professions in order to live, and if they have large and comfortable means of livelihood are, not uncommonly, idle. The sham Hampden, I say, does not consider that their lordships have no call to take upon themselves the exercise of the above-named professions; and above all, omits to mention that the people are as forty thousand to one to the nobility; and hence, that the latter could hardly be expected to produce so many distinguished characters as are to be found in the ranks of the former.

In like manner (I am willing to confess the above illustration is confoundedly long, but in a work on Snobs, A Radical Snob may have a passing word as well as another), I say, there can't be many Snobs among Whigs; there are so very few Whigs among men.

I take it, there are not above one hundred real down-right live Whigs in the world—some five and twenty, we will say, holding office; the remainder ready to take it. You can't expect to find many of the sort for which we are seeking in such a small company. How rare it is to meet a real acknowledged Whig! Do you know one? Do you know what it is to be a Whig? I can understand a man being anxious for this measure or that, wishing to do away with the sugar duties, or the corn duties, or the Jewish disabilities, or what you will; but in that case, if Peel will do my business and get rid of the nuisance for me, he answers my purpose just as well as anybody else with any other name. I want my house set in order, my room made clean; I do not make particular inquiries about the broom and the dustpan.

To be a Whig you must be a reformer—as much or little of this as you like—and something more. You must believe not only that the Corn-Laws must be repealed, but that the Whigs must be in office; not only that Ireland must be tranquil, but that the Whigs must be in Downing Street; if the people will have reforms, why of course you can't help it; but remember, the Whigs are to have the credit. I believe that the world is the Whigs, and that everything they give us is a blessing. When Lord John the other day blessed the people at Guildhall, and told us all how the Whigs had got the Corn-Bill for us, I declare I think we both believed it. It wasn't Cobden and Villiers and the people that got it—it was the Whigs, somehow, that *octroyéd* the measure to us.

They *are* our superiors, and that's the fact. There *is* what Thomas of Finsbury almost blasphemously called “A Whig Dodge,” and beats all other dodges. I'm not a Whig myself (perhaps it is as unnecessary to say so, as to say I am not King Pippin in a golden coach, or King Hudson, or Miss Burdett Coutts); I'm not a Whig; but, Oh, how I should like to be one!

CHAPTER XXII.

ON THE SNOB CIVILIAN.

NOTHING can be more disgusting or atrocious than the exhibition of incendiary ignorance, malevolent conceit, and cowardly ill-will, which has been exhibited by the Pekins of the public press, and a great body of Civilian Snobs in the Country, towards the most beloved of our Institutions; that Institution the health of which is always drunk after the Church at public dinners—the British Army. I myself, when I wrote a slight dissertation upon Military Snobs—called upon to do so by a strict line of duty—treated them with a tenderness and elegant politeness which I am given to understand was admired and appreciated in the warlike clubs, in messes, and other soldatesque societies; but to suppose that criticism should go so far as it has done during the last ten days; that every uneducated Cockney should presume to have a judgment; that civilians at taverns and clubs should cry shame; that patriots in the grocery or linen-draper line should venture to object; that even ignorant women and mothers of families, instead of superintending the tea and butter at breakfast, should read the newspapers, forsooth, and utter *their* shrill cries of horror at the account of the Floggings at Hounslow—to suppose, I say, that society should make such a hubbub as it has done for the last fortnight, and that perhaps at every table in England there should be a cry of indignation—this is too much—the audacity of Civilian Snobs is too great, and must be put an end to at once. I take part against the Pekins, and am authorised to say, after a conversation with *Mr. Punch*, that that gentleman shares in my opinion that *the Army must be protected*.

The answer which is always to be made to the Civilian Snob when he raises objections against military punishments, promotions, purchases, or what not, is invariable. He knows nothing about it. How the deuce can *you* speculate about the army, Pekin, who don't know the difference between a firelock and a fusee?

This point I have seen urged, with great effect, in the

military papers, and most cordially agree that it is an admirable and unanswerable argument. A particular genius, a profound study, an education specially military, are requisite, before a man can judge upon so complicated a matter as the army; and these, it is manifest, few civilians can have enjoyed. But any man who has had the supreme satisfaction of making the acquaintance of Ensign and Lieutenant Grigg, of the Guards, Captain Famish, of the Hottentot Buffs, or hundreds of young gentlemen of their calling, must acknowledge that the army is safe under the supervision of men like these. Their education is brilliant, their time is passed in laborious military studies; the conversation of mess-rooms is generally known to be philosophical, and the pursuits of officers to be severely scientific. So ardent in the acquisition of knowledge in youth, what must be their wisdom in old age? By the time Grigg is a Colonel (and, to be sure, knowledge grows much more rapidly in the Guard regiments, and a young veteran may be a Colonel at five-and-twenty) and Famish has reached the same rank—these are the men who are more fitted than ever for the conduct of the Army; and how can any civilian know as much about it as they? These are the men whose opinions the civilians dare to impugn; and I can conceive nothing more dangerous, insolent—Snobbish, in a word—than such an opposition.

When men such as these, and the very highest authorities in the army, are of opinion that flogging is requisite for the British soldier, it is manifestly absurd of the civilian to interfere. Do you know as much about the army and the wants of the soldier, as Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington? If the Great Captain of the Age considers flogging is one of the wants of the army, what business have *you* to object? *You're* not flogged. You are a Pekin. To lash fellow-creatures like hounds may be contrary to your ideas of decency, morals, and justice; to commit Christian men to punishments brutal, savage, degrading, ineffectual, may be revolting to you; but to suppose that such an eminent philanthropist as the great Captain of the Age would allow such penalties to be inflicted on the troops if they could be done away with, is absurd. A word from the Chiefs of the army, and the Cat might have taken its place as an historical weapon in the Tower, along with the boots and the thumb-screws of the Spanish Armada. But,

say you, very likely the Great Captain of *his* Age, the Duke of Alva, might have considered thumb-screws and boots just as necessary for discipline as the Cat is supposed to be now. Pekin! Don't meddle with subjects quite beyond the sphere of your knowledge. Respect the Articles of War, and remember that the majority of officers of the British Army, from His Grace down to Ensign Grigg, are of opinion that flogging can't be done away with.

You can't suppose that they are inhumane. When that wretched poor fellow was lashed to the ladder at Hounslow, and as the farriers whirled the Cat over him, not only men, but Officers, it is stated, turned sick and fainted at the horrible spectacle. At every military punishment, I am told that men so drop down. Nature itself gives way, making, as it were, a dying protest against that disgusting scene of torture. Nature; yes! But the army is not a natural profession. It is out of common life altogether. Drilling—red coats, all of the same pattern, with the same number of buttons—flogging—marching with the same leg foremost—are not natural; put a bayonet into a man's hand, he would not naturally thrust it into the belly of a Frenchman; very few men, of their own natural choice, would wear, by way of hat, such a cap as Colonel Whyte and his regiment wear every day—a muff, with a red worsted bag dangling down behind it, and a shaving brush stuck by way of ornament in front: the whole system is something egregious—artificial. The civilian, who lives out of it, can't understand it. It is not like the other professions, which require intelligence. A man one degree removed from idiocy, with brains just sufficient to direct his powers of mischief or endurance, may make a distinguished soldier. A boy may be set over a veteran: we see it every day. A lad with a few thousand pounds may purchase a right to command which the most skilful and scientific soldier may never gain. Look at the way Ensign Grigg, just come from school, touches his cap to the enormous old private who salutes him—the gladiator of five-and-twenty campaigns.

And if the condition of the officer is wonderful and anomalous, think of that of the men! There is as much social difference between Ensign Grigg and the big gladiator, as there is between a gang of convicts working in the hulks and the keepers in charge of them. Hundreds of

thousands of men eat, march, sleep and are driven hither and thither in gangs all over the world—Grigg and his clan riding by and superintending; they get the word of command to advance or fall back, and they do it; they are told to strip, and they do it; or to flog, and they do it; to murder or be murdered, and they obey—for their food and clothing, and twopence a day for beer and tobacco. For nothing more:—no hope—no ambition—no chance for old days, but Chelsea Hospital. How many of these men in time of war, when their labour is most needed and best paid, escape out of their slavery! Between the soldier and the officer there is such a gulf fixed, that to cross it is next to a miracle. There was *one* Mameluke escaped when Mehemet Ali ordered the destruction of the whole troop of them; so certainly a stray officer or two *may* have come from the ranks, but it is a wonder. No: such an Institution as this is a mystery, which all civilians, I suppose, had best look at in silent wonder, and of which we must leave the management to its professional chiefs. Their care for their subordinates is no doubt amiable, and the gratitude of these to their superiors must be proportionably great. When the tipsy young Lieutenant of the 4th Dragoons cut at his Adjutant with a sabre, he was reprimanded and returned back to his duty, and does it, no doubt, very well; when the tipsy private struck his corporal, he was flogged, and died after the flogging. There must be a line drawn, look you, otherwise the poor private might have been forgiven too, by the Great Captain of the Age, who pardoned the gentleman-offender. There must be distinctions and differences, and mysteries which are beyond the comprehension of the civilian, and this paper is written as a warning to all such not to meddle with affairs that are quite out of their sphere.

But then there is a word, *Mr. Punch* declares, to be said to other great Commanders and Field-Mmarshals besides the historic Conqueror of Assaye, Vittoria, and Waterloo. We have among us, thank Heaven! a Field-Marshal whose baton has been waved over fields of triumph the least sanguinary that ever the world has known. We have an august Family Field-Marshal, so to speak, and to him we desire humbly to speak:—

“Your Royal Highness,” we say,—“your Royal High-

ness (who has the ear of the Head of the Army), pour into that gracious ear the supplications of a nation. Say that as a nation we entreat and implore that no England Christian man should any longer suffer the infernal torture of the Cat. Say, that we had rather lose a battle than flog a soldier; and that the courage of the Englishman will not suffer by the loss. And if your Royal Highness Prince Albert will deign to listen to this petition, we venture to say, that you will be the most beloved of Field-M Marshals, and that you will have rendered a greater service to the British people, and the British army, than ever was rendered by any Field-Marshal since the days of Malbrook."

CHAPTER XXIII.

ON RADICAL SNOBS.

As the principles of *Punch* are eminently Conservative, it might be thought that anything we could say about Radical Snobs would bear an impress of prejudice and bigotry, and I had thought of letting off the poor Radical Snobs altogether; for persecution they had enough in former days, Heaven knows, when to be a Radical was to be considered a Snob, and every flunkey who could use his pen was accustomed to prate about "the great unwashed," and give himself airs at the expense of "the greasy multitude." But the multitude have the laugh on their side of late years, and can listen to these pretty jokes with good-humour.

Perhaps, after all, there is no better friend to the Conservatism than your outrageous Radical Snobs. When a man preaches to you that all noblemen are tyrants, that all clergymen are hypocrites and liars, that all capitalists are scoundrels banded together in an infamous conspiracy to deprive the people of their rights, he creates a wholesome revulsion of feeling in favour of the abused parties, and a sense of their fair play leads the generous heart to take a side with the object of unjust oppression.

For instance, although I hate military flogging, as the most brutal and odious relic we have left of the wicked torturing old times, and have a private opinion that soldiers of crack dragoon regiments are not of necessity the very wisest of human creatures, yet when I see Quackley the Coroner giving himself sham airs of patriotism and attacking the men for the crime of the system—(of which you and I are as much guilty as Colonel Whyte, unless we do our utmost to get it repealed)—I find myself led over to the brow-beaten side, and inclined to take arms against Quackley. Yesterday, a fellow was bawling by my windows on account of the trial at Hounslow, and "the infamous tyranny of a brootle and savidge Kurnal, hall to be ad for the small charge of Won Apny." Was that fellow a radical patriot, think you, or a Radical Snob; and which was it that he wanted—to put down flogging or to get money?

What was it that made Sir Robert Peel so popular of late days in the country? I have no question but that it was the attacks of certain gentlemen in the House of Commons. Now they have left off abusing him, somehow we are leaving off loving him. Nay, he made a speech last week, about the immorality of lotteries and the wickedness of Art-Unions, which caused some kind friends to say—"Why, the man is just as fond of humbug and solemn cant as ever."

This is the use that radical Snobs, or all political Snobs are made for,—to cause honest folks to rally over to the persecuted side: and I often think, that if the world goes on at its present rate—the people carrying all before them; the aristocracy always being beaten after the ignominious *simulacrum* of a battle; the Church bowled down; the revolution triumphant; and (who knows?) the monarchy shaken—I often think old *Punch* will find himself in opposition as usual, and deploring the good old days and the advent of Radicalism along with poor old Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Harris.

Perhaps the most dangerous specimen of the Radical Snob to be found in the three kingdoms is that branch of Snobs called Young Ireland, who have been making a huge pother within the last fortnight, and who have found a good deal of favour in this country of late years.

I don't know why we have been so fond of this race; except that it wrote pretty poems, and murdered the Saxons in melodious iambics, and got a character for being honest somehow, in opposition to old Mr. O'Connell, to whom the English prejudice denied that useful quality. We are fond of anything strange here, and perhaps our taste is not very classical. We like Tom Thumb; we like the Yankee melodists; we like the American Indians, and we like the Irish howl. Young Ireland has howled to considerable effect in this country; and the Shan Van Voght, and the men of '98, have been decidedly popular. If the O'Brien, and the O'Toole, and the O'Dowd, and the O'Whack, and the Mulholligan would take St. James's Theatre, the war-cry of Aodh O Nyal, and the Battle of the Blackwater, and the Gallowglass Chorus might bring in a little audience even in the hot weather.

But this I know, that if any party ever fulfilled the condition of Snobs, Young Ireland has. Is ludicrous conceit

Snobbishness? Is absurd arrogance, peevish ill-temper, utter weakness accompanied by tremendous braggadociness, Snobbishness? Is Tibbs a Snob or not? When the little creature threatens to thrash Tom Crib; and when Tom, laughing over his great broad shoulders, walks good humouredly away; is Tibbs a Snob, who stands yelling after him and abusing him,—or a hero as he fancies himself to be?

A martyr without any persecutors is an utter Snob; a frantic dwarf who snaps his fingers (as close as he can lift them) under the nose of a peaceable giant, is a Snob; and the creature becomes the most wicked and dangerous Snob when he gets the ear of people more ignorant than himself, inflames them with lies, and misleads them into ruin. Young Ireland shrieking piteously with nobody hurting him, or waving his battle-axed hand on his battlemented wall, and bellowing his war-cry of Bug-Aboo—and roaring out melodramatic tomfoolery—and fancying himself a champion and a hero, is only a ludicrous little humbug; but when he finds people to believe his stories, that the liberated Americans are ready to rally round the green banner of Erin—that the battalions of invincibility of France is hastening to succour the enemy of the Saxon, he becomes a Snob so dangerous and malevolent, that *Mr. Punch* loses his usual jocularity in regarding him, and would see him handed over to proper authorities without any ill-timed compassion.

It was this braggart violence of soul that roused the Punchine wrath against Mr. O'Connell, when, mustering his millions upon the green hills of Erin, he uttered those boasts and menaces which he is now proceeding, rather demurely, to swallow. And as for pitying the Young Irelanders any longer because they are so honest, because they write such pretty verses, because they would go to the scaffold for their opinions—our hearts are not tender enough for this kind of commiseration. A set of young gentlemen might choose to publish a paper advocating arson or pointing out the utility of murder—a regard for our throat and our property would lead us not to pity these interesting young patriots too tenderly; and we have no more love for Young Ireland and her leaders and their schemes, than for regenerate England under the martyrs Thistlewood and Ings.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A LITTLE MORE ABOUT IRISH SNOBS.

You do not, to be sure, imagine that there are no other Snobs in Ireland than those of the amiable party who wish to make pikes of iron railroads, (it's a fine Irish economy) and to cut the throats of the Saxon invaders. These are of the venomous sort; and had they been invented in his time, St. Patrick would have banished them out of the kingdom along with the other dangerous reptiles.

I think it is the Four Masters, or else it's Olaus Magnus, or else it's certainly O'Neill Daunt, in the Catechism of Irish History, who relates that when Richard the Second came to Ireland, and the Irish Chiefs did homage to him, going down on their knees—the poor simple creatures!—and worshipping and wondering before the English King and the dandies of his Court, my lords the English noblemen mocked and jeered at their uncouth Irish admirers, mimicked their talk and gestures, pulled their poor old beards, and laughed at the strange fashion of their garments.

The English Snob rampant always does this to the present day. There is no Snob in existence, perhaps, that has such an indomitable belief in himself; that sneers you down all the rest of the world besides; and has such an insufferable, admirable, stupid contempt for all people but his own—nay, for all sets but his own. “Gwacious Gad!” what stories about “the Iwish” these young dandies accompanying King Richard must have had to tell, when they returned to Pall Mall, and smoked their cigars on the steps of White's!

The Irish Snobbishness develops itself not in pride so much as in servility and mean admirations, and trumpery imitations of their neighbours. And I wonder De Tocqueville and De Beaumont, and the *Times'* Commissioner did not explain the Snobbishness of Ireland as contrasted with our own. Ours is that of Richard's Norman Knights,—haughty, brutal, stupid, and perfectly self-confident;—theirs, of the poor, wondering, kneeling, simple chieftains.

They are on their knees still before English fashion—these simple, wild people; and indeed, it is hard not to grin at some of their *naïve* exhibitions.

Some years since, when a certain great orator was Lord Mayor of Dublin, he used to wear a red gown and a cocked hat, the splendour of which delighted him as much as a new curtain-ring in her nose or a string of glass beads round her neck charms Queen Quasheeneaboo. He used to pay visits to people in this dress; to appear at meetings, hundreds of miles off, in the red velvet gown. And to hear the people crying “Yes, me Lard!” and “No, me Lard!” and to read the prodigious accounts of his Lordship in the papers! it seemed as if the people and he liked to be taken in by this twopenny splendour. Twopenny magnificence, indeed, exists all over Ireland, and may be considered as the great characteristic of the Snobbishness of that country.

When Mrs. Mulholligan, the grocer’s lady, retires to Kingstown, she has “Mulholliganville” painted over the gate of her villa; and receives you at a door that won’t shut, or gazes at you out of a window that is glazed with an old petticoat.

Be it ever so shabby and dismal, nobody ever owns to keeping a shop. A fellow whose stock in trade is a penny roll or a tumbler of lollipops, calls his cabin the “American Flour Store,” or the “Depository for Colonial Produce,” or some such name.

As for Inns there are none in the country; Hotels abound, as well furnished as Mulholliganville; but again, there are no such people as landlords and landladies; the landlord is out with the hounds, and my lady, in the parlour talking with the Captain or playing the piano.

If a gentleman has a hundred a year to leave to his family they all become gentlemen, all keep a nag, ride to hounds, and swagger about in the “Phaynix,” and grow tufts to their chins like so many real aristocrats.

A friend of mine has taken to be a painter, and lives out of Ireland, where he is considered to have disgraced the family by choosing such a profession. His father is a wine-merchant; and his elder brother an apothecary.

The number of men one meets in London and on the Continent who have a pretty little property of five-and-twenty hundred a year in Ireland is prodigious—those who

will have nine thousand a year in land when somebody dies are still more numerous. I myself have met as many descendants from Irish kings as would form a brigade.

And who has not met the Irishman who apes the Englishman, and who forgets his country and tries to forget his accent, or to smother the taste of it, as it were? "Come, dine with me, my boy," says O'Dowd, of O'Dowdstown, "you'll find us all *English there*;" which he tells you with a brogue as broad as from here to Kingstown Pier. And did you never hear Mrs. Captain Macmanus talk about "I-ah-land," and her account of her "fawther's esteet?" Very few men have rubbed through the world without hearing and witnessing some of these Hibernian phenomena—these twopenny splendours

And what say you to the summit of society—the Castle—with a sham king, and sham lords-in-waiting, and sham loyalty, and a sham Haroun Alraschid, to go about in a sham disguise, making believe to be affable and splendid? That Castle is the pink and pride of Snobbishness. A *Court Circular* is bad enough, with two columns of print about a little baby that's christened—but think of people liking a sham *Court Circular*!

I think the shams of Ireland are more outrageous than those of any country. A fellow shows you a hill and says, "That's the highest mountain in all Ireland;" or a gentleman tells you he is descended from Brian Boroo, and has his five-and-thirty hundred a year; or Mrs. Macmanus describes her fawther's esteet; or our old Dan rises and says the Irish women are the loveliest, the Irishmen the bravest, the Irish land the most fertile in the world; and nobody believes anybody—the latter doesn't believe his story nor the hearer;—but they make believe to believe, and solemnly do honour to humbug.

O Ireland! O my country! (for I make little doubt that I am descended from Brian Boroo too) when will you acknowledge that two and two make four, and call a pikestaff a pikestaff?—that is the very best use you can make of the latter. Irish Snobs will dwindle away then; and we shall never hear tell of Hereditary Bondsmen.

P.S.—The Snob of England acknowledges the receipt of a communication signed "I.H.S." "I.H.S." is a judicious critic: and a worthy and kindly Snob.

CHAPTER XXV.

PARTY-GIVING SNOBS.

OUR selection of Snobs for the past few weeks has been too exclusively of a political character. "Give us private Snobs," cry the dear ladies. (I have before me the letter of one fair correspondent at the fishing village of Bright-helmstone in Sussex; and could *her* commands ever be disobeyed?) "Tell us more, dear Mr. Snob, about your experience of Snobs in society." Heaven bless the dear souls!—they are accustomed to the word now—the odious, vulgar, horrid, unpronounceable word slips out of their lips with the prettiest glibness possible. I should not wonder if it were used at Court amongst the Maids of Honour. In the very best society I know it is. And why not? Snobbishness is vulgar—the mere words are not. That which we call a Snob, by any other name would still be Snobbish.

Well, then. As the season is drawing to a close; as many hundreds of kind souls, snobbish or otherwise, have quitted London; as many hospitable carpets are taken up; and window-blinds are pitilessly papered with the *Morning Herald*; and mansions once inhabited by cheerful owners are now consigned to the housekeeper's dreary *locum tenens*—some mouldy old woman who, in reply to the hopeless clanging of the bell, peers at you for a moment from the area, and then slowly unbolting the great hall door, informs you that my lady has left town, or that "the family's in the country," or "gone up the Rind," or what not—as the season and parties are over; why not consider Party-giving Snobs for a while, and review the conduct of some of those individuals who have quitted the town for six months?

Some of those worthy Snobs are making-believe to go yachting, and, dressed in telescopes and pea-jackets, are passing their time between Cherbourg and Cowes; some living higgledy-piggledy in dismal little huts in Scotland, provisioned with canisters of portable soup, and frican-deaux hermetically sealed in tin, are passing their days slaughtering grouse on the moors; some are dosing and

bathing away the effects of the season at Kissingen, or watching the ingenious game of *Trente et quarante* at Ham-bourg and Ems. We can afford to be very bitter upon them now they are all gone. Now there are no more parties, let us have at the Party-giving Snobs. The dinner-giving, the ball-giving, the *déjeuner*-giving, the *conversazione*-giving Snobs—Lord! Lord! what havoc might have been made amongst them had we attacked them during the plethora of the season! I should have been obliged to have a guard to defend me from fiddlers and pastry-cooks, indignant at the abuse of their patrons. Already I'm told that, from some flippant and unguarded expressions considered derogatory to Baker Street and Harley Street, rents have fallen in these respectable quarters; and orders have been issued that at least Mr. Snob shall be asked to parties there no more. Well, then—now they are *all* away, let us frisk at our ease, and have at everything, like the bull in the china-shop. They mayn't hear of what is going on in their absence, and, if they do, they can't bear malice for six months. We will begin to make it up with them about next February, and let next year take care of itself. We shall have no more dinners from the dinner-giving Snobs, no more balls from the ball-givers; no more *conversaciones* (thank Mussy! as Jeames says,) from the *Conversazione* Snob: and what is to prevent us from telling the truth?

The Snobbishness of *Conversazione* Snobs is very soon disposed of, as soon as that cup of washy bohea that is handed to you in the tea-room; or the muddy remnant of ice that you grasp in the suffocating scuffle of the assembly upstairs.

Good heavens! what do people mean by going there? What is done there, that everybody throngs into those three little rooms? Was the Black Hole considered to be an agreeable *réunion*, that Britons in the dog days here seek to imitate it? After being rammed to a jelly in the door-way (where you feel your feet going through Lady Barbara Macbeth's lace flounces, and get a look from that haggard and painted old harpy, compared to which the gaze of Ugolino is quite cheerful;) after withdrawing your elbow out of poor gasping Bob Guttleton's white waistcoat, from which cushion it was impossible to remove it, though you knew you were squeezing poor Bob into an apoplexy—

you find yourself at last in the reception-room, and try to catch the eye of Mrs. Botibol, the *conversazione*-giver. When you catch her eye, you are expected to grin, and she smiles too, for the four hundredth time that night; and, if she's *very* glad to see you, waggles her little hand before her face as if to blow you a kiss, as the phrase is.

Why the deuce should Mrs. Botibol blow me a kiss? I wouldn't kiss her for the world. Why the deuce do I grin when I see her, as if I was delighted? Am I? I don't care a straw for Mrs. Botibol. I know what she thinks about me. I know what she said about my last volume of poems (I had it from a dear mutual friend). Why, I say in a word, are we going on ogling and telegraphing each other in this insane way?—Because we are both performing the ceremonies demanded by the Great Snob Society; whose dictates we all of us obey.

Well; the recognition is over—my jaws have returned to their usual English expression of subdued agony and intense gloom, and the Botibol is grinning and kissing her fingers to somebody else, who is squeezing through the aperture by which we have just entered. It is Lady Ann Clutterbuck, who has her Friday evenings, as Botibol (Botty, as we call her) has her Wednesdays. That is Miss Clementina Clutterbuck, the cadaverous young woman in green, with florid auburn hair, who has published her volume of poems ("The Death-Shriek"; "Damien"; "The Faggot of Joan of Arc"; and "Translations from the German"—of course)—the *conversazione* women salute each other, calling each other, "My dear Lady Ann," and "My dear good Eliza," and hating each other, as women hate who give parties on Wednesdays and Fridays. With inexpressible pain dear good Eliza sees Ann go up and coax and wheedle Abou Gosh, who has just arrived from Syria, and beg him to patronise her Fridays.

All this while, amidst the crowd and the scuffle, and a perpetual buzz and chatter, and the flare of the wax candles, and an intolerable smell of musk—what the poor Snobs who write fashionable romances call "the gleam of gems, the odour of perfumes, the blaze of countless lamps"—a scrubby-looking, yellow-faced foreigner, with cleaned gloves, is warbling inaudibly in a corner, to the accompaniment of another. "The Great Cacafogo," Mrs. Botibol whispers, as she passes you by—"A great creature, Thum-

pénstrumpff, is at the instrument—the Hetman Platoff's Pianist, you know."

To hear this Cacafofo and Thumpenstrumpff, a hundred people are gathered together—a bevy of dowagers, stout or scraggy; a faint sprinkling of misses; six moody-looking lords, perfectly meek and solemn; wonderful foreign Counts, with bushy whiskers and yellow faces, and a great deal of dubious jewellery; young dandies with slim waists and open necks, and self-satisfied simpers, and flowers in their buttons: the old, stiff, stout, baldheaded *conversatione-roués*, whom you meet everywhere—who never miss a night of this delicious enjoyment; the three last-caught lions of the season—Higgs, the traveller; Biggs, the novelist; and Toffey, who has come out so on the sugar question; Captain Flash, who is invited on account of his pretty wife, and Lord Ogleby, who goes wherever she goes—*que sais-je?* Who are the owners of all those showy scarfs and white neck-cloths?—Ask little Tom Prig, who is there in all his glory, knows everybody, has a story about every one; and, as he trips home to his lodgings, in Jermyn Street, with his Gibus-hat and his little glazed pumps, thinks he is the fashionablest young fellow in town, and that he really has passed a night of exquisite enjoyment.

You go up with (your usual easy elegance of manner) and talk to Miss Smith in a corner. "Oh, Mr. Snob! I'm afraid you're sadly satirical," that's all she says. If you say it's fine weather, she bursts out laughing; or hint that it's very hot, she vows you are the drollest wretch! Meanwhile Mrs. Botibol is sinpering on fresh arrivals; the individual at the door is roaring out their names; poor Cacafofo is quavering away in the music-room, under the impression that he will be *lancé* in the world by singing inaudibly here. And what a blessing it is to squeeze out of the door, and into the street, where a half-hundred of carriages are in waiting; and where the link-boy, with that unnecessary lanthorn of his pounces upon all who issue out, and will insist upon getting your noble honour's lordship's cab.

And to think that there are people who, after having been to Botibol on Wednesday, will go to Clutterbuck on Friday!

CHAPTER XXVI.

DINING-OUT SNOBS.

IN England Dinner-giving Snobs occupy a very important place in society, and the task of describing them is tremendous. There was a time in my life when the consciousness of having eaten a man's salt rendered me dumb regarding his demerits, and I thought it a wicked act and a breach of hospitality to speak ill of him

But why should a saddle of mutton blind you, or a turbot and lobster sauce shut your mouth for ever? With advancing age, men see their duties more clearly. I am not to be hoodwinked any longer by a slice of venison, be it ever so fat; and as for being dumb on account of turbot and lobster-sauce—of course I am; good manners ordain that I should be so until I have swallowed the compound—but not afterwards: directly the victuals are discussed, and John takes away the plate, my tongue begins to wag. Does not yours, if you have a pleasant neighbour?—a lovely creature, say, of some five-and-thirty, whose daughters have not yet quite come out—they are the best talkers. As for your young misses, they are only put about the table to look at—like the flowers in the centre-piece. Their blushing youth and natural modesty prevent them from that easy confidential conversational *abandon* which forms the delight of the intercourse with their dear mothers. It is to these, if he would prosper in his profession, that the Dining-out Snob should address himself. Suppose you sit next to one of these, how pleasant it is, in the intervals of the banquet, actually to abuse the victuals and the giver of the entertainment! It's twice as *piquant* to make fun of a man under his very nose.

What is a dinner-giving Snob? some innocent youth, who is not *répandu* in the world, may ask—or some simple reader who has not the benefits of London experience.

My dear sir, I will show you—not all, for that is impossible, but several kinds of Dinner-giving Snobs. For instance, suppose you, in the middle rank of life, accustomed to Mutton, roast on Tuesday, cold on Wednesday, hashed

on Thursday, etc., with small means, and a small establishment, choose to waste the former and set the latter topsy-turvy, giving entertainments unnaturally costly—you come into the Dinner-giving Snob class at once. Suppose you get in cheap made-dishes from the pastry-cook's, and hire a couple of green-grocers, or carpet-beaters, to figure as footmen, dismissing honest Molly, who waits on common days, and bedizening your table (ordinarily ornamented with willow-pattern crockery) with twopenny-half-penny Birmingham plate. Suppose you pretend to be richer and grander than you ought to be—you are a Dinner-giving Snob. And O, I tremble to think how many and many a one will read this on Thursday!

A man who entertains in this way—and, alas, how few do not!—is like a fellow who would borrow his neighbour's coat to make a show in, or a lady who flaunts in the diamonds from next door—a humbug, in a word, and amongst the Snobs he must be set down.

A man who goes out of his natural sphere of society to ask Lords, Generals, Aldermen, and other persons of fashion, but is niggardly of his hospitality towards his own equals, is a Dinner-giving Snob. My dear friend, Jack Tufthunt, for example, knows *one* Lord whom he met at a watering-place; old Lord Mumble, who is as toothless as a three-months-old baby, and as mum as an undertaker, and as dull as—well, we will not particularise. Tufthunt never has a dinner now, but you see this solemn old toothless patrician at the right hand of Mrs. Tufthunt—Tufthunt is a Dinner-giving Snob.

Old Livermore, old Soy, old Chuttney, the East India Director, old Cutler, the Surgeon, etc.—that society of old fogies, in fine, who give each other dinners round and round, and dine for the mere purpose of guttling—these, again, are Dinner-giving Snobs.

Again, my friend Lady Macscrew, who has three grenadier flunkies in lace round the table, and serves up a scrag of mutton on silver, and dribbles you out bad sherry and port by thimblefuls, is a Dinner-giving Snob of the other sort; and I confess, for my part, I would rather dine with old Livermore or old Soy than with her Ladyship.

Stinginess is snobbish. Ostentation is snobbish. Too great profusion is snobbish. Tuft-hunting is snobbish; but I own there are people more snobbish than all those

whose defects are above mentioned: viz., those individuals who can, and don't give dinners at all. The man without hospitality shall never sit *sub iisdem trabibus* with me. Let the sordid wretch go mumble his bone alone!

What, again, is true hospitality? Alas, my dear friends and brother Snobs! how little do we meet of it after all! Are the motives *pure* which induce your friends to ask you to dinner? This has often come across me. Does your entertainer want something from you? For instance, I am not of a suspicious turn; but it *is* a fact, that when Hookey is bringing out a new work, he asks the critics all round to dinner; that when Walker has got his picture ready for the Exhibition, he somehow grows exceedingly hospitable, and has his friends of the press to a quiet cutlet and a glass of Sillery. Old Hunks, the miser, who died lately (leaving his money to his housekeeper), lived many years on the fat of the land, by simply taking down, at all his friends', the names and Christian names of *all the children*. But though you may have your own opinion about the hospitality of your acquaintances; and though men who ask you from sordid motives are most decidedly Dinner-giving Snobs, it is best not to inquire into their motives too keenly. Be not too curious about the mouth of a gift-horse. After all, a man does not intend to insult you by asking you to dinner.

Though, for that matter, I know some characters about town who actually consider themselves injured and insulted if the dinner or the company is not to their liking. There is Guttleton, who dines at home off a shilling's worth of beef from the cook's shop, but if he is asked to dine at a house where there are not peas at the end of May, or cucumbers in March along with the turbot, thinks himself insulted by being invited. "Good God!" says he, "what the deuce do the Forkers mean, by asking *me* to a family dinner? I can get mutton at home;" or, "What infernal impertinence it is of the Spooners to get *entrées* from the pastry cook's, and fancy that I am to be deceived with their stories about their French cook!" Then, again, there is Jack Puddington—I saw that honest fellow t'other day quite in a rage, because, as chance would have it, Sir John Carver asked him to meet the very same party he had met at Colonel Cramley's the day before, and he had not got up a new set of stories to entertain them. Poor Dinner-giving Snobs!

you don't know what small thanks you get for all your pains and money! How we Dining-out Snobs sneer at your cookery and pooh-pooh your old Hock, and are incredulous about your four-and-sixpenny Champagne; and know that the side-dishes of to-day are *réchauffées* from the dinner of yesterday, and mark how certain dishes are whisked off the table untasted, so that they may figure at the banquet to-morrow. Whenever for my part I see the head man particularly anxious to *escamoter* a fricandeau or a blancmange, I always call out, and insist upon massacring it with a spoon. All this sort of conduct makes one popular with the Dinner-giving Snob. One friend of mine, I know, has made a prodigious sensation in good society, by announcing *apropos* of certain dishes when offered to him, that he never eats aspic except at Lord Tittup's, and that Lady Jiminy's Chef is the only man in London who knows how to dress—*filet en serpenteau*—or *Suprême de Volaille aux truffes*.

But my paper is out; and we will resume the subject next week.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DINNER-GIVING SNOBS FURTHER CONSIDERED.

IF my friends would but follow the present prevailing fashion, I think they ought to give me a testimonial for the paper on Dinner-giving Snobs, which I am now writing. What do you say now to a handsome comfortable dinner-service of plate (not including plates, for I hold silver plates to be sheer wantonness, and would almost as soon think of silver tea-cups), a couple of neat tea-pots, a coffee-pot, trays, etc., with a little inscription to my wife, Mrs. Snob; and a half-score of silver tankards for the little Snoblings, to glitter on the homely table where they partake of their quotidian mutton?

If I had my way, and my plans could be carried out, dinner-giving would increase as much on the one hand as dinner-giving Snobbishness would diminish;—to my mind, the most amiable part of the work lately published by my esteemed friend (if upon a very brief acquaintance he will allow me to call him so), Alexis Soyer, *The Regenerator*; what he (in his noble style) would call the most succulent, savoury, and elegant passages, are those which relate not to the grand banquets and ceremonial dinners but to “his dinners at home.”

The “dinner at home” ought to be the centre of the whole system of dinner-giving. Your usual style of meal that is plenteous, comfortable, and in its perfection, should be that to which you welcome your friends, as it is that of which you partake yourself.

For, towards what woman in the world do I entertain a higher regard than towards the beloved partner of my existence, Mrs. Snob? who should have a greater place in my affections than her six brothers (three or four of whom we are pretty sure will favour us with their company at seven o'clock) or her angelic mother, my own valued mother-in-law?—for whom, finally, would I wish to cater more generously than for your very humble servant, the present writer? Now, nobody supposes that the Birmingham plate is had out, the disguised carpet-beaters introduced to the exclusion of the neat parlour-maid, the miserable *entrées*:

from the pastry cook's ordered in and the children packed off (as it is supposed) to the nursery, but really only to the staircase, down which they slide during the dinner-time, waylaying the dishes as they come out, and fingering the round bumps on the jellies, and the forced-meat balls in the soup. Nobody, I say, supposes that a dinner at home is characterised by the horrible ceremony, the foolish make-shifts, the mean pomp and ostentation which distinguish our banquets on grand-field-days.

Such a notion is monstrous. I would as soon think of having my dearest Bessy sitting opposite me in a turban and bird of Paradise, and showing her jolly mottled arms out of blonde sleeves, in her famous red satin gown: aye, or of having Mr. Toole every day, in a white waistcoat, at my back, shouting out, "Silence *faw* the chair!"

Now, if this be the case; if the Brummagen-plate pomp and the processions of disguised footmen are odious and foolish in everyday life, why not always? Why should Jones and I, who are in the middle rank, alter the modes of our being to assume an *éclat* which does not belong to us—to entertain our friends, who (if we are worth anything, and honest fellows at bottom) are men of the middle rank too, who are not in the least deceived by our temporary splendour; and who play off exactly the same absurd trick upon us when they ask us to dine?

If it be pleasant to dine with your friends, as all persons with good stomachs and kindly hearts will, I presume, allow it to be, it is better to dine twice than to dine once. It is impossible for men of small means to be continually spending five-and-twenty or thirty shillings on each friend who sits down to their table. People dine for less. I myself have seen, at my favourite Club (the Senior United Service), His Grace the Duke of Wellington quite contented with the joint, one-and-three, and half-pint of Sherry wine; and if His Grace, why not you and I?

This rule I have made, and found the benefit of. Whenever I ask a couple of Dukes and a Marquis or so to dine with me, I set them down to a piece of beef, or a leg of mutton and trimmings. The grandees thank you for this simplicity, and appreciate the same. My dear Jones, ask any of those whom you have the honour of knowing, if such be not the case.

I am far from wishing that their Graces should treat me

in a similar fashion. Splendour is a part of their station, as decent comfort (let us trust) of yours and mine. Fate has comfortably appointed gold plate for some, and has bidden others contentedly to wear the willow pattern. And being perfectly contented (indeed humbly thankful—for look around, O Jones, and see the myriads who are not so fortunate) to wear honest linen, while magnificos of the world are adorned with cambric and point-lace; surely we ought to hold as miserable, envious fools, those wretched Beaux Tibbs's of society, who sport a lace dickey, and nothing besides. The poor silly jays, who trail a peacock's feather behind them, and think to simulate the gorgeous bird whose nature it is to strut on palace-terraces, and to flaunt his magnificent fan-tail in the sunshine.

The jays with peacocks' feathers are the Snobs of this world; and never since the days of Æsop were they more numerous in any land than they are at present in this free country.

How does this most ancient apologue apply to the subject in hand—the dinner-giving Snob? The imitation of the great is universal in this city, from the palaces of Kensingtonia and Belgravia, even to the remotest corner of Brunswick Square. Peacocks' feathers are stuck in the tails of most families. Scarce one of us domestic birds but imitate the lanky, pavonine strut, and shrill, genteel scream. O you misguided dinner-giving Snobs, think how much pleasure you lose, and how much mischief you do with your absurd grandeurs and hypocrisies! You stuff each other with unnatural forced-meats, and entertain each other to the ruin of friendship (let alone health) and the destruction of hospitality and good-fellowship—you, who but for the peacock's tail might chatter away so much at your ease, and be so jovial and happy!

When a man goes into a great company of dinner-giving and dinner-receiving Snobs; if he has a philosophic turn of mind, he will consider what a huge humbug the whole affair is; the dishes and the drink, and the servants and the plate, and the host and hostess, and the conversation and the company—the philosopher included.

The host is smiling and hobnobbing, and talking up and down the table; but a prey to secret terrors and anxieties lest the wines he has brought up from the cellar should prove insufficient; lest a corked bottle should destroy his

calculation; or our friend the carpet-beater, by making some *bévue* should disclose his real quality of green-grocer, and show that he is not the family butler.

The hostess is smiling resolutely through all the courses, smiling through her agony; though her heart is in the kitchen, and she is speculating with terror lest there be any disaster there. If the *soufflé* should collapse, or if Wiggins does not send the ices in time—she feels as if she would commit suicide—that smiling jolly woman!

The children upstairs are yelling, as their maid is crimping their miserable ringlets with hot tongs, tearing Miss Emmy's hair out by the roots, or scrubbing Miss Polly's dumpy nose with mottled soap till the little wretch screams herself into fits. The young males of the family are employed, as we have stated, in piratical exploits upon the landing-place.

The servants are not servants, but the before-mentioned retail tradesmen.

The plate is not silver, but a mere shiny Birmingham lacquer; and so is the hospitality, and everything else.

The talk is Birmingham. The wag of the party, with bitterness in his heart, having just quitted his laundress, who is dunning him for her bill, is firing off good stories, and the opposition wag is furious that he cannot get an innings. Jawkins, the great conversationist, is scornful and indignant with the pair of them, because he is kept out of court. Young Muscadel, that cheap dandy, is talking Fashion and Almack's out of the *Morning Post*, and disgusting his neighbour, Mrs. Fox, who reflects that she has never been there. The widow is vexed out of patience, because her daughter Maria has got a place beside young Cambric, the penniless curate, and not by Colonel Goldmore, the rich widower from India. The doctor's wife is sulky, because she has not been led out before the barrister's lady; old Doctor Cork is grumbling at the wine, and Guttleton sneering at the cookery.

And to think that all these people might be so happy, and easy, and friendly, were they brought together in a natural unpretentious way, and but for an unhappy passion for peacocks' feathers in England. Gentle shades of Marat and Robespierre! when I see how all the honesty of society is corrupted among us by the miserable fashion-worship, I feel as angry as Mrs. Fox just mentioned, and ready to order a general *battue* of peacocks.

CHAPTER XXVIII

SOME CONTINENTAL SNOBS.

Now that September has come, and all our parliamentary duties are over, perhaps no class of Snobs are in such high feather as the Continental Snobs. I watch these daily as they commence their migrations from the beach at Folkestone. I see shoals of them depart (not perhaps without an innate longing too to quit the island along with those happy Snobs). Farewell, dear friends, I say; you little know that the individual who regards you from the beach is your friend and historiographer and brother.

I went to-day to see our excellent friend Snooks, on board the *Queen of the French*; many scores of Snobs were there, on the deck of that fine ship, marching forth in their pride and bravery. They will be at Ostend in four hours; they will inundate the continent next week; they will carry into far lands the famous image of the British Snob. I shall not see them—but am with them in spirit, and indeed there is hardly a country in the known and civilised world in which these eyes have not beheld them.

I have seen Snobs, in pink coats and hunting boots, scouring over the Campagna of Rome; and have heard their oaths and their well-known slang in the galleries of the Vatican, and under the shadowy arches of the Colosseum. I have met a Snob on a dromedary in the desert, and pick-nicking under the pyramid of Cheops. I like to think how many gallant British Snobs there are, at this minute of writing, pushing their heads out of every window in the court-yard of Meurice's, in the Rue de Rivoli; or roaring out "Garson, du pang," "Garson, du vang;" or swaggering down the Toledo at Naples; or even how many will be on the look out for Snooks on Ostend pier,—for Snooks and the rest of the Snobs on board the *Queen of the French*.

Look at the Marquis of Carabas and his two carriages. My lady Marchioness comes on board, looks round with that happy air of mingled terror and impertinence which distinguishes her ladyship, and rushes to her carriage, for it is impossible that she should mingle with the other

Snobs on deck. There she sits, and will be ill in private. The strawberry-leaves on her chariot panels are engraved on her ladyship's heart. If she were going to heaven instead of to Ostend, I rather think she would expect to have *des places réservées* for her, and would send to order the best rooms. A courier, with his money-bag of office round his shoulders—a huge scowling footman, whose dark pepper-and-salt livery glistens with the heraldic insignia of the Carabasses—a brazen-looking, tawdry French *femme-de-chambre* (none but a female pen can do justice to that wonderful tawdry toilette of the lady's-maid *en voyage*)—and a miserable *dame de Compagnie*, are ministering to the wants of her ladyship and her King Charles's spaniel. They are rushing to and fro with *Eau-de-Cologne*, pocket-handkerchiefs which are all fringe and cypher, and popping mysterious cushions behind and before, and in every available corner of the carriage.

The little Marquis, her husband, is walking about the deck in a bewildered manner, with a lean daughter on each arm: the carrotty-tufted hope of the family is already smoking on the foredeck in a travelling costume checked all over, and in little lacker-tipped jean boots, and a shirt embroidered with pink boa-constrictors. What is it that gives travelling Snobs such a marvellous propensity to rush into a costume? Why should a man not travel in a coat, etc.? but think proper to dress himself like a harlequin in mourning? See, even young Aldermanbury, the tallow merchant, who has just stepped on board, has got a travelling dress gaping all over with pockets; and little Tom Tapeworm, the lawyer's clerk out of the City, who has but three weeks' leave, turns out in gaiters and a bran new shooting-jacket, and must let the moustachios grow on his little snuffy upper lip, forsooth!

Pompey Hicks is giving elaborate directions to his servant, and asking loudly, "Davis, where's the dwessing-case?" and "Davis, you'd best take the pistol-case into the cabin." Little Pompey travels with a dressing-case, and without any beard; whom he is going to shoot with his pistols who on earth can tell? and what he is to do with his servant but wait upon him, I am at a loss to conjecture.

Look at honest Nathan Houndsditch and his lady, and their little son. What a noble air of blazing contentment illuminates the features of those Snobs of Eastern race!

What a toilette Houndsditch's is! What rings and chains, what gold-headed canes and diamonds, what a tuft the rogue has got to his chin (the rogue! he will never spare himself any cheap enjoyment!). Little Houndsditch has a little cane with a gilt head and little mosaic ornaments—altogether an extra air. As for the lady, she is all the colours of the rainbow: she has a pink parasol, with a white lining, and a yellow bonnet, and an emerald green shawl, and a shot silk pelisse; and drab boots and rhubarb-coloured gloves; and party-coloured glass buttons, expanding from the size of a fourpenny piece to a crown, glitter and twiddle all down the front of her gorgeous costume. I have said before, I like to look at "The Peoples" on their gala days, they are so picturesquely and outrageously splendid and happy.

Yonder comes Captain Bull, spick and span, tight and trim, who travels for four or six months every year of his life, who does not commit himself by luxury of raiment or insolence of demeanour, but I think is as great a Snob as any man on board. Bull passes the season in London, sponging for dinners, and sleeping in a garret near his Club. Abroad, he has been everywhere; he knows the best wine at every inn in every capital in Europe; lives with the best English company there; has seen every palace and picture-gallery from Madrid to Stockholm; speaks an abominable little jargon of half-a-dozen languages—and knows nothing. Bull hunts tufts on the Continent, and is a sort of amateur courier. He will scrape acquaintance with old Carabas before they make Ostend; and will remind his Lordship that he met him at Vienna twenty years ago, or gave him a glass of Schnaps up the Righi. We have said Bull knows nothing; he knows the birth, arms, and pedigree of all the peerage; has poked his little eyes into every one of the carriages on board—their panels noted and their crests surveyed; he knows all the continental stories of English scandal—how Count Towrowski ran off with Miss Baggs at Naples—how *very* thick Lady Smigsmag was with young Cornichon of the French legation at Florence—the exact amount which Jack Deuceall won of Bob Greengoose at Baden—what it is that made the Staggs settle on the Continent—the sum for which the O'Giggarty's estates are mortgaged, etc. If he can't catch a lord he will hook on to a baronet, or else the old wretch will catch hold of some

beardless young stripling of fashion, and show him "life" in various amiable and inaccessible quarters. Faugh! the old brute! If he has every one of the vices of the most boisterous youth; at least, he is comforted by having no conscience. He is utterly stupid, but of a jovial turn. He believes himself to be quite a respectable member of society; but perhaps the only good action he ever did in his life is the involuntary one of giving an example to be avoided, and showing what an odious thing in the social picture is that figure of the debauched old man who passes through life rather a decorous Silenus, and dies some day in his garret, alone, unrepenting, and unnoted, save by his astonished heirs, who find that the dissolute old miser has left money behind him. See! he is up to old Carabas already! I told you he would.

Yonder you see the old Lady Mary Macscrew, and those middle-aged young women, her daughters; they are going to cheapen and haggle in Belgium and up the Rhine until they meet with a boarding-house where they can live upon less board-wages than her Ladyship pays her footmen. But she will exact and receive considerable respect from the British Snobs located in the watering-place which she selects for her summer residence, being the daughter of the Earl of Haggistoun. That broad-shouldered buck, with the great whiskers, and the cleaned white-kid gloves, is Mr. Phelim Clancy, of Poldoodystown; he calls himself Mr. De Clancy; he endeavours to disguise his native brogue with the richest superposition of English; and if you play at billiards or *écarté* with him, the chances are that you will win the first game, and he the seven or eight games ensuing.

That over-grown lady with the four daughters, and the young dandy from the University, her son, is Mrs. Kewsy, the eminent barrister's lady, who would die rather than not be in the fashion. She has the "Peerage" in her carpet-bag, you may be sure; but she is altogether cut out by Mrs. Quod, the attorney's wife, whose carriage, with the apparatus of rumbles, dickeys, and imperials, scarcely yields in splendour to the Marquis of Carabas's own travelling chariot, and whose courier has even bigger whiskers and a larger morocco money-bag than the Marquis's own travelling gentleman. Remark her well; she is talking to Mr. Spout, the new member for Jawborough, who is going

out to inspect the operations of the Zollverein, and will put some very severe questions to Lord Palmerston next Session upon England and her relations with the Prussian-blue trade, the Naples soap trade, the German tinder trade, etc. Spout will patronise King Leopold at Brussels; will write letters from abroad to the *Jawborough Independent*; and, in his quality of *Member du Parlimong Britannique*, will expect to be invited to a family dinner with every sovereign whose dominions he honours with a visit during his tour.

The next person is—but hark! the bell for shore is ringing, and, shaking Snook's hand cordially, we rush on to the pier, waving him a farewell as the noble black ship cuts keenly through the sunny azure waters, bearing away that cargo of Snobs outward bound.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CONTINENTAL SNOBBERY CONTINUED.

WE are accustomed to laugh at the French for their braggadocio-propensities, and intolerable vanity about la France, la Gloire, l'Empereur and the like; and yet I think in my heart that the British Snob, for conceit and self-sufficiency and braggartism, in his way is without a parallel. There is always something uneasy in a Frenchman's conceit. He brags with so much fury, shrieking and gesticulation; yells out so loudly that the Français is at the head of civilisation, the centre of thought, etc., that one can't but see the poor fellow has a lurking doubt in his own mind that he is not the wonder he professes to be.

About the British Snob, on the contrary, there is commonly no noise, no bluster, but the calmness of profound conviction. We are better than all the world; we don't question the opinion at all; it's an axiom. And when a Frenchman bellows out, "*La France, Monsieur, la France est à la tête du monde civilisé!*" we laugh good-naturedly at the frantic poor devil. We are the first chop of the world; we know the fact so well in our secret hearts, that a claim set up elsewhere is simply ludicrous. My dear brother reader, say, as a man of honour, if you are not of this opinion? Do you think a Frenchman your equal? You don't—you gallant British Snob—you know you don't: no more, perhaps, does the Snob your humble Servant, brother.

And I am inclined to think it is this conviction, and the consequent bearing of the Englishman towards the foreigner whom he condescends to visit, this confidence of superiority which holds up the head of the owner of every English hat-box from Sicily to St. Petersburg, that makes us so magnificently hated throughout Europe as we are; this—more than all our little victories, and of which many Frenchmen and Spaniards have never heard—this amazing and indomitable insular pride, which animates my lord in his travelling-carriage as well as John in the rumble.

If you read the old Chronicles of the French wars, you

find precisely the same character of the Englishman and Henry V.'s people with just the cool domineering manner of our own gallant veterans of France and the Peninsula. Did you never hear Colonel Cutler and Major Slasher talking over the war after dinner? or Captain Boarder describing his action with the *Indomptable*? "Hang the fellows," says Boarder, "their practice was very good. I was beat off three times before I took her." "Cuss those carabineers of Milhauds," says Slasher, "what work they made of our light cavalry!" implying a sort of surprise that the Frenchmen should stand up against Britons at all; a good-natured wonder that the blind, mad, vain-glorious, brave, poor devils, should actually have the courage to resist an Englishman. Legions of such Englishmen are patronising Europe at this moment, being kind to the Pope, or good-natured to the King of Holland, or condescending to inspect the Prussian reviews. When Nicholas came here, who reviews a quarter of a million of pairs of moustachios to his breakfast every morning, we took him off to Windsor and showed him two whole regiments of six or eight hundred Britons a-piece, with an air as much as to say,—“There, my boy, look at *that*. Those are *Englishmen*, those are, and your master whenever you please,” as the nursery song says. The British Snob is long, long past scepticism, and can afford to laugh quite good-humouredly at those conceited Yankees, or besotted little Frenchmen, who set up as models of mankind. *They* forsooth!

I have been led into these remarks by listening to an old fellow at the Hôtel du Nord, at Boulogne, and who is evidently of the Slasher sort. He came down and seated himself at the breakfast-table, with a surly scowl on his salmon-coloured blood-shot face, strangling in a tight, cross-barred cravat; his linen and his appointments so perfectly stiff and spotless that everybody at once recognised him as a dear countryman. Only our port-wine and other admirable institutions could have produced a figure so insolent, so stupid, so gentleman-like. After a while our attention was called to him by his roaring out, in a voice of plethoric fury, “O!”

Everybody turned round at the O, conceiving the Colonel to be, as his countenance denoted him, in intense pain; but the waiters knew better, and instead of being alarmed, brought the Colonel the kettle. O, it appears, is the

French for hot-water. The Colonel (though he despises it heartily) thinks he speaks the language remarkably well. Whilst he was inhausting his smoking tea, which went rolling and gurgling down his throat, and hissing over the "hot coppers" of that respectable veteran, a friend joined him, with a wizened face and very black wig, evidently a Colonel too.

The two warriors, wagglng their old heads at each other, presently joined breakfast, and fell into conversation, and we had the advantage of hearing about the old war, and some pleasant conjectures as to the next, which they considered imminent. They psha'd the French fleet; they poohpooh'd the French Commercial Marine; they showed how, in a war, there would be a cordon (a cordong, by —) of steamers along our coast, and by —, ready at a minute to land anywhere on the other shore, to give the French as good a thrashing as they got in the last war, by —. In fact a rumbling cannonade of oaths was fired by the two veterans during the whole of their conversation.

There was a Frenchman in the room, but as he had not been above ten years in London, of course he did not speak the language, and lost the benefit of the conversation. "But oh, my country!" says I to myself, "it's no wonder that you are so beloved! If I were a Frenchman, how I would hate you!"

That brutal ignorant peevish bully of an Englishman is showing himself in every city of Europe. One of the dumbest creatures under Heaven, he goes trampling Europe under foot, shouldering his way into galleries and cathedrals, and bustling into palaces with his buckram uniform. At church or theatre, gala or picture-gallery, his face never varies. A thousand delightful sights pass before his blood-shot eyes, and don't affect him. Countless brilliant scenes of life and manners are shown him, but never move him. He goes to church and calls the practices there degrading and superstitious, as if *his* altar was the only one that was acceptable. He goes to picture-galleries, and is more ignorant about art than a French shoe-black. Art, Nature pass, and there is no dot of admiration in his stupid eyes; nothing moves him, except when a very great man comes his way, and then the rigid proud self-confident inflexible British Snob can be as humble as a flunkey, and as supple as a harlequin

CHAPTER XXX.

ENGLISH SNOBS ON THE CONTINENT.

“WHAT is the use of Lord Rosse’s telescope?” my friend Panwhiski exclaimed the other day. “It only enables you to see a few hundred thousands of miles farther. What were thought to be mere nebulæ, turn out to be most perceivable starry systems; and beyond these, you see other nebulæ, which a more powerful glass will show to be stars, again; and so they go on glittering and winking away into eternity.” With which my friend Pan, heaving a great sigh, as if confessing his inability to look Infinity in the face, sank back resigned, and swallowed a large bumper of Claret.

I (who, like other great men, have but one idea) thought to myself, that as the stars are, so are the Snobs:—the more you gaze upon those luminaries, the more you behold—now nebulously congregated—now faintly distinguishable—now brightly defined—until they twinkle off in endless blazes, and fade into the immeasurable darkness. I am but as a child playing on the sea-shore. Some telescopic philosopher will arise one day, some great Snobonomer, to find the laws of the great science which we are now merely playing with, and to define, and settle, and classify that which is at present but vague theory, and loose, though elegant assertion.

Yes: a single eye can but trace a very few and simple varieties of the enormous universe of Snobs. I sometimes think of appealing to the public, and calling together a congress of *savans*, such as met at Southampton—each to bring his contributions and read his paper on the Great Subject. For what can a single poor few do, even with the subject at present in hand? English Snobs on the Continent—though they are a hundred thousand times less numerous than on their native island, yet even these few are too many. One can only fix a stray one here and there. The individuals are caught—the thousands escape. I have noted down but three whom I have met within my

walk this morning through this pleasant marine city of Boulogne.

There is the English Raff Snob, that frequents *estaminets* and *cabarets*; who is heard yelling, "We won't go home till morning!" and startling the midnight echoes of quiet continental towns with shrieks of English slang. The boozy unshorn wretch is seen hovering round quays as packets arrive, and tippling drams in inn bars where he gets credit. He talks French with slang familiarity: he and his like quite people the debt-prisons on the Continent. He plays pool at the billiard-houses, and may be seen engaged at cards and dominoes of forenoons. His signature is to be seen on countless bills of exchange; it belonged to an honourable family once, very likely; for the English Raff most probably began by being a gentleman, and has a father over the water who is ashamed to hear his name. He has cheated the old "governor" repeatedly in better days, and swindled his sisters of their portions, and robbed his younger brothers. Now he is living on his wife's jointure; she is hidden away in some dismal garret, patching shabby finery and cobbling up old clothes for the children—the most miserable and slatternly of women.

Or sometimes the poor woman and her daughters go about timidly, giving lessons in English and music, or do embroidery and work under-hand, to purchase the means for the *pot-au-feu*; while Raff is swaggering on the quay, or tossing off glasses of Cognac at the Café. The unfortunate creature has a child still every year, and her constant hypocrisy is to try and make her girls believe that their father is a respectable man, and to huddle him out of the way, when the brute comes home drunk.

Those poor ruined souls get together and have a society of their own, the which it is very affecting to watch—those tawdry pretences at gentility, those flimsy attempts at gaiety; those woeful sallies: that jingling old piano: O, it makes the heart sick to see and hear them! As Mrs. Raff, with her company of pale daughters, gives a penny tea to Mrs. Diddler, and they talk about bygone times, and the fine society they kept; and they sing feeble songs out of tattered old music-books; and while engaged in this sort of entertainment, in comes Captain Raff with his greasy hat on one side, and straightway the whole of the dismal room reeks with a mingled odour of smoke and spirits.

Has not everybody who has lived abroad met Captain Raff? His name is proclaimed, every now and then, by Mr. Sheriff's Officer Hemp; and about Boulogne, and Paris, and Brussels, there are so many of his sort that I will lay a wager that I shall be accused of gross personality for showing him up. Many a less irreclaimable villain is transported; many a more honourable man is at present at the treadmill; and although we are the noblest, greatest, most religious, and most moral people in the world, I would still like to know where, except in the United Kingdom, debts are a matter of joke, and making tradesmen "suffer" a sport that gentlemen own to? It is dishonourable to owe money in France. You never hear people in other parts of Europe brag of their swindling; or see a prison in a large continental town which is not more or less peopled with English rogues.

A still more loathsome and dangerous Snob than the above transparent and passive scamp, is frequent on the continent of Europe, and my young Snob friends who are travelling thither should be specially warned against him. Captain Legg is a gentleman, like Raff, though perhaps of a better degree. He has robbed his family too, but of a great deal more, and has boldly dishonoured bills for thousands, where Raff has been boggling over the clumsy conveyance of a ten-pound note. Legg is always at the best inn, with the finest waistcoats and moustachios, or tearing about in the flashest of britzkas, while poor Raff is tipsifying himself with spirits and smoking cheap tobacco. It is amazing to think that Legg, so often shown up, and known everywhere, is flourishing yet. He would sink into utter ruin, but for the constant and ardent love of gentility that distinguishes the English Snob. There is many a young fellow of the middle classes who must know Legg to be a rogue and a cheat, and yet, from his desire to be in the fashion, and his admiration of tiptop swells, and from his ambition to air himself by the side of a lord's son, will let Legg make an income out of him; content to pay, so long as he can enjoy that society. Many a worthy father of a family, when he hears that his son is riding about with Captain Legg, Lord Levant's son, is rather pleased that young Hopeful should be in such good company.

Legg and his friend, Major Macer, make professional tours through Europe, and are to be found at the right

places at the right time. Last year I heard how my young acquaintance, Mr. Muff, from Oxford, going to see a little life at a Carnival ball at Paris, was accosted by an Englishman who did not know a word of the d—— language, and hearing Muff speak it so admirably, begged him to interpret to a waiter with whom there was a dispute about refreshments. It was quite a comfort, the stranger said, to see an honest English face; and did Muff know where there was a good place for supper? So those two went to supper, and who should come in, of all men in the world, but Major Macer? And so Legg introduced Macer, and so there came on a little intimacy, and three-card loo, etc., etc. Year after year scores of Muffs, in various places in the world, are victimised by Legg and Macer. The story is so stale, the trick of seduction so entirely old and clumsy, that it is only a wonder people can be taken in any more; but the temptations of vice and gentility together are too much for young English Snobs, and those simple young victims are caught fresh every day. Though it is only to be kicked and cheated by men of fashion, your true British Snob will present himself for the honour.

I need not allude here to that very common British Snob, who makes desperate efforts at becoming intimate with the great continental aristocracy, such as old Rolls, the baker, who has set up his quarters in the Faubourg Saint Germain, and will receive none but Carlists, and no French gentleman under the rank of a Marquis. We can all of us laugh at *that* fellow's pretensions well enough—we who tremble before a great man of our own nation. But, as you say, my brave and honest John Bull of a Snob, a French Marquis of twenty descents is very different from an English Peer; and a pack of beggarly German and Italian Fuersten and Principi awaken the scorn of an honest-minded Briton. But our aristocracy—that's a very different matter. They are the real leaders of the world—the real old original and no-mistake nobility. Off with your cap, Snob: down on your knees, Snob, and truckle.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ON SOME COUNTRY SNOBS.

TIRED of the town, where the sight of the closed shutters of the nobility, my friends, makes my heart sick in my walks; afraid almost to sit in those vast Pall Mall solitudes, the Clubs, and of annoying the Club waiters, who might, I thought, be going to shoot in the country, but for me, I determined on a brief tour in the province, and paying some visits in the country which were long due.

My first visit was to my friend Major Ponto, (H.P. of the Horse Marines), in Mangelwurzelshire. The Major in his little phaeton was in waiting to take me up at the station. The vehicle was not certainly a nice turn-out for the park, but such a carriage as would accommodate a plain man (as Ponto said he was) and a numerous family. We drove by beautiful fresh fields and green hedges, through a cheerful English landscape; the high road, as smooth and trim as the way in a nobleman's park, was charmingly checkered with cool shade and golden sunshine. Rustics, in snowy smock-frocks, jerked their hats off, smiling as we passed. Children, with cheeks as red as the apples in the orchards, bobbed curtsies to us at the cottage-doors. Blue church spires rose here and there in the distance; and as the buxom gardener's wife opened the white gate at the Major's little ivy-covered lodge, and we drove through the neat plantations of firs and evergreens, up to the house, my bosom felt a joy and elation which I thought it was impossible to experience in the smoky atmosphere of a town. "Here," I mentally exclaimed, "is all peace, plenty, happiness. Here, I shall be rid of Snobs. There can be none in this charming Arcadian spot."

Stripes, the Major's man (formerly corporal in his gallant corps), received my portmanteau, and an elegant little present, which I had brought from town as a peace-offering to Mrs. Ponto; viz., a cod and oysters from Groves's, in a hamper about the size of a coffin.

Ponto's house ("The Evergreens" Mrs. P. has christened it) is a perfect Paradise of a place. It is all over creepers,

and bow-windows, and verandahs. A wavy lawn tumbles up and down all round it, with flower-beds of wonderful shapes, and zigzag gravel walks, and beautiful but damp shrubberies of myrtles and glistening laurustinums, which have procured it its change of name. It was called Little Bullock's Pound in old Doctor Ponto's time. I had a view of the pretty grounds, and the stable, and the adjoining village and church, and a great park beyond, from the windows of the bedroom whither Ponto conducted me. It was the yellow bedroom, the freshest and pleasantest of bed-chambers; the air was fragrant with a large bouquet that was placed on the writing table; the linen was fragrant with the lavender in which it had been laid; the chintz hangings of the bed and the big sofa were, if not fragrant with flowers, at least painted all over with them; the pen-wiper on the table was the imitation of a double dahlia; and there was accommodation for my watch in a sunflower on the mantelpiece. A scarlet-leaved creeper came curling over the windows, through which the setting sun was pouring a flood of golden light. It was all flowers and freshness. O how unlike those black chimney pots in St. Alban's Place, London, on which these weary eyes are accustomed to look.

"It must be all happiness here, Ponto," said I, flinging myself down into the snug *bergère*, and inhaling such a delicious draught of country air as all the *millefleurs* of Mr. Atkinson's shop cannot impart to any the most expensive pocket-handkerchief.

"Nice place, isn't it?" said Ponto. "Quiet and unpretending. I like everything quiet. You've not brought your valet with you? Stripes will arrange your dressing things;" and that functionary, entering at the same time, proceeded to gut my portmanteau, and to lay out the black kerseymeres, "the rich cut velvet Genoa waistcoat," the white choker, and other polite articles of evening costume, with great gravity and dispatch. "A great dinner-party," thinks I to myself, seeing their preparations (and not, perhaps, displeased at the idea that some of the best people in the neighbourhood were coming to see me). "Hark, there's the first bell ringing!" said Ponto, moving away; and, in fact, a clamorous harbinger of victuals began clanging from the stable turret, and announced the agreeable fact that dinner would appear in half-an-hour. "If the

dinner is as grand as the dinner-bell," thought I, "faith, I'm in good quarters!" and had leisure, during the half-hour's interval, not only to advance my own person to the utmost polish of elegance which it is capable of receiving, to admire the pedigree of the Pontos hanging over the chimney, and the Ponto crest and arms emblazoned on the wash-hand basin and jug, but to make a thousand reflections on the happiness of a country life—upon the innocent friendliness and cordiality of rustic intercourse; and to sigh for an opportunity of retiring, like Ponto, to my own fields, to my own vine and fig-tree, with a placens uxor in my domus, and a half-score of sweet young pledges of affection sporting round my paternal knee.

Clang! At the end of the thirty minutes, dinner-bell number two pealed from the adjacent turret. I hastened downstairs, expecting to find a score of healthy country folks in the drawing-room. There was only one person there; a tall and Roman-nosed lady, glistening over with bugles, in deep mourning. She rose, advanced two steps, made a majestic curtsy, during which all the bugles in her awful head-dress began to twiddle and quiver—and then said, "Mr. Snob, we are very happy to see you at the Evergreens," and heaved a great sigh.

This, then, was Mrs. Major Ponto; to whom, making my very best bow, I replied, that I was very proud to make her acquaintance, as also that of so charming a place as the Evergreens.

Another sigh. "We are distantly related, Mr. Snob," said she, shaking her melancholy head. "Poor dear Lord Rubadub!"

"Oh," says I, not knowing what the deuce Mrs. Major Ponto meant.

"Major Ponto told me that you were of the Leicestershire Snobs; a very old family, and related to Lord Snobbington, who married Laura Rubadub, who is a cousin of mine, as was her poor dear father, for whom we are in mourning. What a seizure! only sixty-three, and apoplexy quite unknown until now in our family! In life we are in death, Mr. Snob Does Lady Snobbington bear the deprivation well?"

"Why, really Ma'am, I—I don't know," I replied, more and more confused.

As she was speaking I heard a sort of *cloop*, by which

well-known sound I was aware that somebody was opening a bottle of wine, and Ponto entered, in a huge white neck-cloth, and a rather shabby black suit.

"My love," Mrs. Major Ponto said to her husband, "we were talking of our cousin—poor dear Lord Rubadub. His death has placed some of the first families in England in mourning. Does Lady Rubadub keep the house in Hill Street, do you know?"

I didn't know, but I said, "I believe she does," at a venture; and, looking down on the drawing-room table, saw the inevitable, abominable, maniacal, absurd, disgusting "Peerage," open on the table, interleaved with annotations, and open at the article, "Snobbington."

"Dinner is served," says Stripes, flinging open the door; and I gave Mrs. Major Ponto my arm.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A VISIT TO SOME COUNTRY SNOBS.

OF the dinner to which we now sate down, I am not going to be a severe critic. The mahogany I hold to be inviolable; but this I will say, that I prefer Sherry to Marsala when I can get it, and the latter was the wine of which I have no doubt I heard the "cloop" just before dinner. Nor was it particularly good of its kind; however, Mrs. Major Ponto did not evidently know the difference, for she called the liquor Amontillado during the whole of the repast, and drank but half a glass of it, leaving the rest for the Major and his guest.

Stripes was in the livery of the Ponto family—a thought shabby but gorgeous in the extreme—lots of magnificent worsted lace, and livery buttons of a very notable size. The honest fellow's hands, I remarked, were very large and black; and a fine odour of the stable was wafted about the room as he moved to and fro in his ministration. I should have preferred a clean maid-servant, but the sensations of Londoners are too acute perhaps on these subjects; and a faithful John, after all, *is* more genteel.

From the circumstance of the dinner being composed of pig's-head mock-turtle soup, of pig's fry and roast ribs of pork, I am led to imagine that one of Ponto's black Hampshires had been sacrificed a short time previous to my visit. It was an excellent and comfortable repast; only there *was* rather a sameness in it, certainly. I made a similar remark the next day.

During the dinner Mrs. Ponto asked me many questions regarding the nobility, my relatives. "When Lady Angelina Skeggs would come out; and if the Countess, her Mamma (this was said with much archness and he-he-ing) still wore that extraordinary purple hair dye?" "Whether my Lord Guttlebury kept, besides his French chef, and an English *ordon-bleu* for the roasts, an Italian for the confectionery?" "Who attended at Lady Clapperclaw's conversazioni?" and "Whether Sir John Champignon's Thursday Mornings were pleasant?" "Was it true that Lady

Carabas, wanting to pawn her diamonds, found that they were paste, and that the Marquess had disposed of them beforehand?" "How was it that Snuffin, the great tobacco merchant, broke off the marriage which was on the tapis between him and their second daughter? and was it true that a mulatto lady came over from the Havanna and forbid the match?"

"Upon my word, Madam," I had begun, and was going on to say that I didn't know one word about all these matters which seemed so to interest Mrs. Major Ponto, when the Major, giving me a tread or stamp with his large foot under the table, said—

"Come, come, Snob, my boy, we are all tiled you know. We *know* you're one of the fashionable people about town; we saw your name at Lady Clapperclaw's *soirées*, and the Champignon breakfasts and as for the Rubadubs, of course, as relations——"

"Oh, of course, I dine there twice a week," I said; and then I remembered that my cousin, Humphrey Snob, of the Middle Temple, *is* a great frequenter of genteel societies, and to have seen his name in the *Morning Post* at the tag end of several party lists. So, taking the hint, I am ashamed to say I indulged Mrs. Major Ponto with a deal of information about the first families in England, such as would astonish those great personages if they knew them. I described to her most accurately the three reigning beauties of last season at Almack's: told her in confidence that His Grace the D—— of W—— was going to be married the day after his Statue was put up: that His Grace the D—— of D—— was also about to lead the fourth daughter of the Archduke Stephen to the hymeneal altar:—and talked to her, in a word, just in the style of Mrs. Gore's last fashionable novel.

Mrs. Major was quite fascinated by this brilliant conversation. She began to trot out scraps of French, just for all the world as they do in the novels; and kissed her hand to me quite graciously, telling me to come soon to *caffy*, and *ung pu de Musick o salong*—with which she tripped off like an elderly fairy.

"Shall I open a bottle of Port, or do you ever drink such a thing as Hollands and water?" says Ponto, looking ruefully at me. This was a very different style of thing to what I had been led to expect from him at our smoking-

room at the Club: where he swaggers about his horses and his cellar; and slapping me on the shoulder used to say, "Come down to Mangelwurzelshire, Snob, my boy, and I'll give you as good a day's shooting and as good a glass of Claret as any in the county." "Well," I said, "I liked Hollands much better than Port, and Gin even better than Hollands." This was lucky. It *was* gin, and Stripes brought in hot water on a splendid plated tray.

The jingling of a harp and piano soon announced that Mrs. Ponto's *ung pu de Musick* had commenced, and the smell of the stable again entering the dining-room, in the person of Stripes, summoned us to *caffy* and the little concert. She beckoned me with a winning smile to the sofa, on which she made room for me, and where we could command a fine view of the backs of the young ladies who were performing the musical entertainment. Very broad backs they were too, strictly according to the present mode, for crinoline or its substitutes is not an expensive luxury, and young people in the country can afford to be in the fashion at very trifling charges. Miss Emily Ponto at the piano, and her sister Maria at that somewhat exploded instrument, the harp, were in light blue dresses that looked all flounce, and spread out like Mr Green's balloon when inflated.

"Brilliant touch Emily has—what a fine arm Maria's is!" Mrs. Ponto remarked good-naturedly, pointing out the merits of her daughters and waving her own arm in such a way as to show that she was not a little satisfied with the beauty of that member. I observed she had about nine bracelets and bangles, consisting of chains and padlocks, the Major's miniature, and a variety of brass serpents with fiery ruby or tender turquoise eyes, writhing up to her elbow almost, in the most profuse contortions.

"You recognise those polkas? They were played at Devonshire House on the 23rd of July, the day of the grand fête?" So I said yes—I knew 'em quite intimately; and began wagging my head as if in acknowledgment of those old friends.

When the performance was concluded, I had the felicity of a presentation and conversation with the two tall and scraggy Miss Pontos; and Miss Wirt, the governess, sate down to entertain us with variations on "Sich a gettin' up Stairs." They were determined to be in the fashion.

For the performance of the "Gettin' up Stairs," I have no other name but that it was a *stunner*. First Miss Wirt, with great deliberation, played the original and beautiful melody, cutting it, as it were, out of the instrument, and firing off each note so loud, clear, and sharp, that I am sure Stripes must have heard it in the stable.

"What a finger!" says Mrs. Ponto, and indeed it *was* a finger as knotted as a turkey's drumstick, and splaying all over the piano. When she had banged out the tune slowly, she began a different manner of "Gettin' up Stairs," and did so with a fury and swiftness quite incredible. She spun up stairs; she whirled up stairs; she galloped up stairs; she rattled up stairs; and then, having got the tune to the top landing, as it were, she hurled it down again shrieking to the bottom floor, where it sank in a crash as if exhausted by the breathless rapidity of the descent. Then Miss Wirt played the "Gettin' up Stairs" with the most pathetic and ravishing solemnity: plaintive moans and sobs issued from the keys—you wept and trembled as you were gettin' up stairs. Miss Wirt's hands seemed to faint and wail and die in variations; again, and she went up with a savage clang and rush of trumpets, as if Miss Wirt was storming a breach; and although I knew nothing of music, as I sate and listened with my mouth open to this wonderful display, my *caffy* grew cold, and I wondered the windows did not crack and the chandelier start out of the beam at the sound of this earthquake of a piece of music.

"Glorious creature! Isn't she?" said Mrs. Ponto. "Squirtz's favourite pupil—ineestimable to have such a creature. Lady Carabas would give her eyes for her. A prodigy of accomplishments! Thank you, Miss Wirt:"—and the young ladies gave a heave and a gasp of admiration—a deep-breathing gushing sound, such as you hear at Church when the sermon comes to a full stop.

Miss Wirt put her two great double-knuckled hands round a waist of her two pupils, and said, "My dear children, I hope you will be able to play it soon as well as your poor little governess. When I lived with the Dunsinanes, it was the dear Duchess's favourite, and Lady Barbara and Lady Jane Macbeth learned it. It was while hearing Jane play that, I remember, that dear Lord Castle-toddy first fell in love with her; and though he is but an Irish Peer, with not more than fifteen thousand a year, I

persuaded Jane to have him. Do you know Castletoddy, Mr. Snob?—round towers—sweet place—County Mayo. Old Lord Castletoddy (the present Lord was then Lord Inishowan) was a most eccentric old man—they say he was mad. I heard His Royal Highness the poor dear Duke of Sussex—(*such* a man, my dears, but alas! addicted to smoking!)—I heard His Royal Highness say to the Marquis of Anglesey, ‘I am sure Castletoddy is mad!’ but Inishowan wasn’t, in marrying my sweet Jane, though the dear child had but her ten thousand pounds *pour tout potage!*”

“Most invaluable person,” whispered Mrs. Major Ponto to me. “Has lived in the very highest society:” and I, who have been accustomed to see governesses bullied in the world, was delighted to find this one ruling the roast, and to think that even the majestic Mrs. Ponto bent before her.

As for *my* pipe, so to speak, it went out at once. I hadn’t a word to say against a woman who was intimate with every Duchess in the Red Book. She wasn’t the rosebud, but she had been near it. She had rubbed shoulders with the great, and about these we talked all the evening incessantly, and about the fashion, and about the Court, until bedtime came.

“And are there Snobs in this Elysium?” I exclaimed, jumping into the lavender-perfumed bed. Ponto’s snoring boomed from the neighbouring bedroom in reply.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ON SOME COUNTRY SNOBS.

SOMETHING like a journal of the proceedings at the Evergreens may be interesting to those foreign readers of *Punch*, who, as Coningsby says, want to know the customs of an English gentleman's family, and household. There's plenty of time to keep the Journal. Piano strumming begins at six o'clock in the morning; it lasts till breakfast, with but a minute's intermission, when the instrument changes hands, and Miss Emily practises in place of her sister, Miss Maria.

In fact, the confounded instrument never stops: when the young ladies are at their lessons, Miss Wirt hammers away at those stunning variations, and keeps her magnificent finger in exercise.

I asked this great creature in what other branches of education she instructed her pupils? "The modern languages," says she modestly. "French, German, Spanish, and Italian, Latin and the rudiments of Greek if desired. English of course; the practice of Elocution, Geography and Astronomy, and the Use of the Globes, Algebra (but only as far as quadratic equations); for a poor ignorant female, you know, Mr. Snob, cannot be expected to know everything. Ancient and Modern History no young woman can be without; and of these I make my beloved pupils *perfect mistresses*. Botany, Geology, and Mineralogy, I consider as amusements. And with these I assure you we manage to pass the days at the Evergreens not unpleasantly."

Only these, thought I—what an education! But I looked in one of Miss Ponto's manuscript song books and found five faults of French in four words, and in a waggish mood asking Miss Wirt whether Dante Algieri was so called because he was borne at Algiers? received a smiling answer in the affirmative, which made me rather doubt about the accuracy of Miss Wirt's knowledge.



“ ‘ Missus, Missus ! there’s coompany coomin’ ! ’ ”
— *Snobs*, p. 367.



When the above little morning occupations are concluded, these unfortunate young women perform what they call Callisthenic Exercises in the garden. I saw them to-day, without any crinoline, pulling the garden roller.

Dear Mrs. Ponto was in the garden too, and as limp as her daughters; in a faded bandeau of hair, in a battered bonnet, in a holland pinafore, in pattens, on a broken chair, snipping leaves off a vine. Mrs. Ponto measures many yards about in an evening. Ye heavens! what a guy she is in that skeleton morning costume!

Besides Stripes, they keep a boy called Thomas, or Tummus. Tummus works in the garden or about the pigstye and stable; Thomas wears a page's costume of eruptive buttons, as thus:—



When anybody calls, and Stripes is out of the way, Tummus flings himself like mad into Thomas's clothes, and comes out metamorphosed like Harlequin in the pantomime. To-day, as Mrs. P. was cutting the grape-vine, as the young ladies were at the roller, down comes Tummus like a roaring whirlwind, with "Missus Missus! there's coompany coomin'!" Away skurry the young ladies from the roller, down comes Mrs. P. from the old chair, off flies Tummus to change his clothes, and in an incredibly short space of time, Sir John Hawbuck, my Lady Hawbuck, and Master Hugh Hawbuck are introduced into the garden with brazen effrontery by Thomas, who says, "Please Sir Jan and my Lady to walk this year way! I *know* Missus is in the rose-garden."

. And there, sure enough, she was!

. In a pretty little garden bonnet, with beautiful curling ringlets, with the smartest of aprons and the freshest of pearl-coloured gloves, this amazing woman was in the arms of her dearest Lady Hawbuck.

: "Dearest! Lady Hawbuck, how good of you! Always among my flowers! can't live away from them!"

"Sweets to the sweet! hum—aha—haw!" says Sir John Hawbuck, who piques himself on his gallantry, and says nothing without "a-hum—a-ha—a-haw!"

"Whereth yaw pinnafaw?" cries Master Hugh. "*We* thaw you in it, over the wall, didn't we, Pa?"

"Hum-a-ha-a-haw!" burst out Sir John, dreadfully alarmed. "Where's Ponto? Why wasn't he at Quarter Sessions? How are his birds this year, Mrs. Ponto—have those Carabas pheasants done any harm to your wheat? a-hum—a-ha—a-haw!" and all this while he was making the most ferocious and desperate signals to his youthful heir.

"Well, she *wath* in her pinnafaw, wathn't she, Ma?" says Hugh, quite unabashed; which question Lady Hawbuck turned away with a sudden query regarding the dear, darling daughters, and the *enfant terrible* was removed by his father.

"I hope you weren't disturbed by the music," Ponto says. "My girls, you know, practise four hours a-day, you know—must do it, you know—absolutely necessary. As for me, you know I'm an early man, and in my farm every morning at five—no, no laziness for *me*."

The facts are these. Ponto goes to sleep directly after dinner on entering the drawing-room, and wakes up when the ladies leave off practice at ten. From seven till ten, and from ten till five, is a very fair allowance of slumber for a man who says he's *not* a lazy man. It is my private opinion, that when Ponto retires to what is called his "study" he sleeps too. He locks himself up there daily two hours with the newspaper.

I saw the *Hawbuck* scene out of the Study which commands the garden. It's a curious object, that Study. Ponto's library mostly consists of boots. He and Stripes have important interviews here of mornings, when the po-

tatoes are discussed, or the fate of the calf ordained, or sentence passed on the pig, etc. All the major's bills are docketed on the Study table and displayed like a lawyer's briefs. Here, too, lie displayed his hooks, knives, and other gardening irons, his whistles, and strings of spare buttons. He has a drawer of endless brown paper for parcels, and another containing a prodigious and never-failing supply of string. What a man can want with so many gig-whips I can never conceive. These, and fishing-rods, and landing-nets, and spurs, and boot-trees, and balls for horses, and surgical implements for the same, and favourite pots of shiny blacking, with which he paints his own shoes in the most elegant manner, and buck-skin gloves stretched out on their trees, and his gorget, sash and sabre of the Horse Marines, with his boot-hooks underneath in a trophy; and the family medicine-chest, and in a corner the very rod with which he used to whip his son, Wellesley Ponto, when a boy (Wellesley never entered the "study" but for that awful purpose)—all these, with "Mogg's Road Book," "The Gardener's Chronicle," and a backgammon board, form the Major's library. Under the trophy there's a picture of Mrs. Ponto, in a light-blue dress and train, and no waist, when she was first married; a fox's brush lies over the frame, and serves to keep the dust off that work of art.

"My library's small," says Ponto, with the most amazing impudence, "but well selected, my boy—well selected. I have been reading the 'History of England' all the morning "

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A VISIT TO SOME COUNTRY SNOBS.

WE had the fish, which, as the kind reader may remember, I had brought down in a delicate attention to Mrs. Ponto, to variegate the repast of next day; and cod and oyster sauce, twice laid, salt cod and scolloped oysters, formed parts of the bill of fare; until I began to fancy that the Ponto family, like our late revered monarch George II., had a fancy for stale fish. And about this time the pig being consumed, we began upon a sheep.

But how shall I forget the solemn splendour of a second course, which was served up in great state by Stripes in a silver dish and cover, a napkin twisted round his dirty thumbs; and consisted of a landrail, not much bigger than a corpulent sparrow.

"My love, will you take any game?" says Ponto, with prodigious gravity; and stuck his fork into that little mouthful of an island in the silver sea. Stripes, too, at intervals, dribbled out the Marsala with a solemnity which would have done honour to a Duke's Butler. The Barmecide's dinner to Shacabac was only one degree removed from these solemn banquets.

As there were plenty of pretty country places close by; a comfortable country town, with good houses of gentlefolks; a beautiful old parsonage; close to the church whither we went, (and where the Carabas family have their ancestral carved and monumental Gothic pew), and every appearance of good society in the neighbourhood, I rather wondered we were not enlivened by the appearance of some of the neighbours at the Evergreens, and asked about them.

"We can't in our position of life—we can't well associate with the attorney's family, as I leave you to suppose," said Mrs. Ponto, confidentially. "Of course not," I answered, though I didn't know why. "And the Doctor?" said I.

"A most excellent worthy creature," says Mrs. P., "saved Maria's life—really a learned man, but what can

one do in one's position? One may ask one's medical man to one's table certainly; but his family, my dear Mr. Snob!"

"Half a dozen little gallipots," interposed Miss Wirt, the governess; "he, he, he!" and the young ladies laughed in chorus.

"We only live with the county families," Miss Wirt* continued, tossing up her head. "The Duke is abroad: we are at feud with the Carabases; the Ringwoods don't come down till Christmas: in fact, nobody's here till the hunting season—positively nobody."

"Whose is the large red house just outside of the town?"

"What! the *château-calicot*? he, he, he! That purse-proud ex-linen draper, Mr. Yardley, with the yellow liveries, and the wife in red velvet? How *can* you, my dear Mr. Snob, be so satirical? The impertinence of those people is really something quite overwhelming."

"Well, then there's the parson, Doctor Chrysostom He's a gentleman, at any rate."

At this Mrs. Ponto looked at Miss Wirt. After their eyes had met and they had wagged their heads at each other, they looked up to the ceiling. So did the young ladies. They thrilled. It was evident I had said something very terrible. Another black sheep in the Church? thought I, with a little sorrow; for I don't care to own that I have a respect for the cloth. "I—I hope there's nothing wrong?"

"Wrong?" says Mrs. P. clasping her hands with a tragic air.

"Oh!" says Miss Wirt, and the two girls, gasping in chorus.

"Well," says I, "I'm very sorry for it. I never saw a nicer-looking old gentleman, or a better school, or heard a better sermon."

*I have since heard that this aristocratic lady's father was a livery-button maker in St. Martin's Lane, where he met with misfortunes, and his daughter acquired her taste for heraldry. But it may be told to her credit, that out of her earnings she has kept the bedridden old bankrupt in great comfort and secrecy at Pentonville and furnished her brother's outfit for the cadetship which her patron, Lord Swigglebiggle, gave her when he was at the Board of Control. I have this information from a friend. To hear Miss Wirt herself you would fancy that her Papa was a Rothschild and that the markets of Europe were convulsed when he went into the *Gazette*.

"He used to preach those sermons in a surplice," hissed out Mrs. Ponto. "He's a Puseyite, Mr. Snob."

"Heavenly powers!" says I, admiring the pure ardour of these female theologians; and Stripes came in with the tea. It's so weak that no wonder Ponto's sleep isn't disturbed by it.

Of mornings we used to go out shooting. We had Ponto's own fields to sport over (where we got the fieldfare), and the non-preserved part of the Hawbuck property; and one evening, in a stubble of Ponto's, skirting the Carabas woods, we got among some pheasants, and had some real sport. I shot a hen, I know, greatly to my delight. "Bag it," says Ponto, in rather a hurried manner; "here's somebody coming." So I pocketed the bird.

"You infernal poaching thieves!" roars out a man from the hedge in the garb of a gamekeeper. "I wish I could catch you on this side of the hedge. I'd put a brace of barrels into you, that I would."

"Curse that Snapper," says Ponto, moving off; "he's always watching me like a spy."

"Carry off the birds, you sneaks, and sell 'em to London," roars the individual, who it appears was a keeper of Lord Carabas. "You'll get six shillings a brace for 'em."

"*You* know the price of 'em well enough, and so does your master too, you scoundrel," says Ponto, still retreating.

"We kills 'em on our ground," cries Mr Snapper. "*We* don't set traps for other people's birds. We're no decoy ducks. We're no sneaking poachers. We don't shoot 'ens like that 'ere Cockney, who's got the tail of one a-sticking out of his pocket. Only just come across the hedge, that's all."

"I tell you what," says Stripes, who was out with us as keeper this day (in fact he's keeper, coachman, gardener, valet and bailiff, with Tummus under him), "if *you'll* come across, John Snapper, and take your coat off, I'll give you such a wapping as you've never had since the last time I did it at Guttlebury Fair."

"Wap one of your own weight," Mr. Snapper said, whistling his dogs, and disappearing into the wood. And so we came out of this controversy rather victoriously; but I began to alter my preconceived ideas of rural felicity.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ON SOME COUNTRY SNOBS.

"BE hanged to your aristocrats!" Ponto said, in some conversation we had regarding the family at Carabas, between whom and the Evergreens there was a feud,—“When I first came into the County—it was the year before Sir John Buff contested it in the Blue interest—the Marquis, then Lord St. Michaels, who, of course, was Orange to the core, paid me and Mrs. Ponto such attentions, that I fairly confess I was taken in by the old humbug, and thought that I'd met with a rare neighbour. Gad, Sir, we used to get pines from Carabas, and pheasants from Carabas, and it was—‘Ponto, when will you come over and shoot?’ and—‘Ponto, our pheasants want thinning,’—and my Lady would insist upon her dear Mrs. Ponto coming over to Carabas to sleep, and put me I don't know to what expense for turbans and velvet gowns for my wife's toilette. Well, Sir, the election takes place, and though I was always a Liberal, personal friendship of course induces me to plump for St. Michaels, who comes in at the head of the poll. Next year, Mrs. P insists upon going to town—with lodgings in Clarges Street at ten pounds a week, with a hired Brougham, and new dresses for herself and the girls, and the deuce and all to pay. Our first cards were to Carabas House; my Lady's are returned by a great big flunkey; and I leave you to fancy my poor Betsy's discomfiture as the lodging-house maid took in the cards, and Lady St. Michaels drives away, though she actually saw us at the drawing-room window. Would you believe it, Sir, that though we called four times afterwards those infernal aristocrats never returned our visit; that though Lady St. Michaels gave nine dinner-parties and four *déjeuners* that season, she never asked us to one; and that she cut us dead at the Opera, though Betsy was nodding to her the whole night. We wrote to her for tickets for Almack's, she writes to say that all hers were promised; and said, in the presence of Wiggins, her lady's-maid, who told it to Diggs, my wife's woman, that she couldn't conceive how people

in our station of life could so far forget themselves as to wish to appear in any such place! Go to Castle Carabas! I'd sooner die than set my foot in the house of that impertinent, insolvent, insolent jackanapes—and I hold him in scorn!" After this, Ponto gave me some private information regarding Lord Carabas's pecuniary affairs; how he owed money all over the County; how Jukes the carpenter was utterly ruined and couldn't get a shilling of his bill; how Biggs the butcher hanged himself for the same reason; how the six big footmen never received a guinea of wages, and Snaffle, the state coachman, actually took off his blown-glass wig of ceremony and flung it at Lady Carabas's feet on the Terrace before the Castle; all which stories, as they are private, I do not think proper to divulge. But these details did not stifle my desire to see the famous mansion of Castle Carabas—nay, possibly excited my interest to know more about that lordly house and its owners

At the entrance of the park there are a pair of great gaunt mildewed lodges—mouldy Doric temples with black chimney-pots in the finest classic taste, and the gates of course are surmounted by the Chats *bottés*, the well-known supporters of the Carabas family. "Give the lodge-keeper a shilling," says Ponto (who drove me near to it in his four-wheeled cruelty-chaise), "I warrant it's the first piece of ready money he has received for some time." I don't know whether there was any foundation for this sneer, but the gratuity was received with a curtesy, and the gate opened for me to enter. "Poor old portereess," says I, inwardly. "You little know that it is the Historian of Snobs whom you let in!" The gates were passed. A damp green stretch of park spread right and left immeasurably confined by a chilly gray wall, and a damp long straight road between two huge rows of moist, dismal lime-trees, leads up to the Castle. In the midst of the park is a great black tank or lake, bristling over with rushes, and here and there covered over with patches of pea-soup. A shabby temple rises on an island in this delectable lake, which is approached by a rotten barge that lies at roost in a dilapidated boathouse. Clumps of elms and oaks dot over the huge green flat. Every one of them would have been down long since, but that the Marquis is not allowed to cut the timber.

Up that long avenue the Snobographer walked in solitude. At the seventy-ninth tree on the left-hand side, the insolvent butcher hanged himself. I scarcely wondered at the dismal deed, so woeful and sad were the impressions connected with the place. So for a mile-and-a-half I walked—alone and thinking of death.

I forgot to say the house is in full view all the way—except when intercepted by the trees on the miserable island in the lake—an enormous red-brick mansion, square, vast and dingy. It is flanked by four stone-towers with weather-cocks. In the midst of the grand façade is a huge Ionic portico, approached by a vast, lonely, ghastly staircase. Rows of black windows, framed in stone, stretch on either side, right and left—three stories and eighteen windows of a row. You may see a picture of the palace and staircase, in the Views of England and Wales, with four carved and gilt carriages waiting at the gravel walk, and several parties of ladies and gentlemen in wigs and hoops, dotting the fatiguing lines of the stairs.

But these stairs are made in great houses for people *not* to ascend. The first Lady Carabas (they are but eighty years in the peerage), if she got out of her gilt coach in a shower, would be wet to the skin before she got half way to the carved Ionic portico, where four dreary statues of Peace, Plenty, Piety and Patriotism are the only sentinels. You enter these palaces by back doors. “That was the way the Carabases got their peerage,” the misanthropic Ponto said after dinner.

Well—I rang the bell at a little low side-door; it clanged and jingled and echoed for a long long while, till at length a face, as of a housekeeper, peered through the door, and as she saw my hand in my waistcoat pocket, opened it. Unhappy, lonely housekeeper, I thought. Is Miss Crusoe in her island more solitary? The door clapped to, and I was in Castle Carabas.

“The side entrance and All,” says the housekeeper. “The halligator hover the mantelpiece was brought home by Hadmiral St. Michaels, when a Capting with Lord Hanson. The harms on the cheers is the harms of the Carabas family.” The hall was rather comfortable. We went clapping up a clean stone back-stair, and then into a back passage cheerfully decorated with ragged light-green kid-derminster, and issued upon

“THE GREAT ALL.

“The great all is seventy-two feet in length, fifty-six in breadth, and thirty-eight feet ’igh. The carvings of the chimlies, representing the buth of Venus, and Ercules, and Eyelash, is by Van Chislum, the most famous sculpture of his hage and country. The ceiling, by Calimanco, represents Painting, Harchitecture and Music (the naked female figure with the barrel horgan) introducing George, fust Lord Carabas, to the Temple of the Muses. The winder ornaments is by Vanderputty. The floor is Patagonian marble; and the chandelier in the centre was presented to Lionel, second Marquis, by Lewy The Sixteenth whose ’ead was cut hoff in the French Revelation. We now henter

“THE SOUTH GALLERY,

One ’undred and forty-eight in lenth by thirty-two in breath; it is profusely hornaminted by the choicest works of Hart. Sir Andrew Katz, founder of the Carabas family and banker of the Prince of Horange, Kneller. Her present Ladyship, by Lawrence. Lord St. Michaels, by the same—he is represented sittin on a rock in velvit pantaloons. Moses in the bullrushes—the bull very fine, by Paul Potter. The toilet of Venus, Fantaski. Flemish Bores drinking, Van Ginnum. Jupiter and Europia, De Horn. The Grandjunction Canal, Venis, by Candleetty; and Italian Bandix, by Slavata Rosa.”—And so this worthy woman went on, from one room into another, from the blue room to the green, and the green to the grand saloon, and the grand saloon to the tapestry closet, cackling her list of pictures and wonders; and furtively turning up a corner of brown holland to show the colour of the old faded, seedy, mouldy, dismal hangings.

At last we came to her Ladyship’s bedroom. In the centre of this dreary apartment there is a bed about the size of one of those whizgig temples in which the Genius appears in a pantomime. The huge gilt edifice is approached by steps, and so tall, that it might be let off in floors, for sleeping rooms for all the Carabas family. An awful bed! A murder might be done at one end of that bed, and people sleeping at the other end be ignorant of it. Gracious pow-

ers! fancy little Lord Carabas in a night-cap ascending those steps after putting out the candle!

The sight of that seedy and solitary splendour was too much for me. I should go mad were I that lonely house-keeper—in those enormous galleries—in that lonely library, filled up with ghastly folios that nobody dares read, with an inkstand on the centre table like the coffin of a baby, and sad portraits staring at you from the bleak walls with their solemn mouldy eyes. No wonder that Carabas does not come down here often. It would require two thousand footmen to make the place cheerful. No wonder the coachman resigned his wig, that the masters are insolvent, and the servants perish in this huge dreary out-at-elbow place.

A single family has no more right to build itself a temple of that sort than to erect a tower of Babel. Such a habitation is not decent for a mere mortal man. But after all I suppose poor Carabas had no choice. Fate put him there as it sent Napoleon to St. Helena. Suppose it had been decreed by Nature that you and I should be Marquises? We wouldn't refuse, I suppose, but take Castle Carabas and all, with debts, duns, and mean makeshifts, and shabby pride, and swindling magnificence.

Next season, when I read of Lady Carabas's splendid entertainments in the *Morning Post* and see the poor old insolvent cantering through the Park—I shall have a much tenderer interest in these great people than I have had heretofore. Poor old shabby Snob! Ride on and fancy the world is still on its knees before the house of Carabas! Give yourself airs, poor old bankrupt Magnifico, who are under money-obligations to your flunkies; and must stoop so as to swindle poor tradesmen! And for us, O my brother Snobs, oughtn't we to feel happy if our walk through life is more even, and that we are out of the reach of that surprising arrogance and that astounding meanness to which this wretched old victim is obliged to mount and descend?

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A VISIT TO SOME COUNTRY SNOBS.

NOTABLE as my reception had been (under that unfortunate mistake of Mrs. Ponto that I was related to Lord Snobbington, which I was not permitted to correct), it was nothing compared to the bowing and kotooing, the raptures, and flurry which preceded and welcomed the visit of a real live lord and lord's son, a brother officer of Cornet Wellesley Ponto, in the 120th Hussars, who came over with the young Cornet from Guttlebury, where their distinguished regiment was quartered—this was my Lord Gules, Lord Saltire's grandson and heir: a very young short sandy-haired and tobacco smoking nobleman, who cannot have left the nursery very long, and who, though he accepted the honest major's invitation to the Evergreens in a letter written in a schoolboy handwriting, with a number of faults of spelling, may yet be a very fine classical scholar for what I know: having had his education at Eton, where he and young Ponto were inseparable.

At any rate, if he can't write, he has mastered a number of other accomplishments wonderful for one of his age and size. He is one of the best shots and riders in England. He rode his horse Abracadabra, and won the famous Guttlebury steeple-chase. He has horses entered at half the races in the country (under other people's names; for the old lord is a strict hand, and will not hear of betting or gambling). He has lost and won such sums of money as my Lord George himself might be proud of. He knows all the stables, and all the jockeys, and has all the "information," and is a match for the best Leg at Newmarket. Nobody was ever known to be "too much" for him: at play or in the stable.

Although his grandfather makes him a moderate allowance, by the aid of post-obits and convenient friends he can live in a splendour becoming his rank. He has not distinguished himself in the knocking down of policemen much; he is not big enough for that. But, as a light-

weight, his skill is of the very highest order. At billiards he is said to be first-rate. He drinks and smokes as much as any two of the biggest officers in his regiment. With such high talents who can see how far he may not go? He may take to politics as a *délassement*, and be Prime Minister after Lord George Bentinck.

My young friend Wellesley Ponto is a gaunt and bony youth, with a pale face profusely blotched. From his continually pulling something on his chin, I am led to fancy that he believes he has what is called an Imperial growing there. That is not the only tuft that is hunted in the family, by the way. He can't, of course, indulge in those expensive amusements which render his aristocratic comrade so respected: he bets pretty freely when he is in cash, and rides when somebody mounts him (for he can't afford more than his regulation chargers). At drinking he is by no means inferior; and why do you think he brought his noble friend, Lord Gules, to the Evergreens?—Why? because he intended to ask his mother to order his father to pay his debts, which she couldn't refuse before such an exalted presence. Young Ponto gave me all this information with the most engaging frankness. We are old friends. I used to tip him when he was at school.

"Gad!" says he, "our wedgment's so *doothid* exthpen-thif. Must hunt, you know. A man couldn't live in the wedgment if he didn't. Mess expenses enawmuth. Must dine at mess. Must drink champagne and claret. Ours ain't a port and sherry light-infantry mess. Uniform's awful. Fitzstultz, our Colonel, will have 'em so. Must be a distinction, you know. At his own expense Fitzstultz altered the plumes in the men's caps (you called them shaving-brushes, Snob, my boy: most absurd and unjust that attack of yours, by the way); that alteration alone cotht him five hundred pound. The year befaw latht he horthed the wegiment at an immenthe expenthe, and we're called the Queen'th Own Pyebalds from that day. Ever theen uth on pawade? The Empewar Nicholath burth into tearth of envy when he thaw ut at Windthor. And you see," continued my young friend, "I brought Gules down with me, as the Governor is very sulky about shelling out, just to talk my mother over, who can do anything with him. Gules told her that I was Fitzstultz's favourite of the whole regiment; and, Gad! she thinks the Horse Guards will

give me my troop for nothing! and he humbugged the Governor that I was the greatest screw in the army. Ain't it a good dodge?"

With this Wellesley left me to go and smoke a cigar in the stables with Lord Gules, and make merry over the cattle there, under Stripes's superintendence. Young Ponto laughed with his friend, at the venerable four-wheeled cruelty-chaise; but seemed amazed that the latter should ridicule still more an ancient chariot of the build of 1824, emblazoned immensely with the arms of the Pontos and the Crawleys, from which latter distinguished family Mrs. Ponto issued.

I found poor Pon. in his study among his boots, in such a rueful attitude of despondency, that I could not but remark. "Look at that!" says the poor fellow, handing me over a document. "It's the second change in uniform since he's been in the army, and yet there's no extravagance about the lad. Lord Gules tells me he is the most careful youngster in the regiment, God bless him! But look at that! by Heaven, Snob, look at that, and say how *can* a man of nine hundred keep out of the Bench?" He gave a sob as he handed me the paper across the table; and his old face and his old corduroys, and his shrunk shooting-jacket, and his lean shanks, looked, as he spoke, more miserably haggard, bankrupt, and threadbare.

*Lieut. Wellesley Ponto, 120th Queen's Own Pyebald Hussars,
To Knopf and Stecknadel,
Conduit Street, London.*

	£	s.	d.
Dress Jacket richly laced with gold	35	0	0
Ditto Pelisse ditto and trimmed with sable	60	0	0
Undress Jacket trimmed with gold	15	15	0
Ditto Pelisse	30	0	0
Dress Pantaloon.	12	0	0
Ditto Overalls, gold lace on sides	6	6	0
Undress ditto ditto	5	5	0
Blue Braided Frock	14	14	0
Forage Cap	3	3	0
Dress Cap, gold lines, plume and chain	25	0	0
Gold Barrelled Sash	11	18	0
Sword	11	11	0
Ditto Belt and Sabretache	16	16	0
Pouch and Belt	15	15	0
Sword Knot	1	4	0
Cloak	18	18	0

	£	s.	d.
Valise	3	13	6
Regulation Saddle	7	17	6
Ditto Bridle, complete	10	10	0
A Dress Housing, complete	30	0	0
A pair Pistols	10	10	0
A Black Sheepskin, edged	6	18	0
	<hr/>		
	£347	8	0

That evening Mrs. Ponto and her family made their darling Wellesley give a full, true and particular account of everything that had taken place at Lord Fitzstultz's; how many servants waited at dinner; and how the ladies Schneider dressed; and what his Royal Highness said when he came down to shoot; and who was there? "What a blessing that boy is to me!" said she, as my pimple-faced young friend moved off to resume smoking operations with Gules in the now vacant kitchen; and poor Ponto's dreary and desperate look, shall I ever forget that?

O you parents and guardians! O you men and women of sense in England! O, you legislators about to assemble in Parliament! read over that tailor's bill above printed—read over that absurd catalogue of insane gimcracks and madman's tomfoolery—and say how are you ever to get rid of Snobbishness when society does so much for its education?

Three hundred and forty pounds for a young chap's saddle and breeches! Before George, I would rather be a Hottentot or a Highlander. We laugh at poor Jocko, the monkey dancing in uniform; or at poor Jeames, the flunkey, with his quivering calves and plush tights; or at the nigger Marquis of Marmalade, dressed out with sabre and epaulets, and giving himself the airs of a field-marshal. Lo! is not one of the Queen's Pyebalds, in full fig, as great and foolish a monster?

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ON SOME COUNTRY SNOBS.

At last came that fortunate day at the Evergreens, when I was to be made acquainted with some of the "county families" with whom only people of Ponto's rank condescended to associate. And now, although poor Ponto had just been so cruelly made to bleed on occasion of his son's new uniform, and though he was in the direst and most cut-throat spirits with an overdrawn account at the banker's, and other pressing evils of poverty; although a tenpenny bottle of Marsala and an awful parsimony presided generally at his table, yet the poor fellow was obliged to assume the most frank and jovial air of cordiality; and all the covers being removed from the hangings, and new dresses being procured for the young ladies, and the family plate being unlocked and displayed, the house and all within assumed a benevolent and festive appearance. The kitchen fires began to blaze, the good wine ascended from the cellar, a professed cook actually came over from Guttlebury to compile culinary abominations. Stripes was in a new coat, and so was Ponto, for a wonder, and Tummus's button-suit was worn *en permanence*.

And all this to show off the little lord, thinks I. All this in honour of a stupid little cigarrified Cornet of dragoons, who can barely write his name—while an eminent and profound moralist like—somebody—is fobbed off with cold mutton and relays of pig. Well, well: a martyrdom of cold mutton is just bearable. I pardon Mrs. Ponto, from my heart I do, especially as I wouldn't turn out of the best bedroom, in spite of all her hints; but held my ground in the chintz tester, vowing that Lord Gules, as a young man, was quite small and hardy enough to make himself comfortable elsewhere.

The great Ponto party was a very august one. The Hawbucks came in their family coach, with the blood-red hand emblazoned all over it; and their man in yellow livery waited in country fashion at table, only to be exceeded in splendour by the Hipsleys, the opposition baronet, in light blue. The old Ladies Fitzague drove over in

their little old chariot with the fat black horses, the fat coachman, the fat footman—(why are dowagers' horses and footmen always fat?) And soon after these personages had arrived, with their auburn fronts and red beaks and turbans, came the Honourable and Reverend Lionel Pettipois, who, with General and Mrs. Sago, formed the rest of the party. "Lord and Lady Frederick Howlet were asked, but they have friends at Ivybush," Mrs. Ponto told me; and that very morning, the Castlehaggards sent an excuse, as her ladyship had a return of the quinsy. Between ourselves, Lady Castlehaggard's quinsy always comes on when there is dinner at the Evergreens.

If the keeping of polite company could make a woman happy, surely my kind hostess, Mrs. Ponto, was on that day a happy woman. Every person present (except the unlucky impostor who pretended to a connexion with the Snobbington Family, and General Sago, who had brought home I don't know how many lacs of rupees from India) was related to the Peerage or the Baronetage. Mrs. P. had her heart's desire. If she had been an Earl's daughter herself, could she have expected better company?—and her family were in the oil-trade at Bristol, as all her friends very well know.

What I complained of in my heart was not the dining—which, for this once, was plentiful and comfortable enough—but the prodigious dulness of the talking part of the entertainment. O, my beloved brother Snobs of the City, if we love each other no better than our country brethren, at least we amuse each other more; if we bore ourselves, we are not called upon to go ten miles to do it.

For instance, the Hipsleys came ten miles from the south, and the Hawbucks ten miles from the north, of the Evergreens, and were magnates in two different divisions of the County of Mangelwurzelschire. Hipsley, who is an old baronet, with a bothered estate, did not care to show his contempt for Hawbuck, who is a new creation, and rich. Hawbuck, on his part, gives himself patronising airs to General Sago, who looks upon the Pontos as little better than paupers. "Old Lady Blanche," says Ponto, "I hope will leave something to her god-daughter—my second girl—we've all of us half-poisoned ourselves with taking her physic."

Lady Blanche and Lady Rose Fitzague have, the first, a

medical, and the second a literary turn. I am inclined to believe the former had a wet *compress* around her body, on the occasion when I had the happiness of meeting her. She doctors everybody in the neighbourhood, of which she is the ornament, and has tried everything on her own person. She went into Court, and testified publicly her faith in St. John Long: she swore by Doctor Buchan, she took quantities of Gambouges' Universal Medicine, and whole boxfulls of Parr's Life Pills. She has cured a multiplicity of headaches by Soinstone's eye-snuff; she wears a picture of Hahnemann in her bracelet and a lock of Priessnitz's hair in a brooch. She talked about her own complaints and those of her *confidante* for the time being, to every lady in the room successively, from our hostess down to Miss Wirt, taking them into corners and whispering about bronchitis, hepatitis, St. Vitus, neuralgia, cephalalgia, and so forth. I observed poor fat Lady Hawbuck in a dreadful alarm after some communication regarding the state of her daughter Miss Lucy Hawbuck's health, and Mrs. Sago turn quite yellow, and put down her third glass of Madeira, at a warning glance from Lady Blanche.

Lady Rose talked literature, and about the book-club at Guttlebury, and is very strong in voyages and travels. She has a prodigious interest in Borneo, and displayed a knowledge of the history of the Punjaub and Kaffirland that does credit to her memory. Old General Sago, who sat perfectly silent and plethoric, roused up as from a lethargy when the former country was mentioned, and gave the company his story about a hog-hunt at Ranjigger. I observed her ladyship treated with something like contempt her neighbour the Reverend Lionel Pettipois, a young divine whom you may track through the country by little "awakening" books at half-a-crown a hundred, which dribble out of his pockets wherever he goes. I saw him give Miss Wirt a sheaf of "The Little Washerwoman on Putney Common," and to Miss Hawbuck a couple of dozen of "Meat in the Tray; or, the Young Butcher-Boy Rescued," and on paying a visit to Guttlebury gaol, I saw two notorious fellows waiting their trial there (and temporarily occupied with a game of cribbage) to whom his Reverence offered a tract as he was walking over Crackshins Common, and who robbed him of his purse, umbrella, and cambric handkerchief, leaving him the tracts to distribute elsewhere.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A VISIT TO SOME COUNTRY SNOBS.

"WHY, dear Mr. Snob," said a young lady of rank and fashion (to whom I present my best compliments), "if you found everything so *snobbish* at the Evergreens, if the pig bored you and the mutton was not to your liking, and Mrs. Ponto was a humbug and Miss Wirt a nuisance, with her abominable piano practice,—why did you stay so long?"

Ah Miss, what a question! Have you never heard of gallant British soldiers storming batteries, of doctors passing nights in plague wards of lazarettos, and other instances of martyrdom? What do you suppose induced gentlemen to walk two miles up to the batteries of Sobraon, with a hundred and fifty thundering guns bowling them down by hundreds?—not pleasure, surely. What causes your respected father to quit his comfortable home for his chambers, after dinner, and pore over the most dreary law papers until long past midnight? Duty, Mademoiselle; duty, which must be done alike by military, or legal, or literary gents. There's a power of martyrdom in our profession. Ask Sir Edward George Earl Lytton Bulwer Lytton if there isn't, or any other eminent hand.

You won't believe it? Your rosy lips assume a smile of incredulity—a most naughty and odious expression in a young lady's face. Well then, the fact is, that my chambers, No. 24, Pump Court, Temple, were being painted by the Honourable Society, and Mrs. Slankin, my laundress, having occasion to go into Durham to see her daughter, who is married, and has presented her with the sweetest little grandson—a few weeks could not be better spent than in rustication. But ah, how delightful Pump Court looked when I revisited its well-known chimney-pots! *Cari luogi*. Welcome, welcome, O fog and smut!

But if you think there is no moral in the foregoing account of the Pontine family, you are, Madam, most painfully mistaken. In this very chapter we are going to have the moral—why, the whole of the papers are nothing *but*

the moral, setting forth as they do the folly of being a Snob.

You will remark that in the Country Snobography my poor friend Ponto has been held up almost exclusively for the public gaze—and why? Because we went to no other house? Because other families did not welcome us to their mahogany? No, no, Sir John Hawbuck of the Haws, Sir John Hipsley of Briary Hall, don't shut the gates of hospitality; of General Sago's Mulligatawny I could speak from experience. And the two old ladies at Guttlebury, were they nothing? Do you suppose that an agreeable young dog who shall be nameless, would not be made welcome? Don't you know that people are too glad to see *anybody* in the country?

But those dignified personages do not enter into the scheme of the present work, and are but minor characters of our Snob drama; just as, in the play, kings and emperors are not half so important as many humble persons. The Doge of Venice, for instance, gives way to Othello, who is but a nigger, and the King of France to Falconbridge, who is a gentleman of positively no birth at all. So with the exalted characters above mentioned. I perfectly well recollect that the claret at Hawbuck's was not by any means so good as that of Hipsley's, while, on the contrary, some white hermitage at the Haws (by the way, the butler only gave me half a glass each time) was supernacular. And I remember the conversations. Oh, Madam, Madam, how stupid they were! The sub-soil ploughing; the pheasants and poaching; the row about the representation of the country; the Earl of Mangelwurzelschire being at variance with his relative and nominee, the Honourable Marmaduke Tomnoddy; all these I could put down, had I a mind to violate the confidence of private life, and a great deal of conversation about the weather, the Mangelwurzelschire Hunt, new manures, and eating and drinking, of course.

But *cui bono*? In these perfectly stupid and honourable families there is not that Snobbishness which it is our purpose to expose. An ox is an ox—a great hulking, fat-sided, bellowing, munching Beef. He ruminates according to his nature, and consumes his destined portion of turnips or oil-cake, until the time comes for his disappearance from the pastures, to be succeeded by other deep-lunged and fat-

ribbed animals. Perhaps we do not respect an ox. We rather acquiesce in him. The Snob, my dear Madam, is the Frog that tries to swell himself to ox size. Let us pelt the silly brute out of his folly.

Look, I pray you, at the case of my unfortunate friend Ponto, a good-natured, kindly English gentleman—not over-wise but quite passable—fond of port-wine, of his family, of country sports and agriculture, hospitably minded, with as pretty a little patrimonial country house as heart can desire, and a thousand pounds a-year. It is not much; but *entre nous*, people can live for less, and not uncomfortably.

For instance, there is the Doctor, whom Mrs. P. does not condescend to visit; that man educates a mirific family, and is loved by the poor for miles round; and gives them port-wine for physic and medicine, gratis. And how those people can get on with their pittance, as Mrs. Ponto says, is a wonder to *her*.

Again, there is the Clergyman, Doctor Chrysostom,—Mrs. P. says they quarrelled about Puseyism, but I am given to understand it was because Mrs. C. had the *pas* of her at the Haws—you may see what the value of his living is any day in the *Clerical Guide*; but you don't know what he gives away.

Even Pettipois allows that, in whose eyes the Doctor's surplice is a scarlet abomination; and so does Pettipois do his duty in his way, and administer not only his tracts and his talk, but his money and his means to his people. As a lord's son, by the way, Mrs. Ponto is uncommonly anxious that he should marry *either* of the girls whom Lord Gules does not intend to choose.

Well, although Pon's income would make up almost as much as that of these three worthies put together—O my dear Madam, see in what hopeless penury the poor fellow lives! What tenant can look to *his* forbearance? What poor man can hope for *his* charity. "Master's the best of men," honest Stripes says, "and when we was in the ridg-ment, a more free-handed chap didn't live. But the way in which Missis du scryou, I wonder the young ladies is alive, that I du."

They live upon a fine governess and fine masters, and have clothes made by Lady Carabas's own milliner; and their brother rides with earls to cover; and only the best

people in the country visit at the Evergreens, and Mrs. Ponto thinks herself a paragon of wives and mothers, and a wonder of the world, for doing all this misery and humbug, and snobbishness, on a thousand a-year.

What an inexpressible comfort it was, my dear Madam, when Stripes put my portmanteau in the four-wheeled chaise and (poor Pon. being touched with sciatica) drove me over to the Carabas Arms at Guttlebury, where we took leave. There were some bagmen there, in the Commercial Room, and one talked about the house he represented; and another about his dinner, and a third about the Inns on the road, and so forth—a talk, not very wise, but honest and to the purpose—about as good as that of the country gentlemen; and Oh, how much pleasanter than listening to Miss Wirt's show-pieces on the piano, and Mrs. Ponto's genteel cackle about the fashion and the county families!

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SNOBBIUM GATHERUM.

WHEN I see the great effect which these papers are producing in an intelligent public, I have a strong hope that before long we shall have a regular Snob-department in the newspapers, just as we have the Police Courts and the Court News at present. When a flagrant case of bone-crushing or poor-law abuse occurs in the world, who so eloquent as the *Times* to point it out? When a gross instance of Snobbishness happens, why should not the indignant journalist call the public attention to that delinquency too?

How, for instance, could that wonderful case of the Earl of Mangelwurzel and his brother be examined in the snobbish point of view? Let alone the hectoring, the bad grammar, the mutual recriminations, lie-givings, challenges, retractions, which abound in the fraternal dispute—put out of the question these points as concerning the individual nobleman and his relative, with whose personal affairs we have nothing to do—and consider how intimately corrupt, how habitually grovelling and mean, how entirely snobbish in a word, a whole county must be which can find no better chiefs or leaders than these two gentlemen. “We don’t want,” the great county of Mangelwurzel seems to say, “that a man should be able to write good grammar; or that he should keep a Christian tongue in his head; or that he should have the commonest decency of temper, or even a fair share of good sense, in order to represent us in Parliament. All we require is, that a man should be recommended to us by the Earl of Mangelwurzelshire. And all that we require of the Earl of Mangelwurzelshire is that he should have fifty thousand a year and hunt the country.” O you pride of all Snobland! O you crawling, truckling, self-confessed lackeys and parasites!

But this is growing too savage; don’t let us forget our usual amenity and that tone of playfulness and sentiment with which the beloved reader and writer have pursued their mutual reflections hitherto. Well, Snobbishness pervades the little Social Farce as well as the great State

Comedy; and the self-same moral is tacked to either. There was, for instance, an account in the papers of a young lady who, misled by a fortune-teller, actually went part of the way to India (as far as Bagnigge Wells, I think) in search of a husband who was promised her there. Do you suppose this poor deluded little soul would have left her shop for a man below her in rank, or for anything but a darling of a Captain in epaulets and a red coat? It was her snobbish sentiments that misled her, and made her vanities a prey to the swindling fortune-teller.

Case 2 was that of Mademoiselle de Saugrenue, "the interesting young Frenchwoman with a profusion of jetty ringlets," who lived for nothing at a boarding-house at Gosport, was then conveyed to Fareham gratis: and being there, and lying on the bed of the good old lady her entertainer, the dear girl took occasion to rip open the mattress, and steal a cash-box, with which she fled to London. How would you account for the prodigious benevolence exercised towards the interesting young French lady? Was it her jetty ringlets or her charming face—Bah! Do ladies love others for having pretty faces and black hair?—She said she *was a relation of* Lord de Saugrenue: talked of her ladyship, her aunt, and of herself as a De Saugrenue. The honest boarding-house people were at her feet at once. Good honest simple lord-loving children of Snobland.

Finally there was the case of "the Right Honourable Mr. Vernon," at York. The Right Honourable was the son of a nobleman, and practised on an old lady. He procured from her dinners, money, wearing apparel, spoons, implicit credence, and an entire refit of linen. Then he cast his nets over a family of father, mother and daughters, one of whom he proposed to marry. The father lent him money, the mother made jams and pickles for him, the daughters vied with each other in cooking dinners for the Right Honourable—and what was the end? One day the traitor fled, with a tea-pot and a basket-full of cold victuals. It was the "Right Honourable" which baited the hook which gorged all these greedy, simple Snobs. Would they have been taken in by a commoner? What old lady is there, my dear sir, who would take in you and me, were we ever so ill to do, and comfort us, and clothe us, and give us her money and her silver forks? Alas and alas! what mortal man that speaks the truth can hope for such a

landlady? And yet, all these instances of fond and credulous Snobbishness have occurred in the same week's paper, with who knows how many score more?

Just as we had concluded the above remarks comes a pretty little note sealed with a pretty little butterfly—bearing a northern postmark—and to the following effect:—

“19th November.

“MR. PUNCH—Taking great interest in your Snob papers, we are very anxious to know under what class of that respectable fraternity you would designate us.

“We are three sisters, from seventeen to twenty-two. Our father is *honestly and truly* of a very good family (you will say it is Snobbish to mention that, but I wish to state the plain fact); our maternal grandfather was an Earl.*

“We *can* afford to take in a stamped edition of you, and all Dickens' works as fast as they come out, but we do *not* keep such a thing as a 'Peerage' or even a 'Baronetage' in the house.†

“We live with every comfort, excellent cellar, etc., etc., but as we cannot well afford a butler we have a neat table-maid (though our father was a military man, has travelled much, been in the best society, etc.) We *have* a coachman and helper, but we don't put the latter into buttons, nor make them wait at table, like Stripes and Tummus.”‡

“We are just the same to persons with a handle to their name as to those without it. We wear a moderate modicum of crinoline,§ and are never *limp* || in the morning. We have good and abundant dinners on *china* (though we have plate¶) and just as good when alone as with company.

“Now, my dear Mr. Punch, will you *please* give us a short answer in your next number, and I will be so much obliged to you. Nobody knows we are writing to you, not even our father; nor will we ever tease ** you again if you will only give us an answer—just for fun, now do!

* The introduction of Grandpapa is, I fear, Snobbish.

† Bravo! *Punch's Pocket Book* is the thing, and these dear young ladies shall have a presentation copy.

‡ That is, as you like. I don't object to buttons in moderation.

§ Quite right.

|| Bless you!

¶ Snobbish; and I doubt whether you ought to dine as well when alone as with company. You will be getting too good dinners.

** We like to be teased; but tell Papa.

"If you get as far as this, which is doubtful, you will probably fling it into the fire. If you do, I cannot help it; but I am of a sanguine disposition, and entertain a lingering hope. At all events, I shall be impatient for next Sunday, for you reach us on that day, and I am ashamed to confess, we cannot resist opening you in the carriage driving home from church.*—I remain, etc. etc., for myself and sisters.

"Excuse this scrawl, but I always write headlong. †

"*P.S.*—You were rather stupid last week, don't you think? ‡ We keep no gamekeeper and yet you have always abundant game for friends to shoot in spite of the poachers. We never write on perfumed paper—in short, I can't help thinking that if you knew us you would not think us Snobs."

To this I reply in the following manner:—"My dear young ladies, I know your post-town: and shall be at church there the Sunday after next: when, will you please to wear a tulip or some little trifle in your bonnets, so that I may know you? You will recognise me and my dress—a quiet-looking young fellow, in a white top coat, a crimson satin neckcloth, light blue trowsers, with glossy tipped boots, and an emerald breast pin. I shall have a black crape round my white hat: and my usual bamboo cane with the richly-gilt knob. I am sorry there will be no time to get up moustachios between now and next week.

"From seventeen to two-and-twenty! Ye gods! what ages! Dear young creatures, I can see you all three. Seventeen suits me, as nearest my own time of life; but mind I don't say two-and-twenty is too old. No, no. And that pretty, roguish, demure, middle one. Peace, peace, thou silly little fluttering heart!

"You Snobs, dear young ladies! I will pull any man's nose who says so. There is no harm in being of a good family. You can't help it, poor dears. What's in a name? What is in a handle to it? I confess openly that

* O, garters and stars! what will Captain Gordon and Exeter Hall say to this?

† Dear little enthusiast!

‡ You were never more mistaken, Miss, in your life.

I should not object to being a Duke myself; and between ourselves, you might see a worse leg for a garter.

“You Snobs, dear little good-natured things, no!—that is, I hope not—I think not—I won’t be too confident—none of us should be—that we are not Snobs. That very confidence savours of arrogance, and to be arrogant is to be a Snob. In all the social gradations from sneak to tyrant, nature has placed a most wondrous and various progeny of Snobs. But are there no kindly natures, no tender hearts, no souls humble, simple, and truth-loving? Ponder well on this question, sweet young ladies. And if you can answer it, as no doubt you can—lucky are you—and lucky the respected Herr Papa, and lucky the three handsome young gentlemen who are about to become each others’ brothers-in-law.”

CHAPTER XL.

SNOBS AND MARRIAGE.

EVERYBODY of the middle rank who walks through this life with a sympathy for his companions on the same journey—at any rate, every man who has been jostling in the world for some three or four lustres—must make no end of melancholy reflections upon the fate of those victims whom Society—that is, Snobbishness—is immolating every day. With love and simplicity and natural kindness Snobbishness is perpetually at war. People dare not be happy for fear of Snobs. People dare not love for fear of Snobs. People pine away lonely under the tyranny of Snobs. Honest kindly hearts dry up and die. Gallant generous lads, blooming with hearty youth, swell into bloated old-bachelorhood and burst and tumble over. Tender girls wither into shrunken decay, and perish solitary, from whom Snobbishness has cut off the common claim to happiness and affection with which Nature endowed us all. My heart grows sad as I see the blundering tyrant's handiwork. As I behold it I swell with cheap rage and glow with fury against the Snob. Come down, I say, thou skulking dullness. Come down, thou stupid bully and give up thy brutal ghost! And I arm myself with the sword and spear, and taking leave of my family, go forth to do battle with that hideous ogre and giant, that brutal despot in Snob Castle, who holds so many gentle hearts in torture and thrall.

When *Punch* is king, I declare there shall be no such thing as old maids and old bachelors. The Reverend Mr. Malthus shall be burned annually, instead of Guy Fawkes. Those who don't marry shall go into the workhouse. It shall be a sin for the poorest not to have a pretty girl to love him.

The above reflections came to my mind after taking a walk with an old comrade, Jack Spiggot by name, who is just passing into the state of old bachelorhood, after the manly and blooming youth in which I remember him.

Jack was one of the handsomest fellows in England when we entered together in the Highland Buffs; but I quitted the Cuttykilts early and lost sight of him for many years.

Ah! how changed he is from those days! He wears a waistband now, and has begun to dye his whiskers. His cheeks, which were red, are now mottled; his eyes, once so bright, and steadfast, are the colour of peeled plovers' eggs.

"Are you married, Jack?" says I, remembering how consumedly in love he was with his cousin Letty Lovelace, when the Cuttykilts were quartered at Strathbungo some twenty years ago.

"Married? no," says he. "Not money enough. Hard enough to keep myself, much more, a family, on five hundred a-year. Come to Dickinson's; there's some of the best Madeira in London there, my boy." So we went and talked over old times. The bill for dinner and wine consumed was prodigious, and the quantity of brandy-and-water that Jack took showed what a regular boozier he was. "A guinea or two guineas. What the devil do I care what I spend for my dinner?" says he.

"And Letty Lovelace," says I.

Jack's countenance fell. However, he burst into a loud laugh presently. "Letty Lovelace!" says he. "She's Letty Lovelace still; but Gad, such a wizened old woman! She's as thin as a thread-paper; (you remember what a figure she had); her nose has got red, and her teeth blue. She's always ill; always quarrelling with the rest of the family; always psalm-singing, and always taking pills. Gad, I had a rare escape *there*. Push round the grog, old boy."

Straightway memory went back to the days when Letty was the loveliest of blooming young creatures; when to hear her sing was to make the heart jump into your throat; when to see her dance, was better than Montessu or Noblet (they were the Ballet Queens of those days); when Jack used to wear a lock of her hair, with a little gold chain round his neck, and, exhilarated with toddy, after a sederunt of the Cuttykilt mess, used to pull out this token, and kiss it, and howl about it, to the great amusement of the bottle-nosed old Major and the rest of the table.

"My father and hers couldn't put their horses together," Jack said. "The General wouldn't come down with more

than six thousand. My Governor said it shouldn't be done under eight. Lovelace told him to go and be hanged, and so we parted company. They said she was in a decline. Gammon! She's forty, and as tough and as sour as this bit of lemon peel. Don't put much into your punch, Snob, my boy. No man *can* stand punch after wine."

"And what are your pursuits, Jack?" says I.

"Sold out when the Governor died. Mother lives at Bath. Go down there once a year for a week. Dreadful slow. Shilling whist. Four sisters—all unmarried except the youngest—awful work. Scotland in August. Italy in the winter; cursed rheumatism. Come to London in March, and toddle about at the Club, old boy; and we won't go home till maw-aw-rning till daylight does appear."

"And here's the wreck of two lives!" mused the present Snobographer, after taking leave of Jack Spiggot. "Pretty merry Letty Lovelace's rudder lost and she cast away, and handsome Jack Spiggot stranded on the shore like a drunken Trinculo!"

What was it that insulted Nature (to use no higher name) and perverted her kindly intentions towards them? What cursed frost was it that nipped the love that both were bearing and condemned the girl to sour sterility, and the lad to selfish old-bachelorhood? It was the infernal Snob tyrant who governs us all, who says, "Thou shalt not love without a lady's maid; thou shalt not marry without a carriage and horses; thou shalt have no wife in thy heart, and no children on thy knee, without a page in buttons and a French *bonne*; thou shalt go to the devil unless thou hast a Brougham; marry poor, and society shall forsake thee; thy kinsmen shall avoid thee as a criminal; thy aunts and uncles shall turn up their eyes and bemoan the sad sad manner in which Tom or Harry has thrown himself away." You, young woman, may sell yourself without shame, and marry old Croesus; you, young man, may lie away your heart and your life for a jointure. But if you are poor, woe be to you! Society, the brutal Snob autocrat, consigns you to solitary perdition. Wither, poor girl, in your garret; rot, poor bachelor, in your Club.

When I see those graceless recluses—those unnatural monks and nuns of the order of St. Beelzebub,* my hatred

* This of course is understood to apply only to those unmarried persons whom a mean and Snobbish fear about money has kept from

for Snobs and their worship, and their idols, passes all continence. Let us hew down that man-eating Juggernaut, I say, that hideous Dragon; and I glow with the heroic courage of Tom Thumb, and join battle with the giant Snob.

fulfilling their natural destiny. Many persons there are devoted to celibacy because they cannot help it. Of these a man would be a brute who spoke roughly. Indeed, after Miss O'Toole's conduct to the writer, he would be the last to condemn. But never mind, these are personal matters.

CHAPTER XLI.

SNOBS AND MARRIAGE.

IN that noble romance called "Ten Thousand a Year," I remember a profoundly pathetic description of the hero, Mr. Aubrey's, Christian manner of bearing his misfortunes. After making a display of the most florid and grandiloquent resignation, and quitting his country mansion, the delightful writer supposes Aubrey to come to town in a post-chaise and pair sitting bodkin probably between his wife and sister. It is at about seven o'clock, carriages are rattling about, knockers are thundering, and tears bedim the fine eyes of Kate and Mrs. Aubrey as they think that in happier times at this hour—their Aubrey used formerly to go out to dinner to the houses of the aristocracy his friends. This is the gist of the passage—the elegant words I forget. But the noble, noble sentiment I shall always cherish and remember. What can be more sublime than the notion of a great man's relatives in tears about—his dinner? With a few unconscious touches, what author ever so happily described a Snob?

We were reading the passage lately at the house of my friend Raymond Gray, Esquire, Barrister-at-Law, an ingenuous youth without the least practice, but who has luckily a great share of good spirits, which enables him to bide his time, and bear laughingly his humble position in the world. Meanwhile, until it is altered, the stern laws of necessity and the expenses of the Northern Circuit oblige Mr. Gray to live in a very tiny mansion in a very queer small square in the airy neighbourhood of Gray's Inn.

What is the more remarkable is, that Gray has a wife there. Mrs. Gray was a Miss Harley Baker: and I suppose I need not say *that* is a respectable family. Allied to the Cavendishes, the Oxforths, the Marrybones, they still, though rather *déchu*s from their original splendour, hold their heads as high as any. Mrs. Harley Baker, I know, never goes to church without John behind to carry her prayer-book; nor will Miss Welbeck, her sister, walk twenty yards a shopping without the protection of Figby,

her sugar-loaf page; though the old lady is as ugly as any woman in the parish, and as tall and whiskery as a Grenadier. The astonishment is, how Emily Harley Baker could have stooped to marry Raymond Gray. She, who was the prettiest and proudest of the family; she, who refused Sir Cockle Byles, of the Bengal Service; she, who turned up her little nose at Essex Temple, Q.C., and connected with the noble house of Albyn; she, who had but 4,000 *pour tout potage*, to marry a man who had scarcely as much more. A scream of wrath and indignation was uttered by the whole family when they heard of this *mésalliance*. Mrs. Harley Baker never speaks of her daughter now but with tears in her eyes, and as a ruined creature. Miss Welbeck says, "I consider that man a villain;"—and has denounced poor good-natured Mrs. Perkins as a swindler, at whose ball the young people met for the first time.

Mr. and Mrs. Gray, meanwhile, live in Gray's Inn, aforesaid, with a maid-servant and a nurse, whose hands are very full, and in a most provoking and unnatural state of happiness. They have never once thought of crying about their dinner, like the wretchedly puling and Snobbish womankind of my favourite Snob Aubrey, of "Ten Thousand a Year;" but, on the contrary, accept such humble victuals as Fate awards them with a most perfect and thankful good grace—nay, actually have a portion for a hungry friend at times—as the present writer can gratefully testify.

I was mentioning these dinners, and some admirable lemon puddings which Mrs. Gray makes, to our mutual friend the great Mr. Goldmore, the East India Director, when that gentleman's face assumed an expression of almost apoplectic terror, and he gasped out, "What! Do they give dinners?" He seemed to think it a crime and a wonder that such people should dine at all; or that it was their custom to huddle round their kitchen fire over a bone and a crust. Whenever he meets them in society, it is a matter of wonder to him (and he always expresses his surprise very loud) how the lady can appear decently dressed, and the man have an unpatched coat to his back. I have heard him enlarge upon this poverty before the whole room at the Conflagrative Club, to which he and I and Gray have the honour to belong.

We meet at the Club on most days. At half-past four,

Goldmore arrives in St. James's Street, from the City, and you may see him reading the evening papers in the bow window of the Club which enfildes Pall Mall—a large plethoric man, with a bunch of seals in a large bow-windowed light waistcoat. He has large coat-tails, stuffed with agents' letters and papers about companies of which he is a Director. His seals jingle as he walks. I wish I had such a man for an uncle, and that he himself were childless. I would love and cherish him, and be kind to him.

At six o'clock in the full season, when all the world is in St. James's Street, and the carriages are cutting in and out among the cabs on the stand, and the tufted dandies are showing their listless faces out of White's; and you see respectable grey-headed gentlemen wagging their heads to each other through the plate-glass windows of Arthur's; and the red-coats wish to be Briarean, so as to hold all the gentlemen's horses; and that wonderful red-coated royal porter is sunning himself before Marlborough House at the noon of London time: you see a light-yellow carriage with black horses, and a coachman in a tight floss-silk wig, and two footmen in powder and white and yellow liveries, and a large woman inside in shot silk, a poodle, and a pink parasol, which drives up to the gate of the Conflagrative, and the page goes and says to Mr. Goldmore (who is perfectly aware of the fact, as he is looking out of the windows with about forty other Conflagrative bucks), "Your carriage, sir." G. wags his head. "Remember, eight o'clock precisely," says he to Mulligatawney, the other East India Director, and ascending the carriage, plumps down by the side of Mrs. Goldmore for a drive in the Park, and then home to Portland Place. As the carriage whirls off, all the young bucks in the Club feel a secret elation. It is a part of their establishment as it were. That carriage belongs to their Club, and their Club belongs to them. They follow the equipage with interest; they eye it knowingly as they see it in the Park. But halt! we are not come to the Club Snobs yet. O my brave Snobs, what a flurry there will be among you when those papers appear!*

Well, you may judge, from the above description, what sort of a man Goldmore is. A dull and pompous Leadenhall Street Croesus, good-natured withal, and affable—cru-

* They are completed, and in safe hands. So there is no use in having me assassinated. They will be published all the same.

elly affable. "Mr. Goldmore can never forget," his lady used to say, "that it was Mrs. Gray's grandfather who sent him to India; and though that young woman has made the most imprudent marriage in the world, and has left her station in society, her husband seems an ingenious and laborious young man, and we shall do everything in our power to be of use to him." So they used to ask the Grays to dinner twice or thrice in a season, when, by way of increasing the kindness, Buff, the butler, is ordered to hire a fly to convey them to and from Portland Place.

Of course I am much too good-natured a friend of both parties not to tell Gray of Goldmore's opinion regarding him, and the Nabob's astonishment at the idea of the briefless barrister having any dinner at all. Indeed Goldmore's saying became a joke against Gray amongst us wags at the Club, and we used to ask him when he tasted meat last? whether we should bring him home something from dinner? and cut a thousand other mad pranks with him in our facetious way.

One day, then, coming home from the Club, Mr. Gray conveyed to his wife the astounding information that he had asked Goldmore to dinner.

"My love," says Mrs. Gray, in a tremor, "how could you be so cruel? Why, the dining-room won't hold Mrs. Goldmore."

"Make your mind easy, Mrs. Gray, her ladyship is in Paris. It is only Croesus that's coming, and we are going to the play afterwards—to Sadler's Wells. Goldmore said at the Club that he thought Shakspeare was a great dramatist poet and ought to be patronised; whereupon, fired with enthusiasm, I invited him to our banquet."

"Goodness gracious! what *can* we give him for dinner? He has two French cooks; you know Mrs. Goldmore is always telling us about them; and he dines with Aldermen every day."

"A plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,
I prythee get ready at three;
Have it tender, and smoking, and juicy,
And what better meat can there be?"

says Gray, quoting my favourite poet.

"But the cook is ill; and you know that horrible Pattypan, the pastrycook's . . ."

"Silence, Frau!" says Gray, in a deep-tragedy voice. "I will have the ordaining of this repast. Do all things as I bid thee. Invite our friend Snob here to partake of the feast. Be mine the task of procuring it."

"Don't be expensive, Raymond," says his wife.

"Peace, thou timid partner of the briefless one. Goldmore's dinner shall be suited to our narrow means. Only do thou do in all things my commands." And seeing, by the peculiar expression of the rogue's countenance, that some mad waggery was in preparation I awaited the morrow with anxiety.

CHAPTER XLII.

SNOBS AND MARRIAGE.

PUNCTUAL to the hour.—(By the way, I cannot omit here to mark down my hatred, scorn, and indignation towards those miserable Snobs, who come to dinner at nine, when they are asked at eight, in order to make a sensation in the company. May the loathing of honest folks, the backbiting of others, the curses of cooks, pursue these wretches, and avenge the society on which they trample!)—Punctual, I say, to the hour of five, which Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Gray had appointed, a youth of an elegant appearance, in a neat evening dress, whose trim whiskers indicated neatness, whose light step denoted activity (for in sooth he was hungry and always is at the dinner hour, whatsoever that hour may be), and whose rich golden hair, curling down his shoulders, was set off by a perfectly new four-and-nine-penny silk hat, was seen wending his way down Bittlestone Street, Bittlestone Square, Gray's Inn. The person in question, I need not say, was Mr. Snob. He is never late when invited to dine. But to proceed with my narrative:—

Although Mr. Snob may have flattered himself that he made a sensation as he strutted down Bittlestone Street with his richly gilt-knobbed cane (and indeed I vow I saw heads looking at me from Miss Squilby's, the brass-plated milliner opposite Raymond Gray's, who has three silver-paper bonnets, and two fly-blown French prints of fashion in the window), yet what was the emotion produced by my arrival, compared to that with which the little street thrilled, when at five minutes past five the floss-wigged coachman, the yellow hammer-cloth and flunkies, the black horses and blazing silver harness of Mr. Goldmore whirled down the street! It is a very little street of very little houses, most of them with very large brass plates like Miss Squilby's. Coal-merchants, architects, and surveyors, two surgeons, a solicitor, a dancing-master, and of course several house-agents, occupy the houses—little two-storied edifices with little stucco porticoes. Goldmore's carriage overtopped

the roofs almost; the first floors might shake hands with Croesus as he lolled inside; all the windows of those first floors thronged with children and women in a twinkling. There was Mrs. Hammerley in curl-papers; Mrs. Saxby with her front awry; Mr. Whiggles peering through the gauze curtains, holding the while his hot glass of rum-and-water—in fine, a tremendous commotion in Bittlestone Street, as the Goldmore carriage drove up to Mr. Raymond Gray's door.

"How kind it is of him to come with *both* the footmen!" says little Mrs. Gray, peeping at the vehicle too. The hugest domestic, descending from his perch, gave a rap at the door which almost drove in the building. All the heads were out; the sun was shining; the very organ-boy paused; the footman, the coach, and Goldmore's red face and white waistcoat were blazing in splendour. The herculean plushed one went back to open the carriage-door.

Raymond Gray opened his—in his shirt sleeves.

He ran up to the carriage. "Come in, Goldmore," says he. "Just in time, my boy. Open the door, Whatdyecallum, and let your master out"—and Whatdyecallum obeyed mechanically, with a face of wonder and horror, only to be equalled by the look of stupefied astonishment which ornamented the purple countenance of his master.

"Wawt taim will you please have the *cage*, Sir," says Whatdyecallum, in that peculiar, unspellable, flunkyfied pronunciation, which forms one of the chief charms of existence.

"Best have it to the theatre, at night," Gray exclaims; "it is but a step from here to the Wells, and we can walk there. I've got tickets for all. Be at Sadler's Wells at eleven."

"Yes, at eleven," exclaims Goldmore perturbedly, and walks with a flurried step into the house, as if he were going to execution (as indeed he was, with that wicked Gray as a Jack Ketch over him). The carriage drove away, followed by numberless eyes from doorsteps and balconies; its appearance is still a wonder in Bittlestone Street.

"Go in there, and amuse yourself with Snob," says Gray, opening the little drawing-room door. "I'll call out as soon as the chops are ready. Fanny's below, seeing to the pudding."

"Gracious marcy!" says Goldmore to me, quite confi-

dentially, "How could he ask us? I really had no idea of this—this utter destitution."

"Dinner, dinner!" roars out Gray from the dining-room, whence issued a great smoking and frying; and entering that apartment we find Mrs. Gray ready to receive us, and looking perfectly like a Princess who, by some accident, had a bowl of potatoes in her hand, which vegetables she placed on the table. Her husband was meanwhile cooking mutton-chops on a gridiron over the fire.

"Fanny has made the roly-poly pudding," says he, "the chops are my part. Here's a fine one; try this, Goldmore." And he popped a fizzing cutlet on that gentleman's plate. What words, what notes of exclamation can describe the nabob's astonishment?

The table-cloth was a very old one, darned in a score of places. There was mustard in a tea-cup, a silver fork for Goldmore—all ours were iron.

"I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth," says Gray gravely. "That fork is the only one we have. Fanny has it generally."

"Raymond!" cries Mrs. Gray, with an imploring face.

"She was used to better things, you know; and I hope one day to get her a dinner service. I'm told the electro-plate is uncommonly good. Where the deuce is that boy with the beer? And now," said he, springing up, "I'll be a gentleman." And so he put on his coat, and sate down quite gravely, with four fresh mutton chops which he had by this time broiled.

"We don't have meat every day, Mr. Goldmore," he continued, "and it's a treat to me to get a dinner like this. You little know, you gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease, what hardships briefless barristers endure."

"Gracious marcy!" says Mr. Goldmore.

"Where's the half-and-half? Fanny, go over to the 'Keys' and get the beer. Here's sixpence." And what was our astonishment when Fanny got up as if to go?

"Gracious marcy! let *me*," cries Goldmore.

"Not for worlds, my dear sir. She's used to it. They wouldn't serve you as well as they serve her. Leave her alone. Law bless you!" Raymond said, with astounding composure. And Mrs. Gray left the room, and actually came back with a tray on which there was a pewter flagon of beer. Little Polly (to whom at her christening I had

the honour of presenting a silver mug, *ex officio*) followed with a couple of tobacco pipes, and the queerest roguish look in her round little chubby face.

"Did you speak to Tapling about the gin, Fanny, my dear?" Gray asked, after bidding Polly put the pipes on the chimney-piece, which that little person had some difficulty in reaching. "The last was turpentine, and even your brewing didn't make good punch of it."

"You would hardly suspect, Goldmore, that my wife, a Harley Baker, would ever make gin punch? I think my mother-in-law would commit suicide if she saw her."

"Don't be always laughing at Mamma, Raymond," says Mrs. Gray.

"Well, well, she wouldn't die, and I *don't* wish she would. And you won't make gin punch, and you don't like it either—and—Goldmore, do you drink your beer out of the glass, or out of the pewter?"

"Gracious marcy!" ejaculates Croesus once more, as little Polly, taking the pot with both her little bunches of hands, offers it, smiling, to that astonished Director.

And so, in a word, the dinner commenced, and was presently ended in a similar fashion. Gray pursued his unfortunate guest with the most queer and outrageous description of his struggles, misery, and poverty. He described how he cleaned the knives when they were first married; and how he used to drag the children in a little cart; how his wife could toss pancakes; and what parts of his dress she made. He told Tibbits, his clerk (who was in fact the functionary who had brought the beer from the public house, which Mrs. Fanny had fetched from the neighbouring apartment)—to fetch "the bottle of port wine" when the dinner was over, and told Goldmore as wonderful a history about the way in which that bottle of wine had come into his hands, as any of his former stories had been. When the repast was all over, and it was near time to move to the play, and Mrs. Gray had retired, and we were sitting ruminating rather silently over the last glasses of the port, Gray suddenly breaks the silence by slapping Goldmore on the shoulder, and saying, "Now, Goldmore, tell me something."

"What?" asks Croesus.

"Haven't you had a good dinner?"

Goldmore started, as if a sudden truth had just dawned

upon him. He *had* had a good dinner, and didn't know it until then. The three mutton-chops consumed by him were best of the mutton kind; the potatoes were perfect of their order; as for the roly-poly, it was too good. The porter was frothing, and cool, and the port wine was worthy of the gills of a bishop. I speak with ulterior views; for there is more in Gray's cellar.

"Well," says Goldmore, after a pause, during which he took time to consider the momentous question Gray put to him—"Pon my word—now you say so—I—I have—I really have had a monsous good dinnah—monsous good, upon my ward! Here's your health, Gray, my boy, and your amiable lady; and when Mrs. Goldmore comes back, I hope we shall see you more in Portland Place." And with this the time came for the play, and we went to see Mr. Phelps at Sadler's Wells.

The best of this story (for the truth of every word of which I pledge my honour) is, that after this banquet, which Goldmore enjoyed so, the honest fellow felt a prodigious compassion and regard for the starving and miserable giver of the feast, and determined to help him in his profession. And being a Director of the newly established Antibilious Life Assurance Company, he has had Gray appointed Standing Counsel, with a pretty annual fee: and only yesterday, in an appeal from Bombay (Buckmuckjee Bobbachee *v.* Ramchowder-Bahawder) in the Privy Council, Lord Brougham complimented Mr. Gray, who was in the case, on his curious and exact knowledge of the Sanscrit language.

Whether he knows Sanscrit or not, I can't say; but Goldmore got him the business; and so I cannot help having a lurking regard for that pompous old Bigwig.

CHAPTER XLIII.

SNOBS AND MARRIAGE.

"WE Bachelors in Clubs are very much obliged to you," says my old school and college companion, Essex Temple, "for the opinion which you hold of us. You call us selfish, purple-faced, bloated, and other pretty names. You state, in the simplest possible terms, that we shall go to the deuce. You bid us rot in loneliness and deny us all claims to honesty, conduct, decent Christian life. Who are you, Mr. Snob, to judge us so? Who are you, with your infernal benevolent smirk and grin, that laugh at all our generation?"

"I will tell you my case," says Essex Temple; "mine and my sister Polly's; and you may make what you like of it; and sneer at old maids, and bully old bachelors, if you will.

"I will whisper to you confidentially that my sister Polly was engaged to Sergeant Shirker—a fellow whose talents one cannot deny, and be hanged to them, but whom I have always known to be mean, selfish, and a prig. However, women don't see these faults in the men whom Love throws in their way. Shirker, who has about as much warmth as an eel, made up to Polly years and years ago, and was no bad match for a briefless barrister, as he was then.

"Have you ever read Lord Eldon's life? Do you remember how the sordid old Snob narrates his going out to purchase twopence-worth of sprats, which he and Mrs. Scott fried between them? And how he parades his humility, and exhibits his miserable poverty—he who at that time must have been making a thousand pounds a-year! Well, Shirker was just as proud of his prudence—just as thankful for his own meanness, and of course would not marry without a competency. Who so honourable? Polly waited, and waited faintly, from year to year. He wasn't sick at heart; *his* passion never disturbed his six hours' sleep, or kept his ambition out of mind. He would rather have hugged an attorney any day than have kissed Polly, though she was one of the prettiest creatures in the world;

and while she was pining alone upstairs, reading over the stock of half-a-dozen frigid letters that the confounded prig had condescended to write to her; *he*, be sure, was never busy with anything but his briefs in chambers—Always frigid, rigid, self-satisfied, and at his duty. The marriage trailed on year after year, while Mr. Sergeant Shirker grew to be the famous lawyer he is.

“Meanwhile, my younger brother, Pump Temple, who was in the 120th Hussars, and had the same little patrimony which fell to the lot of myself and Polly, must fall in love with our cousin, Fanny Figtree, and marry her out of hand. You should have seen the wedding! Six bridesmaids in pink, to hold the fan, bouquet, gloves, scent-bottle, and pocket-handkerchief of the bride; basketsful of white favours in the vestry, to be pinned on to the footmen and horses; a genteel congregation of curious acquaintance in the pews, a shabby one of poor on the steps; all the carriages of all our acquaintance, whom Aunt Figtree had levied for the occasion; and of course four horses for Mr. Pump’s bridal vehicle.

“Then comes the breakfast or *déjeuner* if you please, with a brass band in the street, and policemen to keep order. The happy bridegroom spends about a year’s income in dresses for the bridesmaids and pretty presents; and the bride must have a *trousseau* of laces, satins, jewel-boxes and tomfoolery, to make her fit to be a lieutenant’s wife. There was no hesitation about Pump. He flung about his money as if it had been dross; and Mrs. P. Temple on the horse Tom Tiddler, which her husband gave her, was the most dashing of military women at Brighton or Dublin. How old Mrs. Figtree used to bore me and Polly with stories of Pump’s grandeur and the noble company he kept! Polly lives with the Figtrees, as I am not rich enough to keep a home for her.

“Pump and I have always been rather distant. Not having the slightest notions about horseflesh, he has a natural contempt for me; and in our mother’s lifetime, when the good old lady was always paying his debts and petting him, I’m not sure there was not a little jealousy. It used to be Polly that kept the peace between us.

“She went to Dublin to visit Pump, and brought back grand accounts of his doings—gayest man about the town—Aide-de-Camp to the Lord Lieutenant—Fanny admired

everywhere—Her Excellency godmother to the second boy. The eldest with a string of aristocratic Christian names that made the grandmother wild with delight. Presently Fanny and Pump obligingly came over to London, where the third was born.

“Polly was godmother to this, and who so loving as she and Pump now? ‘O Essex!’ says she to me, ‘he is so good, so generous, so fond of his family; so handsome; who can help loving him, and pardoning his little errors?’ One day, while Mrs. Pump was yet in the upper regions, and Doctor Fingerfee’s brougham at her door every day, having business at Guildhall, whom should I meet in Cheap-side but Pump and Polly? The poor girl looked more happy and rosy than I have seen her these twelve years. Pump, on the contrary, was rather blushing and embarrassed.

“I couldn’t be mistaken in her face and its look of mischief and triumph. She had been committing some act of sacrifice. I went to the family stockbroker. She had sold out two thousand pounds that morning and given them to Pump. Quarrelling was useless—Pump had the money; he was off to Dublin by the time I reached his mother’s, and Polly radiant still. He was going to make his fortune: he was going to embark the money in the Bog of Allen—I don’t know what. The fact is, he was going to pay his losses upon the last Manchester steeple-chase, and I leave you to imagine how much principal or interest poor Polly ever saw back again.

“It was more than half her fortune, and he has had another thousand since from her. Then came efforts to stave off ruin and prevent exposure; struggles on all our parts, and sacrifices that (here Mr. Essex Temple began to hesitate)—that needn’t be talked of; but they were of no more use than such sacrifices ever are. Pump and his wife are abroad—I don’t like to ask where; Polly has the three children, and Mr. Sergeant Shirker has formally written to ‘break off an engagement, on the conclusion of which Miss Temple must herself have speculated, when she alienated the greater part of her fortune.’

“And here’s your famous theory of poor marriages,” Essex Temple cries, concluding the above history. “How do you know that I don’t want to marry myself? How do you dare sneer at my poor sister? What are we but martyrs of the reckless marriage system which Mr. Snob, for-

sooth, chooses to advocate?" And he thought he had the better of the argument, which, strange to say, is not my opinion

But for the infernal Snob worship, might not every one of these people be happy? If poor Polly's happiness lay in linking her tender arms round such a heartless prig as the sneak who has deceived her, she might have been happy now—as happy as Raymond Raymond in the ballad, with the stone statue by his side. She is wretched because Mr. Sergeant Shirker worships money and ambition, and is a Snob and a coward.

If the unfortunate Pump Temple and his giddy hussy of a wife have ruined themselves, and dragged down others into their calamity, it is because they loved rank, and horses, and plate, and carriages, and *Court Guides*, and millinery, and would sacrifice all to attain those objects.

And who misguides them? If the world were more simple, would not those foolish people follow the fashion? Does not the world love *Court Guides*, and millinery, and plate, and carriages? Mercy on us! Read the fashionable intelligence; read the *Court Circular*; read the genteel novels; survey mankind, from Pimlico to Red Lion Square, and see how the Poor Snob is aping the Rich Snob; how the Mean Snob is grovelling at the feet of the Proud Snob; and the Great Snob is lording it over his humble brother. Does the idea of equality ever enter Dives' head? Will it ever? Will the Duchess of Fitzbattleaxe (I like a good name) ever believe that Lady Croesus, her next door neighbour in Belgrave Square, is as good a lady as her Grace? Will Lady Croesus ever leave off pining for the Duchess's parties, and cease patronising Mrs. Broadcloth, whose husband has not got his Baronetcy yet? Will Mrs. Broadcloth ever heartily shake hands with Mrs. Seedy, and give up those odious calculations about poor dear Mrs. Seedy's income? Will Mrs. Seedy, who is starving in her great house, go and live comfortably in a little one, or in lodgings? Will her landlady, Miss Letsam, ever stop wondering at the familiarity of tradespeople, or rebuking the insolence of Suky, the maid who wears flowers under her bonnet, like a lady?

But why hope, why wish for such times? Do I wish all Snobs to perish? Do I wish these Snob papers to determine? Suicidal fool, art not thou, too, a Snob and a brother?

CHAPTER XLIV.

CLUB SNOBS.

I WISH to be particularly agreeable to the ladies (to whom I make my most humble obeisance, offering them every compliment connected with this festive season). We will not, if you please, commence maligning a class of Snobs, against whom, I believe, most female minds are embittered.—I mean Club Snobs. I have very seldom heard even the most gentle and placable woman speak without a little feeling of bitterness against those social institutions, those palaces swaggering in St. James's, which are open to the men; while the ladies have but their dingy three-windowed brick boxes in Belgravia or Paddingtonia, or in the region between the road of Edgware and that of Gray's Inn

In my grandfather's time it used to be Freemasonry that roused their anger. It was my grandaunt (whose portrait we still have in the family) who got into the clock-case at the Royal Rosicrucian Lodge at Bungay, Suffolk, to spy the proceedings of the Society, of which her husband was a member, and being frightened by the sudden whirring and striking eleven of the clock (just as the Deputy-Grand-Master was bringing in the mystic gridiron for the reception of a neophyte), rushed out into the midst of the lodge assembled, and was elected, by a desperate unanimity, Deputy Grand-Mistress for life. Though that admirable and courageous female never subsequently breathed a word with regard to the secrets of the initiation, yet she inspired all our family with such a terror regarding the mysteries of Jachin and Boaz, that none of our family have ever since joined the Society or worn the dreadful Masonic insignia.

It is known that Orpheus was torn to pieces by some justly indignant Thracian ladies for belonging to an Harmonic Lodge. "Let him go back to Eurydice," they said, "whom he is pretending to regret so." But the history is given in Dr Lemprière's elegant dictionary in a manner much more forcible than any which this feeble pen can at-

tempt. At once, then, and without verbiage, let us take up this subject matter of clubs.

Clubs ought not in my mind to be permitted to bachelors. If my friend of the Cuttykilts had not our club, the Union Jack, to go to (I belong to the U.J. and nine other similar institutions), who knows but he would never be a bachelor at this present moment? Instead of being made comfortable, and cockered up with every luxury, as they are at Clubs, bachelors ought to be rendered profoundly miserable, in my mind. Every encouragement should be given to the rendering their spare time disagreeable. There can be no more odious object, according to my sentiments, than young Smith, in the pride of health, commanding his dinner of three courses; than middle-aged Jones wallowing (as I may say) in an easy padded arm-chair, over the last delicious novel or brilliant magazine; or than old Brown, that selfish old reprobate, for whom mere literature has no charms, stretched on the best sofa, sitting on the second edition of the *Times*, having the *Morning Chronicle* between his knees, the *Herald* pushed in between his coat and waistcoat, the *Standard* under his left arm, the *Globe* under the other pinion, and the *Daily News* in perusal. "I'll trouble you for *Punch*, Mr. Wiggins," says the unconscionable old gormandiser, interrupting our friend, who is laughing over the periodical in question.

This kind of selfishness ought not to be. No, no. Young Smith, instead of his dinner and his wine, ought to be, where?—at the festive tea-table, to be sure, by the side of Miss Higgs, sipping the bohea, or tasting the harmless muffin; while old Mrs. Higgs looks on, pleased at their innocent dalliance, and my friend Miss Wirt, the governess, is performing Thalberg's last Sonata in treble X. totally unheeded, at the piano.

Where should the middle-aged Jones be? At his time of life, he ought to be the father of a family. At such an hour—say, at nine o'clock at night—the nursery bell should have just rung the children to bed. He and Mrs. J. ought to be, by rights, seated on each side of the fire by the dining-room table, a bottle of Port Wine between them, not so full as it was an hour since. Mrs. J. has had two glasses; Mrs. Grumble (Jones's mother-in-law) has taken three: Jones himself has finished the rest, and dozes comfortably until bedtime.

And Brown, that old newspaper-devouring miscreant, what right has *he* at a club at a decent hour of night? He ought to be playing his rubber with Miss MacWhirter, his wife, and the family apothecary. His candle ought to be brought to him at ten o'clock, and he should retire to rest just as the young people were thinking of a dance. How much finer, simpler, nobler, are the several employments I have sketched out for these gentlemen than their present nightly orgies at the horrid club.

And, ladies, think of men who do not merely frequent the dining-room and library, but who use other apartments of those horrible dens which it is my purpose to batter down;—think of Cannon, the wretch, with his coat off, at his age and size, clattering the balls over the billiard table all night, and making bets with that odious Capt. Spot!—think of Pam in a dark room with Bob Trumper, Jack Deuceace, and Charley Vole, playing, the poor dear misguided wretch, guinea points and five pounds on the rubber!—above all, think, O think, of that den of abomination, which, I am told, has been established in *some* clubs, called *the Smoking Room*,—think of the debauchees who congregate there, the quantities of reeking whiskey-punch or more dangerous sherry-cobbler which they consume;—think of them coming home at cock-crow and letting themselves into the quiet house with the Chubb key;—think of them, the hypocrites, taking off their insidious boots before they slink upstairs, the children sleeping over-head, the wife of their bosom alone with the waning rushlight in the two pair front—that chamber so soon to be rendered hateful by the smell of their stale cigars! I am not an advocate of violence; I am not, by nature, of an incendiary turn of mind, but if, my dear ladies, you are for assassinating Mr. Chubb and burning down the Club Houses in St. James's, there is *one* Snob, at least, who will not think the worse of you

The only men, who, as I opine, ought to be allowed the use of Clubs are married men without a profession. The continual presence of these in a house cannot be thought, even by the most uxorious of wives, desirable. Say the girls are beginning to practise their music, which in an honourable English family ought to occupy every young gentlewoman three hours; it would be rather hard to call upon poor papa to sit in the drawing-room all that time,



... "Your French maid has completed the toilette which renders you so ravishingly beautiful by candle-light."
—*Snobs*, p. 415.



and listen to the interminable discords and shrieks which are elicited from the miserable piano during the above necessary operation. A man, with a good ear especially, would go mad, if compelled daily to submit to this horror.

Or suppose you have a fancy to go to the milliner's, or to Howell and James's, it is manifest, my dear Madam, that your husband is much better at the Club during these operations than by your side in the carriage, or perched in wonder upon one of the stools at Shawl and Gimcrack's, whilst young counter-dandies are displaying their wares.

This sort of husbands should be sent out after breakfast, and if not Members of Parliament, or Directors of a Railroad or an Insurance Company, should be put into their Clubs, and told to remain there until dinner time. No sight is more agreeable to my truly well-regulated mind than to see the noble characters so worthily employed. Whenever I pass by St. James's Street, having the privilege, like the rest of the world, of looking in at the windows of Blight's, or Foodle's, or Snook's, or the great bay at the Contemplative Club, I behold with respectful appreciation the figures within—the honest rosy old fogies, the mouldy old dandies, the waist-belts and glossy wigs and tight cravats of those most vacuous and respectable men. Such men are best there during the daytime surely. When you part with them, dear ladies, think of the rapture consequent on their return. You have transacted your household affairs; you have made your purchases; you have paid your visits; you have aired your poodle in the Park; your French maid has completed the toilette which renders you so ravishingly beautiful by candle-light, and you are fit to make home pleasant to him who has been absent all day.

Such men surely ought to have their Clubs, and we will not class them among Club Snobs therefore:—on whom let us reserve our attack for next week.

CHAPTER XLV.

CLUB SNOBS.

SUCH a sensation has been created in the Clubs by the appearance of the last paper on Club Snobs, as can't but be complimentary to me who am one of their number.

I belong to nine clubs. The Union Jack, the Sash and Marlingspike—Military Clubs. The True Blue, the No Surrender, the Blue and Buff, the Guy Fawkes, and the Cato Street—Political Clubs. The Brummell and the Regent—Dandy Clubs. The Acropolis, the Palladium, the Areopagus, the Pnyx, the Pentelicus, the Ilyssus, and the Poluphloisboio Thalasses—Literary Clubs. I never could make out how the latter set of Clubs got their names; *I* don't know Greek for one, and I wonder how many other members of those Institutions do.

Ever since the Club Snobs have been announced, I observe a sensation created on my entrance into any one of these places. Members get up and hustle together; they nod, they scowl, as they glance towards the present Snob. "Infernal impudent jackanapes! If he shows *me* up," says Colonel Bludyer, "I'll break every bone in his skin." "I told you what would come of admitting literary men into the Club," says Ranville Ranville to his colleague, Spooney, of the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office. "These people are very well in their proper places, and, as a public man, I make a point of shaking hands with them, and that sort of thing; but to have one's privacy obtruded upon by such people is really too much. Come along, Spooney," and the pair of prigs retire superciliously.

As I came into the coffee-room at the No Surrender, old Jawkins was holding out to a knot of men, who were yawning, as usual. There he stood, waving the *Standard*, and swaggering before the fire. "What," says he, "did I tell Peel last year? If you touch the Corn Laws, you touch the Sugar Question; if you touch the Sugar, you touch the Tea. I am no monopolist. I am a liberal man, but I cannot forget that I stand on the brink of a precipice; and if we are to have Free Trade, give me reciprocity. And what

was Sir Robert Peel's answer to me? Mr. Jawkins, he said—"

Here Jawkins's eyes suddenly turning on your humble servant, he stopped his sentence with a guilty look—his stale, old, stupid sentence, which every one of us at the Club have heard over and over again.

Jawkins is a most pertinacious Club Snob. Every day he is at that fireplace, holding that *Standard*, of which he reads up the leading article, and pours it out, *ore rotundo*, with the most astonishing composure, into the face of his neighbour, who has just read every word of it in the paper. Jawkins has money, as you may see by the tie of his neck-cloth. He passes the morning swaggering about the City, in bankers' and brokers' parlours, and says—"I spoke with Peel yesterday, and his intentions are so and so. Graham and I were talking over the matter, and I pledge you my word of honour, his opinion coincides with mine; and that Whatd'yecallum is the only measure Government will venture on trying." By evening-paper time he is at the Club: "I can tell you the opinion of the City, my lord," says he, "and the way in which Jones Loyd looks at it is briefly this: Rothschilds told me so themselves. In Mark Lane, people's minds are *quite* made up." He is considered rather a well-informed man.

He lives in Belgravia, of course, in a drab-coloured genteel house, and has everything about him that is properly grave, dismal and comfortable. His dinners are in the *Morning Herald*, among the parties for the week; and his wife and daughters make a very handsome appearance at the Drawing-room, once a year, when he comes down to the Club in his Deputy-Lieutenant's uniform.

He is fond of beginning a speech to you by saying, "When I was in the House, I, etc."—in fact he sate for Skittlebury for three weeks in the first reformed Parliament, and was unseated for bribery; since which he has three times unsuccessfully contested that honourable borough.

Another sort of political Snob I have seen at most Clubs, and that is the man who does not care so much for home politics, but is great upon foreign affairs. I think this sort of man is scarcely found anywhere *but* in Clubs. It is for him the papers provide their foreign articles, at an expense of some ten thousand a year each. He is the man who is

really seriously uncomfortable about the designs of Russia, and the atrocious treachery of Louis-Philippe. He it is who expects a French fleet in the Thames, and has a constant eye upon the American President, every word of whose speech (goodness help him!) he reads. He knows the names of the contending leaders in Portugal, and what they are fighting about; and who it is says that Lord Aberdeen ought to be impeached, and Lord Palmerston hanged, or *vice versa*.

Lord Palmerston's being sold to Russia, the exact number of roubles paid, by what house in the city, is a favourite theme with this kind of Snob. I once overheard him—it was Captain Spitfire, R.N., (who had been refused a ship by the Whigs, by the way)—indulging in the following conversation with Mr. Minns after dinner.

“Why wasn't the Princess Scragamoffsky at Lady Palmerston's party, Minns? Because *she can't show*—and why can't she show? Shall I tell you, Minns, why she can't show? The Princess Scragamoffsky's back is flayed alive, Minns—I tell you it's raw, Sir! On Tuesday last, at twelve o'clock, three drummers of the Preobajinsk regiment arrived at Ashburnham House, and at half-past twelve, in the yellow drawing-room at the Russian Embassy, before the Ambassadors and four ladies'-maids, the Greek Papa, and the Secretary of Embassy, Madame de Scragamoffsky received thirteen dozen. She was knouted, Sir—knouted in the midst of England—in Berkeley Square, for having said the Grand Duchess Olga's hair was red. And now, Sir, you tell me Lord Palmerston ought to continue Minister?”

MINNS. “Good God!”

Minns follows Spitfire about, and thinks him the greatest and wisest of human beings.

CHAPTER XLVI.

CLUB SNOBS.

WHY does not some great author write "The Mysteries of the Club Houses; or St. James's Street unveiled"? It would be a fine subject for an imaginative writer. We must all, as boys, remember, when we went to the fair, and had spent all our money—the sort of awe and anxiety with which we loitered round the outside of the show, speculating upon the nature of the entertainments going on within.

Man is a Drama—of Wonder and Passion, and Mystery and Meanness, and Beauty and Truthfulness, and Etcetera. Each Bosom is a Booth in Vanity Fair. But let us stop this capital style; I should die if I kept it up for a column (a pretty thing a column all capitals would be, by the way). In a club, though there mayn't be a soul of your acquaintance in the room, you have always the chance of watching strangers, and speculating on what is going on within those tents and curtains of their souls, their coats and waistcoats. This is a never-failing sport. Indeed I am told there are some clubs in the town where nobody ever speaks to anybody. They sit in the coffee-room, quite silent, and watching each other.

Yet how little you can tell from a man's outward demeanour! There's a man at our club—large, heavy, middle-aged—gorgeously dressed—rather bald—with lacquered boots—and a boa when he goes out; quiet in demeanour, always ordering and consuming a *recherché* little dinner, whom I have mistaken for Lord Pocklington any time these five years, and respected as a man with five hundred pounds *per diem*; and I find he is but a clerk in an office in the City, with not two hundred pounds income, and his name is Jubber. My Lord Pocklington was, on the contrary, the dirty little snuffy man who cried out so about the bad quality of the beer, and grumbled at being overcharged three halfpence for a herring, seated at the next table to Jubber on the day when some one pointed his lordship out to me.

Take a different sort of mystery. I see, for instance, old Fawney stealing round the rooms of the Club, with glassy, meaningless eyes, and an endless greasy simper—he fawns on everybody he meets, and shakes hands with you, and blesses you, and betrays the most tender and astonishing interest in your welfare. You know him to be a quack and a rogue, and he knows you know it. But he wriggles on his way, and leaves a track of slimy flattery after him wherever he goes. Who can penetrate that man's mystery? What earthly good can he get from you or me? You don't know what is working under that leering tranquil mask. You have only the dim instinctive repulsion that warns you, you are in the presence of a knave—beyond which fact all Fawney's soul is a secret to you.

I think I like to speculate on the young men best. Their play is opener. You know the cards in their hand, as it were. Take, for example, Messrs. Spavin and Cockspur.

A specimen or two of the above sort of young fellows may be found, I believe, at most Clubs. They know nobody. They bring a fine smell of cigars into the room with them, and they growl together, in a corner, about sporting matters. They recollect the history of that short period in which they have been ornaments of the world by the names of winning horses. As political men talk about "the Reform year," "the year the Whigs went out," and so forth, these young sporting bucks speak of *Tarnation's* year, or *Opodeldoc's* year, or the year when *Catawampus* ran second for the Chester Cup. They play at billiards in the morning, they absorb pale ale for breakfast, and "top up" with glasses of strong waters. They read *Bell's Life* (and a very pleasant paper too, with a great deal of erudition in the answers to correspondents). They go down to Tattersall's, and swagger in the Park, with their hands plunged in the pockets of their paletots.

What strikes me especially in the outward demeanour of sporting youth is their amazing gravity, their conciseness of speech, and care-worn and moody air. In the smoking-room at the Regent, when Joe Millerson will be setting the whole room in a roar with laughter, you hear young Messrs. Spavin and Cockspur grumbling together in a corner. "I'll take your five-and-twenty to one about Brother to Bluenose," whispers Spavin. "Can't do it at the price," Cock-

spur says, wagging his head ominously. The betting-book is always present in the minds of those unfortunate youngsters. I think I hate that work even more than the "Peerage." There is some good in the latter—though, generally speaking, a vain record; though De Muggins is not descended from the giant Hogyn Mogyn; though half the other genealogies are equally false and foolish; yet the mottoes are good reading—some of them; and the book itself a sort of gold-laced and liveried lackey to History, and in so far serviceable. But what good ever came out of, or went into, a betting-book? If I could be Caliph Omar for a week, I would pitch every one of those despicable manuscripts into the flames; from my Lord's, who is "in" with Jack Snaffle's stable, and his overreaching worse-informed rogues and swindling greenhorns, down to Sam's, the butcher boy's, who books eighteen-penny odds in the tap-room, and "stands to win five-and-twenty bob."

In a turf transaction, either Spavin or Cockspur would try to get the better of his father, and, to gain a point in the odds, victimise his best friends. One day we shall hear of one or other levanting: an event at which, not being sporting men, we shall not break our hearts. See—Mr. Spavin is settling his toilette previous to departure; giving a curl in the glass to his side-wisps of hair. Look at him! It is only at the hulks, or among turfmen, that you ever see a face so mean, so knowing, and so gloomy.

A much more humane being among the youthful Clubbists is the Lady-killing Snob. I saw Wiggle just now in the dressing-room, talking to Waggle, his inseparable.

Waggle. "'Pon my honour, Wiggle, she did."

Wiggle. "Well, Waggle, as you say so—I own I think she DID look at me rather kindly. We'll see to-night, at the French play."

And having arrayed their little persons, these two harmless young bucks go upstairs to dinner.

CHAPTER XLVII.

CLUB SNOBS.

BOTH sorts of young men, mentioned in my last under the flippant names of Wiggle and Waggle, may be found in tolerable plenty, I think, in Clubs. Wiggle and Waggle are both idle. They come of the middle classes. One of them very likely makes believe to be a barrister, and the other has smart apartments about Piccadilly. They are a sort of second-chop dandies; they cannot imitate that superb listlessness of demeanour, and that admirable vacuous folly which distinguishes the noble and high-born chiefs of the race; but they lead lives almost as bad (were it but for the example), and are personally quite as useless. I am not going to arm a thunderbolt, and launch it at the heads of these little Pall Mall butterflies. They don't commit much public harm, or private extravagance. They don't spend a thousand pounds for diamond-ear-rings for an Opera-dancer, as Lord Tarquin can; neither of them ever set up a public-house or broke the bank of a gambling-club, like the young Earl of Martingale. They have good points, kind feelings, and deal honourably in money-transactions—only in their characters of men of second-rate pleasure about town, they and their like are so utterly mean, self-contented and absurd, that they must not be omitted in a work treating on Snobs.

Wiggle has been abroad, where he gives you to understand that his success among the German countesses and Italian princesses, whom he met at the *tables d'hôte*, was perfectly terrific. His rooms are hung round with pictures of actresses and ballet-dancers. He passes his mornings in a fine dressing-gown, burning pastilles, and reading "Don Juan" and French novels (by the way, the life of the author of "Don Juan," as described by himself, was the model of the life of a Snob). He has twopenny-halfpenny French prints of women with languishing eyes, dressed in dominoes,—guitars, gondolas, and so forth,—and tells you stories about them.

"It's a bad print," says he, "I know, but I've a reason for

liking it. It reminds me of somebody—somebody I knew in other climes. You have heard of the Princiessa di Monte Pulciano? I met her at Rimini. Dear, dear Francesca! That fair-haired, bright-eyed thing in the Bird of Paradise and the Turkish Simar with the love-bird on her finger, I'm sure must have been taken from—from somebody perhaps whom you don't know—but she's known at Munich, Waggles, my boy—everybody knows the Countess Ottilia di Eulenschreckenstein. Gad, sir, what a beautiful creature she was, when I danced with her on the birthday of Prince Attila of Bavaria, in '44! Prince Carloman was our *vis-à-vis*, and Prince Pepin danced the same *contredanse*. She had a polyanthus in her bouquet. Waggle, *I have it now*." His countenance assumes an agonised and mysterious expression, and he buries his head in the sofa cushions, as if plunging into a whirlpool of passionate recollections.

Last year he made a considerable sensation by having on his table a morocco miniature-case locked by a gold key, which he always wore round his neck, and on which was stamped a serpent—emblem of eternity—with the letter M in the circle. Sometimes he laid this upon his little morocco writing table, as if it were on an altar—generally he had flowers upon it—in the middle of a conversation he would start up and kiss it. He would call out from his bedroom to his valet, "Hicks, bring me my casket!"

"I don't know who it is," Waggle would say. "Who *does* know that fellow's intrigues! Desborough Wiggle, sir, is the slave of passion. I suppose you have heard the story of the Italian princess locked up in the Convent of Saint Barbara, at Rimini—he hasn't told you? then I'm not at liberty to speak—or the Countess, about whom he nearly had the duel with Prince Witikind of Bavaria? Perhaps you hav'n't even heard about that beautiful girl at Pentonville, daughter of a most respectable dissenting clergyman. She broke her heart when she found he was engaged (to a most lovely creature of high family, who afterwards proved false to him), and she's now in Hanwell."

Waggle's belief in his friend amounts to frantic adoration. "What a genius he is, if he would but apply himself!" he whispers to me. "He could be anything, sir, but for his passions. His poems are the most beautiful things you ever saw. He's written a continuation of 'Don

Juan,' from his own adventures. Did you ever read his lines to Mary? They're superior to Byron, sir—superior to Byron."

I was glad to hear this from so accomplished a critic as Waggle; for the fact is, I had composed the verses myself for honest Wiggle one day, whom I found at his chambers plunged in thought over a very dirty old-fashioned album, in which he had not as yet written a single word.

"I can't," says he. "Some days I can write whole cantos, and to-day not a line. O, Snob! such an opportunity! Such a divine creature! She's asked me to write verses for her album, and I can't."

"Is she rich?" said I. "I thought you would never marry any but an heiress."

"O, Snob! she's the most accomplished, highly-connected creature!—and I can't get out a line."

"How will you have it," says I; "hot with sugar?"

"Don't, don't! You trample on the most sacred feelings, Snob. I want something wild and tender—like Byron. I want to tell her that amongst the festive halls, and that sort of thing, you know,—I only think about her, you know—that I scorn the world, and am weary of it, you know, and—something about a gazelle, and a bulbul, you know."

"And a yataghan to finish off with," the present writer observed, and we began:—

TO MARY.

I seem, in the midst of the crowd,
 The lightest of all;
 My laughter rings cheery and loud,
 In banquet and ball.
 My lip hath its smiles and its sneers,
 For all men to see;
 But my soul, and my truth, and my tears,
 Are for thee, are for thee!

"Do you call *that* neat, Wiggle?" says I. "I declare it almost makes me cry, myself."

"Now, suppose," says Wiggle, "we say that all the world is at my feet—make her jealous, you know, and that sort of thing and that—that I'm going to *travel*, you know. That perhaps may work upon her feelings."

So *We* (as this wretched prig said) began again—

Around me they flatter and fawn—
 The young and the old,
 The fairest are ready to pawn
 Their hearts for my gold.
 They sue me—I laugh as I spurn
 The slaves at my knee,
 But in faith, and in fondness, I turn
 Unto thee, unto thee!

“Now for the travelling, Wiggle, my boy!” and I began, in a voice choked with emotion—

Away! for my heart knows no rest
 Since you taught it to feel;
 The secret must die in my breast
 I burn to reveal;
 The passion I may not . . .

“I say, Snob!” Wiggle here interrupted the excited bard (just as I was about to break out into four lines so pathetic that they would drive you into hysterics). “I say—ahem—couldn’t you say that I was—a—military man, and that there was some danger of my life?”

“You a military man?—danger of your life? What the deuce do you mean?”

“Why,” said Wiggle, blushing a good deal. “I told her I was going out—on—the—Ecuador—expedition.”

“You abominable young impostor,” I exclaimed. “Finish the poem for yourself!” And so he did, and entirely out of metre, bragged about the work at the Club as his own performance.

Poor Waggle fully believed in his friend’s genius, until one day last week he came with a grin on his countenance to the Club and said, “O, Snob, I’ve made *such* a discovery! Going down to the skating to-day, whom should I see but Wiggle walking with that splendid woman—that lady of illustrious family and immense fortune—Mary, you know, whom he wrote the beautiful verses about. She’s five-and-forty. She’s red hair. She’s a nose like a pump-handle. Her father made his fortune by keeping a ham-and-beef shop,—and Wiggle’s going to marry her next week.”

“So much the better, Waggle, my young friend,” I exclaimed. “Better for the sake of womankind that this

dangerous dog should leave off lady-killing—this Bluebeard give up practice. Or, better rather for his own sake. For as there is not a word of truth in any of those prodigious love-stories which you used to swallow, nobody has been hurt except Wiggle himself, whose affections will now centre in the ham-and-beef shop. There *are* people, Mr. Waggle, who do these things in earnest, and hold a good rank in the world too. But these are not subjects for ridicule, and though certainly Snobs, are scoundrels likewise. Their cases go up to a higher Court.”

CHAPTER XLVIII.

CLUB SNOBS.

BACCHUS is the divinity to whom Waggle devotes his especial worship. "Give me wine, my boy," says he to his friend Wiggle, who is prating about lovely woman; and holds up his glass full of the rosy fluid and winks at it portentously, and sips it, and smacks his lips after it, and meditates on it, as if he were the greatest of connoisseurs.

I have remarked this excessive wine-amateurship especially in youth. Snoblings from College, Fledglings from the army, Goslings from the public schools, who ornament our clubs, are frequently to be heard in great force upon the wine-questions. "This bottle's corked," says Snobling, and Mr. Sly, the butler, taking it away, returns presently with the same wine in another jug, which the young amateur pronounces excellent. "Hang champagne!" says Fledgling, "it's only fit for gals and children. Give me pale sherry at dinner, and my twenty-three claret afterwards." "What's port now?" says Gosling; "disgusting thick sweet stuff—where's the old dry wine one *used* to get?" Until the last twelvemonth, Fledgling drank small-beer at Doctor Swishtail's; and Gosling used to get his dry old port at a gin-shop in Westminster—till he quitted that seminary, in 1844.

Anybody who has looked at the caricatures of thirty years ago must remember how frequently bottle-noses, pimpled faces, and other Bardolphian features are introduced by the designer. They are much more rare now (in nature, and in pictures, therefore) than in those good old times; but there are still to be found amongst the youth of our Clubs, lads who glory in drinking-bouts, and whose faces, quite sickly and yellow, for the most part are decorated with those marks which Rowland's Kalydor is said to efface. "I was *so* cut last night—old boy!" Hopkins says to Tompkins (with amiable confidence). "I tell you what we did. We breakfasted with Jack Herring at twelve, and kept up with brandy and soda-water and weeds till four; then we toddled into the Park for an hour; then we dined

and drank mulled Port till half-price; then we looked in for an hour at the Haymarket; than we came back to the Club, and had grills and whisky punch till all was blue—Hullo, waiter! Get me a glass of cherry-brandy.” Club waiters, the civillest, the kindest, the patientest of men, die under the infliction of these cruel young toppers. But if the reader wishes to see a perfect picture on the stage of this class of young fellows, I would recommend him to witness the ingenious comedy of *London Assurance*—the amiable heroes of which are represented, not only as drunkards and five-o’clock-in-the-morning men, but as showing a hundred other delightful traits of swindling, lying and general debauchery, quite edifying to witness.

How different is the conduct of these outrageous youths to the decent behaviour of my friend, Mr. Papworthy, who says to Poppins, the butler at the Club:—

Papworthy. Poppins, I’m thinking of dining early; is there any cold game in the house?

Poppins. There’s a game pie, Sir; there’s cold grouse, Sir; there’s cold pheasant, Sir; there’s cold peacock, Sir; cold swan, Sir; cold ostrich, Sir, etc. etc. (as the case may be).

Papworthy. Hem! What’s your best claret now, Poppins?—in pints I mean.

Poppins. There’s Cooper and Magnum’s Laffitte, Sir; there’s Lath and Sawdust’s St. Jullien, Sir; Bung’s Leoville is considered remarkably fine; and I think you’d like Jugger’s Chateau-Margaux.

Papworthy. Hum!—hah!—well—give me a crust of bread and a glass of beer. I’ll only *lunch*, Poppins.

Capt. Shindy is another sort of Club bore. Here you behold all the Club in an uproar about Captain Shindy’s mutton chop.

“LOOK AT IT, SIR! IS IT COOKED, SIR? SMELL IT, SIR! IS IT MEAT FIT FOR A GENTLEMAN?” he roars out to the steward, who stands trembling before him, and who in vain tells him that the Bishop of Bullocksmithy has just had three from the same loin. All the waiters in all the Club are huddled round the Captain’s mutton-chop. He roars out the most horrible curses at John for not bringing the pickles; he utters the most dreadful oaths because Thomas has not arrived with the Harvey sauce; Peter comes tumbling with the water-jug over Jeames, who is

bringing "the glittering canisters with bread." Whenever Shindy enters the room (such is the force of character) every table is deserted, every gentleman must dine as he best may, and all those big footmen are in terror.

He makes his account of it. He scolds, and is better waited upon in consequence. At the Club he has ten servants scudding about to do his bidding.

Poor Mrs. Shindy and the children are, meanwhile, in dingy lodgings somewhere, waited upon by a charity girl, in pattens.

CHAPTER XLIX.

CLUB SNOBS.

EVERY well-bred English female will sympathise with the subject of the harrowing title, the history of Sackville Maine, I am now about to recount. The pleasures of Clubs have been spoken of: let us now glance for a moment at the dangers of those institutions, and for this purpose I must introduce you to my young acquaintance, Sackville Maine.

It was at a ball at the house of my respected friend, Mrs. Perkins, that I was introduced to this gentleman and his charming lady. Seeing a young creature before me in a white dress, with white satin shoes; with a pink ribbon, about a yard in breadth, flaming out as she twirled in a Polka in the arms of Monsieur de Springbock, the German diplomatist; with a green wreath on her head, and the blackest hair this individual ever set eyes on—seeing, I say, before me a charming young woman, whisking beautifully in a beautiful dance, and presenting, as she wound and wound round the room, now a full face, then a three-quarter face, then a profile—a face, in fine, which, in every way you saw it, looked pretty, and rosy, and happy, I felt (as I trust) a not unbecoming curiosity regarding the owner of this pleasant countenance and asked Wagley (who was standing by, in conversation with an acquaintance), Who was the lady in question?

“Which?” says Wagley.

“That one with the coal-black eyes,” I replied.

“Hush!” says he, and the gentleman with whom he was talking moved off, with rather a discomfited air.

When he was gone Wagley burst out laughing. “*Coal-black eyes!*” said he; “you’ve just hit it. That’s Mrs. Sackville Maine, and that was her husband who just went away. He’s a coal-merchant, Snob, my boy, and I have no doubt Mr. Perkins’s Wallsends are supplied from his wharf. He is in a flaming furnace when he hears coals mentioned. He and his wife and his mother are very proud of Mrs. Sackville’s family; she was a Miss Chuff, daugh-

ter of Captain Chuff, R.N. That is the widow; that stout woman, in crimson tabinet, battling about the odd trick with old Mr. Dumps, at the card-table."

And so, in fact, it was. Sackville Maine (whose name is a hundred times more elegant, surely, than that of Chuff) was blest with a pretty wife, and a genteel mother-in-law, both of whom some people may envy him.

Soon after his marriage the old lady was good enough to come and pay him a visit—just for a fortnight—at his pretty little cottage, Kennington Oval; and, such is her affection for the place, has never quitted it these four years. She has also brought her son, Nelson Collingwood Chuff, to live with her; but he is not so much at home as his mamma, going as a day-boy to Merchant Tailors' School—where he is getting a sound classical education.

If these beings, so closely allied to his wife, and so justly dear to her, may be considered as drawbacks to Maine's happiness, what man is there that has not some things in life to complain of? And when I first knew Mr. Maine, no man seemed more comfortable than he. His cottage was a picture of elegance and comfort; his table and cellar were excellently and neatly supplied. There was every enjoyment, but no ostentation. The omnibus took him to business of a morning; the boat brought him back to the happiest of homes, where he would while away the long evenings by reading out the fashionable novels to the ladies as they worked; or accompany his wife on the flute (which he played elegantly); or in any one of the hundred pleasing and innocent amusements of the domestic circle. Mrs. Chuff covered the drawing-rooms with prodigious tapestries, the work of her hands. Mrs. Sackville had a particular genius for making covers of tape or net-work for these tapestried cushions. She could make home-made wines. She could make preserves and pickles. She had an album, into which, during the time of his courtship, Sackville Maine had written choice scraps of Byron and Moore's poetry analogous to his own situation, and in a fine mercantile hand. She had a large manuscript receipt-book—every quality, in a word, which indicated a virtuous and well-bred English female mind.

"And as for Nelson Collingwood," Sackville would say, laughing, "we couldn't do without him in the house. If he didn't spoil the tapestry we should be over-cushioned

in a few months: and whom could we get but him to drink Laura's home-made wine?" The truth is, the gents who came from the city to dine at the Oval could not be induced to drink it,—in which fastidiousness, I myself, when I grew to be intimate with the family, confess that I shared.

"And yet, sir, that green ginger has been drunk by some of England's proudest heroes," Mrs. Chuff would exclaim; "Admiral Lord Exmouth tasted and praised it, Sir, on board Captain Chuff's ship, the *Nebuchadnezzar*, 74, at Algiers; and he had three dozen with him in the *Pitchfork* frigate, a part of which was served out to the men, before he went into his immortal action with the *Furibonde*, Captain Chouffleur, in the Gulf of Panama."

All this, though the old dowager told us the story every day when the wine was produced, never served to get rid of any quantity of it—and the green ginger, though it had fired British tars for combat and victory, was not to the taste of us peaceful and degenerate gents of modern times.

I see Sackville now, as on the occasion when presented by Wagley, I paid my first visit to him. It was in July—a Sunday afternoon—Sackville Maine was coming from church, with his wife on one arm, and his mother-in-law (in red tabinet, as usual) on the other. A half-grown, or hobbadehoyish footman, so to speak, walked after them, carrying their shining golden prayer-books—the ladies had splendid parasols with tags and fringes. Mrs. Chuff's great gold watch, fastened to her stomach, gleamed there like a ball of fire. Nelson Collingwood was in the distance, shying stones at an old horse on Kennington Common. 'Twas on that verdant spot we met—nor can I ever forget the majestic courtesy of Mrs. Chuff, as she remembered having had the pleasure of seeing me at Mrs. Perkins's—nor the glance of scorn she threw at an unfortunate gentleman who was preaching an exceedingly desultory discourse to a sceptical audience of omnibus-cads and nurse-maids, on a tub, as we passed by. "I cannot help it, Sir," says she; "I am the widow of an officer of Britain's navy; I was taught to honour my Church and my King: and I cannot bear a Radical, or a Dissenter."

With these fine principles I found Sackville Maine impressed. "Wagley," said he, to my introducer, "if no better engagement, why shouldn't self and friend dine at the Oval? Mr. Snob, Sir, the mutton's coming off the

spit at this very minute. Laura and Mrs. Chuff (he said *Laurur* and Mrs. Chuff; but I hate people who make remarks on these peculiarities of pronunciation) will be most happy to see you; and I can promise you a hearty welcome, and as good a glass of port-wine as any in England."

"This is better than dining at the Sarcophagus," thinks I to myself, at which club Wagley and I had intended to take our meal; and so we accepted the kindly invitation, whence arose afterwards a considerable intimacy.

Everything about this family and house was so good-natured, comfortable and well conditioned, that a Cynic would have ceased to growl there. Mrs. Laura was all graciousness and smiles, and looked to as great advantage in her pretty morning gown as in her dress robe at Mrs. Perkins's. Mrs. Chuff fired off her stories about the *Nebuchadnezzar*, 74, the action between the *Pitchfork* and the *Furibonde*—the heroic resistance of Captain Choufleur, and the quantity of snuff he took, etc. etc.; which, as they were heard for the first time, were pleasanter than I have subsequently found them. Sackville Maine was the best of hosts. He agreed in everything everybody said, altering his opinions without the slightest reservation upon the slightest possible contradiction. He was not one of those beings who would emulate a Schonbein or Friar Bacon, or act the part of an incendiary towards the Thames, his neighbour—but a good, kind, simple, honest, easy fellow—in love with his wife—well disposed to all the world—content with himself, content even with his mother-in-law. Nelson Collingwood, I remember, in the course of the evening, when whisky and water was for some reason produced, grew a little tipsy. This did not in the least move Sackville's equanimity. "Take him up-stairs, Joseph," said he to the hobbadehoy, "and—Joseph—don't tell his Mamma."

What could make a man so happily disposed unhappy? What could cause discomfort, bickering, and estrangement in a family so friendly and united? Ladies, it was not my fault—it was Mrs. Chuff's doing—but the rest of the tale you shall have on a future day.

CHAPTER L.

CLUB SNOBS.

THE misfortune which befell the simple and good-natured young Sackville arose entirely from that abominable Sarcophagus Club; and that he ever entered it was partly the fault of the present writer.

For seeing Mrs. Chuff, his mother-in-law, had a taste for the genteel—(indeed her talk was all about Lord Collingwood, Lord Gambier, Sir Jahaleel Brenton, and the Gosport and Plymouth balls)—Wagley and I, according to our wont, trumped her conversation, and talked about Lords, Dukes, Marquises, and Baronets, as if those dignitaries were our familiar friends.

“Lord Sextonbury,” says I, “seems to have recovered her Ladyship’s death. He and the Duke were very jolly over their wine at the Sarcophagus last night; weren’t they, Wagley?”

“Good fellow, the Duke,” Wagley replied. “Pray Ma’am (to Mrs. Chuff), you who know the world and etiquette, will you tell me what ought a man to do in my case? Last June, His Grace, his son Lord Castlerampant, Tom Smith, and myself were dining at the Club, when I offered the odds against *Daddylonglegs*, for the Derby—forty to one, in sovereigns only. His Grace took the bet, and of course I won. He has never paid me. Now, can I ask such a great man for a sovereign?—*One* more lump of sugar, if you please, my dear Madam.”

It was lucky Wagley gave her this opportunity to elude the question, for it prostrated the whole worthy family among whom we were. They telegraphed each other with wondering eyes. They looked at us with mute surprise, like stout Cortez when he stared on the Pacific. Mrs. Chuff’s stories about the naval nobility grew quite faint; and kind little Mrs. Sackville became uneasy, and went upstairs to look at the children—not at that young monster, Nelson Collingwood, who was sleeping off the whisky-and-water—but at a couple of little ones who had made their appear-

ance at dessert, and of whom she and Sackville were the happy parents.

The end of this and subsequent meetings with Mr. Maine was, that we proposed and got him elected as a member of the Sarcophagus Club.

It was not done without a deal of opposition—the secret having been whispered that the candidate was a coal-merchant. You may be sure some of the proud people and most of the parvenus of the Club were ready to black-ball him. We combated this opposition successfully, however. We pointed out to the parvenus that the Lambtons and the Stuarts sold coals; we mollified the proud by accounts of his good birth, good nature and good behaviour; and Wagley went about on the day of election, describing with great eloquence the action between the *Pitchfork* and the *Furibonde*, and the valour of Captain Maine, our friend's father. There was a slight mistake in the narrative; but we carried our man; with only a trifling sprinkling of black beans in the boxes: Byles's, of course, who black-balls everybody; and Bung's, who looks down upon a coal-merchant, having himself lately retired from the wine-trade.

Some fortnight afterwards I saw Sackville Maine under the following circumstances:—

He was showing the Club to his family. He had brought them thither in the light-blue fly, waiting at the Club door; with Mrs. Chuff's hobbadehoy footboy on the box, by the side of the flyman, in a sham livery. Nelson Collingwood; pretty Mrs. Sackville; Mrs. Captain Chuff (Mrs. Commodore Chuff we call her), were all there; the latter, of course, in the vermilion tabinet, which, splendid as it is, is nothing in comparison to the splendour of the Sarcophagus. The delighted Sackville Maine was pointing out the beauties of the place to them. It seemed as beautiful as Paradise to that little party.

The Sarcophagus displays every known variety of architecture and decoration. The great library is Elizabethan; the small library is pointed Gothic; the dining-room is severe Doric; the strangers' room has an Egyptian look; the drawing-rooms are Louis Quatorze (so called because the hideous ornaments displayed were used in the time of Louis Quinze); the *cortile*, or hall, is Morisco-Italian. It is all

over marble, maplewood, looking-glasses, arabesques, ormolu, and scagliola. Scrolls, ciphers, dragons, Cupids, polyanthes, and other flowers writhe up the walls in every kind of cornucopiosity. Fancy every gentleman in Jullien's band playing with all his might, and each performing a different tune; the ornaments at our Club, the Sarcophagus, so bewilder and affect me. Dazzled with emotions which I cannot describe, and which she dared not reveal, Mrs. Chuff, followed by her children and son-in-law, walked wondering amongst these blundering splendours.

In the great library (225 feet long by 150) the only man Mrs. Chuff saw was Tiggs. He was lying on a crimson velvet sofa, reading a French novel of Paul de Kock. It was a very little book. He is a very little man. In that enormous hall he looked like a mere speck. As the ladies passed breathless and trembling in the vastness of the magnificent solitude, he threw a knowing, killing glance at the fair strangers, as much as to say, "Ain't I a fine fellow?" They thought so, I am sure.

"*Who is that?*" hisses out Mrs. Chuff, when we were about fifty yards off him at the other end of the room.

"Tiggs!" says I, in a similar whisper.

"Pretty comfortable this, isn't it, my dear?" says Maine in a free and easy way to Mrs. Sackville; "all the magazines, you see—writing materials—new works—choice library, containing every work of importance—what have we here?—'Dugdale's Monasticon,' a most valuable, and I believe, entertaining book."

And proposing to take down one of the books for Mrs. Maine's inspection, he selected volume VII., to which he was attracted by the singular fact that a brass door-handle grew out of the back. Instead of pulling out a book, however, he pulled open a cupboard, only inhabited by a lazy housemaid's broom and duster, at which he looked exceedingly discomfited—while Nelson Collingwood, losing all respect, burst into a roar of laughter.

"That's the rummest book I ever saw," says Nelson. "I wish we'd no others at Merchant Tailors'."

"Hush, Nelson," cries Mrs. Chuff, and we went into the other magnificent apartments.

How they did admire the drawing-room hangings (pink and silver brocade, most excellent wear for London), and

calculated the price per yard; and revelled on the luxurious sofas; and gazed on the immeasurable looking-glasses.

"Pretty well to shave by, eh," says Maine to his mother-in-law. (He was getting more abominably conceited every minute.) "Get away, Sackville," says she, quite delighted, and threw a glance over her shoulder, and spread out the wings of the red tabinet, and took a good look at herself; so did Mrs. Sackville—just one, and I thought the glass reflected a very smiling, pretty creature.

But what's a woman at a looking-glass? Bless the little dears, it's their place. They fly to it naturally. It pleases them, and they adorn it. What I like to see, and watch with increasing joy and adoration, is the Club *men* at the great looking-glasses. Old Gills pushing up his collars and grinning at his own mottled face. Hulker looking solemnly at his great person, and tightening his coat to give himself a waist. Fred. Minchin simpering by as he is going out to dine, and casting upon the reflection of his white neck-cloth a pleased moony smile. What a deal of vanity that Club mirror has reflected, to be sure!

Well, the ladies went through the whole establishment with perfect pleasure. They beheld the coffee-rooms, and the little tables laid for dinner, and the gentlemen who were taking their lunch, and old Jawkins thundering away as usual; they saw the reading rooms, and the rush for the evening papers; they saw the kitchens—those wonders of art—where the *Chef* was presiding over twenty pretty kitchenmaids, and ten thousand shining saucepans; and they got into the light-blue fly perfectly bewildered with pleasure.

Sackville did not enter it, though little Laura took the back seat on purpose, and left him the front place alongside of Mrs. Chuff's red tabinet.

"We have your favourite dinner," says she, in a timid voice; "won't you come, Sackville?"

"I shall take a chop here to-day, my dear," Sackville replied. "Home, James." And he went up the steps of the Sarcophagus, and the pretty face looked very sad out of the carriage, as the blue fly drove away.

CHAPTER LI.

CLUB SNOBS.

WHY—why did I and Wagley ever do so cruel an action, as to introduce young Sackville Maine into that odious Sarcophagus! Let our imprudence and his example be a warning to other gents; let his face and that of his poor wife be remembered by every British female. The consequences of his entering the Club were as follows:—

One of the first vices the unhappy wretch acquired in this abode of frivolity was that of *smoking*. Some of the dandies of the Club, such as the Marquis of Macadaw, Lord Doodeen, and fellows of that high order, are in the habit of indulging in this propensity upstairs in the billiard-rooms of the Sarcophagus—and, partly to make their acquaintance, partly from a natural aptitude for crime, Sackville Maine followed them, and became an adept in the odious custom. Where it is introduced into a family I need not say how sad the consequences are, both to the furniture and the morals. Sackville smoked in his dining-room at home, and caused an agony to his wife and mother-in-law which I do not venture to describe.

He then became a professed *billiard-player*, wasting hours upon hours at that amusement; betting freely, playing tolerably, losing awfully to Captain Spot and Col. Cannon. He played matches of a hundred games with these gentlemen, and would not only continue until four or five o'clock in the morning at this work, but would be found at the Club of a forenoon, indulging himself to the detriment of his business, the ruin of his health, and the neglect of his wife.

From billiards to whist is but a step—and when a man gets to whist and five pounds as the rubber, my opinion is, that it is all up with him. How was the coal-business to go on, and the connexion of the firm to be kept up, and the senior partner always at the card-table?

Consorting now with genteel persons and Pall Mall bucks, Sackville became ashamed of his snug little residence in Kennington Oval—and transported his family to Pimlico—where, though Mrs. Chuff, his mother-in-law, was at first



"Here you might see the wretch, tippling Silly champagne,
and gorging himself with French viands," . . .

—*Snobs*, p. 439.

happy, as the quarter was elegant and near her Sovereign, poor little Laura and the children found a woeful difference. Where were her friends who came in with their work of a morning?—At Kennington and in the vicinity of Clapham. Where were her children's little playmates?—On Kennington Common. The great thundering carriages that roared up and down the drab-coloured streets of the new quarter, contained no friends for the sociable little Laura. The children that paced the squares, attended by a *Bonne* or a prim governess, were not like those happy ones that flew kites, or played hop-scotch, on the well beloved old Common. And ah! what a difference at Church, too!—between St. Benedict's, of Pimlico, with open seats, service in sing-song—tapers—albs—surplices—garlands and processions, and the honest old ways of Kennington! The footmen, too, attending St. Benedict's were so splendid and enormous, that James, Mrs. Chuff's boy, trembled amongst them, and said he would give warning rather than carry the books to that church any more.

The furnishing of the house was not done without expense.

And, ye gods! what a difference there was between Sackville's dreary French banquets in Pimlico and the jolly dinners at the Oval! No more legs of mutton, no more of "the best port wine in England;" but *entrées* on plate, and dismal two-penny champagne, and waiters in gloves, and the Club bucks for company—among whom Mrs. Chuff was uneasy and Mrs. Sackville quite silent.

Not that he dined at home often. The wretch had become a perfect epicure, and dined commonly at the Club with the gormandising clique there; with old Dr. Maw, Colonel Cramley, (who is as lean as a greyhound, and has jaws like a jack), and the rest of them. Here you might see the wretch, tippling Sillery champagne, and gorging himself with French viands; and I often looked with sorrow from my table (on which cold meat, the Club small-beer, and a half-pint of Marsala form the modest banquet), and sighed to think it was my work.

And there were other beings present to my repentant thoughts. Where's his wife, thought I? Where's poor, good kind little Laura? At this very moment—it's about the nursery bedtime, and while yonder good-for-nothing is swilling his wine—the little ones are at Laura's knees lisp-

ing their prayers; and she is teaching them to say—"Pray God bless Papa!"

When she has put them to bed her day's occupation is gone; and she is utterly lonely all night, and sad, and waiting for him.

O for shame! O for shame! Go home, thou idle tippler.

How Sackville lost his health; how he lost his business; how he got into scrapes; how he got into debt; how he became a railroad director; how the Pimlico house was shut up; how he went to Boulogne,—all this I could tell, only I am too much ashamed of my part of the transaction. They returned to England, because, to the surprise of everybody, Mrs. Chuff came down with a great sum of money (which nobody knew she had saved) and paid his liabilities. He is in England; but at Kennington. His name is taken off the books of the Sarcophagus long ago. When we meet, he crosses over to the other side of the street; and I don't call, as I should be sorry to see a look of reproach or sadness in Laura's sweet face.

Not, however, all evil, as I am proud to think, has been the influence of the Snob of England upon clubs in general:—Captain Shindy is afraid to bully the waiters any more, and eats his mutton-chop without moving Acheron. Gobe-mouche does not take any more than two papers at a time for his private reading. Tiggs does not ring the bell and cause the library-waiter to walk about a quarter of a mile in order to give him Vol. II., which lies on the next table. Growler has ceased to walk from table to table in the coffee-room, and inspect what people are having for dinner. Trotty Veck takes his own umbrella from the hall—the cotton one, and Sidney Scraper's paletot lined with silk has been brought back by Jobbins, who entirely mistook it for his own. Waggle has discontinued telling stories about the ladies he has killed. Snooks does not any more think it gentlemanlike to blackball attornies. Snuffler no longer publicly spreads out his great red cotton pocket-handkerchief before the fire, for the admiration of two hundred gentlemen; and if one Club Snob has been brought back to the paths of rectitude; and if one poor John has been spared a journey or a scolding—say, friends and brethren, if these sketches of Club Snobs have been in vain?

CHAPTER LAST.

How it is that we have come to No. 52 of this present series of papers, my dear friends and brother Snobs, I hardly know—but for a whole mortal year have we been together, prattling, and abusing the human race; and were we to live for a hundred years more, I believe there is plenty of subject for conversation in the enormous theme of Snobs.

The national mind is awakened to the subject. Letters pour in every day, conveying marks of sympathy, directing the attention of the Snob of England to races of Snobs yet undescribed. “Where are your Theatrical Snobs; your Commercial Snobs; your Medical and Chirurgical Snobs; your Official Snobs; your Legal Snobs; your Artistical Snobs; your Musical Snobs; your Sporting Snobs?” write my esteemed correspondents: “Surely you are not going to miss the Cambridge Chancellor election, and omit showing up your Don Snobs who are coming, cap in hand, to a young Prince of six-and-twenty, and to implore him to be the chief of their renowned University?” writes a friend who seals with the signet of the Cam and Isis Club: “Pray, pray,” cries another, “now the Operas are opening, give us a lecture about Omnibus Snobs.” Indeed, I should like to write a chapter about the Snobbish Dons very much, and another about the Snobbish Dandies. Of my dear Theatrical Snobs I think with a pang; and I can hardly break away from some Snobbish artists, with whom I have long, long intended to have a palaver.

But what’s the use of delaying? When these were done there would be fresh Snobs to pourtray. The labour is endless. No single man could complete it. Here are but fifty-two bricks—and a pyramid to build. It is best to stop. As Jones always quits the room as soon as he has said his good thing,—as Cincinnatus and General Washington both retired into private life in the height of their popularity,—as Prince Albert, when he laid the first stone of the Exchange, left the bricklayers to complete that edifice, and went home to his royal dinner,—as the poet Bunn comes forward at the end of the season, and with feelings too tu-

multuous to describe, blesses his *kyind* friends over the footlights; so, friends, in the flush of conquest and the splendour of victory, amid the shouts and the plaudits of a people—triumphant yet modest—the Snob of England bids ye farewell.

But only for a season. Not for ever. No, no. There is one celebrated author whom I admire very much—who has been taking leave of the public any time these ten years in his prefaces, and always comes back again when everybody is glad to see him. How can he have the heart to be saying good-bye so often? I believe that Bunn is affected when he blesses the people. Parting is always painful. Even the familiar bore is dear to you. I should be sorry to shake hands even with Jawkins for the last time. I think a well-constituted convict, on coming home from transportation, ought to be rather sad when he takes leave of Van Dieman's Land. When the curtain goes down on the last night of a pantomime, poor old clown must be very dismal, depend on it. Ha! with what joy he rushes forward on the evening of the 26th of December next, and says—"How are you? Here we are!" But I am growing too sentimental: to return to the theme.

THE NATIONAL MIND IS AWAKENED TO THE SUBJECT OF SNOBS.—The word Snob has taken a place in our honest English Vocabulary. We can't define it, perhaps. We can't say what it is, any more than we can define Wit, or Humour, or Humbug, but we *know* what it is. Some weeks since, happening to have the felicity to sit next to a young lady at a hospitable table, where poor old Jawkins was holding forth in a very absurd pompous manner, I wrote upon the spotless damask "S—B" and called my neighbour's attention to the little remark.

That young lady smiled. She knew it at once. Her mind straightway filled up the two letters concealed by apostrophic reserve, and I read in her assenting eyes that she knew Jawkins was a Snob. You seldom get them to make use of the word as yet, it is true; but it is inconceivable how pretty an expression their little smiling mouths assume when they speak it out. If any young lady doubts, just let her go up to her own room, look at herself steadily in the glass, and say "Snob." If she tries this simple experiment, my life for it, she will smile, and own that the

word becomes her mouth amazingly. A pretty little round word, all composed of soft letters, with a hiss at the beginning, just to make it piquant, as it were.

Jawkins, meanwhile, went on blundering and bragging and boring, quite unconsciously. And so he will, no doubt, go on roaring and braying to the end of time, or at least so long as people will hear him. You cannot alter the nature of men and Snobs by any force of satire; as, by laying ever so many stripes on a donkey's back you can't turn him into a zebra.

But we can warn the neighbourhood that the person whom they and Jawkins admire is an impostor. We can apply the Snob test to him, and try whether he is conceited and a quack, whether pompous and lacking humility—whether uncharitable and proud of his narrow soul. How does he treat a great man—how regard a small one? How does he comport himself in the presence of His Grace the Duke; and how in that of Smith, the tradesman?

And it seems to me that all English society is cursed by this mammoniacal superstition; and that we are sneaking and bowing and cringing on the one hand, or bullying and scorning on the other, from the lowest to the highest. My wife speaks with great circumspection—"proper pride" she calls it—to our neighbour the tradesman's lady; and she, I mean Mrs. Snob—Eliza—would give one of her eyes to go to Court, as her cousin the Captain's wife did. She, again, is a good soul, but it costs her agonies to be obliged to confess that we live in Upper Thompson Street, Somer's Town. And though I believe in her heart Mrs. Whisker-ington is fonder of us than of her cousins, the Smigsmags, you should hear how she goes on prattling about Lady Smigsmag—and "I said to Sir John, my dear John;" and about the Smigsmags' house and parties in Hyde Park Terrace.

Lady Smigsmag, when she meets Eliza—who is a sort of a kind of a species of a connexion of the family, pokes out one finger, which my wife is at liberty to embrace in the most cordial manner she can devise. But, oh, you should see her ladyship's behaviour on her first-chop dinner-party days, when Lord and Lady Longears come!

I can bear it no longer—this diabolical invention of gentility which kills natural kindliness and honest friendship. Proper pride, indeed! Rank and precedence, forsooth!

The table of ranks and degrees is a lie, and should be flung into the fire. Organise rank and precedence! that was well for the masters of ceremonies of former ages. Come forward, some great marshal, and organise Equality in society, and your rod shall swallow up all the juggling old court gold-sticks. If this is not gospel truth—if the world does not tend to this—if hereditary-great-man-worship is not a humbug and an idolatry—let us have the Stuarts back again, and crop the Free Press's ears in the pillory.

If ever our cousins the Smigsmags asked me to meet Lord Longears, I would like to take an opportunity after dinner and say, in the most good-natured way in the world:—Sir, Fortune makes you a present of a number of thousand pounds every year. The ineffable wisdom of our ancestors has placed you as a chief and hereditary legislator over me. Our admirable Constitution (the pride of Britons and envy of surrounding nations) obliges me to receive you as my senator, superior, and guardian. Your eldest son, Fitz-Heehaw, is sure of a place in Parliament; your younger sons, the De Brays, will kindly condescend to be post captains and lieutenant-colonels, and to represent us in foreign courts, or to take a good living when it falls convenient. These prizes our admirable Constitution (the pride and envy of, etc.) pronounces to be your due: without count of your dulness, your vices, your selfishness; or your entire incapacity and folly. Dull as you may be (and we have as good a right to assume that my lord is an ass, as the other proposition, that he is an enlightened patriot); dull, I say, as you may be, no one will accuse you of such monstrous folly as to suppose that you are indifferent to the good luck which you possess, or have any inclination to part with it. No—and patriots as we are, under happier circumstances, Smith and I, I have no doubt, were we dukes ourselves, would stand by our order.

We would submit good-naturedly to sit in a high place: We would acquiesce in that admirable Constitution (pride and envy of, etc.) which made us chiefs and the world our inferiors; we would not cavil particularly at that notion of hereditary superiority which brought so many simple people cringing to our knees. May be we would rally round the Corn-Laws; we would make a stand against the Reform Bill; we would die rather than repeal the acts against Catholics and Dissenters; we would, by our noble system of

class-legislation, bring Ireland to its present admirable condition.

But Smith and I are not Earls as yet. We don't believe that it is for the interest of Smith's army that young De Bray should be a Colonel at five-and-twenty—of Smith's diplomatic relations that Lord Longears should go Ambassador to Constantinople—of our politics, that Longears should put his hereditary foot into them—any more than we believe it is for the interest of science that His Royal Highness Dr. Prince Albert should be Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. Smith says that, as a chief of a University, he will have a Smith's prize-man.

When Dr. Prince Blucher was complimented with a degree, the old dragoon burst out laughing, and said—"Me a Doctor? They ought to make Gneisenau an apothecary;" but, though a better General, was not a Prince; it was the Prince that the Snobs worshipped, and invested with their tomfoolish diploma.

This bowing and cringing Smith believes to be the act of Snobs; and he will do all in his might and main to be a Snob and to submit to Snobs no longer. To Longears, he says, "I can't help seeing, Longears, that I am as good as you. I can spell even better; I can think quite as rightly; I will not have you for my master, or black your shoes any more. Your footmen do it, but they are paid; and the fellow who comes to get a list of the company when you give a banquet or a dancing breakfast at Longueoreille House, gets money from the newspapers for performing that service. But for myself, thank you for nothing, Longears, my boy, and I don't wish to pay you any more than I owe. I will take off my hat to Wellington because he is Wellington, but to you—who are you?"

I am sick of *Court Circulars*. I loathe *haut-ton* intelligence. I believe such words as Fashionable, Exclusive, Aristocratic, and the like to be wicked unchristian epithets, that ought to be banished from honest vocabularies. A court system, that sends men of genius to the second-table, I hold to be a Snobbish system. A Society that sets up to be polite, and ignores Arts and Letters, I hold to be a Snobbish Society. You, who despise your neighbour, are a Snob; you, who forget your own friends, meanly to follow after those of a higher degree, are a Snob; you, who are ashamed of your poverty, and blush for your calling, are a

Snob; as are you who boast of your pedigree, or are proud of your wealth.

To laugh at such is *Mr. Punch's* business. May he laugh honestly, hit no foul blow, and tell the truth when at his very broadest grin—never forgetting that if Fun is good, Truth is still better, and Love best of all.

THE
ROSE AND THE RING;
OR,
THE HISTORY OF PRINCE GIGLIO
AND PRINCE BULBO.

A FIRESIDE PANTOMIME FOR GREAT AND SMALL
CHILDREN.

BY MR. M. A. TITMARSH.

PRELUDE.

It happened that the undersigned spent the last Christmas season in a foreign city where there were many English children.

In that city, if you wanted to give a child's party, you could not even get a magic-lantern or buy Twelfth-Night characters—those funny painted pictures of the King, the Queen, the Lover, the Lady, the Dandy, the Captain, and so on—with which our young ones are wont to recreate themselves at this festive time.

My friend Miss Bunch, who was governess of a large family that lived in the *Piano Nobile* of the house inhabited by myself and my young charges (it was the Palazzo Poniatowski at Rome, and Messrs. Spillmann, two of the best pastrycooks in Christendom, have their shop on the ground floor): Miss Bunch, I say, begged me to draw a set of Twelfth-Night characters for the amusement of our young people.

She is a lady of great fancy and droll imagination, and having looked at the characters, she and I composed a history about them, which was recited to the little folks at night, and served as our fireside pantomime.

Our juvenile audience was amused by the adventures of Giglio and Bulbo, Rosalba and Angelica. I am bound to say the fate of the Hall Porter created a considerable sensation; and the wrath of Countess Gruffanuff was received with extreme pleasure.

If these children are pleased, thought I, why should not others be amused also? In a few days Dr. Birch's young friends will be expected to reassemble at Rodwell Regis, where they will learn everything that is useful, and under

the eyes of careful ushers continue the business of their little lives.

But, in the meanwhile, and for a brief holiday, let us laugh and be as pleasant as we can. And you elder folk—a little joking, and dancing, and fooling will do even you no harm. The author wishes you a merry Christmas, and welcomes you to the Fireside Pantomime.

M. A. TITMARSH.

December, 1854.

THE ROSE AND THE RING.

I.

SHOWS HOW THE ROYAL FAMILY SATE DOWN TO
BREAKFAST.

THIS is Valoroso XXIV., King of Paflagonia, seated with his Queen and only child at their royal breakfast-table, and receiving the letter which announces to His Majesty a pro-



posed visit from Prince Bulbo, heir of Padella, reigning King of Crim Tartary. Remark the delight upon the monarch's royal features. He is so absorbed in the perusal of the King of Crim Tartary's letter that he allows his eggs to get cold, and leaves his august muffins untasted.

"What! that wicked, brave, delightful Prince Bulbo!" cries Princess Angelica; "so handsome, so accomplished,

so witty—the conqueror of Rimbombamento, where he slew ten thousand giants!”

“Who told you of him, my dear?” asks His Majesty.

“A little bird,” says Angelica.

“Poor Giglio!” says mamma, pouring out the tea.

“Bother Giglio!” cries Angelica, tossing up her head, which rustled with a thousand curl-papers.

“I wish,” growls the King—“I wish Giglio was . . .”

“Was better? Yes, dear, he is better,” says the Queen.

“Angelica’s little maid, Betsinda, told me so when she came to my room this morning with my early tea.”

“You are always drinking tea,” said the monarch, with a scowl.

“It is better than drinking port or brandy and water,” replies Her Majesty.

“Well, well, my dear, I only said you were fond of drinking tea,” said the King of Paflagonia, with an effort as if to command his temper. “Angelica! I hope you have plenty of new dresses; your milliner’s bills are long enough. My dear Queen, you must see and have some parties. I prefer dinners, but of course you will be for balls. Your everlasting blue velvet quite tires me: and, my love, I should like you to have a new necklace. Order one. Not more than a hundred or a hundred and fifty thousand pounds.”

“And Giglio, dear?” says the Queen.

“GIGLIO MAY GO TO THE——”

“Oh, sir,” screams Her Majesty. “Your own nephew! our late King’s only son.”

“Giglio may go to the tailor’s, and order the bills to be sent in to Glumboso to pay. Confound him! I mean bless his dear heart. He need want for nothing; give him a couple of guineas for pocket-money, my dear; and you may as well order yourself bracelets while you are about the necklace, Mrs. V.”

Her Majesty, or *Mrs. V.*, as the monarch facetiously called her (for even royalty will have its sport, and this august family were very much attached), embraced her husband, and, twining her arm round her daughter’s waist, they quitted the breakfast-room in order to make all things ready for the princely stranger.

When they were gone, the smile that had lighted up the eyes of the *husband* and *father* fled—the pride of the *King*

fled—the MAN was alone. Had I the pen of a G. P. R. James, I would describe Valoroso's torments in the choicest language; in which I would also depict his flashing eye, his distended nostril—his dressing-gown, pocket-handkerchief, and boots. But I need not say I have *not* the pen of that novelist; suffice it to say, Valoroso was alone.

He rushed to the cupboard, seizing from the table one of the many egg-cups with which his princely board was served for the matin meal, drew out a bottle of right Nantz or Cognac, filled and emptied the cup several times, and laid it down with a hoarse "Ha, ha, ha! now Valoroso is a man again!"

"But oh!" he went on (still sipping, I am sorry to say), "ere I was a king, I needed not this intoxicating draught; once I detested the hot brandy wine, and quaffed no other fount but nature's rill. It dashes not more quickly o'er the rocks than I did, as, with blunderbuss in hand, I brushed away the early morning dew, and shot the partridge, snipe, or antlered deer! Ah! well may England's dramatist remark, 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown!' Why did I steal my nephew's, my young Giglio's——? Steal! said I? no, no, no, not steal, not steal. Let me withdraw that odious expression. I took, and on my manly head I set, the royal crown of Paflagonia; I took, and with my royal arm I wield, the sceptral rod of Paflagonia; I took, and in my outstretched hand I hold, the royal orb of Paflagonia! Could a poor boy, a snivelling, drivelling boy—was in his nurse's arms but yesterday, and cried for sugar-plums and puled for pap—bear up the awful weight of crown, orb, sceptre? gird on the sword my royal fathers wore, and meet in fight the tough Crimean foe?"

And then the monarch went on to argue in his own mind (though we need not say that blank verse is not argument) that what he had got it was his duty to keep, and that, if at one time he had entertained ideas of a certain restitution, which shall be nameless, the prospect by a *certain marriage* of uniting two crowns and two nations which had been engaged in bloody and expensive wars, as the Paflagonians and the Crimeans had been, put the idea of Giglio's restoration to the throne out of the question: nay, were his own brother, King Savio, alive, he would certainly will

away the crown from his own son in order to bring about such a desirable union.

Thus easily do we deceive ourselves! Thus do we fancy what we wish is right! The King took courage, read the papers, finished his muffins and eggs, and rang the bell for his Prime Minister. The Queen, after thinking whether she should go up and see Giglio, who had been sick, thought, "Not now. Business first; pleasure afterwards. I will go and see dear Giglio this afternoon; and now I will drive to the jeweller's, to look for the necklace and bracelets." The Princess went up into her own room, and made Betsinda, her maid, bring out all her dresses; and as for Giglio, they forgot him as much as I forget what I had for dinner last Tuesday twelvemonth.

II.

HOW KING VALOROSO GOT THE CROWN, AND PRINCE GIGLIO WENT WITHOUT.

PAFLAGONIA, ten or twenty thousand years ago, appears to have been one of those kingdoms where the laws of succession were not settled; for when King Savio died, leaving his brother Regent of the kingdom, and guardian of Savio's orphan infant, this unfaithful regent took no sort of regard of the late monarch's will; had himself proclaimed sovereign of Paflagonia under the title of King Valoroso XXIV., had a most splendid coronation, and ordered all the nobles of the kingdom to pay him homage. So long as Valoroso gave them plenty of balls at Court, plenty of money and lucrative places, the Paflagonian nobility did not care who was king; and as for the people, in those early times, they were equally indifferent. The Prince Giglio, by reason of his tender age at his royal father's death, did not feel the loss of his crown and empire. As long as he had plenty of toys and sweetmeats, a holiday five times a week, and a horse and gun to go out shooting when he grew a little older, and, above all, the company of his darling cousin, the King's only child, poor Giglio was perfectly contented; nor did he envy his uncle the royal robes and sceptre, the great hot uncomfortable throne of state, and the enormous cumbersome crown in which that monarch appeared from morning till night. King Valoroso's portrait has been left to us; and I think you will agree with me that he must have been sometimes *rather tired* of his velvet, and his diamonds, and his ermine, and his grandeur. I shouldn't like to sit in that stifling robe with such a thing as that on my head.

No doubt, the Queen must have been lovely in her youth, for though she grew rather stout in after life, yet her features, as shown in her portrait, are certainly *pleasing*. If she was fond of flattery, scandal, cards, and fine clothes, let us deal gently with her infirmities, which, after all, may be no greater than our own. She was kind to her

nephew; and if she had any scruples of conscience about her husband's taking the young Prince's crown, consoled herself by thinking that the King, though a usurper, was



a most respectable man, and that at his death Prince Giglio would be restored to his throne, and share it with his cousin, whom he loved so fondly.

The Prime Minister was Glumboso, an old statesman, who most cheerfully swore fidelity to King Valoroso, and in whose hands the monarch left all the affairs of his king-

dom. All Valoroso wanted was plenty of money, plenty of hunting, plenty of flattery, and as little trouble as possible. As long as he had his sport, this monarch cared little



how his people paid for it: he engaged in some wars, and of course the Paflagonian newspapers announced that he gained prodigious victories: he had statues erected to himself in every city of the empire; and of course his pictures placed everywhere, and in all the print-shops: he was Valoroso the Magnanimous, Valoroso the Victorious, Valo-

roso the Great, and so forth;—for even in these early early times courtiers and people knew how to flatter.

This royal pair had one only child, the Princess Angelica, who, you may be sure, was a paragon in the courtiers' eyes, in her parents', and in her own. It was said she had the



longest hair, the largest eyes, the slimmest waist, the smallest foot, and the most lovely complexion of any young lady in the Paffagonian dominions. Her accomplishments were announced to be even superior to her beauty; and governesses used to shame their idle pupils by telling them what Princess Angelica could do. She could play the most difficult pieces of music at sight. She could answer any one

of "Mangnall's Questions." She knew every date in the history of Paflagonia, and every other country. She knew French, English, Italian, German, Spanish, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Cappadocian, Samothracian, Ægean, and Crim Tartar. In a word, she was a most accomplished young creature; and her governess and lady-in-waiting was the severe Countess Gruffanuff.

Would you not fancy, from this picture, that Gruffanuff must have been a person of the highest birth? She looks so haughty that I should have thought her a Princess at the very least, with a pedigree reaching as far back as the Deluge. But this lady was no better born than many other ladies who give themselves airs; and all sensible people laughed at her absurd pretensions. The fact is, she had been maid-servant to the Queen when her Majesty was only Princess, and her husband had been head footman; but after his death or *disappearance*, of which you shall hear presently, this Mrs. Gruffanuff, by flattering, toadying, and wheedling her royal mistress, became a favourite with the Queen (who was rather a weak woman), and Her Majesty gave her a title, and made her nursery governess to the Princess.

And now I must tell you about the Princess's learning and accomplishments, for which she had such a wonderful character. Clever Angelica certainly was, but as *idle as possible*. Play at sight, indeed! she could play one or two pieces, and pretend that she had never seen them before; she could answer half a dozen "Mangnall's Questions"; but then you must take care to ask the *right* ones. As for her languages, she had masters in plenty, but I doubt whether she knew more than a few phrases in each, for all her pretence; and as for her embroidery and her drawing, she showed beautiful specimens, it is true, but *who did them?*

This obliges me to tell the truth, and to do so I must go back ever so far, and tell you about the Fairy Blackstick.

III.

TELLS WHO THE FAIRY BLACKSTICK WAS, AND WHO WERE EVER SO MANY GRAND PERSONAGES BESIDES.

BETWEEN the kingdoms of Paflagonia and Crim Tartary, there lived a mysterious personage, who was known in those countries as the Fairy Blackstick, from the ebony wand or crutch which she carried; on which she rode to the moon sometimes, or upon other excursions of business or pleasure, and with which she performed her wonders.

When she was young, and had been first taught the art of conjuring by the necromancer, her father, she was always practising her skill, whizzing about from one kingdom to another upon her black stick, and conferring her fairy favours upon this Prince or that. She had scores of royal godchildren; turned numberless wicked people into beasts, birds, millstones, clocks, pumps, bootjacks, umbrellas, or other absurd shapes; and, in a word, was one of the most active and officious of the whole College of fairies.

But after two or three thousand years of this sport, I suppose Blackstick grew tired of it. Or perhaps she thought, "What good am I doing by sending this Princess to sleep for a hundred years? by fixing a black pudding on to that booby's nose? by causing diamonds and pearls to drop from one little girl's mouth, and vipers and toads from another's? I begin to think I do as much harm as good by my performances. I might as well shut my incantations up, and allow things to take their natural course.

"There were my two young goddaughters, King Savio's wife, and Duke Padella's wife, I gave them each a present, which was to render them charming in the eyes of their husbands, and secure the affection of those gentlemen as long as they lived. What good did my Rose and my Ring do these two women? None on earth. From having all their whims indulged by their husbands, they became capricious, lazy, ill-humoured, absurdly vain, and leered and languished, and fancied themselves irresistibly beautiful, when they were really quite old and hideous, the ridicu-

lous creatures! They used actually to patronise me when I went to pay them a visit—*me*, the Fairy Blackstick, who knows all the wisdom of the necromancers, and who could have turned them into baboons, and all their diamonds into strings of onions, by a single wave of my rod!" So she locked up her books in her cupboard, declined further magical performances, and scarcely used her wand at all except as a cane to walk about with.

So when Duke Padella's lady had a little son (the Duke was at that time only one of the principal noblemen in Crim Tartary), Blackstick, although invited to the christening, would not so much as attend; but merely sent her compliments and a silver papboat for the baby, which was really not worth a couple of guineas. About the same time the Queen of Paflagonia presented His Majesty with a son and heir; and guns were fired, the capital illuminated, and no end of feasts ordained to celebrate the young Prince's birth. It was thought the fairy, who was asked to be his god-mother, would at least have presented him with an invisible jacket, a flying horse, a Fortunatus's purse, or some other valuable token of her favour; but instead, Blackstick went up to the cradle of the child Giglio, when everybody was admiring him and complimenting his royal papa and mamma, said, "My poor child, the best thing I can send you is a little *misfortune*"; and this was all she would utter, to the disgust of Giglio's parents, who died very soon after, when Giglio's uncle took the throne, as we read in Chapter I.

In like manner, when Cavolfiore, King of Crim Tartary, had a christening of his only child, Rosalba, the Fairy Blackstick, who had been invited, was not more gracious than in Prince Giglio's case. Whilst everybody was expatiating over the beauty of the darling child, and congratulating its parents, the Fairy Blackstick looked very sadly at the baby and its mother, and said, "My good woman (for the Fairy was very familiar, and no more minded a Queen than a washerwoman)—my good woman, these people who are following you will be the first to turn against you; and as for this little lady, the best thing I can wish her is a *little misfortune*." So she touched Rosalba with her black wand, looked severely at the courtiers, motioned the Queen an adieu with her hand, and sailed slowly up into the air out of window.

When she was gone, the Court people, who had been awed and silent in her presence, began to speak. "What an odious Fairy she is (they said)—a pretty Fairy, indeed! Why, she went to the King of Paphlagonia's christening, and pretended to do all sorts of things for that family; and what has happened—the Prince, her godson, has been turned off his throne by his uncle. Would we allow our sweet Princess to be deprived of her rights by any enemy? Never, never, never, never!"

And they all shouted in a chorus, "Never, never, never, never!"

Now, I should like to know, and how did these fine courtiers show their fidelity? One of King Cavolfiore's vassals, the Duke Padella just mentioned, rebelled against the King, who went out to chastise his rebellious subject. "Any one rebel against our beloved and august Monarch!" cried the courtiers; "any one resist *him*? Pooh! He is invincible, irresistible. He will bring home Padella a prisoner, and tie him to a donkey's tail, and drive him round the town, saying, 'This is the way the Great Cavolfiore treats rebels.'"

The King went forth to vanquish Padella; and the poor Queen, who was a very timid, anxious creature, grew so frightened and ill, that I am sorry to say she died; leaving injunctions with her ladies to take care of the dear little Rosalba.—Of course they said they would. Of course they vowed they would die rather than any harm should happen to the Princess. At first the *Crim Tartar Court Journal* stated that the King was obtaining great victories over the audacious rebel: then it was announced that the troops of the infamous Padella were in flight: then it was said that the royal army would soon come up with the enemy, and then—then the news came that King Cavolfiore was vanquished and slain by His Majesty, King Padella the First!

At this news, half the courtiers ran off to pay their duty to the conquering chief, and the other half ran away, laying hands on all the best articles in the palace; and poor little Rosalba was left there quite alone—quite alone; and she toddled from one room to another, crying, "Countess! Duchess!" (only she said "Tountess, Duttest," not being able to speak plain) "bring me my mutton sop; my Royal Highness hungry! Tountess! Duttest!" And she went from the private apartments into the throne room and no-

body was there;—and thence into the ball-room and nobody was there;—and thence into the pages' room and nobody was there;—and she toddled down the great staircase into the hall and nobody was there;—and the door was open, and she went into the court, and into the garden, and thence into the wilderness, and thence into the forest where the wild beasts live and was never heard of any more!

A piece of her torn mantle and one of her shoes were found in the wood in the mouths of two lionesses' cubs, whom King Padella and a royal hunting party shot—for he was King now, and reigned over Crim Tartary. “So the poor little Princess is done for,” said he; “well, what’s done can’t be helped. Gentlemen, let us go to luncheon!” And one of the courtiers took up the shoe and put it in his pocket. And there was an end of Rosalba!

IV.

HOW BLACKSTICK WAS NOT ASKED TO THE PRINCESS ANGELICA'S CHRISTENING

WHEN the Princess Angelica was born, her parents not only did not ask the Fairy Blackstick to the christening party, but gave orders to their porter absolutely to refuse her if she called. This porter's name was Gruffanuff, and he had been selected for the post by their Royal Highnesses because he was a very tall fierce man, who could say "Not at home" to a tradesman or an unwelcome visitor with a rudeness which frightened most such persons away. He was the husband of that Countess whose picture we have just seen, and as long as they were together they quarrelled from morning till night. Now this fellow tried his rudeness once too often, as you shall hear. For the Fairy Blackstick coming to call upon the Prince and Princess, who were actually sitting at the open drawing-room window, Gruffanuff not only denied them, but made the most *odious vulgar sign* as he was going to slam the door in the Fairy's face! "Git away, hold Blackstick!" said he. "I tell you, Master and Missis ain't at home to you;" and he was, as we have said, *going* to slam the door.

But the Fairy, with her wand, prevented the door being shut; and Gruffanuff came out again in a fury, swearing in the most abominable way, and asking the Fairy "whether she thought he was a going to stay at that there door hall day?"

"You *are* going to stay at that door all day and all night, and for many a long year," the Fairy said, very majestically; and Gruffanuff, coming out of the door, straddling before it with his great calves, burst out laughing, and cried "Ha, ha, ha! this *is* a good un! Ha—ah—what's this? Let me down—O—o—H'm!" and then he was dumb!

For, as the Fairy waved her wand over him, he felt himself rising off the ground, and fluttering up against the door, and then, as if a screw ran into his stomach, he felt a dreadful pain there, and was pinned to the door; and

then his arms flew up over his head; and his legs, after writhing about wildly, twisted under his body; and he felt cold, cold, growing over him, as if he was turning into metal; and he said, "O—o—H'm!" and could say no more, because he was dumb.

He *was* turned into metal! He was, from being *brazen, brass!* He was neither more nor less than a knocker! And there he was, nailed to the door in the blazing summer day, till he burned almost red-hot; and there he was, nailed to the door all the bitter winter nights, till his brass nose was dropping with icicles. And the postman came and rapped at him, and the vulgarest boy with a letter came and hit him up against the door. And the King and Queen (Princess and Prince they were then) coming home from a walk that evening, the King said, "Hullo, my dear! you have had a new knocker put on the door. Why, it's rather like our porter in the face! What has become of that boozy vagabond?" And the housemaid came and scrubbed his nose with sand-paper; and once, when the Princess Angelica's little sister was born, he was tied up in an old kid glove; and, another night, some *larking* young men tried to wrench him off, and put him to the most excruciating agony with a turn-screw. And then the Queen had a fancy to have the colour of the door altered; and the painters dabbed him over the mouth and eyes, and nearly choked him, as they painted him pea-green. I warrant he had leisure to repent of having been rude to the Fairy Blackstick!

As for his wife, she did not miss him; and as he was always guzzling beer at the public-house, and notoriously quarrelling with his wife, and in debt to the tradesmen, it was supposed he had run away from all these evils, and emigrated to Australia or America. And when the Prince and Princess chose to become King and Queen, they left their old house, and nobody thought of the porter any more.

V.

HOW PRINCESS ANGELICA TOOK A LITTLE MAID.

ONE day, when the Princess Angelica was quite a little girl, she was walking in the garden of the palace, with Mrs. Gruffanuff, the governess, holding a parasol over her head, to keep her sweet complexion from the freckles, and Angelica was carrying a bun, to feed the swans and ducks in the royal pond.

They had not reached the duck-pond, when there came toddling up to them such a funny little girl! She had a great quantity of hair blowing about her chubby little cheeks, and looked as if she had not been washed or combed for ever so long. She wore a ragged bit of a cloak, and had only one shoe on.

"You little wretch, who let you in here?" asked Gruffanuff.

"Div me dat bun," said the little girl, "me vely hungry."

"Hungry! what is that?" asked Princess Angelica, and gave the child the bun.

"Oh, Princess!" says Gruffanuff, "how good, how kind, how truly angelical you are! See, your Majesties," she said to the King and Queen, who now came up, along with their nephew, Prince Giglio, "how kind the Princess is! She met this little dirty wretch in the garden—I can't tell how she came in here, or why the guards did not shoot her dead at the gate!—and the dear darling of a Princess has given her the whole of her bun!"

"I didn't want it," said Angelica

"But you are a darling little angel all the same," says the governess.

"Yes; I know I am," said Angelica. "Dirty little girl, don't you think I am very pretty?" Indeed, she had on the finest of little dresses and hats; and, as her hair was carefully curled, she really looked very well.

"Oh, pooty, pooty!" says the little girl, capering about, laughing, and dancing, and munching her bun; and as she ate it she began to sing, "Oh, what fun to have a plum bun! how I wis it never was done!" At which, and her funny accent, Angelica, Giglio, and the King and Queen began to laugh very merrily.

"I can dance as well as sing," says the little girl. "I can dance, and I can sing, and I can do all sorts of ting." And she ran to a flower-bed, and pulling a few polyanthus, rhododendrons, and other flowers, made herself a little wreath, and danced before the King and Queen so drolly and prettily, that everybody was delighted.

"Who was your mother—who were your relations, little girl?" said the Queen.

The little girl said, "Little lion was my brudder; great big lioness my mudder; neber heard of any udder." And she capered away on her one shoe, and everybody was exceedingly diverted.

So Angelica said to the Queen, "Mamma, my parrot flew away yesterday out of its cage, and I don't care any more for any of my toys; and I think this funny little dirty child will amuse me. I will take her home, and give her some of my old frocks."

"Oh, the generous darling!" says Gruffanuff.

"Which I have worn ever so many times, and am quite tired of," Angelica went on; "and she shall be my little maid. Will you come home with me, little dirty girl?"

The child clapped her hands, and said, "Go home with you—yes! You pooty Princess!—Have a nice dinner, and wear a new dress!"

And they all laughed again, and took home the child to the palace, where, when she was washed and combed, and had one of the Princess's frocks given to her, she looked as handsome as Angelica, almost. Not that Angelica ever thought so; for this little lady never imagined that anybody in the world could be as pretty, as good, or as clever as herself. In order that the little girl should not become too proud and conceited, Mrs. Gruffanuff took her old ragged mantle and one shoe, and put them into a glass box, with a card laid upon them, upon which was written, "These were the old clothes in which little Betsinda was found when the great goodness and admirable kindness of her Royal Highness the Princess Angelica received this little outcast." And the date was added, and the box locked up.

For a while little Betsinda was a great favourite with the Princess, and she danced, and sang, and made her little rhymes, to amuse her mistress. But then the Princess got a monkey, and afterwards a little dog, and afterwards a doll, and did not care for Betsinda any more, who became

very melancholy and quiet, and sang no more funny songs, because nobody cared to hear her. And then, as she grew older, she was made a little lady's-maid to the Princess; and though she had no wages, she worked and mended, and put Angelica's hair in papers, and was never cross when scolded, and was always eager to please her mistress, and was always up early and to bed late, and at hand when wanted, and in fact became a perfect little maid. So the two girls grew up, and, when the Princess came out, Betsinda was never tired of waiting on her; and made her dresses better than the best milliner, and was useful in a hundred ways. Whilst the Princess was having her masters, Betsinda would sit and watch them; and in this way she picked up a great deal of learning; for she was always awake, though her mistress was not, and listened to the wise professors when Angelica was yawning or thinking of the next ball. And when the dancing-master came, Betsinda learned along with Angelica; and when the music-master came, she watched him, and practised the Princess's pieces when Angelica was away at balls and parties; and when the drawing-master came, she took note of all he said and did; and the same with French, Italian, and all other languages—she learned them from the teacher who came to Angelica. When the Princess was going out of an evening she would say, "My good Betsinda, you may as well finish what I have begun." "Yes, miss," Betsinda would say, and sit down very cheerful, not to *finish* what Angelica begun, but to *do* it.

For instance, the Princess would begin a head of a warrior, let us say, and when it was begun it was something like this—



But when
it was done,
the warrior
was like
this—



(only handsomer still if possible), and the Princess put her name to the drawing; and the Court and King and Queen, and above all poor Giglio, admired the picture of all things, and said, "Was there ever a genius like Angelica?" So, I am sorry to say, was it with the Princess's embroidery and other accomplishments; and Angelica actually believed that she did these things herself, and received all the flattery of the Court as if every word of it was true. Thus she began to think that there was no young woman in all the world equal to herself, and that no young man was good enough for her. As for Betsinda, as she heard none of these praises, she was not puffed up by them, and being a most grateful, good-natured girl, she was only too anxious to do everything which might give her mistress pleasure. Now you begin to perceive that Angelica had faults of her own, and was by no means such a wonder of wonders as people represented Her Royal Highness to be.

VI.

HOW PRINCE GIGLIO BEHAVED HIMSELF.

AND now let us speak about Prince Giglio, the nephew of the reigning monarch of Paflagonia. It has already been stated, in page 455, that as long as he had a smart coat to wear, a good horse to ride, and money in his pocket, or rather to take out of his pocket, for he was very good-natured, my young Prince did not care for the loss of his crown and sceptre, being a thoughtless youth, not much inclined to politics or any kind of learning. So his tutor had a sinecure. Giglio would not learn classics or mathematics, and the Lord Chancellor of Paflagonia, Squaretoso, pulled a very long face because the Prince could not be got to study the Paflagonian laws and constitution; but, on the other hand, the King's gamekeepers and huntsmen found the Prince an apt pupil; the dancing-master pronounced that he was a most elegant and assiduous scholar; the First Lord of the Billiard Table gave the most flattering reports of the Prince's skill; so did the Groom of the Tennis Court; and as for the Captain of the Guard and Fencing Master, the *valiant* and *veteran* Count Kutasoff Hedzoff, he avowed that since he ran the General of Crim Tartary, the dreadful Grumbuskin, through the body, he never had encountered so expert a swordsman as Prince Giglio.

I hope you do not imagine that there was any impropriety in the Prince and Princess walking together in the palace garden, and because Giglio kissed Angelica's hand in a polite manner. In the first place they are cousins; next, the Queen is walking in the garden too (you cannot see her, for she happens to be behind that tree), and Her Majesty always wished that Angelica and Giglio should marry: so did Giglio: so did Angelica sometimes, for she thought her cousin very handsome, brave, and good-natured: but then you know she was so clever and knew so many things, and poor Giglio knew nothing, and had no conversation. When they looked at the stars, what did Giglio know of the heavenly bodies? Once, when on a sweet night in a

balcony where they were standing, Angelica said, "There is the Bear." "Where?" says Giglio. "Don't be afraid, Angelica! if a dozen bears come, I will kill them rather than they shall hurt you." "Oh, you silly creature!" says she; "you are very good, but you are not very wise." When they looked at the flowers, Giglio was utterly unacquainted with botany, and had never heard of Linnæus.



When the butterflies passed, Giglio knew nothing about them, being as ignorant of entomology as I am of algebra. So you see, Angelica, though she liked Giglio pretty well, despised him on account of his ignorance. I think she probably valued *her own learning* rather too much; but to think too well of one's self is the fault of people of all ages and both sexes. Finally, when nobody else was there, Angelica liked her cousin well enough.

King Valoroso was very delicate in health, and withal so

fond of good dinners (which were prepared for him by his French cook Marmitonio), that it was supposed he could not live long. Now the idea of anything happening to the King struck the artful Prime Minister and the designing old lady-in-waiting with terror. For, thought Glumboso and the Countess, "when Prince Giglio marries his cousin and comes to the throne, what a pretty position we shall be in, whom he dislikes, and who have always been unkind to him. We shall lose our places in a trice; Gruffanuff will have to give up all the jewels, laces, snuff-boxes, rings, and watches which belonged to the Queen, Giglio's mother; and Glumboso will be forced to refund two hundred and seventeen thousand millions nine hundred and eighty-seven thousand four hundred and thirty-nine pounds, thirteen shillings, and sixpence halfpenny, money left to Prince Giglio by his poor dear father." So the Lady of Honour and the Prime Minister hated Giglio because they had done him a wrong; and these unprincipled people invented a hundred cruel stories about poor Giglio, in order to influence the King, Queen, and Princess against him; how he was so ignorant that he could not spell the commonest words, and actually wrote Valoroso Valloroso, and spelt Angelica with two l's; how he drank a great deal too much wine at dinner, and was always idling in the stables with the grooms; how he owed ever so much money at the pastrycook's and the haberdasher's; how he used to go to sleep at church; how he was fond of playing cards with the pages. So did the Queen like playing cards; so did the King go to sleep at church, and eat and drink too much; and, if Giglio owed a trifle for tarts, who owed him two hundred and seventeen thousand millions nine hundred and eighty-seven thousand four hundred and thirty-nine pounds, thirteen shillings, and sixpence halfpenny, I should like to know? Detractors and tale-bearers (in my humble opinion) had much better look at *home*. All this backbiting and slandering had effect upon Princess Angelica, who began to look coldly on her cousin, then to laugh at him and scorn him for being so stupid, then to sneer at him for having vulgar associates; and at Court balls, dinners, and so forth, to treat him so unkindly that poor Giglio became quite ill, took to his bed, and sent for the doctor.

His Majesty King Valoroso, as we have seen, had his own reasons for disliking his nephew; and as for those in-

nocent readers who ask why?—I beg (with the permission of their dear parents) to refer them to Shakespeare's pages, where they will read why King John disliked Prince Arthur. With the Queen, his royal but weak-minded aunt, when Giglio was out of sight he was out of mind. While she had her whist and her evening parties, she cared for little else.

I dare say *two villains*, who shall be nameless, wished Doctor Pildrafto, the Court Physician, had killed Giglio right out, but he only bled and physicked him so severely that the Prince was kept to his room for several months, and grew as thin as a post.

Whilst he was lying sick in this way, there came to the Court of Paflagonia a famous painter, whose name was Tomaso Lorenzo, and who was Painter in Ordinary to the King of Crim Tartary, Paflagonia's neighbour. Tomaso Lorenzo painted all the Court, who were delighted with his works; for even Countess Gruffanuff looked young and Glumboso good-humoured in his pictures. "He flatters very much," some people said. "Nay!" says Princess Angelica, "I am above flattery, and I think he did not make my picture handsome enough. I can't bear to hear a man of genius unjustly cried down, and I hope my dear papa will make Lorenzo a knight of his Order of the Cucumber."

The Princess Angelica, although the courtiers vowed Her Royal Highness could draw so *beautifully* that the idea of her taking lessons was absurd, yet chose to have Lorenzo for a teacher, and it was wonderful, *as long as she painted in his studio*, what beautiful pictures she made! Some of the performances were engraved for the Book of Beauty; others were sold for enormous sums at Charity Bazaars. She wrote the *signatures* under the drawings, no doubt, but I think I know who did the pictures—this artful painter, who had come with other designs on Angelica than merely to teach her to draw.

One day, Lorenzo showed the Princess a portrait of a young man in armour, with fair hair and the loveliest blue eyes, and an expression at once melancholy and interesting.

"Dear Signor Lorenzo, who is this?" asked the Princess.

"I never saw any one so handsome," says Countess Gruffanuff (the old humbug).

"That," said the painter, "that, madam, is the portrait

of my august young master, His Royal Highness Bulbo, Crown Prince of Crim Tartary, Duke of Acroceraunia, Marquis of Poluchloisboio, and Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Pumpkin. That is the Order of the Pumpkin glittering on his manly breast, and received by His Royal Highness from his august father, His Majesty King Padella I., for his gallantry at the battle of Rimbombamento, when he slew with his own princely hand the King of Ograria and two hundred and eleven giants of the two hundred and eighteen who formed the King's bodyguard. The remainder were destroyed by the brave Crim Tartar army after an obstinate combat, in which the Crim Tartars suffered severely."

What a Prince! thought Angelica: so brave—so calm-looking—so young—what a hero!

"He is as accomplished as he is brave," continued the Court Painter. "He knows all languages perfectly: sings deliciously: plays every instrument: composes operas which have been acted a thousand nights running at the Imperial Theatre of Crim Tartary, and danced in a ballet there before the King and Queen; in which he looked so beautiful, that his cousin, the lovely daughter of the King of Circassia, died for love of him."

"Why did he not marry the poor Princess?" asked Angelica, with a sigh.

"Because they were *first cousins*, madam, and the clergy forbid these unions," said the Painter. "And, besides, the young Prince had given his royal heart *elsewhere*."

"And to whom?" asked Her Royal Highness.

"I am not at liberty to mention the Princess's name," answered the Painter.

"But you may tell me the first letter of it," gasped out the Princess.

"That your Royal Highness is at liberty to guess," say Lorenzo.

"Does it begin with a Z?" asked Angelica.

The Painter said it wasn't a Z; then she tried a Y; then an X; then a W, and went so backwards through almost the whole alphabet.

When she came to D, and it wasn't D, she grew very much excited; when she came to C, and it wasn't C, she was still more nervous; when she came to B, *and it wasn't B*, "O dearest Gruffanuff," she said, "lend me your smell-

ing-bottle!" and, hiding her head in the Countess's shoulder, she faintly whispered, "Ah, Signor, can it be A?"

"It was A; and though I may not, by my Royal Master's orders, tell your Royal Highness the Princess's name, whom he fondly, madly, devotedly, rapturously loves, I may show you her portrait," says this slyboots: and leading the Princess up to a gilt frame, he drew a curtain which was before it.

O goodness! the frame contained A LOOKING-GLASS! and Angelica saw her own face!

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VII.

HOW GIGLIO AND ANGELICA HAD A QUARREL.

THE Court Painter of His Majesty the King of Crim Tartary returned to that monarch's dominions, carrying away a number of sketches which he had made in the Paflogonian capital (you know, of course, my dears, that the name of that capital is Blombodinga); but the most charming of all his pieces was a portrait of the Princess Angelica, which all the Crim Tartar nobles came to see. With this work the King was so delighted, that he decorated the Painter with his Order of the Pumpkin (sixth class), and the artist became Sir Tomaso Lorenzo, K. P., thenceforth.

King Valoroso also sent Sir Tomaso his Order of the Cucumber, besides a handsome order for money, for he painted the King, Queen, and principal nobility while at Blombodinga, and became all the fashion, to the perfect rage of all the artists in Paflogonia, where the King used to point to the portrait of Prince Bulbo, which Sir Tomaso had left behind him, and say, "Which among you can paint a picture like that?"

It hung in the royal parlour over the royal sideboard, and Princess Angelica could always look at it as she sat making the tea. Each day it seemed to grow handsomer and handsomer, and the Princess grew so fond of looking at it, that she would often spill the tea over the cloth, at which her father and mother would wink and wag their heads, and say to each other, "Aha! we see how things are going."

In the meanwhile poor Giglio lay upstairs very sick in his chamber, though he took all the doctor's horrible medicines like a good young lad; as I hope *you* do, my dears, when you are ill and mamma sends for the medical man. And the only person who visited Giglio (besides his friend the captain of the guard, who was almost always busy or on parade), was little Betsinda the housemaid, who used to do his bedroom and sitting-room out, bring him his gruel, and warm his bed.

When the little housemaid came to him in the morning

and evening, Prince Giglio used to say, "Betsinda, Betsinda, how is the Princess Angelica?"

And Betsinda used to answer, "The Princess is very well, thank you, my Lord." And Giglio would heave a sigh, and think, if Angelica were sick, I am sure *I* should not be very well.

Then Giglio would say, "Betsinda, has the Princess Angelica asked for me to-day?" And Betsinda would answer, "No, my Lord, not to-day"; or, "she was very busy practising the piano when I saw her"; or, "she was writing invitations for an evening party, and did not speak to me"; or make some excuse or other, not strictly consonant with truth: for Betsinda was such a good-natured creature, that she strove to do everything to prevent annoyance to Prince Giglio, and even brought him up roast chicken and jellies from the kitchen (when the Doctor allowed them, and Giglio was getting better), saying, "that the Princess had made the jelly, or the bread-sauce, with her own hands, on purpose for Giglio."

When Giglio heard this he took heart and began to mend immediately; and gobbled up all the jelly, and picked the last bone of the chicken—drumsticks, merry-thought, sides'-bones, back, pope's nose, and all—thanking his dear Angelica; and he felt so much better the next day, that he dressed and went downstairs, where, whom should he meet but Angelica going into the drawing-room? All the covers were off the chairs, the chandeliers taken out of the bags, the damask curtains uncovered, the work and things carried away, and the handsomest albums on the tables. Angelica had her hair in papers: in a word, it was evident there was going to be a party.

"Heavens, Giglio!" cries Angelica: "*you* here in such a dress! What a figure you are!"

"Yes, dear Angelica, I am come downstairs, and feel so well to-day, thanks to the *fowl* and the *jelly*."

"What do I know about fowls and jellies, that you allude to them in that rude way?" says Angelica.

"Why, didn't—didn't you send them, Angelica dear?" says Giglio.

"I send them indeed! Angelica dear! No, Giglio dear," says she, mocking him, "*I* was engaged in getting the rooms ready for His Royal Highness the Prince of Crim Tartary, who is coming to pay my papa's Court a visit."

"The — Prince — of — Crim — Tartary!" Giglio said, aghast.

"Yes, the Prince of Crim Tartary," says Angelica, mocking him. "I dare say you never heard of such a country. What *did* you ever hear of? You don't know whether Crim Tartary is on the Red Sea or on the Black Sea, I dare say."

"Yes, I do, it's on the Red Sea," says Giglio, at which the Princess burst out laughing at him, and said, "Oh, you ninny! You are so ignorant, you are really not fit for society! You know nothing but about horses and dogs, and are only fit to dine in a mess-room with my Royal father's heaviest dragoons. Don't look so surprised at me, sir: go and put your best clothes on to receive the Prince, and let me get the drawing-room ready."

Giglio said, "Oh, Angelica, Angelica, I didn't think this of you. *This* wasn't your language to me when you gave me this ring, and I gave you mine in the garden, and you gave me that k——"

But what k was we never shall know, for Angelica, in a rage, cried, "Get out, you saucy, rude creature! How dare you to remind me of your rudeness? As for your little trumpery twopenny ring, there, sir, there!" And she flung it out of the window.

"It was my mother's marriage-ring," cried Giglio.

"I don't care whose marriage-ring it was," cries Angelica. "Marry the person who picks it up if she's a woman; you shan't marry *me*. And give me back *my* ring. I've no patience with people who boast about the things they give away! I know who'll give me much finer things than you ever gave me. A beggarly ring indeed, not worth five shillings!"

Now Angelica little knew that the ring which Giglio had given her was a fairy ring: if a man wore it, it made all the women in love with him; if a woman, all the gentlemen. The Queen, Giglio's mother, quite an ordinary-looking person, was admired immensely whilst she wore this ring, and her husband was frantic when she was ill. But when she called her little Giglio to her, and put the ring on his finger, King Savio did not seem to care for his wife so much any more, but transferred all his love to little Giglio. So did everybody love him as long as he had the ring; but when, as quite a child, he gave it to Angelica,

people began to love and admire *her*; and Giglio, as the saying is, played only second fiddle.

"Yes," says Angelica, going on in her foolish ungrateful way. "*I* know who'll give me much finer things than your beggarly little pearl nonsense."

"Very good, miss! You may take back your ring too!" says Giglio, his eyes flashing fire at her, and then, as if his eyes had been suddenly opened, he cried out, "Ha! what does this mean? Is *this* the woman I have been in love with all my life? Have I been such a ninny as to throw away my regard upon *you*? Why—actually—yes—you are a little crooked!"

"Oh, you wretch!" cries Angelica.

"And, upon my conscience, you—you squint a little."

"Eh!" cries Angelica.

"And your hair is red—and you are marked with the smallpox—and what? you have three false teeth—and one leg shorter than the other!"

"You brute, you brute, you!" Angelica screamed out: and as she seized the ring with one hand, she dealt Giglio one, two, three smacks on the face, and would have pulled the hair off his head had he not started laughing, and crying—

"Oh dear me, Angelica, don't pull out *my* hair, it hurts! You might remove a great deal of *your own*, as I perceive, without scissors or pulling at all. Oh, ho, ho! ha, ha, ha! he, he, he!"

And he nearly choked himself with laughing, and she with rage; when, with a low bow, and dressed in his Court habit, Count Gambabella, the first lord-in-waiting, entered and said, "Royal Highnesses! Their Majesties expect you in the Pink Throne-room, where they await the arrival of the Prince of Crim Tartary."

VIII.

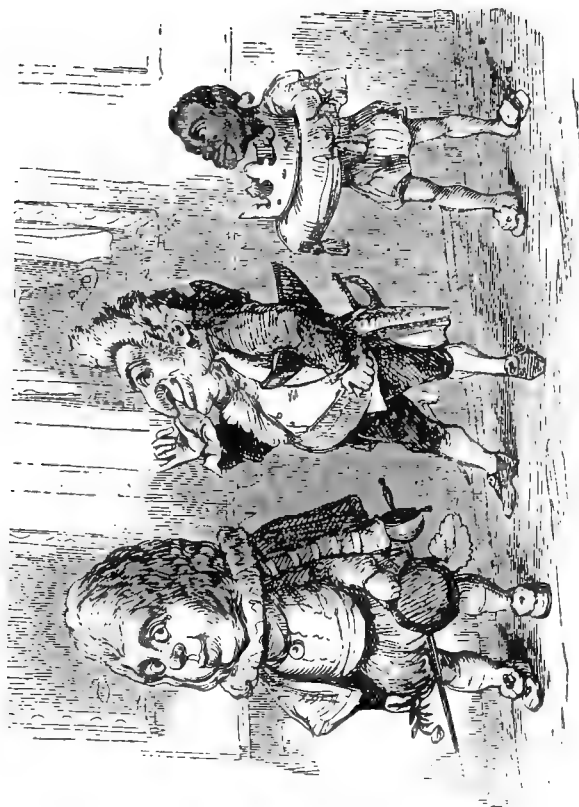
HOW GRUFFANUFF PICKED THE FAIRY RING UP,
AND PRINCE BULBO CAME TO COURT.

PRINCE BULBO's arrival had set all the Court in a flutter: everybody was ordered to put his or her best clothes on: the footmen had their gala liveries; the Lord Chancellor his new wig; the Guards their last new tunics; and Countess Gruffanuff, you may be sure, was glad of an opportunity of decorating *her* old person with her finest things. She was walking through the court of the Palace on her way to wait upon their Majesties, when she spied something glittering on the pavement, and bade the boy in buttons who was holding up her train, to go and pick up the article shining yonder. He was an ugly little wretch, in some of the late groom-porter's old clothes cut down, and much too tight for him; and yet, when he had taken up the ring (as it turned out to be), and was carrying it to his mistress, she thought he looked like a little Cupid. He gave the ring to her; it was a trumpery little thing enough, but too small for any of her old knuckles, so she put it into her pocket.

"Oh, mum!" says the boy, looking at her, "how—how beyoutiful you do look, mum, to-day, mum!"

"And you, too, Jacky," she was going to say; but, looking down at him—no, he was no longer good-looking at all—but only the carrotty-haired little Jacky of the morning. However, praise is welcome from the ugliest of men or boys, and Gruffanuff, bidding the boy hold up her train, walked on in high good-humour. The guards saluted her with peculiar respect. Captain Hedzoff, in the ante-room, said, "My dear madam, you look like an angel to-day." And so, bowing and smirking, Gruffanuff went in and took her place behind her Royal Master and Mistress, who were in the throne-room, awaiting the Prince of Crim Tartary. Princess Angelica sat at their feet, and behind the King's chair stood Prince Giglio, looking very savage.

The Prince of Crim Tartary made his appearance, attended by Baron Sleibootz, his chamberlain, and followed



His R. H. the Prince of Crim Tartary.
—*Rose and the Ring*, p. 480.

by a black page carrying the most beautiful crown you ever saw! He was dressed in his travelling costume, and his hair, as you see, was a little in disorder. "I have ridden three hundred miles since breakfast," said he, "so eager was I to behold the Prin—the Court and august family of Paflagonia, and I could not wait one minute before appearing in your Majesties' presences."

Giglio, from behind the throne, burst out into a roar of contemptuous laughter; but all the Royal party, in fact, were so flurried, that they did not hear this little outbreak. "Your R. H. is welcome in any dress," says the King. "Glumboso, a chair for His Royal Highness."

"Any dress his Royal Highness wears *is* a Court dress," says Princess Angelica, smiling graciously.

"Ah! but you should see my other clothes," said the Prince. "I should have had them on, but that stupid carrier has not brought them. Who's that laughing?"

It was Giglio laughing. "I was laughing," he said, "because you said just now that you were in such a hurry to see the Princess, that you could not wait to change your dress; and now you say you come in those clothes because you have no others."

"And who are you?" says Prince Bulbo, very fiercely.

"My father was King of this country, and I am his only son, Prince!" replies Giglio, with equal haughtiness.

"Ha!" said the King and Glumboso, looking very flurried; but the former, collecting himself, said, "Dear Prince Bulbo, I forgot to introduce to your Royal Highness my dear nephew, His Royal Highness Prince Giglio! Know each other! Embrace each other! Giglio, give His Royal Highness your hand!" and Giglio, giving his hand, squeezed poor Bulbo's until the tears ran out of his eyes. Glumboso now brought a chair for the royal visitor, and placed it on the platform on which the King, Queen, and Prince were seated; but the chair was on the edge of the platform, and as Bulbo sat down, it toppled over, and he with it, rolling over and over, and bellowing like a bull. Giglio roared still louder at this disaster, but it was with laughter; so did all the Court when Prince Bulbo got up; for though when he entered the room he appeared not very ridiculous, as he stood up from his fall for a moment he looked so exceedingly plain and foolish, that nobody could help laughing at him. When he had entered the room, he

was observed to carry a rose in his hand, which fell out of it as he tumbled.

"My rose! my rose!" cried Bulbo; and his chamberlain dashed forwards and picked it up, and gave it to the Prince, who put it in his waistcoat. Then people wondered why they had laughed; there was nothing particularly ridiculous in him. He was rather short, rather stout, rather red-haired, but, in fine, for a Prince, not so bad.

So they sat and talked, the royal personages together, the Crim Tartar officers with those of Paflagonia—Giglio very comfortable with Gruffanuff behind the throne. He looked at her with such tender eyes, that her heart was all in a flutter. "Oh, dear Prince," she said, "how could you speak so haughtily in presence of their Majesties? I protest I thought I should have fainted."

"I should have caught you in my arms," said Giglio, looking raptures.

"Why were you so cruel to Prince Bulbo, dear Prince?" says Gruff.

"Because I hate him," says Gil.

"You are jealous of him, and still love poor Angelica," cries Gruffanuff, putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I did, but I love her no more!" Giglio cried. "I despise her! Were she heiress to twenty thousand thrones, I would despise her and scorn her. But why speak of thrones? I have lost mine. I am too weak to recover it—I am alone, and have no friend."

"Oh, say not so, dear Prince!" says Gruffanuff.

"Besides," says he, "I am so happy here *behind the throne* that I would not change my place, no, not for the throne of the world!"

"What are you two people chattering about there?" says the Queen, who was rather good-natured, though not overburthens with wisdom. "It is time to dress for dinner. Giglio, show Prince Bulbo to his room. Prince, if your clothes have not come, we shall be very happy to see you as you are." But when Prince Bulbo got to his bedroom, his luggage was there and unpacked; and the hairdresser coming in, cut and curled him entirely to his own satisfaction; and when the dinner-bell rang, the royal company had not to wait above five-and-twenty minutes until Bulbo appeared, during which time the King, who could not bear to wait, grew as sulky as possible. As for Giglio, he never

left Madam Gruffanuff all this time, but stood with her in the embrasure of a window, paying her compliments. At length the Groom of the Chambers announced His Royal Highness the Prince of Crim Tartary! and the noble company went into the royal dining-room. It was quite a small party; only the King and Queen, the Princess, whom Bulbo took out, the two Princes, Countess Gruffanuff, Glumboso the Prime Minister, and Prince Bulbo's chamberlain. You may be sure they had a very good dinner—let every boy or girl think of what he or she likes best, and fancy it on the table.*

The Princess talked incessantly all dinner-time to the Prince of Crimea, who ate an immense deal too much, and never took his eyes off his plate, except when Giglio, who was carving a goose, sent a quantity of stuffing and onion sauce into one of them. Giglio only burst out a-laughing as the Crimean Prince wiped his shirt-front and face with his scented pocket-handkerchief. He did not make Prince Bulbo any apology. When the Prince looked at him, Giglio would not look that way. When Prince Bulbo said, "Prince Giglio, may I have the honour of taking a glass of wine with you?" Giglio *wouldn't* answer. All his talk and his eyes were for Countess Gruffanuff, who you may be sure was pleased with Giglio's attentions—the vain old creature! When he was not complimenting her, he was making fun of Prince Bulbo, so loud that Gruffanuff was always tapping him with her fan, and saying—"Oh, you satirical Prince! Oh, fie, the Prince will hear!" "Well, I don't mind," says Giglio, louder still. The King and Queen luckily did not hear; for Her Majesty was a little deaf, and the King thought so much about his own dinner, and, besides, made such a dreadful noise, hobgobbling in eating it, that he heard nothing else. After dinner, His Majesty and the Queen went to sleep in their arm-chairs.

This was the time when Giglio began his tricks with Prince Bulbo, plying that young gentleman with port, sherry, madeira, champagne, marsala, cherry-brandy, and pale ale, of all of which Master Bulbo drank without stint. But in plying his guest, Giglio was obliged to drink himself, and, I am sorry to say, took more than was good for him, so that the young men were very noisy, rude, and fool-

* Here a very pretty game may be played by all the children saying what they like best for dinner.

ish when they joined the ladies after dinner; and dearly did they pay for that imprudence, as now, my darlings, you shall hear!

Bulbo went and sat by the piano, where Angelica was playing and singing, and he sang out of tune, and he upset the coffee when the footman brought it, and he laughed out of place, and talked absurdly, and fell asleep and snored horridly. Booh, the nasty pig! But as he lay there stretched on the pink satin sofa, Angelica still persisted in thinking him the most beautiful of human beings. No doubt the magic rose which Bulbo wore caused this infatuation on Angelica's part; but is she the first young woman who has thought a silly fellow charming?

Giglio must go and sit by Gruffanuff, whose old face he too every moment began to find more lovely. He paid the most outrageous compliments to her:—There never was such a darling—Older than he was?—Fiddle-de-dee! He would marry her—he would have nothing but her!

To marry the heir to the throne! Here was a chance! The artful hussy actually got a sheet of paper, and wrote upon it, "This is to give notice that I, Giglio, only son of Savio, King of Paflagonia, hereby promise to marry the charming and virtuous Barbara Griselda, Countess Gruffanuff, and widow of the late Jenkins Gruffanuff, Esq."

"What is it you are writing, you charming Gruffy?" says Giglio, who was lolling on the sofa, by the writing-table.

"Only an order for you to sign, dear Prince, for giving coals and blankets to the poor, this cold weather. Look! the King and Queen are both asleep, and your Royal Highness's order will do."

So Giglio, who was very good-natured, as Gruffy well knew, signed the order immediately; and, when she had it in her pocket, you may fancy what airs she gave herself. She was ready to flounce out of the room before the Queen herself, as now she was the wife of the *rightful* King of Paflagonia! She would not speak to Glumboso, whom she thought a brute, for depriving her *dear husband* of the crown! And when candles came, and she had helped to undress the Queen and Princess, she went into her own room, and actually practised on a sheet of paper, "Griselda Paflagonia," "Barbara Regina," "Griselda Barbara, Paf. Reg.," and I don't know what signatures besides, against the day when she should be Queen, forsooth!

IX.

HOW BETSINDA GOT THE WARMING-PAN.

LITTLE Betsinda came in to put Gruffanuff's hair in papers; and the Countess was so pleased, that, for a wonder, she complimented Betsinda. "Betsinda!" she said, "you dressed my hair very nicely to-day; I promised you a little present. Here are five sh—no, here is a pretty little ring, that I picked—that I have had some time." And she gave Betsinda the ring she had picked up in the court. It fitted Betsinda exactly.

"It's like the ring the Princess used to wear," says the maid.

"No such thing," says Gruffanuff, "I have had it this ever so long. There, tuck me up quite comfortable; and now, as it's a very cold night (the snow was beating in at the window), you may go and warm dear Prince Giglio's bed, like a good girl, and then you may unrip my green silk, and then you can just do me up a little cap for the morning, and then you can mend that hole in my silk stocking, and then you can go to bed, Betsinda. Mind I shall want my cup of tea at five o'clock in the morning."

"I suppose I had best warm both the young gentlemen's beds, ma'am," says Betsinda.

Gruffanuff, for reply, said, "Hau-au-ho!—Grau-haw-hoo!—Hong-hrho!" In fact, she was snoring sound asleep.

Her room, you know, is next to the King and Queen, and the Princess is next to them. So pretty Betsinda went away for the coals to the kitchen, and filled the royal warming-pan.

Now, she was a very kind, merry, civil, pretty girl; but there must have been something very captivating about her this evening, for all the women in the servants' hall began to scold and abuse her. The housekeeper said she was a pert, stuck-up thing: the upper-housemaid asked how dare she wear such ringlets and ribbons, it was quite improper! The cook (for there was a woman-cook as well as a man-cook) said to the kitchen-maid that *she* never could see anything in that creetur: but as for the men, every one of

them, Coachman, John, Buttons the page, and Monsieur, the Prince of Crim Tartary's valet, started up, and said:

<p>“My eyes!” “O mussey!” “O jemmany!” “O ciel!”</p>	}	“What a pretty girl Betsinda is!”
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“Hands off; none of your impertinence, you vulgar, low people!” says Betsinda, walking off with her pan of coals. She heard the young gentlemen playing at billiards as she went upstairs: first to Prince Giglio's bed, which she warmed, and then to Prince Bulbo's room.

He came in just as she had done; and as soon as he saw her, “O! O! O! O! O! O! what a beyou—oo—ootiful creature you are! You angel—you peri—you rosebud, let me be thy bulbul—thy Bulbo, too! Fly to the desert, fly with me! I never saw a young gazelle to glad me with its dark blue eye that had eyes like thine. Thou nymph of beauty, take, take this young heart. A truer never did itself sustain within a soldier's waistcoat. Be mine! Be mine! Be Princess of Crim Tartary! My Royal father will approve our union; and, as for that little carrotty-haired Angelica, I do not care a fig for her any more.”

“Go away, your Royal Highness, and go to bed, please,” said Betsinda, with the warming-pan.

But Bulbo said, “No, never, till thou swearest to be mine, thou lovely, blushing, chambermaid divine! Here, at thy feet, the Royal Bulbo lies, the trembling captive of Betsinda's eyes.”

And he went on, making himself so *absurd and ridiculous*, that Betsinda, who was full of fun, gave him a touch with the warming-pan, which, I promise you, made him cry “O-o-o-o!” in a very different manner.

Prince Bulbo made such a noise that Prince Giglio, who heard him from the next room, came in to see what was the matter. As soon as he saw what was taking place, Giglio, in a fury, rushed on Bulbo, kicked him in the rudest manner up to the ceiling, and went on kicking him till his hair was quite out of curl.

Poor Betsinda did not know whether to laugh or to cry; the kicking certainly must hurt the Prince, but then he looked so droll! When Giglio had done knocking him up and down to the ground, and whilst he went into a corner

rubbing himself, what do you think Giglio does? He goes down on his own knees to Betsinda, takes her hand, begs her to accept his heart, and offers to marry her that moment. Fancy Betsinda's condition, who had been in love with the Prince ever since she first saw him in the palace garden, when she was quite a little child.

"Oh, divine Betsinda!" says the Prince, "how have I lived fifteen years in thy company without seeing thy perfections? What woman in all Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, nay, in Australia, only it is not yet discovered, can presume to be thy equal? Angelica? Pish! Gruffa-nuff? Phoo! The Queen? Ha, ha! Thou art my Queen. Thou art the real Angelica, because thou art really angelic."

"O, Prince! I am but a poor chambermaid," says Betsinda, looking, however, very much pleased.

"Didst thou not tend me in my sickness, when all forsook me?" continues Giglio. "Did not thy gentle hand smooth my pillow, and bring me jelly and roast chicken?"

"Yes, dear Prince, I did," says Betsinda, "and I sewed your Royal Highness's shirt-buttons on too, if you please, your Royal Highness," cries this artless maiden.

When poor Prince Bulbo, who was now madly in love with Betsinda, heard this declaration, when he saw the unmistakable glances which she flung upon Giglio, Bulbo began to cry bitterly, and tore quantities of hair out of his head, till it all covered the room like so much tow.

Betsinda had left the warming-pan on the floor while the Princes were going on with their conversation, and as they began now to quarrel and be very fierce with one another, she thought proper to run away.

"You great big blubbering booby, tearing your hair in the corner there; of course you will give me satisfaction for insulting Betsinda. *You* dare to kneel down at Princess Giglio's knees and kiss her hand!"

"She's not Princess Giglio!" roars out Bulbo. "She shall be Princess Bulbo, no other shall be Princess Bulbo."

"You are engaged to my cousin!" bellows out Giglio.

"I hate your cousin," says Bulbo.

"You shall give me satisfaction for insulting her!" cries Giglio in a fury.

"I'll have your life."

"I'll run you through."

"I'll cut your throat."

"I'll blow your brains out."

"I'll knock your head off."

"I'll send a friend to you in the morning."

"I'll send a bullet into you in the afternoon."

"We'll meet again," says Giglio, shaking his fist in Bulbo's face; and seizing up the warming-pan, he kissed it, because, forsooth, Betsinda had carried it, and rushed downstairs. What should he see on the landing but His Majesty talking to Betsinda, whom he called by all sorts of fond names. His Majesty had heard a row in the building, so he stated, and smelling something burning, had come out to see what the matter was.

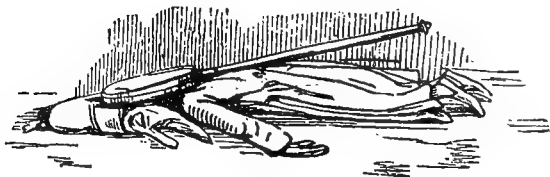
"It's the young gentlemen smoking, perhaps, sir," says Betsinda.

"Charming chambermaid," says the King (like all the rest of them), "never mind the young men! Turn thy eyes on a middle-aged autocrat, who has been considered not ill-looking in his time."

"Oh, sir! what will Her Majesty say?" cries Betsinda.

"Her Majesty!" laughs the monarch. "Her Majesty be hanged. Am I not Autocrat of Paflagonia? Have I not blocks, ropes, axes, hangmen—ha? Runs not a river by my palace wall? Have I not sacks to sew up wives withal? Say but the word, that thou wilt be mine own,—your mistress straightway in a sack is sewn, and thou the sharer of my heart and throne."

When Giglio heard these atrocious sentiments, he forgot the respect usually paid to Royalty, lifted up the warming-pan, and knocked down the King as flat as a pancake; after which, Master Giglio took to his heels and ran away, and Betsinda went off screaming, and the Queen, Gruffanuff, and the Princess, all came out of their rooms. Fancy their feelings on beholding their husband, father, sovereign, in this posture!



X.

HOW KING VALOROSO WAS IN A DREADFUL
PASSION.

As soon as the coals began to burn him, the King came to himself and stood up. "Ho! my captain of the guards!" His Majesty exclaimed, stamping his royal feet with rage. O piteous spectacle! the King's nose was bent quite crooked by the blow of Prince Giglio! His Majesty ground his teeth with rage. "Hedzoff," he said, taking a death-warrant out of his dressing-gown pocket, "Hedzoff, good Hedzoff, seize upon the Prince. Thou'lt find him in his chamber two pair up. But now he dared, with sacrilegious hand, to strike the sacred night-cap of a king—Hedzoff, and floor me with a warming-pan! Away, no more demur, the villain dies! See it be done, or else,—h'm—ha!—h'm! mind thine own eyes!" and followed by the ladies, and lifting up the tails of his dressing-gown, the King entered his own apartment.

Captain Hedzoff was very much affected, having a sincere love for Giglio. "Poor, poor Giglio!" he said, the tears rolling over his manly face, and dripping down his moustachios; "my noble young Prince, is it my hand must lead thee to death?"

"Lead him to fiddlestick, Hedzoff," said a female voice. It was Gruffanuff, who had come out in her dressing-gown when she heard the noise. "The King said you were to hang the Prince. Well, hang the Prince."

"I don't understand you," says Hedzoff, who was not a very clever man.

"You Gaby! he didn't say *which* Prince," says Gruffanuff.

"No; he didn't say which, certainly," said Hedzoff.

"Well then, take Bulbo, and hang *him*!"

When Captain Hedzoff heard this, he began to dance about for joy. "Obedience is a soldier's honour," says he. "Prince Bulbo's head will do capitally," and he went to arrest the Prince the very first thing next morning.

He knocked at the door. "Who's there?" says Bulbo. "Captain Hedzoff? Step in, pray, my good Captain; I'm delighted to see you; I have been expecting you."

"Have you?" says Hedzoff.

"Sleibootz, my Chamberlain, will act for me," says the Prince.

"I beg your Royal Highness's pardon, but you will have to act for yourself, and it's a pity to wake Baron Sleibootz."

The Prince Bulbo still seemed to take the matter very coolly. "Of course, Captain," says he, "you are come about that affair with Prince Giglio?"

"Precisely," says Hedzoff, "that affair of Prince Giglio."

"Is it to be pistols, or swords, Captain?" asks Bulbo. "I'm a pretty good hand with both, and I'll do for Prince Giglio as sure as my name is my Royal Highness Prince Bulbo."

"There's some mistake, my Lord," says the Captain. "The business is done with *axes* among us."

"Axes? That's sharp work," says Bulbo. "Call my Chamberlain, he'll be my second, and in ten minutes, I flatter myself, you'll see Master Giglio's head off his impertinent shoulders. I'm hungry for his blood. Hoo-oo, aw!" and he looked as savage as an ogre.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but by this warrant I am to take you prisoner, and hand you over to—to the executioner."

"Pooh, pooh, my good man!—Stop, I say,—ho!—hul-loa!" was all that this luckless Prince was enabled to say, for Hedzoff's guards seizing him, tied a handkerchief over his mouth and face, and carried him to the place of execution.

The King, who happened to be talking to Glumboso, saw him pass, and took a pinch of snuff and said, "So much for Giglio. Now let's go to breakfast."

The Captain of the Guard handed over his prisoner to the Sheriff, with the fatal order,

"AT SIGHT CUT OFF THE BEARER'S HEAD.

"VALOROSO XXIV."

"It's a mistake," says Bulbo, who did not seem to understand the business in the least.

“Poo—poo—pooh,” says the Sheriff. “Fetch Jack Ketch instantly. Jack Ketch!”

And poor Bulbo was led to the scaffold, where an executioner with a block and a tremendous axe was always ready in case he should be wanted.

But we must now revert to Giglio and Betsinda.

XI.

WHAT GRUFFANUFF DID TO GIGLIO AND BETSINDA.

GRUFFANUFF, who had seen what had happened with the King, and knew that Giglio must come to grief, got up very early the next morning, and went to devise some plans for rescuing her darling husband, as the silly old thing insisted on calling him. She found him walking up and down the garden, thinking of a rhyme for Betsinda (*tinder* and *winda* were all he could find), and indeed having forgotten all about the past evening, except that Betsinda was the most lovely of beings.

"Well, dear Giglio," says Gruff.

"Well, dear Gruffy," says Giglio, only *he* was quite satirical.

"I have been thinking, darling, what you must do in this scrape. You must fly the country for a while."

"What scrape?—fly the country? Never without her I love, Countess," says Giglio.

"No, she will accompany you, dear Prince," she says, in her most coaxing accents. "First, we must get the jewels belonging to our royal parents, and those of her and his present Majesty. Here is the key, duck; they are all yours, you know, by right, for you are the rightful King of Paflagonia, and your wife will be the rightful Queen."

"Will she?" says Giglio.

"Yes; and having got the jewels, go to Glumboso's apartment, where, under his bed, you will find sacks containing money to the amount of £217,000,000,987,439, 13s. 6½d., all belonging to you, for he took it out of your royal father's room on the day of his death. With this we will fly."

"We will fly?" says Giglio.

"Yes, you and your bride—your affianced love—your Gruffy!" says the Countess, with a languishing leer.

"You my bride!" says Giglio. "You, you hideous old woman!"

"Oh, you—you wretch! didn't you give me this paper promising marriage?" cries Gruff.

"Get away, you old goose! I love Betsinda, and Betsinda only!" And in a fit of terror he ran from her as quickly as he could.

"He! he! he!" shrieks out Gruffy; "a promise is a promise if there are laws in Paflagonia! And as for that monster, that wretch, that fiend, that ugly little vixen—as for that upstart, that ingrate, that beast, Betsinda, Master Giglio will have no little difficulty in discovering her whereabouts. He may look very long before finding *her*, I warrant. He little knows that Miss Betsinda is——"

Is—what? Now, you shall hear. Poor Betsinda got up at five in winter's morning to bring her cruel mistress her tea; and instead of finding her in a good humour, found Gruffy as cross as two sticks. The Countess boxed Betsinda's ears half a dozen times whilst she was dressing; but as poor little Betsinda was used to this kind of treatment, she did not feel any special alarm. "And now," says she, "when Her Majesty rings her bell twice, I'll trouble you, miss, to attend."

So when the Queen's bell rang twice, Betsinda came to Her Majesty and made a pretty little curtsy. The Queen, the Princess, and Gruffanuff were all three in the room. As soon as they saw her they began.

"You wretch!" says the Queen.

"You little vulgar thing!" says the Princess.

"You beast!" says Gruffanuff.

"Get out of my sight!" says the Queen.

"Go away with you, do!" says the Princess.

"Quit the premises!" says Gruffanuff.

Alas! and woe is me! very lamentable events had occurred to Betsinda that morning, and all in consequence of that fatal warming-pan business of the previous night. The King had offered to marry her; of course Her Majesty the Queen was jealous: Bulbo had fallen in love with her; of course Angelica was furious: Giglio was in love with her, and oh, what a fury Gruffy was in!

"Take off that { cap
petticoat } I gave you," they
gown } said, all at once,
and began tearing the clothes off poor Betsinda.

"How dare you { the King?" } cried the Queen,
flirt with { Prince Bulbo?" } the Princess, and
{ Prince Giglio?" } Countess.

"Give her the rags she wore when she came into the house and turn her out of it!" cries the Queen.

"Mind she does not go with *my* shoes on, which I lent her so kindly," says the Princess; and indeed the Princess's shoes were a great deal too big for Betsinda.

"Come with me, you filthy hussy!" and taking up the Queen's poker, the cruel Gruffanuff drove Betsinda into her room.

The Countess went to the glass box in which she had kept Betsinda's old cloak and shoe this ever so long, and said, "Take those rags, you little beggar creature, and strip off everything belonging to honest people, and go about your business"; and she actually tore off the poor little delicate thing's back almost all her things, and told her to be off out of the house.

Poor Betsinda huddled the cloak round her back, on which were embroidered the letters PRIN . . . ROSAL . . . and then came a great rent.

As for the shoe, what was she to do with one poor little tootsey sandal? the string was still to it, so she hung it round her neck.

"Won't you give me a pair of shoes to go out in the snow, mum, if you please, mum?" cried the poor child.

"No, you wicked beast!" says Gruffanuff, driving her along with the poker—driving her down the cold stairs—driving her through the cold hall—flinging her out into the cold street, so that the knocker itself shed tears to see her!

But a kind fairy made the soft snow warm for her little feet, and she wrapped herself up in the ermine of her mantle, and was gone!

"And now let us think about breakfast," says the greedy Queen.

"What dress shall I put on, mamma? the pink or the pea-green?" says Angelica. "Which do you think the dear Prince will like best?"

"Mrs. V.!" sings out the King from his dressing-room, "let us have sausages for breakfast! Remember we have Prince Bulbo staying with us!"

And they all went to get ready.

Nine o'clock came, and they were all in the breakfast-room, and no Prince Bulbo as yet. The urn was hissing and humming: the muffins were smoking—such a heap of

muffins! the eggs were done, there was a pot of raspberry jam, and coffee, and a beautiful chicken and tongue on the side-table. Marmitonio the cook brought in the sausages. Oh, how nice they smelt!

"Where is Bulbo?" said the King. "John, where is His Royal Highness?"

John said he had a took hup His Roilighnessesses shaving-water, and his clothes and things, and he wasn't in his room, which he sposed His Royliness was just stepped hout.

"Stepped out before breakfast in the snow! Impossible!" says the King, sticking his fork into a sausage. "My dear, take one. Angelica, won't you have a saveloy?" The Princess took one, being very fond of them; and at this moment Glumboso entered with Captain Hedzoff, both looking very much disturbed.

"I am afraid your Majesty——" cries Glumboso.

"No business before breakfast, Glum!" says the King. "Breakfast first, business next. Mrs. V., some more sugar!"

"Sire, I am afraid if we wait till after breakfast it will be too late," says Glumboso. "He—he—he'll be hanged at half-past nine."

"Don't talk about hanging and spoil my breakfast, you unkind vulgar man you," cries the Princess. "John, some mustard. Pray who is to be hanged?"

"Sire, it is the Prince," whispers Glumboso to the King.

"Talk about business after breakfast, I tell you!" says His Majesty, quite sulky.

"We shall have a war, Sire, depend on it," says the Minister. "His father, King Padella . . ."

"His father, King *who*?" says the King. "King Padella is not Giglio's father. My brother, King Savio, was Giglio's father."

"It's Prince Bulbo they are hanging, Sire, not Prince Giglio," says the Prime Minister.

"You told me to hang the Prince, and I took the ugly one," says Hedzoff. "I didn't, of course, think your Majesty intended to murder your own flesh and blood!"

The King for all reply flung the plate of sausages at Hedzoff's head. The Princess cried out "Hee-karee-karee!" and fell down in a fainting fit.

"Turn the cock of the urn upon Her Royal Highness," said the King, and the boiling water gradually revived her.

His Majesty looked at his watch, compared it by the clock in the parlour, and by that of the church in the square opposite; then he wound it up; then he looked at it again. "The great question is," says he, "am I fast or am I slow? If I'm slow, we may as well go on with breakfast. If I'm fast, why, there is just the possibility of saving Prince Bulbo. It's a doosid awkward mistake, and upon my word, Hedzoff, I have the greatest mind to have you hanged too."

"Sire, I did but my duty; a soldier has but his orders. I didn't expect after forty-seven years of faithful service that my sovereign would think of putting me to a felon's death!"

"A hundred thousand plagues upon you! Can't you see that while you are talking my Bulbo is being hung?" screamed the Princess.

"By Jove! she's always right, that girl, and I'm so absent," says the King, looking at his watch again. "Ha! there go the drums! What a doosid awkward thing though!"

"Oh, papa, you goose! Write the reprieve, and let me run with it," cries the Princess—and she got a sheet of paper, and pen and ink, and laid them before the King.

"Confound it! where are my spectacles?" the Monarch exclaimed. "Angelica! go up into my bedroom, look under my pillow, not your mamma's; there you'll see my keys. Bring them down to me, and—Well, well! what impetuous things these girls are!" Angelica was gone, and had run up panting to the bedroom, and found the keys, and was back again before the King had finished a muffin. "Now, love," says he, "you must go all the way back for my desk, in which my spectacles are. If you *would* but have heard me out . . . Be hanged to her! There she is off again. Angelica! ANGELICA!" When His Majesty called in his *loud* voice, she knew she must obey, and came back.

"My dear, when you go out of a room, how often have I told you, *shut the door*. That's a darling. That's all." At last the keys and the desk and the spectacles were got, and the King mended his pen, and signed his name to a reprieve, and Angelica ran with it as swift as the wind. "You'd better stay, my love, and finish the muffins. There's no use going. Be sure it's too late. Hand me



Angelica arrives just in time.
—*Rose and the Ring*, p. 497.

over that raspberry jam, please," said the Monarch. "Bong! Bawong! There goes the half-hour. I knew it was."

Angelica ran, and ran, and ran, and ran. She ran up Fore Street, and down High Street, and through the Market-place, and down to the left, and over the bridge, and up the blind alley, and back again, and around by the Castle, and so along by the Haberdasher's on the right, opposite the lamp-post, and round the square, and she came—she came to the *Execution place*, where she saw Bulbo laying his head on the block!!! The executioner raised his axe, but at that moment the Princess came panting up and cried "Reprieve!" "Reprieve!" screamed the Princess. "Reprieve!" shouted all the people. Up the scaffold stairs she sprang, with the agility of a lighter of lamps; and flinging herself in Bulbo's arms, regardless of all ceremony, she cried out, "Oh, my Prince! my lord! my love! my Bulbo! Thine Angelica has been in time to save thy precious existence, sweet rosebud; to prevent thy being nipped in thy young bloom! Had aught befallen thee, Angelica too had died, and welcomed death that joined her to her Bulbo."

"H'm! there's no accounting for tastes," said Bulbo, looking so very much puzzled and uncomfortable that the Princess, in tones of tenderest strain, asked the cause of his disquiet.

"I tell you what it is, Angelica," said he, "since I came here yesterday, there has been such a row, and disturbance, and quarrelling, and fighting, and chopping of heads off, and the deuce to pay, that I am inclined to go back to Crim Tartary."

"But with me as thy bride, my Bulbo! Though wherever thou art is Crim Tartary to me, my bold, my beautiful, my Bulbo!"

"Well, well, I suppose we must be married," says Bulbo. "Doctor, you came to read the Funeral Service—read the Marriage Service, will you? What must be, must. That will satisfy Angelica, and then, in the name of peace and quietness, do let us go back to breakfast."

Bulbo had carried a rose in his mouth all the time of the dismal ceremony. It was a fairy rose, and he was told by his mother that he ought never to part with it. So he had kept it between his teeth, even when he laid his poor head

upon the block, hoping vaguely that some chance would turn up in his favour. As he began to speak to Angelica, he forgot about the rose, and of course it dropped out of his mouth. The romantic Princess instantly stooped and seized it. "Sweet rose!" she exclaimed, "that bloomed upon my Bulbo's lip, never, never will I part from thee!" and she placed it in her bosom. And you know Bulbo *couldn't* ask her to give the rose back again. And they went to breakfast; and as they walked, it appeared to Bulbo that Angelica became more exquisitely lovely every moment.

He was frantic until they were married; and now, strange to say, it was Angelica who didn't care about him! He knelt down, he kissed her hand, he prayed and begged; he cried with admiration; while she for her part said she really thought they might wait; it seemed to her he was not handsome any more—no, not at all, quite the reverse; and not clever, no, very stupid; and not well bred, like Giglio; no, on the contrary, dreadfully vul——

What, I cannot say, for King Valoroso roared out "*Poo*h, stuff!" in a terrible voice. "We will have no more of this shilly-shallying! Call the Archbishop, and let the Prince and Princess be married offhand!"

So, married they were, and I am sure for my part I trust they will be happy.

XII.

HOW BETSINDA FLED, AND WHAT BECAME OF HER.

BETSINDA wandered on and on, till she passed through the town gates, and so on the great Crim Tartary road, the very way on which Giglio too was going. "Ah!" thought she, as the diligence passed her, of which the conductor was blowing a delightful tune on his horn, "how I should like to be on that coach!" But the coach and the jingling horses were very soon gone. She little knew who was in it, though very likely she was thinking of him all the time.

Then came an empty cart, returning from market; and the driver being a kind man, and seeing such a very pretty girl trudging along the road with bare feet, most good-naturedly gave her a seat. He said he lived on the confines of the forest, where his old father was a woodman, and, if she liked, he would take her so far on her road. All roads were the same to little Betsinda, so she very thankfully took this one.

And the carter put a cloth round her bare feet, and gave her some bread and cold bacon, and was very kind to her. For all that she was very cold and melancholy. When after travelling on and on, evening came, and all the black pines were bending with snow, and there, at last, was the comfortable light beaming in the woodman's windows; and so they arrived, and went into his cottage. He was an old man, and had a number of children, who were just at supper, with nice hot bread-and-milk, when their elder brother arrived with the cart. And they jumped and clapped their hands; for they were good children; and he had brought them toys from the town. And when they saw the pretty stranger, they ran to her, and brought her to the fire, and rubbed her poor little feet, and brought her bread-and-milk.

"Look, father!" they said to the old woodman, "look at this poor girl, and see what pretty cold feet she has. They are as white as our milk! And look and see what an odd cloak she has, just like the bit of velvet that hangs up in our cupboard, and which you found that day the little cubs

were killed by King Padella, in the forest! And look, why, bless us all! she has got round her neck just such another little shoe as that you brought home, and have shown us so often—a little blue velvet shoe!”

“What,” said the old woodman, “what is all this about a shoe and a cloak?”

And Betsinda explained that she had been left, when quite a little child, at the town with this cloak and this shoe. And the persons who had taken care of her had—had been angry with her, for no fault, she hoped, of her own. And they had sent her away with her old clothes—and here, in fact, she was. She remembered having been in a forest—and perhaps it was a dream—it was so very odd and strange—having lived in a cave with lions there; and, before that, having lived in a very, very fine house, as fine as the King’s, in the town.

When the woodman heard this, he was so astonished, it was quite curious to see how astonished he was. He went to his cupboard, and took out of a stocking a five-shilling piece of King Cavolfiore, and vowed it was exactly like the young woman. And then he produced the shoe and piece of velvet which he had kept so long, and compared them with the things which Betsinda wore. In Betsinda’s little shoe was written, “Hopkins, maker to the Royal Family”; so in the other shoe was written, “Hopkins, maker to the Royal Family.” In the inside of Betsinda’s piece of cloak was embroidered, “PRIN ROSAL;” in the other piece of cloak was embroidered “CESS BA. No. 246.” So that when put together you read, “PRINCESS ROSALBA. No. 246.”

On seeing this, the dear old woodman fell down on his knee, saying, “O my Princess, O my gracious royal lady, O my rightful Queen of Crim Tartary,—I hail thee—I acknowledge thee—I do thee homage!” And in token of his fealty, he rubbed his venerable nose three times on the ground, and put the Princess’s foot on his head.

“Why,” said she, “my good woodman, you must be a nobleman of my royal father’s Court!” For in her lowly retreat, and under the name of Betsinda, Her Majesty, Rosalba, Queen of Crim Tartary, had read of the customs of all foreign courts and nations.

“Marry, indeed, am I, my gracious liege—the poor Lord Spinachi once—the humble woodman these fifteen years syne. Ever since the tyrant Padella (may ruin overtake

the treacherous knave!) dismissed me from my post of First Lord."

"First Lord of the Toothpick and Joint Keeper of the Snuffbox? I mind me! Thou heldest these posts under our royal Sire. They are restored to thee, Lord Spinachi! I make thee knight of the second class of our Order of the Pumpkin (the first class being reserved for crowned heads alone). Rise, Marquis of Spinachi!" And with indescribable majesty, the Queen, who had no sword handy, waved the pewter spoon with which she had been taking her bread-and-milk, over the bald head of the old nobleman, whose tears absolutely made a puddle on the ground, and whose dear children went to bed that night Lords and Ladies Bartolomeo, Ubaldo, Catarina, and Ottavia degli Spinachi!

The acquaintance Her Majesty showed with the history, and *noble families* of her empire, was wonderful. "The House of Broccoli should remain faithful to us," she said; "they were ever welcome at our Court. Have the Articiocchi, as was their wont, turned to the Rising Sun? The family of Sauerkraut must sure be with us—they were ever welcome in the halls of King Cavolfiore." And so she went on enumerating quite a list of the nobility and gentry of Crim Tartary, so admirably had Her Majesty profited by her studies while in exile.

The old Marquis of Spinachi said he could answer for them all; that the whole country groaned under Padella's tyranny, and longed to return to its rightful sovereign; and late as it was, he sent his children, who knew the forest well, to summon this nobleman and that; and when his eldest son, who had been rubbing the horse down and giving him his supper, came into the house for his own, the Marquis told him to put his boots on, and a saddle on the mare, and ride hither and thither to such and such people.

When the young man heard who his companion in the cart had been, he too knelt down and put her royal foot on his head; he too bedewed the ground with his tears; he was frantically in love with her, as everybody now was who saw her: so were the young Lords Bartolomeo and Ubaldo, who punched each other's little heads out of jealousy; and so, when they came from east and west at the summons of the Marquis degli Spinachi, were the Crim Tartar Lords who still remained faithful to the House of Cavolfiore. They were such very old gentlemen for the

most part that Her Majesty never suspected their absurd passion, and went among them quite unaware of the havoc her beauty was causing, until an old blind Lord who had joined her party told her what the truth was; after which, for fear of making the people too much in love with her, she always wore a veil. She went about privately, from one nobleman's castle to another; and they visited among themselves again, and had meetings, and composed proclamations and counter-proclamations, and distributed all the best places of the kingdom amongst one another, and selected who of the opposition party should be executed when the Queen came to her own. And so in about a year they were ready to move.

The party of Fidelity was in truth composed of very feeble old fogies for the most part; they went about the country waving their old swords and flags, and calling "God save the Queen!" and King Padella happening to be absent upon an invasion, they had their own way for a little, and to be sure the people were very enthusiastic whenever they saw the Queen; otherwise the vulgar took matters very quietly, for they said, as far as they could recollect, they were pretty well as much taxed in Cavolfiore's time, as now in Padella's.

XIII.

HOW QUEEN ROSALBA CAME TO THE CASTLE OF
THE BOLD COUNT HOGGINARMO.

HER MAJESTY, having indeed nothing else to give, made all her followers Knights of the Pumpkin, and Marquises, Earls, and Baronets; and they had a little court for her, and made her a little crown of gilt paper, and a robe of cotton velvet; and they quarrelled about the places to be given away in her court, and about rank and precedence and dignities;—you can't think how they quarrelled! The poor Queen was very tired of her honours before she had had them a month, and I dare say sighed sometimes even to be a lady's-maid again. But we must all do our duty in our respective stations, so the Queen resigned herself to perform hers.

We have said how it happened that none of the Usurper's troops came out to oppose this Army of Fidelity: it pottered along as nimbly as the gout of the principal commanders allowed: it consisted of twice as many officers as soldiers: and at length passed near the estates of one of the most powerful noblemen of the country, who had not declared for the Queen, but of whom her party had hopes, as he was always quarrelling with King Padella.

When they came close to his park gates, this nobleman sent to say he would wait upon Her Majesty: he was a most powerful warrior, and his name was Count Hogginar-mo, whose helmet it took two strong negroes to carry. He knelt down before her and said, "Madam and liege lady! it becomes the great nobles of the Crimean realm to show every outward sign of respect to the wearer of the Crown, whoever that may be. We testify to our own nobility in acknowledging yours. The bold Hogginar-mo bends the knee to the first of the aristocracy of his country."

Rosalba said, "The bold Count of Hogginar-mo was uncommonly kind." But she felt afraid of him, even while he was kneeling, and his eyes scowled at her from between his whiskers, which grew up to them.

"The first Count of the Empire, madam," he went on,

“salutes the Sovereign. The Prince addresses himself to the not more noble lady! Madam, my hand is free, and I offer it, and my heart and my sword to your service! My three wives lie buried in my ancestral vaults. The third perished but a year since; and this heart pines for a consort! Deign to be mine, and I swear to bring to your bridal table the head of King Padella, the eyes and nose of his son Prince Bulbo, the right hand and ears of the usurping Sovereign of Paflagonia, which country shall thenceforth be an appanage to your—to *our* Crown! Say yes; Hogginarmino is not accustomed to be denied. Indeed I cannot contemplate the possibility of a refusal: for frightful will be the result; dreadful the murders; furious the devastations; horrible the tyranny; tremendous the tortures, misery, taxation, which the people of this realm will endure, if Hogginarmino’s wrath be aroused! I see consent in your Majesty’s lovely eyes—their glances fill my soul with rapture!”

“Oh, sir!” Rosalba said, withdrawing her hand in great fright. “Your Lordship is exceedingly kind; but I am sorry to tell you that I have a prior attachment to a young gentleman by the name of—Prince—Giglio—and never—never can marry any one but him.”

Who can describe Hogginarmino’s wrath at this remark? Rising up from the ground, he ground his teeth so that fire flashed out of his mouth, from which at the same time issued remarks and language, so *loud, violent, and improper*, that this pen shall never repeat them! “R-r-r-r-r—Rejected! Fiends and perdition! The bold Hogginarmino rejected! All the world shall hear of my rage; and you, madam, you above all shall rue it!” And kicking the two negroes before him, he rushed away, his whiskers streaming in the wind.

Her Majesty’s Privy Council was in a dreadful panic when they saw Hogginarmino issue from the royal presence in such a towering rage, making footballs of the poor negroes—a panic which the events justified. They marched off from Hogginarmino’s park very crestfallen; and in another half-hour they were met by that rapacious chieftain with a few of his followers, who cut, slashed, charged, whacked, banged, and pommelled amongst them, took the Queen prisoner, and drove the Army of Fidelity to I don’t know where

Poor Queen! Hogginarmino, her conqueror, would not condescend to see her. "Get a horse-van!" he said to his grooms, "clap the hussy into it, and send her, with my compliments, to His Majesty King Padella."

Along with his lovely prisoner, Hogginarmino sent a letter full of servile compliments and loathsome flatteries to King Padella, for whose life, and that of his royal family, the *hypocritical humbug* pretended to offer the most fulsome prayers. And Hogginarmino promised speedily to pay his humble homage at his august master's throne, of which he begged leave to be counted the most loyal and constant defender. Such a *wary old bird* as King Padella was not to be caught by Master Hogginarmino's *chaff*, and we shall hear presently how the tyrant treated his upstart vassal. No, no; depend on't, two such rogues do not trust one another.

So this poor Queen was laid in the straw like Margery Daw, and driven along in the dark ever so many miles to the Court, where King Padella had now arrived, having vanquished all his enemies, murdered most of them, and brought some of the richest into captivity with him for the purpose of torturing them and finding out where they had hidden their money.

Rosalba heard their shrieks and groans in the dungeon in which she was thrust; a most awful black hole, full of bats, rats, mice, toads, frogs, mosquitoes, bugs, fleas, serpents, and every kind of horror. No light was let into it, otherwise the gaolers might have seen her and fallen in love with her, as an owl that lived up in the roof of the tower did, and a cat, you know, who can see in the dark, and having set its green eyes on Rosalba, never would be got to go back to the turnkey's wife to whom it belonged. And the toads in the dungeon came and kissed her feet, and the vipers wound round her neck and arms, and never hurt her, so charming was this poor Princess in the midst of her misfortunes.

At last, after she had been kept in this place *ever so long*, the door of the dungeon opened, and the terrible King Padella came in.

But what he said and did must be reserved for another chapter, as we must now go back to Prince Giglio.

XIV.

WHAT BECAME OF GIGLIO.

THE idea of marrying such an old creature as Gruffanuff frightened Prince Giglio so, that he ran up to his room, packed his trunks, fetched in a couple of porters, and was off to the diligence office in a twinkling.

It was well that he was so quick in his operations, did not dawdle over his luggage, and took the early coach, for as soon as the mistake about Prince Bulbo was found out, that cruel Glumboso sent up a couple of policemen to Prince Giglio's room, with orders that he should be carried to Newgate, and his head taken off before twelve o'clock. But the coach was out of the Paflagonian dominions before two o'clock; and I dare say the express that was sent after Prince Giglio did not ride very quick, for many people in Paflagonia had a regard for Giglio, as the son of their old sovereign; a Prince who, with all his weaknesses, was very much better than his brother, the usurping, lazy, careless, passionate, tyrannical, reigning monarch. That Prince busied himself with the balls, fêtes, masquerades, hunting-parties, and so forth, which he thought proper to give on occasion of his daughter's marriage to Prince Bulbo; and let us trust was not sorry in his own heart that his own brother's son had escaped the scaffold.

It was very cold weather, and the snow was on the ground, and Giglio, who gave his name as simple Mr. Giles, was very glad to get a comfortable place in the coupé of the diligence, where he sat with the conductor and another gentleman. At the first stage from Blombodinga, as they stopped to change horses, there came up to the diligence a very ordinary, vulgar-looking woman, with a bag under her arm, who asked for a place. All the inside places were taken, and the young woman was informed that if she wished to travel, she must go upon the roof; and the passenger inside with Giglio (a rude person, I should think), put his head out of the window, and said, "Nice weather for travelling outside! I wish you a pleasant journey, my dear." The poor woman coughed very much, and Giglio

pitied her. "I will give up my place to her," says he, "rather than she should travel in the cold air with that horrid cough." On which the vulgar traveller said, "*You'd* keep her warm, I am sure, if it's a *muff* she wants." On which Giglio pulled his nose, boxed his ears, hit him in the eye, and gave this vulgar person a warning never to call him *muff* again.

Then he sprang up gaily on to the roof of the diligence, and made himself very comfortable in the straw. The vulgar traveller got down only at the next station, and Giglio took his place again, and talked to the person next to him. She appeared to be a most agreeable, well-informed, and entertaining female. They travelled together till night, and she gave Giglio all sorts of things out of the bag which she carried, and which indeed seemed to contain the most wonderful collection of articles. He was thirsty—out there came a pint bottle of Bass's pale ale, and a silver mug! Hungry—she took out a cold fowl, some slices of ham, bread, salt, and a most delicious piece of cold plum-pudding, and a little glass of brandy afterwards.

As they travelled, this plain-looking, queer woman talked to Giglio on a variety of subjects, in which the poor Prince showed his ignorance as much as she did her capacity. He owned, with many blushes, how ignorant he was; on which the lady said, "My dear Gigl—my good Mr. Giles, you are a young man, and have plenty of time before you. You have nothing to do but to improve yourself. Who knows but that you may find use for your knowledge some day? When—when you may be wanted at home, as some people may be."

"Good heavens, madam!" says he, "do you know me?"

"I know a number of funny things," says the lady, "I have been at some people's christenings, and turned away from other folks' doors. I have seen some people spoilt by good fortune, and others, as I hope, improved by hardship. I advise you to stay at the town where the coach stops for the night. Stay there and study, and remember your old friend to whom you were kind."

"And who is my old friend?" asked Giglio.

"When you want anything," says the lady, "look in this bag, which I leave to you as a present, and be grateful to——"

"To whom, madam?" says he.

"To the Fairy Blackstick," says the lady, flying out of

the window. And when Giglio asked the conductor if he knew where the lady was?

"What lady?" says the man; "there has been no lady in this coach, except the old woman, who got out at the last stage." And Giglio thought he had been dreaming. But there was the bag which Blackstick had given him lying on his lap; and when he came to the town he took it in his hand and went into the inn.

They gave him a very bad bedroom, and Giglio, when he woke in the morning, fancying himself in the Royal Palace at home, called, "John, Charles, Thomas! My chocolate—my dressing-gown—my slippers"; but nobody came. There was no bell, so he went and bawled out for waiter on the top of the stairs.

The landlady came up, looking—looking like this—



"What are you a hollaring and a bellaring for here, young man?" says she.

"There's no warm water—no servants; my boots are not even cleaned."

"He, he! Clean 'em yourself," says the landlady. "You young students give yourselves pretty airs. I never heard such impudence."

"I'll quit the house this instant," says Giglio.

"The sooner the better, young man. Pay your bill and be off. All my rooms is wanted for gentlefolks, and not for such as you."

"You may well keep the Bear Inn," said Giglio. "You should have yourself painted as the sign."

The landlady of the Bear went away *growling*. And Giglio returned to his room, where the first thing he saw was the fairy bag lying on the table, which seemed to give a little hop as he came in. "I hope it has some breakfast in it," says Giglio, "for I have only a very little money left." But on opening the bag, what do you think was there? A blacking-brush and a pot of Warren's jet, and on the pot was written—

Poor young men their boots must black:
Use me and cork me and put me back.

So Giglio laughed and blacked his boots, and put back the brush and the bottle into the bag.

When he had done dressing himself, the bag gave another little hop, and he went to it and took out—

1. A tablecloth and a napkin.
2. A sugar-basin full of the best loaf-sugar.
- 4, 6, 8, 10. Two forks, two teaspoons, two knives, and a pair of sugar-tongs, and a butter-knife, all marked G.
- 11, 12, 13. A teacup, saucer, and slop-basin.
14. A jug full of delicious cream.
15. A canister with black tea and green.
16. A large tea-urn and boiling water.
17. A saucepan, containing three eggs nicely done.
18. A quarter of a pound of best Epping butter.
19. A brown loaf.

And if he hadn't enough now for a good breakfast, I should like to know who ever had one?

Giglio, having had his breakfast, popped all the things back into the bag, and went out looking for lodgings. I forgot to say that this celebrated university town was called Bosforo.

He took a modest lodging opposite the Schools, paid his bill at the inn, and went to his apartment with his trunk, carpet-bag, and not forgetting, we may be sure, his *other* bag.

When he opened his trunk, which the day before he had filled with his best clothes, he found it contained only books. And in the first of them which he opened there was written—

Clothes for the back, books for the head:
Read and remember them when they are read.

And in his bag, when Giglio looked in it, he found a stu-

dent's cap and gown, a writing-book full of paper, an ink-stand, pens, and a Johnson's dictionary, which was very useful to him, as his spelling had been sadly neglected.

So he sat down and worked away, very, very hard for a whole year, during which "Mr. Giles" was quite an example to all the students in the University of Bosforo. He never got into any riots or disturbances. The Professors all spoke well of him, and the students liked him too; so that, when at examination, he took all the prizes, viz.—

{	The Spelling Prize	{	The French Prize
	The Writing Prize		The Arithmetic Prize
	The History Prize		The Latin Prize
	The Catechism Prize		The Good Conduct Prize,

all his fellow-students said, "Hurray! Hurray for Giles! Giles is the boy—the student's joy! Hurray for Giles!" And he brought quite a quantity of medals, crowns, books, and tokens of distinction home to his lodgings.

One day after the Examinations, as he was diverting himself at a coffee-house with two friends—(Did I tell you that in his bag, every Saturday night, he found just enough to pay his bills, with a guinea over, for pocket-money? Didn't I tell you? Well, he did, as sure as twice twenty makes forty-five)—he chanced to look in the *Bosforo Chronicle*, and read off, quite easily (for he could spell, read, and write the longest words now), the following:—

"ROMANTIC CIRCUMSTANCE.—One of the most extraordinary adventures that we have ever heard has set the neighbouring country of Crim Tartary in a state of great excitement.

"It will be remembered that when the present revered sovereign of Crim Tartary, His Majesty King *Padella*, took possession of the throne, after having vanquished, in the terrific battle of Blunderbusco, the late King *Carolfiore*, that Prince's only child, the Princess Rosalba, was not found in the royal palace, of which King *Padella* took possession, and, it was said, had strayed into the forest (being abandoned by all her attendants), where she had been eaten up by those ferocious lions, the last pair of which were captured some time since, and brought to the Tower, after killing several hundred persons.

"His Majesty King Padella, who has the kindest heart in the world, was grieved at the accident which had occurred to the harmless little Princess, for whom His Majesty's known benevolence would certainly have provided a fitting establishment. But her death seemed to be certain. The mangled remains of a cloak, and a little shoe, were found in the forest, during a hunting-party, in which the intrepid sovereign of Crim Tartary slew two of the lion's cubs with his own spear. And these interesting relics of an innocent little creature were carried home and kept by their finder, the Baron Spinachi, formerly an officer in Cavolfiore's household. The Baron was disgraced in consequence of his known legitimist opinions, and has lived for some time in the humble capacity of a woodcutter, in a forest on the outskirts of the Kingdom of Crim Tartary.

"Last Tuesday week Baron Spinachi and a number of gentlemen, attached to the former dynasty, appeared in arms, crying, "God save Rosalba, the first Queen of Crim Tartary!" and surrounding a lady whom report describes as "*beautiful exceedingly*." Her history *may* be authentic, is certainly most romantic.

"The personage calling herself Rosalba states that she was brought out of the forest, fifteen years since, by a lady in a car drawn by dragons (this account is certainly *improbable*), that she was left in the Palace Garden of Blombodinga, where Her Royal Highness the Princess Angelica, now married to His Royal Highness Bulbo, Crown Prince of Crim Tartary, found the child, and, with *that elegant benevolence* which has always distinguished the heiress of the throne of Paflagonia, gave the little outcast a *shelter and a home!* Her parentage not being known, and her garb very humble, the foundling was educated in the Palace in a menial capacity, under the name of *Betsinda*.

"She did not give satisfaction, and was dismissed, carrying with her, certainly, part of a mantle and a shoe, which she had on when first found. According to her statement she quitted Blombodinga about a year ago, since which time she has been with the Spinachi family. On the very same morning the Prince Giglio, nephew to the King of Paflagonia, a young Prince whose character for *talent and order* were, to say truth, *none of the highest*, also quitted Blombodinga, and has not been since heard of!"

"What an extraordinary story!" said Smith and Jones, two young students, Giglio's especial friends.

"Ha! what is this?" Giglio went on, reading—

"SECOND EDITION, EXPRESS.—We hear that the troop under Baron Spinachi has been surrounded, and utterly routed, by General Count Hogginarmo, and the *soi-disant* Princess is sent a prisoner to the capital.

"UNIVERSITY NEWS.—Yesterday, at the Schools, the distinguished young student, Mr. Giles, read a Latin oration, and was complimented by the Chancellor of Bosforo, Dr. Prugnaro, with the highest University honour—the wooden spoon."

"Never mind that stuff," says Giles, greatly disturbed. "Come home with me, my friends. Gallant Smith! intrepid Jones! friends of my studies—partakers of my academic toils—I have that to tell shall astonish your honest minds."

"Go it, old boy!" cried the impetuous Smith.

"Talk away, my buck!" says Jones, a lively fellow.

With an air of indescribable dignity, Giglio checked their natural, but no more seemly, familiarity. "Jones, Smith, my good friends," said the Prince, "disguise is henceforth useless; I am no more the humble student Giles, I am the descendant of a royal line."

"*Atavis edite regibus*, I know, old co——," cried Jones. He was going to say old cock, but a flash from THE ROYAL EYE again awed him.

"Friends," continued the Prince, "I am that Giglio, I am, in fact, Paflagonia. Rise, Smith, and kneel not in the public street. Jones, thou true heart! My faithless uncle, when I was a baby, filched from me that brave crown my father left me, bred me, all young and careless of my rights, like unto hapless Hamlet, Prince of Denmark; and had I any thoughts about my wrongs, soothed me with promises of near redress. I should espose his daughter, young Angelica; we two indeed should reign in Paflagonia. His words were false—false as Angelica's heart!—false as Angelica's hair, colour, front teeth! She looked with her skew eyes upon young Bulbo, Crim Tartary's stupid heir, and she preferred him. 'Twas then I turned my eyes upon Betsinda—Rosalba, as she now is. And I saw in her the

blushing sum of all perfection; the pink of maiden modesty; the nymph that my fond heart had ever woo'd in dreams," etc. etc.

(I don't give this speech, which was very fine, but very long; and though Smith and Jones knew nothing about the circumstances, my dear reader does, so I go on.)

The Prince and his young friends hastened home to his apartment, highly excited by the intelligence, as no doubt by the *royal narrator's* admirable manner of recounting it, and they ran up to his room where he had worked so hard at his books.

On his writing-table was his bag, grown so long that the Prince could not help remarking it. He went to it, opened it, and what do you think he found in it?

A splendid long, gold-handled, red-velvet-scabbarded, cut-and-thrust sword, and on the sheath was embroidered "ROSALBA FOR EVER!"

He drew out the sword, which flashed and illuminated the whole room, and called out "Rosalba for ever!" Smith and Jones following him, but quite respectfully this time, and taking the time from His Royal Highness.

And now his trunk opened with a sudden pong, and out there came three ostrich feathers in a gold crown, surrounding a beautiful shining steel helmet, a cuirass, a pair of spurs, finally a complete suit of armour.

The books on Giglio's shelves were all gone. Where there had been some great dictionaries, Giglio's friends found two pairs of jack-boots labelled, "Lieutenant Smith," "—— Jones, Esq.," which fitted them to a nicety. Besides, there were helmets, back and breast plates, swords, etc., just like in Mr. G. P. R. James's novels; and that evening three cavaliers might have been seen issuing from the gates of Bosforo, in whom the porters, proctors, etc., never thought of recognising the young Prince and his friends.

They got horses at a livery stable-keeper's, and never drew bridle until they reached the last town on the frontier before you come to Crim Tartary. Here, as their animals were tired, and the cavaliers hungry, they stopped and refreshed at an hostel. I could make a chapter of this if I were like some writers, but I like to cram my measure tight down, you see, and give you a great deal for your money, and, in a word, they had some bread and cheese and ale

upstairs on the balcony of the inn. As they were drinking, drums and trumpets sounded nearer and nearer, the market-place was filled with soldiers, and His Royal Highness looking forth, recognised the Paflagonian banners, and the Paflagonian national air which the bands were playing.

The troops all made for the tavern at once, and as they came up Giglio exclaimed, on beholding their leader, "Whom do I see? Yes! No! It is, it is! Phoo! No, it can't be! Yes! It is my friend, my gallant faithful veteran, Captain Hedzoff! Ho! Hedzoff! Knowest thou not thy Prince, thy Giglio? Good Corporal, methinks we once were friends. Ha, Sergeant, an my memory serves me right, we have had many a bout at singlestick."

"I' faith, we have a many, good my Lord," says the Sergeant.

"Tell me, what means this mighty armament," continued His Royal Highness from the balcony, "and whither march my Paflagonians?"

Hedzoff's head fell. "My Lord," he said, "we march as the allies of great Padella, Crim Tartary's monarch."

"Crim Tartary's usurper, gallant Hedzoff? Crim Tartary's grim tyrant, honest Hedzoff!" said the Prince, on the balcony, quite sarcastically.

"A soldier, Prince, must needs obey his orders: mine are to help His Majesty Padella. And also (though alack that I should say it!) to seize wherever I should light upon him——"

"First catch your hare! ha, Hedzoff!" exclaimed His Royal Highness.

"—On the body of *Giglio*, whilome Prince of Paflagonia," Hedzoff went on, with indescribable emotion. "My Prince, give up your sword without ado. Look! we are thirty thousand men to one!"

"Give up my sword! Giglio give up his sword!" cried the Prince; and stepping well forward on to the balcony, the royal youth, *without preparation*, delivered a speech so magnificent that no report can do justice to it. It was all in blank verse (in which, from this time, he invariably spoke, as more becoming his majestic station). It lasted for three days and three nights, during which not a single person who heard him was tired, or remarked the difference between daylight and dark. The soldiers only cheering tremendously, when occasionally, once in nine hours, the

Prince paused to suck an orange, which Jones took out of the bag. He explained, in terms which we say we shall not attempt to convey, the whole history of the previous transaction, and his determination not only not to give up his sword, but to assume his rightful crown; and at the end of this extraordinary, this truly *gigantic* effort, Captain Hedzoff flung up his helmet, and cried, "Hurray! Hurray! Long live King Giglio!"

Such were the consequences of having employed his time well at College.

When the excitement had ceased, beer was ordered out for the army, and their Sovereign himself did not disdain a little! And now it was with some alarm that Captain Hedzoff told him his division was only the advanced guard of the Paffagonian contingent, hastening to King Padella's aid; the main force being a day's march in the rear under His Royal Highness Prince Bulbo.

"We will wait here, good friend, to beat the Prince," His Majesty said, "and *then* will make his royal father wince."

XV.

WE RETURN TO ROSALBA.

KING PADELLA made very similar proposals to Rosalba to those which she had received from the various princes who, as we have seen, had fallen in love with her. His Majesty was a widower, and offered to marry his fair captive that instant, but she declined his invitation in her usual polite gentle manner, stating that Prince Giglio was her love, and that any other union was out of the question. Having tried tears and supplications in vain, this violent-tempered monarch menaced her with threats and tortures; but she declared she would rather suffer all these than accept the hand of her father's murderer, who left her finally, uttering the most awful imprecations, and bidding her prepare for death on the following morning.

All night long the King spent in advising how he should get rid of this obdurate young creature. Cutting off her head was much too easy a death for her; hanging was so common in His Majesty's dominions that it no longer afforded him any sport; finally, he bethought himself of a pair of fierce lions which had lately been sent to him as presents, and he determined, with these ferocious brutes, to hunt poor Rosalba down. Adjoining his castle was an amphitheatre where the Prince indulged in bull-baiting, rat-hunting, and other ferocious sports. The two lions were kept in a cage under this place; their roaring might be heard over the whole city, the inhabitants of which, I am sorry to say, thronged in numbers to see a poor young lady gobbled up by two wild beasts.

The King took his place in the royal box, having the officers of his Court around and the Count Hogginarino by his side, upon whom His Majesty was observed to look very fiercely; the fact is, royal spies had told the monarch of Hogginarino's behaviour, his proposals to Rosalba, and his offer to fight for the crown. Black as thunder looked King Padella at this proud noble, as they sat in the front seats of the theatre waiting to see the tragedy whereof poor Rosalba was to be the heroine.

At length that Princess was brought out in her night-gown, with all her beautiful hair falling down her back, and looking so pretty that even the beef-eaters and keepers of the wild animals wept plentifully at seeing her. And she walked with her poor little feet (only luckily the arena was covered with sawdust), and went and leaned up against a great stone in the centre of the amphitheatre, round which the Court and the people were seated in boxes, with bars before them, for fear of the great, fierce, red-maned, black-throated, long-tailed, roaring, bellowing, rushing lions. And now the gates were opened, and with a wurrawarrurawarar two great lean, hungry, roaring lions rushed out of their den, where they had been kept for three weeks on nothing but a little toast-and-water, and dashed straight up to the stone where poor Rosalba was waiting. Commend her to your patron saints, all you kind people, for she is in a dreadful state!

There was a hum and a buzz all through the circus, and the fierce King Padella even felt a little compassion. But Count Hogginarmo, seated by His Majesty, roared out "Hurrah! Now for it! Soo-soo-soo!" that nobleman being uncommonly angry still at Rosalba's refusal of him.

But O strange event! O remarkable circumstance! O extraordinary coincidence, which I am sure none of you could *by any possibility* have divined! When the lions came to Rosalba, instead of devouring her with their great teeth, it was with kisses they gobbled her up! They licked her pretty feet, they nuzzled their noses in her lap, they moo'd, they seemed to say, "Dear, dear sister, don't you recollect your brothers in the forest?" And she put her pretty white arms round their tawny necks, and kissed them.

King Padella was immensely astonished. The Count Hogginarmo was extremely disgusted. "Pooh!" the Count cried. "Gammon!" exclaimed his Lordship. "These lions are tame beasts come from Wombwell's or Astley's. It is a shame to put people off in this way. I believe they are little boys dressed up in doormats. They are no lions at all."

"Ha!" said the King, "you dare to say 'gammon' to your Sovereign, do you? These lions are no lions at all, aren't they? Ho! my beef-eaters! Ho! my bodyguard! Take this Count Hogginarmo and fling him into the circus!

Give him a sword and buckler, let him keep his armour on, and his weather-eye out and fight these lions."

The haughty Hogginarmo laid down his opera-glass, and looked scowling round at the King and his attendants. "Touch me not, dogs!" he said, "or by St. Nicholas the Elder, I will gore you! Your Majesty thinks Hogginarmo is afraid? No, not of a hundred thousand lions! Follow me down into the circus, King Padella, and match thyself against one of yon brutes. Thou darest not. Let them both come on, then!" And opening a grating of the box, he jumped lightly down into the circus.

Wurra wurra wurra wur-aw-aw-aw!!!

In about two minutes

The Count Hogginarmo was

GOBBLED UP

by

those lions,

bones, boots, and all,

and

There was an

End of him

At this, the King said, "Serve him right, the rebellious ruffian! And now, as those lions won't eat that young woman——"

"Let her off!—let her off!" cried the crowd.

"NO!" roared the King. "Let the beef-eaters go down and chop her into small pieces. If the lions defend her, let the archers shoot them to death. That hussy shall die in tortures!"

"A-a-ah!" cried the crowd. "Shame! shame!"

"Who dares cry out shame?" cried the furious potentate (so little can tyrants command their passions). "Fling any scoundrel who says a word down among the lions!"

I warrant you there was a dead silence then, which was broken by a Pang arang pang pangkarangpang, and a Knight and a Herald rode in at the further end of the circus: the Knight, in full armour, with his vizor up, and bearing a letter on the point of his lance.

"Ha!" exclaimed the King, "by my fay, 'tis Elephant and Castle, pursuivant of my brother of Paflogonia; and the Knight, an my memory serves me, is the gallant Captain Hedzoff! What news from Paflogonia, gallant Hedzoff?"

Elephant and Castle, beshrew me, thy trumpeting must have made thee thirsty. What will my trusty herald like to drink? ”

“Bespeaking first safe conduct from your Lordship,” said Captain Hedzoff, “before we take a drink of anything, permit us to deliver our King’s message.”

“My Lordship, ha!” said Crim Tartary, frowning terrifically. “That title soundeth strange in the anointed ears of a crowned King. Straightway speak out your message, Knight and Herald!”

Reining up his charger in a most elegant manner close under the King’s balcony, Hedzoff turned to the Herald, and bade him begin.

Elephant and Castle, dropping his trumpet over his shoulder, took a large sheet of paper out of his hat, and began to read:—

“O Yes! O Yes! O Yes! Know all men by these presents, that we, Giglio, King of Paffagonia, Grand Duke of Cappadocia, Sovereign Prince of Turkey and the Sausage Islands, having assumed our rightful throne and title, long time falsely borne by our usurping Uncle, styling himself King of Paffagonia——”

“Ha!” growled Padella.

“Hereby summon the false traitor, Padella, calling himself King of Crim Tartary——”

The King’s curses were dreadful. “Go on, Elephant and Castle!” said the intrepid Hedzoff.

“—To release from cowardly imprisonment his liege lady and rightful Sovereign, Rosalba, Queen of Crim Tartary, and restore her to her royal throne: in default of which, I, Giglio, proclaim the said Padella sneak, traitor, humbug, usurper, and coward. I challenge him to meet me, with fists or with pistols, with battle-axe or sword, with blunderbuss or singlestick, alone or at the head of his army, on foot or on horseback; and will prove my words upon his wicked ugly body!”

“God save the King!” said Captain Hedzoff, executing a demivolte, two semilunes, and three caracols.

"Is that all?" said Padella, with the terrific calm of concentrated fury.

"That, sir, is all my royal master's message. Here is His Majesty's letter in autograph, and here is his glove, and if any gentleman of Crim Tartary chooses to find fault with His Majesty's expressions, I, Tuffskin Hedzoff, Captain of the Guard, am very much at his service," and he waved his lance, and looked at the assembly all round.

"And what says my good brother of Paflagonia, my dear son's father-in-law, to this rubbish?" asked the King.

"The King's uncle hath been deprived of the crown he unjustly wore," said Hedzoff gravely. "He and his ex-minister, Glumboso, are now in prison waiting the sentence of my royal master. After the battle of Bombardaro——"

"Of what?" asked the surprised Padella.

"Of Bombardaro, where my liege, his present Majesty, would have performed prodigies of valour, but that the whole of his uncle's army came over to our side, with the exception of Prince Bulbo."

"Ah! my boy, my boy, my Bulbo was no traitor!" cried Padella.

"Prince Bulbo, far from coming over to us, ran away, sir; but I caught him. The Prince is a prisoner in our army, and the most terrific tortures await him if a hair of the Princess Rosalba's head is injured."

"Do they?" exclaimed the furious Padella, who was now perfectly *livid* with rage. "Do they indeed? So much the worse for Bulbo. I've twenty sons as lovely each as Bulbo. Not one but is as fit to reign as Bulbo. Whip, whack, flog, starve, rack, punish, torture Bulbo—break all his bones—roast him or flay him alive—pull all his pretty teeth out one by one! But justly dear as Bulbo is to me,—joy of my eyes, fond treasure of my soul!—Ha, ha, ha, ha! revenge is dearer still. Ho! torturers, rack-men, executioners—light up the fires and make the pincers hot! get lots of boiling lead!—Bring out Rosalba!"

XVI.

HOW HEDZOFF RODE BACK AGAIN TO KING GIGLIO.

CAPTAIN HEDZOFF rode away when King Padella uttered this cruel command, having done his duty in delivering the message with which his royal master had entrusted him. Of course he was very sorry for Rosalba, but what could he do?

So he returned to King Giglio's camp, and found the young monarch in a disturbed state of mind, smoking cigars in the royal tent. His Majesty's agitation was not appeased by the news that was brought by his ambassador. "The brutal ruthless ruffian royal wretch!" Giglio exclaimed. "As England's poesy has well remarked, 'The man that lays his hand upon a woman, save in the way of kindness, is a villain.' Ha, Hedzoff!"

"That he is, your Majesty," said the attendant.

"And didst thou see her flung into the oil? and didn't the soothing oil—the emollient oil, refuse to boil, good Hedzoff—and to spoil the fairest lady ever eyes did look on?"

"Faith, good my liege, I had no heart to look and see a beauteous lady boiling down; I took your royal message to Padella, and bore his back to you. I told him you would hold Prince Bulbo answerable. He only said that he had twenty sons as good as Bulbo, and forthwith he bade the ruthless executioners proceed."

"O cruel father—O unhappy son!" cried the King. "Go, some of you, and bring Prince Bulbo hither."

Bulbo was brought in chains, looking very uncomfortable. Though a prisoner, he had been tolerably happy, perhaps because his mind was at rest, and all the fighting was over, and he was playing at marbles with his guards when the King sent for him.

"Oh, my poor Bulbo," said His Majesty, with looks of infinite compassion, "hast thou heard the news?" (for you see Giglio wanted to break the thing gently to the Prince), "thy brutal father has condemned Rosalba—p-p-p-ut her to death, P-p-p-prince Bulbo!"

"What, killed Betsinda! Boo-hoo-hoo," cried out Bulbo. "Betsinda! pretty Betsinda! dear Betsinda! She was the dearest little girl in the world. I love her better twenty thousand times even than Angelica," and he went on expressing his grief in so hearty and unaffected a manner that the King was quite touched by it, and said, shaking Bulbo's hand, that he wished he had known Bulbo sooner.

Bulbo, quite unconsciously, and meaning for the best, offered to come and sit with His Majesty, and smoke a cigar with him, and console him. The *royal kindness* supplied Bulbo with a cigar; he had not had one, he said, since he was taken prisoner.

And now think what must have been the feelings of the most *merciful of monarchs*, when he informed his prisoner that, in consequence of King Padella's *cruel and dastardly behaviour* to Rosalba, Prince Bulbo must instantly be executed! The noble Giglio could not restrain his tears, nor could the Grenadiers, nor the officers, nor could Bulbo himself, when the matter was explained to him, and he was brought to understand that His Majesty's promise, of course, was *above every* thing, and Bulbo must submit. So poor Bulbo was led out, Hedzoff trying to console him, by pointing out that if he had won the battle of Bombardaro, he might have hanged Prince Giglio. "Yes! But that is no comfort to me now!" said poor Bulbo; nor indeed was it, poor fellow!

He was told the business would be done the next morning at eight, and was taken back to his dungeon, where every attention was paid to him. The gaoler's wife sent him tea, and the turnkey's daughter begged him to write his name in her album, where a many gentlemen had wrote it on like occasions! "Bother your album!" says Bulbo. The Undertaker came and measured him for the handsomest coffin which money could buy—even this didn't console Bulbo. The Cook brought him dishes which he once used to like; but he wouldn't touch them: he sat down and began writing an adieu to Angelica, as the clock kept always ticking, and the hands drawing nearer to next morning. The Barber came in at night, and offered to shave him for the next day. Prince Bulbo kicked him away, and went on writing a few words to Princess Angelica, as the clock kept always ticking, and the hands hopping nearer and



Poor Bulbo is ordered for execution.
—*Rose and the Ring*, p. 522.

nearer to next morning. He got up on the top of a hat-box, on the top of a chair, on the top of his bed, on the top of his table, and looked out to see whether he might escape as the clock kept always ticking and the hands drawing nearer, and nearer, and nearer.

But looking out of the window was one thing, and jumping another: and the town clock struck seven. So he got into bed for a little sleep, but the gaoler came and woke him, and said, "Git up, your Royal Ighness, if you please, it's *ten minutes to eight*!"

So poor Bulbo got up: he had gone to bed in his clothes (the lazy boy), and he shook himself, and said he didn't mind about dressing, or having any breakfast, thank you; and he saw the soldiers who had come for him. "Lead on!" he said; and they led the way, deeply affected; and they came into the courtyard, and out into the square, and there was King Giglio come to take leave of him, and His Majesty most kindly shook hands with him, and the *gloomy procession* marched on:—when hark!

Haw—wurraw—wurraw—aworr!

A roar of wild beasts was heard. And who should come riding into the town, frightening away the boys, and even the beadle and policeman, but Rosalba!

The fact is, that when Captain Hedzoff entered into the court of Snapdragon Castle, and was discoursing with King Padella, the lions made a dash at the open gate, gobbled up the six beef-eaters in a jiffy, and away they went with Rosalba on the back of one of them, and they carried her, turn and turn about, till they came to the city where Prince Giglio's army was encamped.

When the King heard of the Queen's arrival, you may think how he rushed out of his breakfast-room to hand Her Majesty off her lion! The lions were grown as fat as pigs now, having had Hogginarmo and all those beef-eaters, and were so tame, anybody might pat them.

While Giglio knelt (most gracefully) and helped the Princess, Bulbo, for his part, rushed up and kissed the lion. He flung his arms round the forest monarch; he hugged him, and laughed and cried for joy. "Oh, you darling old beast, oh, how glad I am to see you, and the dear, dear Bets—that is, Rosalba."

"What, is it you? poor Bulbo!" said the Queen. "Oh, how glad I am to see you," and she gave him her hand to

kiss. King Giglio slapped him most kindly on the back, and said, "Bulbo, my boy, I am delighted, for your sake, that Her Majesty has arrived."

"So am I," said Bulbo; "and *you know why*." Captain Hedzoff here came up. "Sire, it is half-past eight: shall we proceed with the execution?"

"Execution! what for?" asked Bulbo.

"An officer only knows his orders," replied Captain Hedzoff, showing his warrant, on which His Majesty King Giglio smilingly said, "Prince Bulbo was reprieved this time," and most graciously invited him to breakfast.

XVII.

HOW A TREMENDOUS BATTLE TOOK PLACE, AND
WHO WON IT.

As soon as King Padella heard, what we know already, that his victim, the lovely Rosalba, had escaped him, His Majesty's fury knew no bounds, and he pitched the Lord Chancellor, Lord Chamberlain, and every officer of the Crown whom he could set eyes on, into the cauldron of boiling oil prepared for the Princess. Then he ordered out his whole army, horse, foot, and artillery; and set forth at the head of an innumerable host, and I should think twenty thousand drummers, trumpeters, and fifers.

King Giglio's advanced guard, you may be sure, kept that monarch acquainted with the enemy's dealings, and he was in no wise disconcerted. He was much too polite to alarm the Princess, his lovely guest, with any unnecessary rumours of battles impending; on the contrary, he did everything to amuse and divert her; gave her a most elegant breakfast, dinner, lunch, and got up a ball for her that evening, when he danced with her every single dance.

Poor Bulbo was taken into favour again, and allowed to go quite free now. He had new clothes given him, was called "My good cousin" by His Majesty, and was treated with the greatest distinction by everybody. But it was easy to see he was very melancholy. The fact is, the sight of Betsinda, who looked perfectly lovely in an elegant new dress, set poor Bulbo frantic in love with her again. And he never thought about Angelica, now Princess Bulbo, whom he had left at home, and who, as we know, did not care much about him.

The King, dancing the twenty-fifth polka with Rosalba, remarked with wonder the ring she wore; and then Rosalba told him how she had got it from Gruffanuff, who no doubt had picked it up when Angelica flung it away.

"Yes," says the Fairy Blackstick, who had come to see the young people, and who had very likely certain plans regarding them. "That ring I gave the Queen, Giglio's

mother, who was not, saving your presence, a very wise woman; it is enchanted, and whoever wears it looks beautiful in the eyes of the world. I made poor Prince Bulbo, when he was christened, the present of a rose which made him look handsome while he had it; but he gave it to Angelica, who instantly looked beautiful again, whilst Bulbo relapsed into his natural plainness."

"Rosalba needs no ring, I am sure," says Giglio, with a low bow. "She is beautiful enough, in my eyes, without any enchanted aid."

"Oh, sir!" said Rosalba.

"Take off the ring and try," said the King, and resolutely drew the ring off her finger. In *his* eyes she looked just as handsome as before!

The King was thinking of throwing the ring away, as it was so dangerous and made all the people so mad about Rosalba; but being a Prince of great humour, and good humour too, he cast eyes upon a poor youth who happened to be looking on very disconsolately, and said—

"Bulbo, my poor lad! come and try on this ring. The Princess Rosalba makes it a present to you."

The magic properties of this ring were uncommonly strong, for no sooner had Bulbo put it on, but lo and behold, he appeared a personable, agreeable young Prince enough—with a fine complexion, fair hair, rather stout, and with bandy legs; but these were encased in such a beautiful pair of yellow morocco boots that nobody remarked them. And Bulbo's spirits rose up almost immediately after he had looked in the glass, and he talked to their Majesties in the most lively, agreeable manner, and danced opposite the Queen with one of the prettiest maids of honour, and after looking at Her Majesty, could not help saying—

"How very odd! she is very pretty, but not so *extraordinarily* handsome."

"Oh no, by no means!" says the Maid of Honour.

"But what care I, dear sir," says the Queen, who overheard them, "if *you* think I am good-looking enough?"

His Majesty's glance in reply to this affectionate speech was such that no painter could draw it. And the Fairy Blackstick said, "Bless you, my darling children! Now you are united and happy; and now you see what I said from the first, that a little misfortune has done you both

good. *You*, Giglio, had you been bred in prosperity, would scarcely have learned to read or write—you would have been idle and extravagant, and could not have been a good King as now you will be. *You*, Rosalba, would have been so flattered, that your little head might have been turned like Angelica's, who thought herself too good for Giglio."

"As if anybody could be good enough for *him*," cried Rosalba.

"Oh, you, you darling!" says Giglio. And so she was; and he was just holding out his arms in order to give her a hug before the whole company, when a messenger came rushing in, and said, "My Lord, the enemy!"

"To arms!" cries Giglio.

"Oh, mercy!" says Rosalba, and fainted of course.

He snatched one kiss from her lips, and rushed *forth to the field* of battle!

The Fairy had provided King Giglio with a suit of armour, which was not only embroidered all over with jewels, and blinding to your eyes to look at, but was water-proof, gun-proof, and sword-proof; so that in the midst of the very hottest battles His Majesty rode about as calmly as if he had been a British Grenadier at Alma. Were I engaged in fighting for my country, I should like such a suit of armour as Prince Giglio wore; but, you know, he was a Prince of a fairy tale, and they always have these wonderful things.

Besides the fairy armour, the Prince had a fairy horse, which would gallop at any pace you please; and a fairy sword, which would lengthen and run through a whole regiment of enemies at once. With such a weapon at command, I wonder, for my part, he thought of ordering his army out; but forth they all came, in magnificent new uniforms, Hedzoff and the Prince's two college friends each commanding a division, and His Majesty prancing in person at the head of them all.

Ah! if I had the pen of a Sir Archibald Alison, my dear friends, would I not now entertain you with the account of a most tremendous shindy? Should not fine blows be struck? dreadful wounds be delivered? arrows darken the air? cannon balls crash through the battalions? cavalry charge infantry? infantry pitch into cavalry? bugles blow; drums beat; horses neigh; fifes sing; soldiers roar, swear,

hurray; officers shout out "Forward, my men!" "This way, lads!" "Give it 'em, boys!" "Fight for King Giglio, and the cause of right!" "King Padella for ever!" Would I not describe all this, I say, and in the very finest language too? But this humble pen does not possess the skill necessary for the description of combats. In a word, the overthrow of King Padella's army was so complete, that if they had been Russians you could not have wished them to be more utterly smashed and confounded.

As for that usurping monarch, having performed acts of valour much more considerable than could be expected of a royal ruffian and usurper, who had such a bad cause, and who was so cruel to women,—as for King Padella, I say, when his army ran away, the King ran away too, kicking his first general, Prince Punchikoff, from his saddle, and galloping away on the Prince's horse, having, indeed, had twenty-five or twenty-six of his own shot under him. Hedzoff coming up, and finding Punchikoff down, as you may imagine, very speedily disposed of *him*. Meanwhile King Padella was scampering off as hard as his horse could lay legs to ground. Fast as he scampered, I promise you somebody else galloped faster; and that individual, as no doubt you are aware, was the Royal Giglio, who kept bawling out, "Stay, traitor! Turn, miscreant, and defend thyself! Stand, tyrant, coward, ruffian, royal wretch, till I cut thy ugly head from thy usurping shoulders!" And, with his fairy sword, which elongated itself at will, His Majesty kept poking and prodding Padella in the back, until that wicked monarch roared with anguish.

When he was fairly brought to bay, Padella turned and dealt Prince Giglio a prodigious crack over the scone with his battle-axe, a most enormous weapon, which had cut down I don't know how many regiments in the course of the afternoon. But, Law bless you! though the blow fell right down on His Majesty's helmet, it made no more impression than if Padella had struck him with a pat of butter: his battle-axe crumpled up in Padella's hand, and the Royal Giglio laughed for very scorn at the impotent efforts of that atrocious usurper.

At the ill success of his blow the Crim Tartar monarch was justly irritated. "If," says he to Giglio, "you ride a fairy horse, and wear fairy armour, what on earth is the use of my hitting you? I may as well give myself up a

prisoner at once. Your Majesty won't, I suppose, be so mean as to strike a poor fellow who can't strike again?"

The justice of Padella's remark struck the magnanimous Giglio. "Do you yield yourself a prisoner, Padella?" says he.

"Of course I do," says Padella.

"Do you acknowledge Rosalba as your rightful Queen, and give up the crown and all your treasures to your rightful mistress?"

"If I must, I must," says Padella, who was naturally very sulky.

By this time King Giglio's aides-de-camp had come up, whom His Majesty ordered to bind the prisoner. And they tied his hands behind him, and bound his legs tight under his horse, having set him with his face to the tail; and in this fashion he was led back to King Giglio's quarters, and thrust into the very dungeon where young Bulbo had been confined.

Padella (who was a very different person in the depth of his distress, to Padella, the proud wearer of the Crim Tartar crown), now most affectionately and earnestly asked to see his son—his dear eldest boy—his darling Bulbo; and that good-natured young man never once reproached his haughty parent for his unkind conduct the day before, when he would have left Bulbo to be shot without any pity, but came to see his father, and spoke to him through the grating of the door, beyond which he was not allowed to go; and brought him some sandwiches from the grand supper which His Majesty was giving above stairs, in honour of the brilliant victory which had just been achieved.

"I cannot stay with you long, sir," says Bulbo, who was in his best ball dress, as he handed his father in the prog, "I am engaged to dance the next quadrille with Her Majesty Queen Rosalba, and I hear the fiddles playing at this very moment."

So Bulbo went back to the ball-room, and the wretched Padella ate his solitary supper in silence and tears.

All was now joy in King Giglio's circle. Dancing, feasting, fun, illuminations, and jollifications of all sorts ensued. The people through whose villages they passed were ordered to illuminate their cottages at night, and scatter flowers on the roads during the day. They were requested,

and I promise you they did not like to refuse, to serve the troops liberally with eatables and wine; besides, the army was enriched by the immense quantity of plunder which was found in King Padella's camp, and taken from his soldiers; who (after they had given up everything) were allowed to fraternise with the conquerors; and the united forces marched back by easy stages towards King Giglio's capital, his royal banner and that of Queen Rosalba being carried in front of the troops. Hedzoff was made a Duke and a Field-Marshal. Smith and Jones were promoted to be Earls; the Crim Tartar Order of the Pumpkin and the Paflagonian decoration of the Cucumber were freely distributed by their Majesties to the army. Queen Rosalba wore the Paflagonian Ribbon of the Cucumber across her riding-habit, whilst King Giglio never appeared without the grand Cordon of the Pumpkin. How the people cheered them as they rode along side by side! They were pronounced to be the handsomest couple ever seen: that was a matter of course; but they really *were* very handsome, and, had they been otherwise, would have looked so, they were so happy! Their Majesties were never separated during the whole day, but breakfasted, dined, and supped together always, and rode side by side, interchanging elegant compliments, and indulging in the most delightful conversation. At night, Her Majesty's ladies of honour (who had all rallied round her the day after King Padella's defeat) came and conducted her to the apartments prepared for her; whilst King Giglio, surrounded by his gentlemen, withdrew to his own Royal quarters. It was agreed they should be married as soon as they reached the capital, and orders were despatched to the Archbishop of Blombodinga, to hold himself in readiness to perform the interesting ceremony. Duke Hedzoff carried the message, and gave instructions to have the Royal Castle splendidly refurnished and painted afresh. The Duke seized Glumboso, the Ex-Prime Minister, and made him refund that considerable sum of money which the old scoundrel had secreted out of the late King's treasure. He also clapped Valoroso into prison (who, by the way, had been dethroned for some considerable period past), and when the Ex-Monarch weakly remonstrated, Hedzoff said, "A soldier, sir, knows but his duty; my orders are to lock you up along with the Ex-King Padella, whom I have brought hither a prisoner under guard." So these two.

Ex-Royal personages were sent for a year to the House of Correction, and thereafter were obliged to become monks of the severest Order of Flagellants, in which state, by fasting, by vigils, by flogging (which they administered to one another, humbly but resolutely), no doubt they exhibited a repentance for their past misdeeds, usurpations, and private and public crimes.

As for Glumboso, that rogue was sent to the galleys, and never had an opportunity to steal any more.

XVIII.

HOW THEY ALL JOURNEYED BACK TO THE CAPITAL.

THE Fairy Blackstick, by whose means this young King and Queen had certainly won their respective crowns back, would come not unfrequently, to pay them a little visit—as they were riding in their triumphal progress towards Giglio's capital—change her wand into a pony, and travel by their Majesties' side, giving them the very best advice. I am not sure that King Giglio did not think the Fairy and her advice rather a bore, fancying it was his own valour and merits which had put him on his throne, and conquered Padella: and, in fine, I fear he rather gave himself airs towards his best friend and patroness. She exhorted him to deal justly by his subjects, to draw mildly on the taxes, never to break his promise when he had once given it—and in all respects to be a good King.

"A good King, my dear Fairy!" cries Rosalba. "Of course he will. Break his promise! can you fancy my Giglio would ever do anything so improper, so unlike him? No! never!" And she looked fondly towards Giglio, whom she thought a pattern of perfection.

"Why is Fairy Blackstick always advising me, and telling me how to manage my government, and warning me to keep my word? Does she suppose that I am not a man of sense, and a man of honour?" asks Giglio testily. "Methinks she rather presumes upon her position."

"Hush! dear Giglio," says Rosalba. "You know Blackstick has been very kind to us, and we must not offend her." But the Fairy was not listening to Giglio's testy observations, she had fallen back, and was trotting on her pony now, by Master Bulbo's side, who rode a donkey, and made himself generally beloved in the army by his cheerfulness, kindness, and good-humour to everybody. He was eager to see his darling Angelica. He thought there never was such a charming being. Blackstick did not tell him it was the possession of the magic rose that made Angelica so lovely in his eyes. She brought him the very best accounts of his little wife, whose misfortunes and humiliations had

indeed very greatly improved her; and, you see, she could whisk off on her wand a hundred miles in a minute, and be back in no time, and so carry polite messages from Bulbo to Angelica, and from Angelica to Bulbo, and comfort that young man upon his journey.

When the Royal party arrived at the last stage before you reach Blombodinga, who should be in waiting, in her carriage there with her lady of honour by her side, but the Princess Angelica! She rushed into her husband's arms, scarcely stopping to make a passing curtsy to the King and Queen. She had no eyes but for Bulbo, who appeared perfectly lovely to her on account of the fairy ring which he wore; whilst she herself, wearing the magic rose in her bonnet, seemed entirely beautiful to the enraptured Bulbo.

A splendid luncheon was served to the Royal party, of which the Archbishop, the Chancellor, Duke Hedzoff, Countess Gruffanuff, and all our friends partook, the Fairy Blackstick being seated on the left of King Giglio, with Bulbo and Angelica beside her. You could hear the joy-bells ringing in the capital, and the guns which the citizens were firing off in honour of their Majesties.

"What can have induced that hideous old Gruffanuff to dress herself up in such an absurd way? Did you ask her to be your bridesmaid, my dear?" says Giglio to Rosalba. "What a figure of fun Gruffy is!"

Gruffy was seated opposite their Majesties, between the Archbishop and the Lord Chancellor, and a figure of fun she certainly was, for she was dressed in a low white silk dress, with lace over, a wreath of white roses on her wig, a splendid lace veil, and her yellow old neck was covered with diamonds. She ogled the King in such a manner that His Majesty burst out laughing.

"Eleven o'clock!" cries Giglio, as the great Cathedral bell of Blombodinga tolled that hour. "Gentlemen and ladies, we must be starting. Archbishop, you must be at church, I think, before twelve?"

"We must be at church before twelve," sighs out Gruffanuff in a languishing voice, hiding her old face behind her fan.

"And then I shall be the happiest man in my dominions," cries Giglio, with an elegant bow to the blushing Rosalba.

"Oh, my Giglio! Oh, my dear Majesty!" exclaims.

Gruffanuff; "and can it be that this happy moment at length has arrived——"

"Of course it has arrived," says the King.

"—And that I am about to become the enraptured bride of my adored Giglio!" continues Gruffanuff. "Lend me a smelling-bottle, somebody. I certainly shall faint with joy."

"*You my bride?*" roars out Giglio.

"*You marry my Prince?*" cried poor little Rosalba.

"Pooh! Nonsense! The woman's mad!" exclaims the King. And all the courtiers exhibited by their countenances and expressions, marks of surprise, or ridicule, or incredulity, or wonder.

"I should like to know who else is going to be married, if I am not?" shrieks out Gruffanuff. "I should like to know if King Giglio is a gentleman, and if there is such a thing as justice in Paflogonia? Lord Chancellor! my Lord Archbishop! will your Lordships sit by and see a poor, fond, confiding, tender creature put upon? Has not Prince Giglio promised to marry his Barbara? Is not this Giglio's signature? Does not this paper declare that he is mine, and only mine?" And she handed to his Grace the Archbishop the document which the Prince signed that evening when she wore the magic ring, and Giglio drank so much champagne. And the old Archbishop, taking out his eyeglasses, read—"This is to give notice, that I, Giglio, only son of Savio, King of Paflogonia, hereby promise to marry the charming Barbara Griselda, Countess Gruffanuff, and widow of the late Jenkins Gruffanuff, Esq."

"H'm," says the Archbishop, "the document is certainly a—a document."

"Phoo!" says the Lord Chancellor, "the signature is not in His Majesty's handwriting." Indeed, since his studies at Bosforo, Giglio had made an immense improvement in caligraphy.

"Is it your handwriting, Giglio?" cries the Fairy Blackstick, with an awful severity of countenance.

"Y—y—y—es," poor Giglio gasps out, "I had quite forgotten the confounded paper: she can't mean to hold me by it. You old wretch, what will you take to let me off? Help the Queen, some one—Her Majesty has fainted."

"Chop her head off!"

"Smother the old witch!"

"Pitch her into the river!"

} exclaim the impetuous Hedzoff, the ardent Smith, and the faithful Jones.

But Gruffanuff flung her arms round the Archbishop's neck, and bellowed out, "Justice, justice, my Lord Chancellor!" so loudly, that her piercing shrieks caused everybody to pause. As for Rosalba, she was borne away lifeless by her ladies; and you may imagine the look of agony which Giglio cast towards that lovely being, as his hope, his joy, his darling, his all in all, was thus removed, and in her place the horrid old Gruffanuff rushed up to his side, and once more shrieked out, "Justice, justice!"

"Won't you take that sum of money which Glumboso hid?" says Giglio; "two hundred and eighteen thousand millions, or thereabouts. It's a handsome sum."

"I will have that and you too!" says Gruffanuff.

"Let us throw the crown jewels into the bargain," gasps out Giglio.

"I will wear them by my Giglio's side!" says Gruffanuff.

"Will half, three-quarters, five-sixths, nineteen-twentieths, of my kingdom do, Countess?" asks the trembling monarch.

"What were all Europe to me without *you*, my Giglio?" cries Gruff, kissing his hand.

"I won't, I can't, I shan't,—I'll resign the crown first," shouts Giglio, tearing away his hand; but Gruff clung to it.

"I have a competency, my love," she says, "and with thee and a cottage thy Barbara will be happy."

Giglio was half mad with rage by this time. "I will not marry her," says he. "Oh, Fairy, Fairy, give me counsel?" And as he spoke he looked wildly round at the severe face of the Fairy Blackstick.

"Why is Fairy Blackstick always advising me, and warning me to keep my word? Does she suppose that I am not a man of honour?" said the Fairy, quoting Giglio's own haughty words. He quailed under the brightness of her eyes; he felt that there was no escape for him from that awful inquisition.

"Well, Archbishop," said he in a dreadful voice, that made his Grace start, "since this Fairy has led me to the height of happiness but to dash me down into the depths of despair, since I am to lose Rosalba, let me at least keep my honour. Get up, Countess, and let us be married; I can keep my word, but I can die afterwards."

"Oh, dear Giglio," cries Gruffanuff, skipping up, "I knew, I knew I could trust thee—I knew that my Prince

was the soul of honour. Jump into your carriages, ladies and gentlemen, and let us go to church at once; and as for dying, dear Giglio, no, no:—thou wilt forget that insignificant little chambermaid of a Queen—thou wilt live to be consoled by thy Barbara! She wishes to be a Queen, and not a Queen Dowager, my gracious Lord!” And hanging upon poor Giglio’s arm, and leering and grinning in his face in the most disgusting manner, this old wretch tripped off in her white satin shoes, and jumped into the very carriage which had been got ready to convey Giglio and Rosalba to church. The cannons roared again, the bells pealed triple-bobmajors, the people came out flinging flowers upon the path of the royal bride and bridegroom, and Gruff looked out of the gilt coach window and bowed and grinned to them. Phoo! the horrid old wretch!

XIX.

AND NOW WE COME TO THE LAST SCENE IN THE
PANTOMIME.

THE many ups and downs of her life had given the Princess Rosalba prodigious strength of mind, and that highly principled young woman presently recovered from her fainting-fit, out of which Fairy Blackstick, by a precious essence which the Fairy always carried in her pocket, awakened her. Instead of tearing her hair, crying, and bemoaning herself, and fainting again, as many young women would have done, Rosalba remembered that she owed an example of firmness to her subjects; and though she loved Giglio more than her life, was determined, as she told the Fairy, not to interfere between him and justice, or to cause him to break his royal word.

"I cannot marry him, but I shall love him always," says she to Blackstick; "I will go and be present at his marriage with the Countess, and sign the book, and wish them happy with all my heart. I will see, when I get home, whether I cannot make the new Queen some handsome presents. The Crim Tartary crown diamonds are uncommonly fine, and I shall never have any use for them. I will live and die unmarried like Queen Elizabeth, and, of course, I shall leave my crown to Giglio when I quit this world. Let us go and see them married, my dear Fairy, let me say one last farewell to him; and then, if you please, I will return to my own dominions."

So the Fairy kissed Rosalba with peculiar tenderness, and at once changed her wand into a very comfortable coach-and-four, with a steady coachman, and two respectable footmen behind, and the Fairy and Rosalba got into the coach, which Angelica and Bulbo entered after them. As for honest Bulbo, he was blubbering in the most pathetic manner, quite overcome by Rosalba's misfortune. She was touched by the honest fellow's sympathy, promised to restore to him the confiscated estates of Duke Padella his father, and created him, as he sat there in the coach, Prince, Highness, and First Grandee of the Crim Tartar

Empire. The coach moved on, and, being a fairy coach, soon came up with the bridal procession.

Before the ceremony at church it was the custom in Paflagonia, as it is in other countries, for the bride and bridegroom to sign the Contract of Marriage, which was to be witnessed by the Chancellor, Minister, Lord Mayor, and principal officers of state. Now, as the royal palace was being painted and furnished anew, it was not ready for the reception of the King and his bride, who proposed at first to take up their residence at the Prince's palace, that one which Valoroso occupied when Angelica was born, and before he usurped the throne.

So the marriage party drove up to the palace: the dignitaries got out of their carriages and stood aside: poor Rosalba stepped out of her coach, supported by Bulbo, and stood almost fainting up against the railings so as to have a last look of her dear Giglio. As for Blackstick, she, according to her custom, had flown out of the coach window in some inscrutable manner, and was now standing at the palace door.

Giglio came up the steps with his horrible bride on his arm, looking as pale as if he was going to execution. He only frowned at the Fairy Blackstick—he was angry with her, and thought she came to insult his misery.

"Get out of the way, pray," says Gruffanuff haughtily. "I wonder why you are always poking your nose into other people's affairs?"

"Are you determined to make this poor young man unhappy?" says Blackstick.

"To marry him, yes? What business is it of yours? Pray, madam, don't say 'you' to a Queen," cries Gruffanuff.

"You won't take the money he offered you?"

"No."

"You won't let him off his bargain, though you know you cheated him when you made him sign the paper?"

"Impudence! Policemen, remove this woman!" cries Gruffanuff. And the policemen were rushing forward, but with a wave of her wand the Fairy struck them all like so many statues in their places.

"You won't take anything in exchange for your bond, Mrs. Gruffanuff," cries the Fairy, with awful severity. "I speak for the last time."

"No!" shrieks Gruffanuff, stamping with her foot. "I'll have my husband, my husband, my husband!"

"YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR HUSBAND!" the Fairy Blackstick cried; and advancing a step, laid her hand upon the nose of the Knocker.

As she touched it, the brass nose seemed to elongate, the open mouth opened still wider, and uttered a roar which made everybody start. The eyes rolled wildly; the arms and legs uncurled themselves, writhed about, and seemed to lengthen with each twist; the knocker expanded into a figure in yellow livery, six feet high; the screws by which it was fixed to the door unloosed themselves, and Jenkins Gruffanuff once more trod the threshold off which he had been lifted more than twenty years ago!

"Master's not at home," says Jenkins, just in his old voice; and Mrs. Jenkins, giving a dreadful *youp*, fell down in a fit, in which nobody minded her.

For everybody was shouting, "Huzzay! huzzay!" "Hip, hip, hurray!" "Long live the King and Queen!" "Were such things ever seen?" "No, never, never, never!" "The Fairy Blackstick for ever!"

The bells were ringing double peals, the guns roaring and banging most prodigiously. Bulbo was embracing everybody; the Lord Chancellor was flinging up his wig and shouting like a madman; Hedzoff had got the Archbishop round the waist, and they were dancing a jig for joy; and as for Giglio, I leave you to imagine what *he* was doing, and if he kissed Rosalba once, twice—twenty thousand times, I'm sure I don't think he was wrong.

So Gruffanuff opened the hall door with a low bow, just as he had been accustomed to do, and they all went in and signed the book, and then they went to church and were married, and the Fairy Blackstick sailed away on her cane, and was never more heard of in Paflagonia.

AND HERE ENDS THE FIRESIDE PANTOMIME.

SKETCHES AND TRAVELS IN LONDON.

SKETCHES AND TRAVELS IN LONDON.

MR. BROWN'S LETTERS TO HIS NEPHEW.

It is with the greatest satisfaction, my dear Robert, that I have you as a neighbour within a couple of miles of me, and that I have seen you established comfortably in your chambers in Fig-Tree Court. The situation is not cheerful, it is true; and to clamber up three pairs of black creaking stairs, is an exercise not pleasant to a man who never cared for ascending mountains. Nor did the performance of the young barrister who lives under you—and, it appears, plays pretty constantly upon the French horn—give me any great pleasure, as I sate and partook of luncheon in your rooms. Your female attendant or laundress, too, struck me from her personal appearance to be a lady addicted to the use of ardent spirits; and the smell of tobacco, which you say some old college friends of yours had partaken on the night previous, was, I must say, not pleasant in the chambers, and I even thought might be remarked as lingering in your own morning-coat. However, I am an old fellow. The use of cigars has come in since my time (and, I must own, is adopted by many people of the first fashion), and these and other inconveniences are surmounted more gaily by young fellows like yourself, than by oldsters of my standing. It pleased me, however, to see the picture of the old house at home over the mantel-piece. Your college-prize books make a very good show in your book-cases; and I was glad to remark in the looking-glass the cards of both our excellent County members. The rooms, altogether, have a reputable appearance; and I hope, my dear fellow, that the Society of the Inner Temple will have a punctual tenant.

As you have now completed your academical studies, and

are about to commence your career in London, I propose, my dear Nephew, to give you a few hints for your guidance; which, although you have an undoubted genius of your own, yet come from a person who has had considerable personal experience, and I have no doubt would be useful to you if you did not disregard them, as, indeed, you will most probably do.

With your law studies it is not my duty to meddle. I have seen you established, one of six pupils in Mr. Tape-worm's Chambers in Pump Court, seated on a high-legged stool on a foggy day, with your back to a blazing fire. At your father's desire, I have paid a hundred guineas to that eminent special pleader, for the advantages which I have no doubt you will enjoy while seated on the high-legged stool in his back room, and rest contented with your mother's prediction that you will be Lord Chief Justice some day. May you prosper, my dear fellow! is all I desire. By the way, I should like to know what was the meaning of a pot of porter which entered your chambers as I issued from them at one o'clock, and trust that it was not *your* thirst which was to be quenched with such a beverage at such an hour.

It is not, then, with regard to your duties as a law-student that I have a desire to lecture you, but in respect of your pleasures, amusements, acquaintances, and general conduct and bearing as a young man of the world.

I will rush into the subject at once, and exemplify my morality in your own person. Why sir, for instance, do you wear that tuft to your chin, and those sham turquoise buttons to your waistcoat? A chin-tuft is a cheap enjoyment certainly, and the twiddling it about, as I see you do constantly, so as to show your lower teeth, a harmless amusement to fill up your vacuous hours. And as for waistcoat buttons, you will say, "Do not all the young men wear them, and what can I do but buy artificial turquoise, as I cannot afford to buy real stones?"

I take you up at once and show you why you ought to shave off your tip and give up the factitious jewellery. My dear Bob, in spite of us and all the Republicans in the world, there are ranks and degrees in life and society, and distinctions to be maintained by each man according to his rank and degree. You have no more right, as I take it, to sport an imperial on your chin than I have to wear a shovel-

hat with a rosette. I hold a tuft to a man's chin to be the centre of a system, so to speak, which ought all to correspond and be harmonious—the whole tune of a man's life ought to be played in that key.

Look, for instance, at Lord Hugo Fitzurse seated in the private box at the Lyceum, by the side of that beautiful creature with the black eyes and the magnificent point-lace, who you fancied was ogling you through her enormous spy-glasses. Lord Hugo has a tuft to his chin, certainly, his countenance grins with a perfect vacuity behind it, and his whiskers curl crisply round one of the handsomest and stupidest countenances in the world.

But just reckon up in your own mind what it costs him to keep up that simple ornament on his chin. Look at every article of that amiable and most gentleman-like—though, I own, foolish—young man's dress, and see how absurd it is of you to attempt to imitate him. Look at his hands (I have the young nobleman perfectly before my mind's eye now); the little hands are dangling over the cushion of the box gloved as tightly and delicately as a lady's. His wristbands are fastened up towards his elbows with jewellery. Gems and rubies meander down his pink shirt-front and waistcoat. He wears a watch with an apparatus of gineracks at his waistcoat pocket. He sits in a splendid side box, or he simpers out of the windows at White's, or you see him grinning out of a cab by the Serpentine—a lovely and costly picture, surrounded by a costly frame.

Whereas you and I, my good Bob, if we want to see a play, do not disdain an order from our friend the newspaper Editor, or to take a seat in the pit. Your watch is your father's old hunting-watch. When we go in the Park we go on foot, or at best get a horse up after Easter, and just show in Rotten Row. *We* shall never look out of White's bow-window. The amount of Lord Hugo's tailor's-bill would support you and your younger brother. His valet has as good an allowance as you, besides his perquisites of old clothes. You cannot afford to wear a dandy Lord's cast-off old clothes, neither to imitate those which he wears.

There is nothing disagreeable to me in the notion of a dandy any more than there is in the idea of a peacock, or a cameleopard, or a prodigious gaudy tulip, or an astonish-

ingly bright brocade. There are all sorts of animals, plants, and stuffs in Nature, from peacocks to tom-tits, and from cloth of gold to corduroy, whereof the variety is assuredly intended by Nature, and certainly adds to the zest of life. Therefore, I do not say that Lord Hugo is a useless being, or bestow the least contempt upon him. Nay, it is right gratifying and natural that he should be, and be as he is—handsome and graceful, splendid and perfumed, beautiful—whiskered and empty-headed, a sumptuous dandy, and man of fashion—and what you young men have denominated “A Swell.”

But a cheap Swell, my dear Robert (and that little chin ornament, as well as certain other indications which I have remarked in your simple nature, lead me to insist upon this matter rather strongly with you) is by no means a pleasing object for our observation, although he is presented to us so frequently. Try, my boy, and curb any little propensity which you may have to dresses that are too splendid for your station. You do not want light kid gloves and wristbands up to your elbows, copying out Mr. Tapeworm’s Pleas and Declarations: you will only blot them with lawyer’s ink over your desk, and they will impede your writing: whereas Lord Hugo may decorate his hands in any way he likes, because he has little else to do with them, but to drive cabs, or applaud dancing-girls’ pirouettes, or to handle a knife and fork or a toothpick as becomes the position in life which he fills in so distinguished a manner. To be sure, since the days of friend Æsop, Jackdaws have been held up to ridicule for wearing the plumes of birds to whom Nature has affixed more gaudy tails; but as Folly is constantly reproducing itself, so must Satire, and our honest *Mr. Punch* has but to repeat to the men of our generation, the lessons taught by the good-natured Hunch-back, his predecessor.

Shave off your tuft then, my boy, and send it to the girl of your heart as a token, if you like: and I pray you abolish the jewellery, towards which I clearly see you have a propensity. As you have a plain dinner at home, served comfortably on a clean table-cloth, and not a grand service of half-a-dozen *entrées*, such as we get at our County Members’ (and an uncommonly good dinner it is too), so let your dress be perfectly neat, polite, and cleanly, without any attempts at splendour. Magnificence

is the decency of the rich—but it cannot be purchased with half a guinea a day, which, when the rent of your chambers is paid, I take to be pretty nearly the amount of your worship's income. This point, I thought, was rather well illustrated the other day, in an otherwise silly and sentimental book which I looked over at the club, called the "Foggarty Diamond" (or by some such vulgar name). Somebody gives the hero, who is a poor fellow, a diamond pin: he is obliged to buy a new stock to set off the diamond, then a new waistcoat, to correspond with the stock, then a new coat, because the old one is too shabby for the rest of his attire:—finally, the poor devil is ruined by the diamond ornament, which he is forced to sell, as I would recommend you to sell your waistcoat studs, were they worth anything.

But as you have a good figure and a gentleman-like deportment, and as every young man likes to be well attired, and ought, for the sake of his own advantage and progress in life, to show himself to the best advantage, I shall take an early opportunity of addressing you on the subject of tailors and clothes, which, at least, merit a letter to themselves.

ON TAILORING—AND TOILETTES IN GENERAL.

NATURE, my dear Bob, has endowed you (as well as every member of our family) with considerable charms of person and figure, of which fact, although you are of course perfectly aware, yet, and equally of course, you have no objection to be reminded; and with these facial and corporeal endowments, a few words respecting dress and tailoring may not be out of place; for nothing is trivial in life, and everything to the philosopher has a meaning. As in the old joke about a pudding which has two sides, namely an inside and an outside, so a coat or a hat has its inside as well as its outside; I mean, that there is in a man's exterior appearance the consequence of his inward ways of thought, and a gentleman who dresses too grandly, or too absurdly, or too shabbily, has some oddity, or insanity, or meanness in his mind, which develops itself somehow outwardly in the fashion of his garments.

No man has a right to despise his dress in this world. There is no use in flinging any honest chance whatever

away. For instance, although a woman cannot be expected to know the particulars of a gentleman's dress, any more than we to be acquainted with the precise nomenclature, or proper cut of the various articles which those dear creatures wear; yet to what lady in a society of strangers do we feel ourselves most naturally inclined to address ourselves?—to her or those whose appearance pleases us; not to the gaudy, over-dressed Dowager or Miss:—nor to her whose clothes, though handsome, are put on in a slatternly manner, but to the person who looks neat, and trim, and elegant, and in whose person we fancy we see exhibited indications of a natural taste, order, and propriety. If Miss Smith in a rumpled gown, offends our eyesight, though we hear she is a young lady of great genius and considerable fortune, while Miss Jones in her trim and simple attire attracts our admiration; so must women, on their side, be attracted or repelled by the appearance of gentlemen into whose company they fall. If you are a tiger in appearance, you may naturally expect to frighten a delicate and timid female; if you are a sloven, to offend her: and as to be well with women, constitutes one of the chiefest happinesses of life; the object of my worthy Bob's special attention will naturally be, to neglect no precautions to win their favour.

Yes: a good face, a good address, a good dress, are each so many points in the game of life, of which every man of sense will avail himself. They help many a man more in his commerce with society than learning or genius. It is hard often to bring the former into a drawing-room: it is often too lumbering and unwieldy for any den but its own. And as a King Charles's spaniel can snooze before the fire, or frisk over the ottoman-cushions and on to the ladies' laps, when a Royal elephant would find a considerable difficulty in walking up the stairs, and subsequently in finding a seat; so a good manner and appearance will introduce you into many a house, where you might knock in vain for admission, with all the learning of Porson in your trunk.

It is not learning, it is not virtue, about which people inquire in society. It is manners. It no more profits me that my neighbour at table can construe Sanscrit and say the Encyclopædia by heart, than that he should possess half a million in the Bank (unless, indeed, he gives dinners; when, for reasons obvious, one's estimation of

him, or one's desire to please him, takes its rise in different sources), or that the lady whom I had down to dinner should be as virtuous as Cornelia or the late Mrs. Hannah More. What is wanted for the nonce is, that folks should be as agreeable as possible in conversation and demeanour; so that good humour may be said to be one of the very best articles of dress one can wear in society; the which to see exhibited in Lady X's honest face, let us say, is more pleasant to behold in a room, than the glitter of Lady Z's best diamonds. And yet, in point of virtue, the latter is, no doubt, a perfect dragon. But virtue is a home quality: manners are the coat it wears when it goes abroad.

Thus, then, my beloved Bob, I would have your dining-out suit handsome, neat, well-made, fitting you naturally and easily, and yet with a certain air of holiday about it, which should mark its destination. It is not because they thought their appearance was much improved by the ornament, that the ancient philosophers and toppers decorated their old pates with flowers (no wreath I know, would make some people's mugs beautiful; and I confess, for my part, I would as lief wear a horse-collar or a cotton night-cap in society, as a coronet of polyanthus or a garland of hyacinths):—it is not because a philosopher cares about dress that he wears it; but he wears his best as a sign of a feast, as a bush is the sign of an inn. You ought to mark a festival as a red-letter day, and you put on your broad and spotless white waistcoat, your finest linen, your shiniest boots, as much as to say, "It is a feast; here I am, clean, smart, ready with a good appetite, determined to enjoy."

You would not enjoy a feast if you came to it unshorn, in a draggled-tailed dressing-gown. You ought to be well dressed, and suitable to it. A very odd and wise man whom I once knew, and who had not (as far as one could outwardly judge) the least vanity about his personal appearance, used, I remember, to make a point of wearing in large Assemblies a most splendid gold or crimson waistcoat. He seemed to consider himself in the light of a walking bouquet of flowers, or a moveable chandelier. His waistcoat was a piece of furniture to decorate the rooms: as for any personal pride he took in the adornment, he had none: for the matter of that, he would have taken the garment off, and lent it to a waiter—but this Philosopher's maxim

was, that dress should be handsome upon handsome occasions—and I hope you will exhibit your own taste upon such. You don't suppose that people who entertain you so hospitably have four-and-twenty lights in the dining-room, and still and dry champagne every day?—or that my friend, Mrs. Perkins, puts her drawing-room door under her bed every night, when there is no ball? A young fellow must dress himself, as the host and hostess dress themselves, in an extra manner for extra nights. Enjoy, my boy, in honesty and manliness, the goods of this life. I would no more have you refuse to take your glass of wine, or to admire (always in honesty) a pretty girl, than dislike the smell of a rose, or turn away your eyes from a landscape. "*Neque tu choreas sperne, puer,*" as the dear old Heathen says: and, in order to dance, you must have proper pumps willing to spring and whirl lightly, and a clean pair of gloves, with which you can take your partner's pretty little hand.

As for particularising your dress, that were a task quite absurd and impertinent, considering that you are to wear it, and not I, and remembering the variations of fashion. When I was presented to H. R. H., the Prince Regent, in the uniform of the Hammersmith Hussars, viz., a yellow jacket, pink pantaloons, and silver lace, green morocco boots, and a light blue pelisse lined with ermine, the august Prince himself, the model of grace and elegance in his time, wore a coat of which the waist-buttons were placed between his Royal shoulder-blades, and which, if worn by a man now, would cause the boys to hoot him in Pall Mall, and be a uniform for Bedlam. If buttons continue their present downward progress, a man's waist may fall down to his heels next year, or work upwards to the nape of his neck after another revolution: who knows? Be it yours decently to conform to the custom, and leave your buttons in the hands of a good tailor, who will place them wherever fashion ordains. A few general rules, however, may be gently hinted to a young fellow who has perhaps a propensity to fall into certain errors.

Eschew violent sporting-dresses, such as one sees but too often in the parks and public places on the backs of misguided young men. There is no objection to an ostler wearing a particular costume, but it is a pity that a gentleman should imitate it. I have seen in like manner young

fellows at Cowes attired like the pictures we have of smugglers, buccaneers, and mariners in Adelphi melodramas. I would like my Bob to remember, that his business in life is neither to handle a curry-comb nor a marline-spike, and to fashion his habit accordingly.

If your hair or clothes do not smell of tobacco, as they sometimes it must be confessed do, you will not be less popular among ladies. And as no man is worth a fig, or can have real benevolence of character, or observe mankind properly, who does not like the society of modest and well-bred women; respect their prejudices in this matter, and if you must smoke, smoke in an old coat, and away from the ladies.

Avoid dressing-gowns; which argue dawdling, an unshorn chin, a lax toilet, and a general lazy and indolent habit at home. Begin your day with a clean conscience in every way. Cleanliness is honesty.* A man who shows but a clean face and hands is a rogue and hypocrite in society, and takes credit for a virtue which he does not possess. And of all the advances towards civilisation which our nation has made, and of most of which Mr. Macaulay treats so eloquently in his lately published History, as in his lecture to the Glasgow Students the other day, there is none which ought to give a philanthropist more pleasure, than to remark the great and increasing demand for bathtubs at the ironmongers; Zinc-Institutions, of which our ancestors had a lamentable ignorance.

And I hope that these institutions will be universal in our country before long, and that every decent man in England will be a Companion of the Most Honourable order of the Bath.

THE INFLUENCE OF LOVELY WOMAN UPON SOCIETY.

CONSTANTLY, my dear Bob, I have told you how refining is the influence of women upon society, and how profound our respect ought to be for them. Living in chambers as you do, my dear Nephew, and not of course liable to be

* *Note to the beloved Reader.*—This hint, dear Sir, is of course not intended to apply personally to *you*, who are scrupulously neat in your person; but when you look around you and see how many people neglect the use of that admirable cosmetic, cold water, you will see that a few words in its praise may be spoken with advantage.

amused by the constant society of an old Uncle, who moreover might be deucedly bored with your own conversation—I beseech and implore you to make a point of being intimate with one or two families where you can see kind and well-bred English ladies. I have seen women of all nations in the world, but I never saw the equals of English women (meaning of course to include our cousins the Mac Whirters of Glasgow, and the O'Tooles of Cork): and I pray sincerely, my boy, that you may always have a woman for a friend.

Try, then, and make yourself the *bienvenu* in some house where accomplished and amiable ladies are. Pass as much of your time as you can with them. Lose no opportunity of making yourself agreeable to them, run their errands; send them flowers and elegant little tokens; show a willingness to be pleased by their attentions, and to aid their little charming schemes of shopping or dancing, or this, or that. I say to you, make yourself a lady's man as much as ever you can.

It is oetter for you to pass an evening once or twice a week in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation is rather slow and you know the girls' songs by heart, than in a club, tavern, or smoking-room, or a pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth, to which virtuous women are not admitted, are, rely on it, deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions and are stupid, or have gross tastes and revolt against what is pure. Your Clubswaggerers who are sucking the butts of billiard-cues all night call female society insipid. Sir, poetry is insipid to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man: music does not please an unfortunate brute who does not know one tune from another—and, as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water-soucy and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night talking to a well-regulated kindly woman about her girl coming out, or her boy at Eton, and like the evening's entertainment.

One of the great benefits a young man may derive from women's society is, that he is bound to be respectful to them. The habit is of great good to your moral man, depend on it. Our education makes of us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we push for ourselves; we cut the best slices out of the joint at club-

dinners for ourselves; we yawn for ourselves and light our pipes, and say we won't go out: we prefer ourselves and our ease—and the greatest good that comes to a man from woman's society is, that he has to think of somebody besides himself—somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful. Certainly I don't want my dear Bob to associate with those of the other sex whom he doesn't and can't respect: that is worse than billiards: worse than tavern brandy-and-water: worse than smoking selfishness at home. But I vow I would rather see you turning over the leaves of Miss Fiddlecombe's music-book all night, than at billiards, or smoking, or brandy-and-water, or all three.

Remember, if a house is pleasant, and you like to remain in it, that to be well with the women of the house is the great, the vital point. If it is a good house, don't turn up your nose because you are only asked to come in the evening while others are invited to dine. Recollect the debts of dinners which an hospitable family has to pay; who are you that you should always be expecting to nestle under the mahogany? Agreeable acquaintances are made just as well in the drawing-room as in the dining-room. Go to tea brisk and good-humoured. Be determined to be pleased. Talk to a dowager. Take a hand at whist. If you are musical, and know a song, sing it like a man. Never sulk about dancing, but off with you. You will find your acquaintance enlarge. Mothers, pleased with your good humour, will probably ask you to Pocklington Square, to a little party. You will get on—you will form yourself a circle. You may marry a rich girl, or, at any rate, get the chance of seeing a number of the kind, and the pretty.

Many young men, who are more remarkable for their impudence and selfishness than their good sense, are fond of boastfully announcing that they decline going to evening parties at all, unless, indeed, such entertainments commence with a good dinner, and a quantity of claret.

I never saw my beautiful minded friend, Mrs. Y. Z., many times out of temper, but can quite pardon her indignation, when young Fred. Noodle, to whom the Y. Z.'s have been very kind, and who has appeared scores of times at their elegant table in Up—r B-k-r Street, announced, in an unlucky moment of flippancy, that he did not intend to go to evening parties any more.

What induced Fred. Noodle to utter this bravado I know not; whether it was that he has been puffed up by attentions from several Aldermen's families, with whom he has of late become acquainted, and among whom he gives himself the airs of a prodigious "swell"; but having made this speech one Sunday after Church, when he condescended to call in B-k-r Street, and show off his new gloves and waistcoat, and talked in a sufficiently dandified air about the opera (the wretched creature fancies that an eight-and-sixpenny pit ticket gives him the privileges of a man of fashion)—Noodle made his bow to the ladies, and strutted off to show his new yellow kids elsewhere.

"Matilda, my love, bring the Address Book," Mrs. Y. Z. said to her lovely eldest daughter, as soon as Noodle was gone, and the banging hall-door had closed upon the absurd youth. That graceful and obedient girl rose; went to the back drawing-room, on a table in which apartment the volume lay, and brought the book to her mama.

Mrs. Y. Z. turned to the letter N; and under that initial discovered the name of the young fellow who had just gone out. Noodle, F., 250, Jermyn Street, St. James's. She took a pen from the table before her, and with it deliberately crossed the name of Mr. Noodle out of her book. Matilda looked at Eliza, who stood by in silent awe. The sweet eldest girl, who has a kind feeling towards every soul alive, then looked towards her mother with expostulating eyes, and said, "O mama!" Dear, dear Eliza! I love all pitiful hearts like thine.

But Mrs. Y. Z. was in no mood to be merciful, and gave way to a natural indignation and feeling of outraged justice.

"What business has that young man to tell me," she exclaimed, "that he declines going to evening parties, when he knows that after Easter we have one or two? Has he not met with constant hospitality here since Mr. Y. Z. brought him home from the Club? Has he such *beaux yeux*! or, has he so much wit? or, is he a man of so much note, that his company at a dinner-table becomes indispensable? He is nobody; he is not handsome; he is not clever; he never opens his mouth except to drink your Papa's claret; and he declines evening parties forsooth!—Mind children, he is never invited into this house again."

When Y. Z. now meets young Noodle at the Club, that

kind, but feeble-minded old gentleman covers up his face with the newspaper, so as not to be seen by Noodle; or sidles away with his face to the book-cases, and lurks off by the door. The other day, they met on the steps, when the wretched Noodle, driven *aux abois*, actually had the meanness to ask how Mrs. Y. Z. was? The Colonel (for such he is, and of the Bombay service, too) said,—“My wife? O!—hum!—I’m sorry to say Mrs. Y. Z. has been very poorly indeed, lately, very poorly; and confined to her room. God bless my soul! I’ve an appointment at the India House, and it’s past two o’clock”—and he fled.

I had the malicious satisfaction of describing to Noodle the most sumptuous dinner which Y. Z. had given the day before, at which there was a Lord present, a Foreign Minister, with his Orders, two Generals with Stars; and every luxury of the season; but at the end of our conversation, seeing the effect it had upon the poor youth, and how miserably he was cast down, I told him the truth, viz., that the above story was a hoax, and that if he wanted to get into Mrs. Y. Z.’s good graces again, his best plan was to go to Lady Flack’s party, where I knew the Miss Y. Z.’s would be, and dance with them all night.

Yes, my dear Bob, you boys must pay with your persons, however lazy you may be—however much inclined to smoke at the Club, or to lie there and read the last delicious new novel; or averse to going home to a dreadful black set of chambers, where there is no fire; and at ten o’clock at night creeping shuddering into your ball suit, in order to go forth to an evening party.

The dressing, the clean gloves, and cab-hire, are nuisances, I grant you. The idea of a party itself is a bore, but you must go. When you are at the party, it is not so stupid; there is always something pleasant for the eye and attention of an observant man. There is a bustling Dowager wheedling and manœuvring to get proper partners for her girls; there is a pretty girl enjoying herself with all her heart, and in all the pride of her beauty, than which I know no more charming object; there is poor Miss Meggot, lonely up against the wall, whom nobody asks to dance, and with whom it is your bounden duty to waltz. There is always something to see or do, when you are there; and to evening parties I say you must go.

Perhaps I speak with the ease of an old fellow who is

out of the business, and beholds you from afar off. My dear boy, they don't want *us* at evening parties. A stout, bald-headed man dancing, is a melancholy object to himself in the looking-glass opposite, and there are duties and pleasures of all ages. Once, Heaven help us, and only once, upon my honour, and I say so as a gentleman, some boys seized upon me and carried me to the Casino, where, forthwith, they found acquaintances and partners, and went whirling away in the double-timed waltz (it is an abominable dance to me—I am an old foggy) along with hundreds more. I caught sight of a face in the crowd—the most blank, melancholy, and dreary old visage it was—my own face in the glass—there was no use in my being there. *Canities adest morosa*—no, not *morosa*—but, in fine, I had no business in the place, and so came away.

I saw enough of that Casino, however, to show to me that—but my paper is full, and on the subject of women I have more things to say, which might fill many hundred more pages.

SOME MORE WORDS ABOUT THE LADIES.

PERMIT me to continue, my dear Bob, our remarks about women, and their influence over you young fellows—an influence so vast, for good or for evil.

I have, as you pretty well know, an immense sum of money in the Three per Cents., the possession of which does not, I think, decrease your respect for my character, and of which at my demise you will possibly have your share. But if I ever hear of you as a Casino hunter, as a frequenter of Races and Greenwich Fairs, and such amusements, in questionable company, I give you my honour you shall benefit by no legacy of mine, and I will divide the portion that was, and is, I hope, to be yours, amongst your sisters.

Think, sir, of what they are, and of your mother at home, spotless and pious, loving and pure, and shape your own course so as to be worthy of them. Would you do anything to give them pain? Would you say anything that should bring a blush to their fair cheeks, or shock their gentle natures? At the Royal Academy Exhibition last year, when that great stupid, dandified donkey, Captain Grigg, in company with the other vulgar oaf, Mr.

Gowker, ventured to stare in rather an insolent manner, at your pretty little sister Fanny, who had come blushing from Miss Pinkerton's Academy, I saw how your honest face flushed up with indignation, as you caught a sight of the hideous grins and ogles of those two ruffians in varnished boots; and your eyes flashed out at them glances of defiance and warning so savage and terrible, that the discomfited wretches turned wisely upon their heels, and did not care to face such a resolute young champion as Bob Brown. What is it that makes all your blood tingle, and fills all your heart with a vague and fierce desire to thrash somebody, when the idea of the possibility of an insult to that fair creature enters your mind? You can't bear to think that injury should be done to a being so sacred, so innocent, and so defenceless. You would do battle with a Goliath in her cause. Your sword would leap from its scabbard (that is, if you gentlemen from Pump Court wore swords and scabbards at the present period of time) to avenge or defend her.

Respect all beauty, all innocence, my dear Bob; defend all defencelessness in your sister, as in the sisters of other men. We have all heard the story of the Gentleman of the last century, who, when a crowd of young bucks and bloods in the Crush-room of the Opera were laughing and elbowing an old lady there—an old lady, lonely, ugly, and unprotected—went up to her respectfully and offered her his arm, took her down to his own carriage which was in waiting, and walked home himself in the rain,—and twenty years afterwards had ten thousand a-year left him by this very old lady, as a reward for that one act of politeness. We have all heard that story; nor do I think it is probable that you will have ten thousand-a-year left to you for being polite to a woman: but I say, be polite, at any rate. Be respectful to every woman. A manly and generous heart can be no otherwise; as a man would be gentle with a child, or take off his hat in a church.

I would have you apply this principle universally towards women—from the finest lady of your acquaintance down to the laundress who sets your chambers in order. It may safely be asserted that the persons who joke with servants or barmaids at lodgings, are not men of a high intellectual or moral capacity. To chuck a still-room maid under the chin, or to send off Molly the cook grinning, are

not, to say the least of them, dignified acts in any gentleman. The butcher-boy who brings the leg of mutton to Molly, may converse with her over the area-railings; or the youthful grocer may exchange a few jocular remarks with Betty at the door as he hands in to her the tea and sugar; but not you. We must live according to our degree. I hint this to you, sir, by the way, and because the other night as I was standing on the drawing-room landing-place, taking leave of our friends Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax, after a very agreeable dinner, I heard a giggling in the hall, where you were putting on your coat, and where that uncommonly good-looking parlour-maid was opening the door. And here, whilst on this subject, and whilst Mrs. Betty is helping you on with your coat, I would say, respecting your commerce with friends' servants and your own; be thankful to them, and they will be grateful to you in return, depend upon it. Let the young fellow who lives in lodgings respect the poor little maid who does the wondrous work of the house, and not send her on too many errands, or ply his bell needlessly: if you visit any of your comrades in such circumstances, be you, too, respectful and kind in your tone to the poor little Abigail. If you frequent houses, as I hope you will, where are many good fellows and amiable ladies who cannot afford to have their doors opened or their tables attended by men, pray be particularly courteous (though by no means so marked in your attentions as on the occasion of the dinner at Mr. Fairfax's to which I have just alluded) to the women-servants. Thank them when they serve you. Give them a half-crown now and then, nay, as often as your means will permit. Those small gratuities make but a small sum in your year's expenses, and it may be said that the practice of giving them never impoverished a man yet: and on the other hand they give a deal of innocent happiness to a very worthy, active, kind set of folks.

But let us hasten from the hall-door to the drawing-room, where Fortune has cast your lot in life: I want to explain to you why I am so anxious that you should devote yourself to that amiable lady who sits in it. Sir, I do not mean to tell you that there are no women in the world, vulgar, and ill-humoured, rancorous and narrow-minded, mean schemers, son-in-law hunters, slaves of fashion, hypocrites; but I do respect, admire, and almost worship good women;

and I think there is a very fair number of such to be found in this world, and I have no doubt, in every educated Englishman's circle of society, whether he finds that circle in palaces in Belgravia and May Fair, in snug little suburban villas, in ancient comfortable old Bloomsbury, or in back parlours behind the shop. It has been my fortune to meet with excellent English ladies in every one of these places—wives graceful and affectionate, matrons tender and good, daughters happy and pure-minded, and I urge the society of such to you, because I defy you to think evil in their company. Walk into the drawing-room of Lady Z., that great lady: look at her charming face, and hear her voice. You know that she can't but be good, with such a face and such a voice. She is one of those fortunate beings on whom it has pleased heaven to bestow all sorts of its most precious gifts and richest worldly favours. With what grace she receives you; with what a frank kindness and natural sweetness and dignity! Her looks, her motions, her words, her thoughts, all seem to be beautiful and harmonious quite. See her with her children, what woman can be more simple and loving? After you have talked to her for a while, you very likely find that she is ten times as well read as you are: she has a hundred accomplishments which she is not in the least anxious to show off, and makes no more account of them than of her diamonds, or of the splendour round about her—to all of which she is born, and has a happy, admirable claim of nature and possession—admirable and happy for her and for us too; for is it not a happiness for us to admire her? Does anybody grudge her excellence to that paragon? Sir, we may be thankful to be admitted to contemplate such consummate goodness and beauty: and as in looking at a fine landscape or a fine work of Art, every generous heart must be delighted and improved, and ought to feel grateful afterwards, so one may feel charmed and thankful for having the opportunity of knowing an almost perfect woman. Madam, if the gout and the custom of the world permitted, I would kneel down and kiss the hem of your ladyship's robe. To see your gracious face is a comfort—to see you walk to your carriage is a holiday. Drive her faithfully, O thou silver-wigged coachman! drive to all sorts of splendours and honours and Royal festivals. And for us, let us be glad that we should have the privilege to admire her.

Now, transport yourself in spirit, my good Bob, into another drawing-room. There sits an old lady of more than four-score years, serene and kind, and as beautiful in her age now, as in her youth, when History toasted her? What has she not seen, and is she not ready to tell? All the fame and wit, all the rank and beauty, of more than half a century, have passed through those rooms where you have the honour of making your best bow. She is as simple now as if she had never had any flattery to dazzle her: she is never tired of being pleased and being kind. Can that have been anything but a good life which after more than eighty years of it are spent, is so calm? Could she look to the end of it so cheerfully, if its long course had not been pure? Respect her, I say, for being so happy, now that she is old. We do not know what goodness and charity, what affections, what trials, may have gone to make that charming sweetness of temper, and complete that perfect manner. But if we do not admire and reverence such an old age as that, and get good from contemplating it, what are we to respect and admire?

Or shall we walk through the shop (while N. is recommending a tall copy to an amateur, or folding up a two-pennyworth of letter-paper, and bowing to a poor customer in a jacket and apron with just as much respectful gravity as he would show while waiting upon a Duke,) and see Mrs. N. playing with the child in the back parlour until N. shall come in to tea? They drink tea at five o'clock; and are actually as well-bred as those gentlefolks who dine three hours later. Or will you please to step into Mrs. J.'s lodgings, who is waiting, and at work, until her husband comes home from Chambers? She blushes and puts the work away on hearing the knock, but when she sees who the visitor is, she takes it with a smile from behind the sofa cushion, and behold, it is one of J.'s waistcoats on which she is sewing buttons. She might have been a Countess blazing in diamonds, had Fate so willed it, and the higher her station the more she would have adorned it. But she looks as charming while plying her needle, as the great lady in the palace whose equal she is,—in beauty, in goodness, in highbred grace and simplicity: at least, I can't fancy her better, or any Peeress being more than her peer.

And it is with this sort of people, my dear Bob, that I

recommend you to consort, if you can be so lucky as to meet with their society—nor do I think you are very likely to find many such at the Casino; or in the dancing-booths of Greenwich Fair on this present Easter Monday.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

CHOICE of friends, my dear Robert, is a point upon which every man about town should be instructed, as he should be careful. And as example, they say, is sometimes better than precept, and at the risk even of appearing somewhat ludicrous in your eyes, I will narrate to you an adventure which happened to myself, which is at once ridiculous and melancholy (at least to me), and which will show you how a man, not imprudent or incautious of his own nature, may be made to suffer by the imprudent selection of a friend. Attend then, my dear Bob, to “the History of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.”

Sir,—In the year 1810, I was a jolly young Bachelor, as you are now (indeed, it was three years before I married your poor dear Aunt); I had a place in the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office; I had Chambers in Pump Court, *au troisième*, and led a not uncomfortable life there. I was a free and gay young fellow in those days, (however much, sir, you may doubt the assertion, and think that I am changed,) and not so particular in my choice of friends as subsequent experience has led me to be.

There lived in the set of Chambers opposite to mine, a Suffolk gentleman, of good family, whom I shall call Mr. Bludyer. Our boys or clerks first made acquaintance, and did each other mutual kind offices: borrowing for their respective masters' benefit, neither of whom was too richly provided with the world's goods, coals, blacking-brushes, crockery-ware, and the like; and our forks and spoons, if either of us had an entertainment in Chambers. As I learned presently that Mr. Bludyer had been educated at Oxford, and heard that his elder brother was a gentleman of good estate and reputation in his country, I could have no objection to make his acquaintance, and accepted finally his invitation to meet a large game-pie which he had brought with him from the country, and I recollect I lent my own silver tea-pot, which figured handsomely on the

occasion. It is the same one which I presented to you, when you took possession of your present apartments.

Mr. Bludyer was a sporting man: it was the custom in those days with many gentlemen to dress as much like coachmen as possible; in top-boots, huge white coats with capes, Belcher neckerchiefs, and the like adornments; and at the tables of bachelors of the very first fashion, you would meet with prize-fighters and jockeys, and hear a great deal about the prize-ring, the cock-pit, and the odds. I remember my Lord Tilbury was present at this breakfast (who afterwards lamentably broke his neck in a steeple-chase, by which the noble family became extinct), and for some time I confounded his Lordship with Dutch Sam, who was also of the party, and, indeed, not unlike the noble Viscount in dress and manner.

My acquaintance with Mr. Bludyer ripened into a sort of friendship. He was perfectly good-natured, and not ill-bred; and his jovial spirits and roaring stories amused a man who, though always of a peaceful turn, had no dislike to cheerful companions. We used to dine together about at coffee-houses, for Clubs were scarcely invented in those days, except for the aristocracy; and, in fine, were very intimate. Bludyer, a brave and athletic man, would often give a loose to his spirits of an evening, and mill a Charley or two, as the phrase then was. The young bloods of those days thought it was no harm to spend a night in the watch-house, and I assure you it has accommodated a deal of good company. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* In our own days, my good Bob, a station-house bench is not the bed for a gentleman.

I was at this time (and deservedly so, for I had been very kind to her, and my elder brother, your father, neglected her considerably) the favourite nephew of your Grand-Aunt, my Aunt, Mrs. General Mac Whirter, who was left a very handsome fortune by the General, and to whom I do not scruple to confess I paid every attention to which her age, her sex, and her large income entitled her. I used to take sweetmeats to her poodle. I went and drank tea with her night after night. I accompanied her Sunday after Sunday to hear the Rev. Rowland Hill, at the Rotunda Chapel, over Blackfriars Bridge, and I used to read many of the tracts with which she liberally supplied me—in fact, do everything to comfort and console a lady

of peculiar opinions and habits who had a large jointure. Your father used to say I was a sneak, but he was then a boisterous young Squire; and perhaps we were not particularly good friends.

Well, sir; my dear Aunt, Mrs. General Mac Whirter, made me her chief confidant. I regulated her money matters for her and acted with her bankers and lawyers; and as she always spoke of your father as a reprobate, I had every reason to suppose I should inherit the property, the main part of which passed to another branch of the Browns. I do not grudge it, Bob: I do not grudge it. Your family is large; and I have enough from my poor dear departed wife.

Now it so happened, that in June, 1811,—I recollect the Comet was blazing furiously at the time, and Mrs. Mac Whirter was of opinion that the world was at an end—Mr. Bludyer, who was having his Chambers in Pump Court painted, asked permission to occupy mine, where he wished to give a lunch to some people whom he was desirous to entertain. Thinking no harm, of course I said yes; and I went to my desk at the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office, at my usual hour, giving instructions to my boy to make Mr. Bludyer's friends comfortable.

As ill luck would have it, on that accursed Friday, Mrs. Mac Whirter, who had never been up my staircase before in her life (for your dear Grand-Aunt was large in person, and the apoplexy, which carried her off soon after, menaced her always), having some very particular business with her solicitors in Middle Temple Lane, and being anxious to consult me about a mortgage, actually mounted my stairs, and opened the door on which she saw written the name of Mr. Thomas Brown. She was a peculiar woman, I have said, attached to glaring colours in her dress, and from her long residence in India, seldom without a set of costly Birds of Paradise in her bonnet, and a splendid Cashmere shawl.

Fancy her astonishment then, on entering my apartments at three o'clock in the afternoon, to be assailed in the first place by a strong smell of tobacco-smoke which pervaded the passage, and by a wild and ferocious bull-dog which flew at her on entering my sitting-room!

This bull-dog, sir, doubtless attracted by the brilliant colours of her costume, seized upon her, and pinned her

down, screaming, so that her voice drowned that of Bludyer himself, who was sitting on the table bellowing "*A South-erly wind and a Cloudy Sky proclaim a hunting Morning*"—or some such ribald trash: and the brutal owner of the dog (who was no other than the famous Mulatto boxer, Norroy, called the "Black Prince" in the odious language of the Fancy) and who was inebriated doubtless at the moment, encouraged his dog in the assault upon this defenceless lady, and laughed at the agonies which she endured.

Mr. Bludyer, the black man, and one or two more, were arranging a fight on Mousley Hurst, when my poor Aunt made her appearance among these vulgar wretches. Although it was but three o'clock, they had sent for gin-and-water to a neighbouring tavern, and the glasses sparkled on the board,—to use a verse from a Bacchanalian song which I well remember Mr. Bludyer used to yell forth—when I myself arrived from my Office at my usual hour, half-past three. The black fellow, and young Captain Cavendish of the Guards, were the smokers; and it appears, that at first all the gentlemen screamed with laughter; some of them called my Aunt an "old girl;" and it was not until she had nearly fainted that the filthy Mulatto called the dog off from the flounce of her yellow gown of which he had hold.

When this poor victim of vulgarity asked with a scream—Where was her nephew? new roars of laughter broke out from the coarse gin-drinkers. "It's the old woman whom he goes to meeting with," cried out Bludyer. "Come away, boys;" and he led his brutalised crew out of my Chambers into his own, where they finished, no doubt, their arrangements about the fight.

Sir, when I came home at my usual hour of half-past three, I found Mrs. Mac Whirter in hysterics upon my sofa—the pipes were lying about—the tin dish covers—the cold kidneys—the tavern cruet-stands, and wretched remnants of the orgy were in disorder on the table-cloth, stained with beer. Seeing her fainting, I wildly bade my boy to open the window, and seizing a glass of water which was on the table, I presented it to her lips.—It was gin-and-water, which I proffered to that poor lady.

She started up with a scream, which terrified me as I upset the glass: and with empurpled features and a voice quivering and choking with anger, she vowed she would



. . . "And bade him be a witness to my innocence."
—*Sketches and Travels*, p. 565.

never forgive me. In vain I pleaded that I was ignorant of the whole of these disgraceful transactions. I went down on my knees to her, and begged her to be pacified; I called my boy, and bade him be a witness to my innocence; the impudent young fiend burst out laughing in my face, and I kicked him down stairs as soon as she was gone: for go she did directly to her carriage, which was in waiting in Middle Temple Lane, and to which I followed her with tears in my eyes, amidst a crowd of jeering barristers' boys and Temple porters. But she pulled up the window in my face, and would no more come back to me than Eurydice would to Orpheus.

If I grow pathetic over this story, my dear Bob, have I not reason? Your Great-Aunt left thirty thousand pounds to your family, and the remainder to the Missionaries, and it is a curious proof of the inconsistency of women, that she, a serious person, said on her death-bed that she would have left her money to me, if I had called out Mr. Bludyer, who insulted her, and with whom I certainly would have exchanged shots, had I thought that Mrs. Mac Whirter would have encouraged any such murder.

My wishes, dear Bob, are moderate. Your Aunt left me a handsome competency—and, I repeat, I do not grudge my brother George the money. Nor is it probable that such a calamity can happen again to any one of our family—that would be too great misfortune. But I tell you the tale, because at least it shows you how important good company is, and that a young man about town should beware of his friends as well as of his enemies.

We will pursue the subject of friends generally in a future letter, and I am meanwhile, my dear Bob, always

Your Affectionate Uncle.

MR. BROWN THE ELDER TAKES MR. BROWN THE YOUNGER TO A CLUB.

SUPPOSING that my dear Bobby would scarcely consider himself to be an accomplished man about town, until he had obtained an entrance into a respectable Club; I am happy to inform you, that you are this day elected a Member of the Polyanthus, having been proposed by my friend, Lord Viscount Colchicum, and seconded by your affection-

ate uncle. I have settled with Mr. Stiff, the worthy Secretary, the preliminary pecuniary arrangements regarding the entrance fee and the first annual subscription—the ensuing payments I shall leave to my worthy nephew.

You were elected, sir, with but two black balls; and every other man who was put up for ballot had four, with the exception of Tom Harico, who had more black beans than white. Do not, however, be puffed up by this victory, and fancy yourself more popular than other men. Indeed I don't mind telling you (but, of course, I do not wish it to go any further,) that Captain Slyboots and I, having suspicions of the Meeting, popped a couple of adverse balls into the other candidates' boxes; so that, at least, you should, in case of mishap, not be unaccompanied in ill fortune.

Now then, that you are a member of the Polyanthus, I trust you will comport yourself with propriety in the place: and permit me to offer you a few hints with regard to your bearing.

We are not so stiff at the Polyanthus as at some clubs I could name—and a good deal of decent intimacy takes place amongst us.—Do not therefore enter the club, as I have seen men do at the Chokers (of which I am also a member), with your eyes scowling under your hat at your neighbour, and with an expression of countenance which seems to say, “Hang your impudence, sir. How dare you stare at *me*?” Banish that absurd dignity and swagger, which do not at all become your youthful countenance, my dear Bob, and let us walk up the steps and into the place.—See, old Noseworthy is in the bow-window reading the paper—He is always in the bow-window reading the paper.

We pass by the worthy porter, and alert pages—a fifteen-hundredth part of each of whom is henceforth your paid-for property—and you see he takes down your name as Mr. R. Brown, Junior, and will know you and be civil to you until death—Ha, there is Jawkins, as usual; he has nailed poor Styles up against a pillar, and is telling him what the opinion of the City is about George Hudson, Esq., and when Sir Robert will take the government. How d'you do, Jawkins?—Satisfactory news from India? Gilbert to be made Baron Gilbert of Goojerat? Indeed, I don't introduce you to Jawkins, my poor Bob; he will do that for

himself, and you will have quite enough of him, before many days are over.

Those three gentlemen sitting on the sofa are from our beloved sister island; they come here every day, and wait for the Honourable Member for Ballinacree, who is at present in the writing-room.

I have remarked, in London, however, that every Irish gentleman is accompanied by other Irish gentlemen, who wait for him as here, or at the corner of the street. These are waiting until the Honourable Member for Ballinacree can get them three places, in the Excise, in the Customs, and a little thing in the Post Office, no doubt. One of them sends home a tremendous account of parties and politics here, which appears in the Ballinacree *Banner*. He knows everything. He has just been closeted with Peel, and can vouch for it that Clarendon has been sent for. He knows who wrote the famous pamphlet, "Ways and Means for Ireland,"—all the secrets of the present Cabinet, the designs of Sir James Graham. How Lord John can live under those articles which he writes in the *Banner* is a miracle to me! I hope he will get that little thing in the Post Office soon.

This is the newspaper-room—enter the Porter with the evening papers—what a rush the men make for them! Do you want to see one? Here is the *Standard*—nice article about the Starling Club—very pleasant, candid, gentleman-like notice—Club composed of clergymen, atheists, authors, and artists. Their chief conversation is blasphemy: they have statues of Socrates and Mahomet on the centre-piece of the dinner table, take every opportunity of being disrespectful to Moses, and a dignified clergyman always proposes the Glorious, Pious, and Immortal Memory of Confucius. Grace is said backwards, and the Catechism treated with the most irreverent ribaldry by the comic authors and the general company.—Are these men to be allowed to meet, and their horrid orgies to continue? Have you had enough?—let us go into the other rooms.

What a calm and pleasant seclusion the library presents after the bawl and bustle of the newspaper-room! There is never any body here. English gentlemen get up such a prodigious quantity of knowledge in their early life, that they leave off reading soon after they begin to shave, or never look at anything but a newspaper. How pleasant

this room is,—isn't it? with its sober draperies, and long calm lines of peaceful volumes—nothing to interrupt the quiet—only the melody of Horner's nose as he lies asleep upon one of the sofas. What is he reading? Hah! "Pendennis," No. VII.—hum, let us pass on. Have you read "David Copperfield," by the way? How beautiful it is—how charmingly fresh and simple! In those admirable touches of tender humour—and I should call humour, Bob, a mixture of love and wit—who can equal this great genius? There are little words and phrases in his books which are like personal benefits to the reader. What a place it is to hold in the affections of men! What an awful responsibility hanging over a writer! What man holding such a place, and knowing that his words go forth to vast congregations of mankind,—to grown folks—to their children, and perhaps to their children's children,—but must think of his calling with a solemn and humble heart! May love and truth guide such a man always! It is an awful prayer; may heaven further its fulfilment! And then, Bob, let the *Record* revile him—See, here's Horner waking up—How do you do, Horner?

This neighbouring room, which is almost as quiet as the library, is the card-room, you see. There are always three or four devotees assembled in it; and the lamps are scarcely ever out in this Temple of Trumps.

I admire, as I see them, my dear Bobby, grave and silent at these little green tables, not moved outwardly by grief or pleasure at losing or winning, but calmly pursuing their game (as that pursuit is called, which is in fact the most elaborate science and study) at noon-day, entirely absorbed, and philosophically indifferent to the bustle and turmoil of the enormous working world without. Disraeli may make his best speech; the Hungarians may march into Vienna; the Protectionists come in; Louis-Philippe be restored; or the Thames set on fire; and Colonel Pam. and Mr. Trumpington will never leave their table, so engaging is their occupation at it. The turning up of an ace is of more interest to them than all the affairs of all the world besides—and so they will go on until Death summons them, and their last trump is played.

It is curious to think that a century ago almost all gentlemen, soldiers, statesmen, men of science, and divines, passed hours at play every day; as our grandmothers did

likewise. The poor old kings and queens must feel the desertion now, and deplore the present small number of their worshippers, as compared to the myriads of faithful subjects who served them in past times.

I do not say that other folks' pursuits are much more or less futile; but fancy a life such as that of the Colonel—eight or nine hours of sleep, eight of trumps, and the rest for business, reading, exercise, and domestic duty or affection (to be sure he's most likely a bachelor, so that the latter offices do not occupy him much)—fancy such a life, and at its conclusion at the age of seventy-five, the worthy gentleman being able to say, I have spent twenty-five years of my existence turning up trumps.

With Trumpington matters are different. Whist is a profession with him, just as much as Law is yours. He makes the deepest study of it—he makes every sacrifice to his pursuit: he may be fond of wine and company, but he eschews both, to keep his head cool and play his rubber. He is a man of good parts, and was once well-read, as you see by his conversation when he is away from the table, but he gives up reading for play—and knows that to play well a man must play every day. He makes three or four hundred a year by his Whist, and well he may—with his brains, and half his industry, he could make a larger income at any other profession.

In a game with these two gentlemen, the one who has been actually seated at that card table for a term as long as your whole life, the other who is known as a consummate practitioner, do you think it is likely you will come off a winner? The state of your fortune is your look-out, not theirs. They are there at their posts—like knights—ready to meet all comers. If you choose to engage them, sit down. They will, with the most perfect probity, calmness, and elegance of manner, win and win of you until they have won every shilling of a fortune, when they will make you a bow, and wish you good morning. You may go and drown yourself afterwards—it is not their business. Their business is to be present in that room, and to play cards with you or anybody. When you are done with—*Bonjour*. My dear Colonel, let me introduce you to a new member, my nephew, Mr. Robert Brown.

The other two men at the table are the Honourable G. Windgall, and Mr. Chanter: perhaps you have not heard

that the one made rather a queer settlement at the last Derby; and the other has just issued from one of her Majesty's establishments in St. George's Fields.

Either of these gentlemen is perfectly affable, good-natured, and easy of access—and will cut you for halfcrowns if you like, or play you at any game on the cards. They descend from their broughams or from horseback at the club-door with the most splendid air, and they feast upon the best dishes and wines in the place.

But do you think it advisable to play cards with them? Which know the games best—you or they? Which is most likely—we will not say to play foul—but to take certain little advantages in the game which their consummate experience teaches them—you or they? Finally, is it a matter of perfect certainty, if you won, that they would pay you?

Let us leave these gentlemen, my dear Bob, and go through the rest of the house.

From the library we proceed to the carved and gilded drawing-room of the Club, the damask hangings of which are embroidered with our lovely emblem, the Polyanthus, and which is fitted with a perfectly unintelligible splendour. Sardanapalus, if he had pawned one of his kingdoms, could not have had such mirrors as one of those in which I see my dear Bob admiring the tie of his cravat with such complacency, and I am sure I cannot comprehend why Smith and Brown should have their persons reflected in such vast sheets of quicksilver; or why, if we have a mind to a sixpenny cup of tea and muffins, when we come in with muddy boots from a dirty walk, those refreshments should be served to us as we occupy a sofa much more splendid, and far better stuffed, than any Louis Quatorze ever sate upon. I want a sofa, as I want a friend, upon which I can repose, familiarly. If you can't have intimate terms and freedom with one and the other, they are of no good. A full-dress Club, is an absurdity—and no man ought to come into this room except in a uniform or court suit. I daren't put my feet on yonder sofa for fear of sullyng the damask, or, worse still, for fear that Hicks the Committee-man should pass, and spy out my sacrilegious boots on the cushion.

We pass through these double-doors, and enter rooms of a very different character.

By the faint and sickly odour pervading this apartment, by the opened windows, by the circular stains upon the marble tables, which indicate the presence of brandies-and-waters long passed into the world of Spirits, my dear Bob will have no difficulty in recognising the smoking-room, where I dare say he will pass a good deal of his valuable time henceforth.

If I could recommend a sure way of advancement and profit to a young man about town, it would be, after he has come away from a friend's house and dinner, where he has to a surety had more than enough of claret and good things, when he ought to be going to bed at midnight, so that he might rise fresh and early for his morning's work, to stop, nevertheless, for a couple of hours at the Club, and smoke in this room and tiddle weak brandy-and-water.

By a perseverance in this system, you may get a number of advantages. By sitting up till 3 of a summer morning, you have the advantage of seeing the sun rise, and as you walk home to Pump Court, can mark the quiet of the streets in the rosy glimmer of the dawn. You can easily spend in that smoking-room (as for the billiard-room adjacent, how much more can't you get rid of there), and without any inconvenience or extravagance whatever, enough money to keep you a horse. Three or four cigars when you are in the Club, your case filled when you are going away, a couple of glasses of very weak Cognac and cold water, will cost you sixty pounds a year, as sure as your name is Bob Brown. And as for the smoking and tipping, plus billiards, they may be made to cost anything.

And then you have the advantage of hearing such delightful and instructive conversation in a Club smoking-room, between the hours of 12 and 3! Men who frequent that place at that hour are commonly men of studious habits and philosophical and reflective minds, to whose opinions it is pleasant and profitable to listen. They are full of anecdotes, which are always moral and well-chosen; their talk is never free, or on light subjects. I have one or two old smoking-room pillars in my eye now, who would be perfect models for any young gentleman entering life, and to whom a father could not do better than intrust the education of his son.

To drop the satirical vein, my dear Bob, I am compelled as a man to say my opinion, that the best thing you can do

with regard to that smoking-room is to keep out of it; or at any rate never to be seen in the place after midnight. They are very pleasant and frank, those jolly fellows, those loose fishes, those fast young men—but the race in life is not to such fast men as these—and you who want to win must get up early of a morning, my boy. You and an old college-chum or two may sit together over your cigar-boxes in one another's chambers, and talk till all hours, and do yourselves good probably. Talking among you is a wholesome exercitation; humour comes in an easy flow; it doesn't preclude grave argument and manly interchange of thought—I own myself, when I was younger, to have smoked many a pipe with advantage in the company of Doctor Parr. Honest men, with pipes or cigars in their mouths, have great physical advantages in conversation. You may stop talking if you like—but the breaks of silence never seem disagreeable, being filled up by the puffing of the smoke—hence there is no awkwardness in resuming the conversation—no straining for effect—sentiments are delivered in a grave easy manner—the cigar harmonises the society, and soothes at once the speaker and the subject whereon he converses. I have no doubt that it is from the habit of smoking that Turks and American Indians are such monstrous well-bred men. The pipe draws wisdom from the lips of the philosopher, and shuts up the mouth of the foolish: it generates a style of conversation, contemplative, thoughtful, benevolent, and unaffected: in fact, dear Bob, I must out with it—I am an old smoker. At home I have done it up the chimney rather than not do it (the which I own is a crime). I vow and believe that the cigar has been one of the greatest creature-comforts of my life—a kind companion, a gentle stimulant, an amiable anodyne, a cementer of friendship. May I die if I abuse that kindly weed which has given me so much pleasure!

Since I have been a member of that Club, what numbers of men have occupied this room and departed from it, like so many smoked-out cigars, leaving nothing behind but a little disregarded ashes! Bob, my boy, they drop off in the course of twenty years, our boon companions, and jolly fellow bottle-crackers.—I mind me of many a good fellow who has talked and laughed here, and whose pipe is put out for ever. Men, I remember as dashing youngsters but the other day, have passed into the state of old fogies:

they have sons, sir, of almost our age, when first we joined the Polyanthus. Grass grows over others in all parts of the world. Where is poor Ned? Where is poor Fred? Dead rhymes with Ned and Fred too—their place knows them not—their names one year appeared at the end of the Club list, under the dismal category of “Members Deceased,” in which you and I shall rank some day. Do you keep that subject steadily in your mind? I do not see why one shouldn’t meditate upon Death in Pall Mall as well as in a howling wilderness. There is enough to remind one of it at every corner. There is a strange face looking out of Jack’s old lodgings in Jermyn Street,—somebody else has got the Club chair which Tom used to occupy. He doesn’t dine here and grumble as he used formerly. He has been sent for, and has not come back again—one day Fate will send for us, and we shall not return—and the people will come down to the Club as usual, saying, “Well, and so poor old Brown’s gone.”—Indeed, a smoking-room on a morning is not a cheerful spot.

Our room has a series of tenants of quite distinct characters. After an early and sober dinner below, certain *habitués* of the Polyanthus mount up to this apartment for their coffee and cigar, and talk as gravely as Sachems at a Palaver. Trade and travel, politics and geography, are their discourse—they are in bed long before their successors the jolly fellows begin their night life, and the talk of the one set is as different to the conversation of the other as any talk can be.

After the grave old Sachems, come other frequenters of the room; a squad of sporting men very likely—very solemn and silent personages these—who give the odds, and talk about the cup in a darkling undertone. Then you shall have three or four barristers with high voices, seldom able to sit long without talking of their profession, or mentioning something about Westminster Hall. About eleven, men in white neckcloths drop in from dinner-parties, and show their lacquered boots and shirt-studs with a little complacency—and at midnight, after the theatre, the young rakes and *viveurs* come swaggering in, and call loudly for gin-twist.

But as for a club smoking-room after midnight, I vow again that you are better out of it: that you will waste money and your precious hours and health there; and you

may frequent this Polyanthus room for a year, and not carry away from the place one single idea or story that can do you the least good in life. How much you shall take away of another sort, I do not here set down; but I have before my mind's eye the image of Old Silenus with purple face and chalk-stone fingers, telling his foul old garrison legends over his gin-and-water. He is in the smoking-room every night; and I feel that no one can get benefit from the society of that old man.

What society he has he gets from this place. He sits for hours in a corner of the sofa, and makes up his parties here. He will ask you after a little time, seeing that you are a gentleman and have a good address, and will give you an exceedingly good dinner. I went once, years ago, to a banquet of his—and found all the men at his table were Polyanthuses: so that it was a house dinner in ——— Square, with Mrs. Silenus at the head of the table.

After dinner she retired and was no more seen, and Silenus amused himself by making poor Mr. Tiptleton drunk. He came to the Club the next day, he amused himself by describing the arts by which he had practised upon the easy brains of poor Mr. Tiptleton—(as if that poor fellow wanted any arts or persuasion to induce him to intoxicate himself), and told all the smoking-room, how he had given a dinner, how many bottles of wine had been emptied, and how many Tiptleton had drunk for his share. “I kept my eye on Tip, sir,” the horrid old fellow said—“I took care to make him mix his liquors well, and before 11 o'clock I finished him and had him as drunk as a lord, sir!” Will you like to have that gentleman for a friend? He has elected himself our smoking-room king at the Polyanthus, and midnight monarch.

As he talks, in comes poor Tiptleton—a kind soul—a gentleman—a man of reading and parts—who has friends at home very likely, and had once a career before him—and what is he now? His eyes are vacant; he reels into a sofa corner, and sits in maudlin silence, and hiccups every now and then. Old Silenus winks knowingly round at the whole smoking-room: most of the men sneer—some pity—some very young cubs laugh and jeer at him. Tiptleton's drunk.

FROM the Library and Smoking-room regions let us de-

scend to the lower floor. Here you behold the Coffee-room, where the neat little tables are already laid out, awaiting the influx of diners.

A great advance in civilisation was made, and the honesty as well as economy of young men of the middle classes immensely promoted, when the ancient tavern system was overthrown, and those houses of meeting instituted where a man, without sacrificing his dignity, could dine for a couple of shillings. I remember in the days of my youth when a very moderate dinner at a reputable coffee-house cost a man half-a-guinea: when you were obliged to order a pint of wine for the good of the house; when the waiter got a shilling for his attendance; and when young gentlemen were no richer than they are now, and had to pay thrice as much as they at present need to disburse for the maintenance of their station.

Then men (who had not the half guinea at command,) used to dive into dark streets in the vicinage of Soho or Covent Garden, and get a meagre meal at shilling taverns—or Tom, the clerk, issued out from your Chambers in Pump Court and brought back your dinner between two plates from a neighbouring ham and beef shop. Either repast was strictly honourable, and one can find no earthly fault with a poor gentleman for eating a poor meal. But that solitary meal in Chambers was indeed a dismal refec-tion. I think with anything but regret of those lonely feasts of beef and cabbage; and how there was no resource for the long evenings but those books, over which you had been poring all day, or the tavern with its deuced expenses, or the theatre with its vicious attractions. A young bachelor's life was a clumsy piece of wretchedness then—mis-managed and ill economised—just as your Temple Cham-bers or College rooms now are, which are quite behind the age, in the decent conveniences which every modern tene-ment possesses.

And that dining for a shilling and strutting about Pall Mall afterwards was, after all, an hypocrisy. At the time when the *Trois Frères Provençaux* at Paris had two en-trances, one into the place of the Palais Royal, and one into the street behind, where the sixteen sous dinner-houses are, I have seen bucks with profuse toothpicks walk out of these latter houses of entertainment, pass up the *Trois Frères* stairs, and descend from the other door into the

Palais Royal, so that the people walking there might fancy these poor fellows had been dining regardless of expense. No; what you call putting a good face upon poverty, that is, hiding it under a grin, or concealing its rags under a make-shift, is always rather a base stratagem. Your beaux Tibbs's and twopenny dandies can never be respectable altogether; and if a man is poor, I say he ought to seem poor; and that both he and Society are in the wrong, if either sees any cause of shame in poverty.

That is why we ought to be thankful for Clubs. Here is no skulking to get a cheap dinner; no ordering of expensive liquors and dishes for the good of the house, or cowering sensitiveness as to the opinion of the waiter. We advance in simplicity and honesty as we advance in civilisation, and it is my belief that we become better bred and less artificial, and tell more truth every day.

This you see is the Club Coffee-room—it is three o'clock, young Wideawake is just finishing his breakfast (with whom I have nothing to do at present, but to say parenthetically, that if you *will* sit up till five o'clock in the morning, Bob, my boy, you may look out to have a headache and a breakfast at three in the afternoon). Wideawake is at breakfast—Goldsworthy is ordering his dinner—while Mr. Nudgit, whom you see yonder, is making his lunch. In those two gentlemen is the moral and exemplification of the previous little remarks which I have been making.

You must know, sir, that at the Polyanthus, in common with most Clubs, gentlemen are allowed to enjoy, gratis, in the Coffee-room, bread, beer, sauces, and pickles.

After four o'clock, if you order your dinner, you have to pay sixpence for what is called the table—the clean cloth, the vegetables, cheese and so forth: before that hour you may have lunch, when there is no table charge.

Now, Goldsworthy is a gentleman and a man of genius, who has courage and simplicity enough to be poor—not like some fellows whom one meets, and who make a *fanfaronnade* of poverty, and draping themselves in their rags, seem to cry, "See how virtuous I am,—how honest Diogenes is!" but he is a very poor man, whose education and talents are of the best, and who in so far claims to rank with the very best people in the world. In his place in

Parliament, when he takes off his hat (which is both old and well brushed), the Speaker's eye is pretty sure to meet his, and the House listens to him with the respect which is due to so much honesty and talent. He is the equal of any man, however lofty or wealthy. His social position is rather improved by his poverty, and the world, which is a manly and generous world in its impulses, however it may be in its practice, contemplates with a sincere regard and admiration Mr. Goldsworthy's manner of bearing his lack of fortune. He is going to dine for a shilling; he will have two mutton chops (and the mutton chop is a thing unknown in domestic life and in the palaces of epicures, where you may get cutlets dressed with all sorts of French sauces, but not the admirable mutton chop), and with a due allowance of the Club bread and beer, he will make a perfectly wholesome, and sufficient, and excellent meal; and go down to the House and fire into ministers this very night.

Now, I say, this man dining for a shilling is a pleasant spectacle to behold. I respect Mr. Goldsworthy with all my heart, without sharing those ultra-conservative political opinions, which we all know he entertains, and from which no interest, temptation, or hope of place will cause him to swerve; and you see he is waited upon with as much respect here as old Silenus, though he order the most sumptuous banquet the cook can devise, or bully the waiters ever so.

But ah, Bob! what can we say of the conduct of that poor little Mr. Nudgit? He has a bed-chamber in some court unknown in the neighbourhood of the Polyanthus. He makes a breakfast with the Club bread and beer: he lunches off the same supplies—and being of an Epicurean taste, look what he does—he is actually pouring a cruet of anchovy sauce over his bread to give it a flavour; and I have seen the unconscionable little gourmand sidle off to the pickle jars when he thought nobody was observing, and pop a walnut or half a dozen of pickled onions into his mouth, and swallow them with a hideous furtive relish.

He disappears at dinner time, and returns at half-past seven or eight o'clock, and wanders round the tables when the men are at their dessert and generous over their wine. He has a number of little stories about the fashionable world to tell, and is not unentertaining. When you dine

here, sometimes give Nudgit a glass or two out of your decanter, Bob, my boy, and comfort his poor old soul. He was a gentleman once and had money, as he will be sure to tell you. He is mean and feeble, but not unkind—a poor little parasite not to be unpitied. Mr. Nudgit, allow me to introduce you to a new member, my nephew, Mr. Robert Brown.

At this moment old Silenus swaggers in, bearing his great waistcoat before him, and walking up to the desk where the coffee-room clerk sits and where the bills of fare are displayed. As he passes, he has to undergo the fire of Mr. Goldsworthy's eyes, which dart out at him two flashes of the most killing scorn. He has passed by the battery without sinking, and lays himself alongside the desk. Nudgit watches him, and will presently go up smirking humbly to join him.

"Hunt," he says, "I want a table, my table, you know, at seven—dinner for eight—Lord Hobanob dines with me—send the butler—What's in the bill of fare? Let's have clear soup and turtle—I've sent it in from the city—dressed fish and turbot," and with a swollen trembling hand he writes down a pompous bill of fare.

As I said, Nudgit comes up simpering, with a newspaper in his hand.

"Hullo, Nudg!" says Mr. Silenus, "how's the beer? Pickles good to-day?"

Nudgit smiles in a gentle deprecatory manner.

"Smell out a good dinner, hey, Nudg?" says Dives.

"If any man knows how to give one, you do," answers the poor beggar. "I wasn't a bad hand at ordering a dinner myself, once; what's the fish in the list to-day?" and with a weak smile he casts his eye over the bill of fare.

"Lord Hobanob dines with me and *he* knows what a good dinner is, I can tell you," says Mr. Silenus, "so does Cramley."

"Both well-known epicures," says Nudgit.

"I'm going to give Hobanob a return dinner to his at the Rhododendrum. He bet me that Batifol, the *chef* at the Rhododendrum, did better than our man can. Hob's dinner was last Wednesday, and I don't say it wasn't a good one; or that taking Grosbois by surprise, is giving him quite fair play—but we'll see, Nudgit. I know what Grosbois can do."

"I should think you did, indeed, Silenus," says the other.

"I see your mouth's watering. I'd ask you, only I know you're engaged. You're always engaged, Nudgit—Not to-day? Well then, you may come; and I say, Mr. Nudgit, we'll have a wet evening, sir, mind you that."

Mr. Bowls, the butler, here coming in, Mr. Silenus falls into conversation with him about wines and icing. I am glad poor Nudgit has got his dinner. He will go and walk in the Park to get up an appetite. And now, Mr. Bob, having shown you over your new house, I too will bid you for the present farewell.

A WORD ABOUT BALLS IN SEASON.

WHEN my good friend, *Mr. Punch*, some time since, asked me to compile a series of conversations for young men in the dancing world, so that they might be agreeable to their partners, and advance their own success in life, I consented with a willing heart to my venerable friend's request, for I desire nothing better than to promote the amusement and happiness of all young people; and nothing, I thought, would be easier than to touch off a few light, airy, graceful little sets of phrases, which young fellows might adopt or expand, according to their own ingenuity and leisure.

Well, sir, I imagined myself, just for an instant, to be young again, and that I had a neat waist instead of that bow-window with which Time and Nature have ornamented the castle of my body, and brown locks instead of a bald pate (there was a time, sir, when my hair was not considered the worst part of me, and I recollect when I was a young man in the Militia, and when pigtails finally went out in our corps, who it was that longed to have my *queue*—it was found in her desk at her death, and my poor dear wife was always jealous of her),—I just choose, I say, to fancy myself a young man, and that I would go up in imagination and ask a girl to dance with me. So I chose Maria—a man might go farther and fare worse than choose Maria, Mr. Bob.

"My dear Miss E.," says I, "may I have the honour of dancing the next set with you?"

"The next *what*?" says Miss E., smiling, and turning to Mrs. E., as if to ask what a set meant.

"I forgot," says I; "the next quadrill, I would say."

"It is rather slow dancing, quadrills," says Miss E.; "but if I must, I must."

"Well, then, a waltz, will that do? I know nothing prettier than a waltz played not too quick."

"What!" says she, "do you want a horrid old three-timed waltz, like that which the little figures dance upon the barrel-organs? You silly old creature: you are good-natured, but you are in your dotage. All these dances are passed away. You might as well ask me to wear a gown with a waist up to my shoulders, like that in which mamma was married; or a hoop and high heels, like grandmamma, in the picture; or to dance a gavotte or a minuet. Things are changed, old gentleman—the fashions of your time are gone, and—and the bucks of your time will go too, Mr. Brown. If I want to dance, here is Captain Whiskerfield, who is ready; or young Studdington, who is a delightful partner. He brings a little animation into our balls; and when he is not in society, dances every night at Vauxhall and the Casino."

I pictured to myself Maria giving some such reply to my equally imaginative demand—for of course I never made the request, any more than she did the answer—and, in fact, dear Bob, after turning over the matter of ball-room conversations in my mind, and sitting with pen and ink before me for a couple of hours, I found that I had nothing at all to say on the subject, and have no more right to teach a youth what he is to say in the present day to his partner, than I should have had in my own boyhood to instruct my own grandmother in the art of sucking eggs. We should pay as much reverence to youth as we should to age; there are points in which you young folks are altogether our superiors: and I can't help constantly crying out to persons of my own years, when busied about their young people—leave them alone; don't be always meddling with their affairs, which they can manage for themselves; don't be always insisting upon managing their boats, and putting your oars in the water with theirs.

So I have the modesty to think that *Mr. Punch* and I were a couple of conceited old fogies, in devising the above plan of composing conversation for the benefit of youth,

and that young folks can manage to talk of what interests them, without any prompting on our part. To say the truth, I have hardly been to a ball these three years. I saw the head of the stair at H. E.'s the T—— Ambassador in Br——ne Square, the other night, but retired without even getting a sight of, or making my bow to Her Excellency; thinking wisely, that *mon lait de poule, et mon bonnet de nuit*, much better became me at that hour of midnight, than the draught in a crowded passage, and the sight of ever so many beauties.

But though I don't go myself to these assemblies, I have intelligence amongst people who go: and hear from the girls and their mammas what they do, and how they enjoy themselves. I must own that some of the new arrangements please me very much, as being natural and simple, and, in so far, superior to the old mode.

In my time, for instance, a ball-room used to be more than half-filled with old male and female fogies, whose persons took up a great deal of valuable room, who did not in the least ornament the walls against which they stood, and who would have been much better at home in bed. In a great country-house where you have a hall fire-place in which an ox might be roasted conveniently, the presence of a few score more or less of stout old folks can make no difference; there is room for them at the card-tables, and round the supper-board, and the sight of their honest red faces and white waistcoats lining the wall cheers and illuminates the Assembly Room.

But it is a very different case when you have a small house in Mayfair, or in the pleasant district of Pimlico and Tyburn; and accordingly I am happy to hear that the custom is rapidly spreading of asking none but dancing people to balls. It was only this morning that I was arguing the point with our cousin Mrs. Crowder, who was greatly irate because her daughter Fanny had received an invitation to go with her aunt, Mrs. Timmins, to Lady Tutbury's ball, whereas poor Mrs. Crowder had been told that she could on no account get a card.

Now Blanche Crowder is a very large woman naturally, and with the present fashion of flounces in dress, this balloon of a creature would occupy the best part of a little back drawing-room; whereas Rosa Timmins is a little bit of a thing, who takes up no space at all, and furnishes the

side of a room as prettily as a bank of flowers could. I tried to convince our cousin upon this point, this embonpoint, I may say, and of course being too polite to make remarks personal to Mrs. Crowder, I playfully directed them elsewhere.

"Dear Blanche," said I, "don't you see how greatly Lady Tutbury would have to extend her premises if all the relatives of all her dancers were to be invited? She has already flung out a marquee over the leads, and actually included the cistern—what can she do more? If all the girls were to have chaperons, where could the elders sit? Tutbury himself will not be present. He is a large and roomy man, like your humble servant, and Lady Tut has sent him off to Greenwich, or the Star and Garter for the night, where, I have no doubt, he and some other stout fellows will make themselves comfortable. At a ball amongst persons of moderate means and large acquaintance in London, room is much more precious than almost anybody's company, except that of the beauties and the dancers. Look at Lord Trampleton, that enormous hulking monster (who nevertheless dances beautifully, as all big men do), when he takes out his favourite partner, Miss Wirledge, to polk, his arm, as he whisks her round and round, forms radii of a circle of very considerable diameter. He almost wants a room to himself. Young men and women now, when they dance, dance really; it is no lazy sauntering, as of old, but downright hard work—after which they want air and refreshment. How can they get the one, when the rooms are filled with elderly folks; or the other, when we are squeezing round the supper-tables, and drinking up all the available Champagne and Seltzer water? No, no; the present plan, which I hear is becoming general, is admirable for London. Let there be half a dozen of good, active, bright-eyed chaperons and duennas, little women, who are more active, and keep a better look-out than your languishing voluptuous beauties" (I said this, casting at the same time a look of peculiar tenderness towards Blanche Crowder), "let them keep watch and see that all is right—that the young men don't dance too often with the same girl, or disappear on to the balcony, and that sort of thing; let them have good large roomy family coaches to carry the young women home to their mammas. In a word, at a ball, let there be for the future no admittance except upon

business. In all the affairs of London life, that is the rule, depend upon it."

"And pray who told you, Mr. Brown, that I didn't wish to dance myself?" says Blanche, surveying her great person in the looking-glass (which could scarcely contain it) and flouncing out of the room; and I actually believe that the unconscionable creature, at her age and size, is still thinking that she is a fairy, and that the young fellows would like to dance round the room with her. Ah, Bob! I remember that grotesque woman a slim and graceful girl. I remember others tender and beautiful, whose bright eyes glitter, and whose sweet voices whisper no more. So they pass away—youth and beauty, love and innocence, pass away and perish. I think of one now, whom I remember the fairest and the gayest, the kindest and the purest; her laughter was music—I can hear it still, though it will never echo any more. Far away, the silent tomb closes over her. Other roses than those of our prime grow up and bloom, and have their day. Honest youth, generous youth, may yours be as pure and as fair!

I did not think when I began to write it, that the last sentence would have finished so; but life is not altogether jocular, Mr. Bob, and one comes upon serious thoughts suddenly as upon a funeral in the street. Let us go back to the business we are upon, namely balls, whereof it, perhaps, has struck you that your uncle has very little to say.

I saw one announcement in the morning fashionable print to-day, with a fine list of some of the greatest folks in London, and had previously heard from various quarters how eager many persons were to attend it, and how splendid an entertainment it was to be. And so the morning paper announced that Mrs. Hornby Madox threw open her house in So-and-So Street, and was assisted in receiving her guests by Lady Fugleman.

Now this is a sort of entertainment and arrangement than which I confess I can conceive nothing more queer, though I believe it is by no means uncommon in English society. Mrs. Hornby Madox comes into her fortune of ten thousand a-year—wishes to be presented in the London world, having lived in the country previously—spares no expense to make her house and festival as handsome as may be, and gets Lady Fugleman to ask the company for her—not the honest Hornbys, not the family Madoxes, not the jolly old

squires and friends and relatives of her family, and from her county; but the London dandies and the London society: whose names you see chronicled at every party, and who, being Lady Fugleman's friends, are invited by her Ladyship to Mrs. Hornby's house.

What a strange notion of society does this give—of friendship, of fashion, of what people will do to be in the fashion! Poor Mrs. Hornby comes into her fortune, and says to her old friends and family, "My good people, I am going to cut every one of you. You were very well as long as we were in the country, where I might have my natural likings and affections. But, henceforth, I am going to let Lady Fugleman choose my friends for me. I know nothing about you any more. I have no objection to you, but if you want to know me you must ask Lady Fugleman: if she says yes, I shall be delighted; if no, *Bon jour*."

This strange business goes on daily in London. Honest people do it, and think not the least harm. The proudest and noblest do not think they demean themselves by crowding to Mrs. Goldcalf's parties, and strike quite openly a union between her wealth and their titles, to determine as soon as the former ceases. There is not the least hypocrisy about this at any rate—the terms of the bargain are quite understood on every hand.

But oh, Bob! see what an awful thing it is to confess, and would not even hypocrisy be better than this daring cynicism, this open heartlessness—Godlessness I had almost called it? Do you mean to say, you great folks, that your object in society is not love, is not friendship, is not family union and affection—is not truth and kindness;—is not generous sympathy and union of Christian (pardon me the word, but I can indicate my meaning by no other)—of Christian men and women, parents and children,—but that you assemble and meet together, not caring or trying to care for one another,—without a pretext of good will—with a daring selfishness openly avowed? I am sure I wish Mrs. Goldcalf or the other lady no harm, and have never spoken to, or set eyes on either of them, and I do not mean to say, Mr. Robert, that you and I are a whit better than they are, and doubt whether they have made the calculation for themselves of the consequences of what they are doing. But as sure as two and two make four, a person giving up of his own accord his natural friends and rela-

tives, for the sake of the fashion, seems to me to say, I acknowledge myself to be heartless; I turn my back on my friends, I disown my relatives, and I dishonour my father and mother.

And so no more at present, dear Bob, from your affectionate
 BROWN THE ELDER.

A WORD ABOUT DINNERS.

ENGLISH Society, my beloved Bob, has this eminent advantage over all other—that is, if there be any society left in the wretched distracted old European continent—that it is above all others a dinner-giving society. A people like the Germans, that dines habitually, and with what vast appetite I need not say, at one o'clock in the afternoon—like the Italians, that spends its evenings in Opera boxes—like the French, that amuses itself of nights with *eau sucrée* and intrigue—cannot, believe me, understand Society rightly. I love and admire my nation for its good sense, its manliness, its friendliness, its morality in the main—and these, I take it, are all expressed in that noble institution, the dinner.

The dinner is the happy end of the Briton's day. We work harder than the other nations of the earth. We do more, we live more in our time, than Frenchmen or Germans. Every great man amongst us likes his dinner, and takes to it kindly. I could mention the most august names of poets, statesmen, philosophers, historians, judges, and divines, who are great at the dinner-table as in the field, the closet, the senate, or the bench. Gibbon mentions that he wrote the first two volumes of his history whilst a place-man in London, lodging in St. James's, going to the House of Commons, to the Club, and to dinner every day. The man flourishes under that generous and robust regimen; the healthy energies of society are kept up by it; our friendly intercourse is maintained; our intellect ripens with the good cheer, and throws off surprising crops, like the fields about Edinburgh, under the influence of that admirable liquid, Claret. The best wines are sent to this country therefore; for no other deserves them as ours does.

I am a diner-out, and live in London. I protest, as I look back at the men and dinners I have seen in the last

week, my mind is filled with manly respect and pleasure. How good they have been! how admirable the entertainments! how worthy the men!

Let me, without divulging names, and with a cordial gratitude, mention a few of those whom I have met and who have all done their duty.

Sir, I have sat at table with a great, a world-renowned statesman. I watched him during the progress of the banquet—I am at liberty to say that he enjoyed it like a man.

On another day, it was a celebrated literary character. It was beautiful to see him at his dinner: cordial and generous, jovial and kindly, the great author enjoyed himself as the great statesman—may he long give us good books and good dinners!

Yet another day, and I sat opposite to a Right Reverend Bishop. My Lord, I was pleased to see good thing after good thing disappear before you; and think no man ever better became that rounded episcopal apron. How amiable he was! how kind! He put water into his wine. Let us respect the moderation of the Church.

And then the men learned in the law: how they dine! what hospitality, what splendour, what comfort, what wine! As we walked away very gently in the moonlight, only three days since, from the ————'s, a friend of my youth and myself, we could hardly speak for gratitude: "Dear sir,"—we breathed fervently, "ask us soon again." One never has too much at those perfect banquets—no hideous headaches ensue, or horrid resolutions about adopting *Revalenta Arabica* for the future—but contentment with all the world, light slumbering, joyful waking to grapple with the morrow's work. Ah, dear Bob, those lawyers have great merits. There is a dear old judge at whose family table, if I could see you seated, my desire in life would be pretty nearly fulfilled. If you make yourself agreeable there, you will be in a fair way to get on in the world. But you are a youth still. Youths go to balls: men go to dinners.

Doctors, again, notoriously eat well; when my excellent friend Sangrado takes a bumper, and saying, with a shrug and a twinkle of his eye, "*Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*," tosses off the wine, I always ask the butler for a glass of that bottle.

The inferior clergy, likewise, dine very much and well.

I don't know when I have been better entertained, as far as creature comforts go, than by men of very Low Church principles; and one of the very best repasts that ever I saw in my life was at Darlington, given by a Quaker.

Some of the best wine in London is given to his friends by a poet of my acquaintance. All artists are notoriously fond of dinners, and invite you, but not so profusely. Newspaper-editors delight in dinners on Saturdays, and give them, thanks to the present position of Literature, very often and good. Dear Bob, I have seen the mahoganies of many men.

Every evening between 7 and 8 o'clock, I like to look at the men dressed for dinner, perambulating the western districts of our city. I like to see the smile on their countenances lighted up with an indescribable self-importance and good-humour; the askance glances which they cast at the little street-boys and foot-passengers who eye their shiny boots; the dainty manner in which they trip over the pavement on those boots, eschewing the mud-pools and dirty crossings; the refreshing whiteness of their linen; the coaxing twiddle which they give to the ties of their white chokers—the caress of a fond parent to an innocent child.

I like walking myself. Those who go in cabs or broughams I have remarked, have not the same radiant expression which the pedestrian exhibits. A man in his own brougham, has anxieties about the stepping of his horse, or the squaring of the groom's elbows, or a doubt whether Jones's turn-out is not better; or whether something is not wrong in the springs; or whether he shall have the brougham out if the night is rainy. They always look tragical behind the glasses. A cab diner-out has commonly some cares, lest his sense of justice should be injured by the overcharge of the driver (these fellows are not uncommonly exorbitant in their demands upon gentlemen whom they set down at good houses); lest the smell of tobacco left by the last occupants of the vehicle (five medical students, let us say, who have chartered the vehicle, and smoked cheroots from the London University to the play-house in the Haymarket) should infest the clothes of Tom Lavender who is going to Lady Rosemary's; lest straws should stick unobserved to the glutinous lustre of his boots—his shiny ones, and he should appear in Dives's drawing-room like a poet

with a *tenui avenâ*, or like Mad Tom in the play. I hope, my dear Bob, if a straw should ever enter a drawing-room in the wake of your boot, you will not be much disturbed in mind. Hark ye, in confidence; I have seen ——* in a hack-cab. There is no harm in employing one. There is no harm in anything natural, any more.

I cannot help here parenthetically relating a story which occurred in my own youth, in the year 1815, at the time when I first made my own *entrée* into society (for everything must have a beginning, Bob; and though we have been gentlemen long before the Conqueror, and have always consorted with gentlemen, yet we had not always attained that *haute volée* of fashion which has distinguished some of us subsequently); I recollect, I say, in 1815, when the Marquis of Sweetbread was good enough to ask me and the late Mr. Ruffles to dinner, to meet Prince Schwartzenberg and the Hetman Platoff. Ruffles was a man a good deal about town in those days, and certainly in very good society.

I was myself a young one, and thought Ruffles was rather inclined to patronise me: which I did not like. "I would have you to know, Mr. Ruffles," thought I, "that, after all, a gentleman can but be a gentleman; that though we Browns have no handles to our names, we are quite as well-bred as some folks who possess those ornaments—and in fine I determined to give him a lesson. So when he called for me in the hackney-coach at my lodgings in Swallow Street, and we had driven under the porte-cochère of Sweetbread House, where two tall and powdered domestics in the uniform of the Sweetbreads, viz. a spinach-coloured coat, with waistcoat and the rest of delicate yellow or melted-butter colour, opened the doors of the hall—what do you think, sir, I did? In the presence of these gentlemen, who were holding on at the door, I offered to toss up with Ruffles, heads or tails, who should pay for the coach; and then purposely had a dispute with the poor Jarvey about the fare. Ruffles' face of agony during this transaction I shall never forget. Sir, it was like the Laocoon. Drops of perspiration trembled on his pallid brow, and he flung towards me looks of imploring terror that would have melted an ogre. A better fellow than Ruffles never lived—he is

* Mr. Brown's MS. here contains a name of such prodigious dignity out of the P—r-ge, that we really do not dare to print it.

dead long since, and I don't mind owing to this harmless little deceit.

A person of some note—a favourite Snob of mine—I am told, when he goes to dinner, adopts what he considers a happy artifice, and sends his cab away at the corner of the street; so that the gentleman in livery may not behold its number, or that the lord with whom he dines, and about whom he is always talking, may not be supposed to know that Mr. Smith came in a hack-cab.

A man who is troubled with a shame like this, Bob, is unworthy of any dinner at all. Such a man must needs be a sneak and a humbug, anxious about the effect which he is to produce: uneasy in his mind: a donkey in a lion's skin: a small pretender—distracted by doubts and frantic terrors of what is to come next. Such a man can be no more at ease in his chair at dinner than a man is in the fauteuil at the dentist's (unless indeed he go to the admirable Mr. Gilbert in Suffolk Street, who is dragged into this essay for the benefit of mankind alone, and who, I vow, removes a grinder with so little pain, that all the world should be made aware of him)—a fellow, I say, ashamed of the original from which he sprung, of the cab in which he drives, awkward, therefore, affected, and unnatural, can never hope or deserve to succeed in society.

The great comfort of the society of great folks is, that they do not trouble themselves about your two-penny little person, as smaller persons do, but take you for what you are—a man kindly and good-natured, or witty and sarcastic, or learned and eloquent, or a good raconteur, or a very handsome man, (and in '15 some of the Browns were—but I am speaking of five-and-thirty years ago,) or an excellent gourmand and judge of wines—or what not. Nobody sets you so quickly at your ease as a fine gentleman. I have seen more noise made about a knight's lady than about the Duchess of Fitzbattleaxe herself: and Lady Mountarat, whose family dates from the Deluge, enters and leaves a room, with her daughters, the lovely Ladies Eve and Lilith D'Arc, with much less pretension and in much simpler capotes and what-do-you-call-ems, than Lady de Mogyns or Mrs. Shindy, who quit an assembly in a whirlwind as it were, with trumpets and alarums like a stage King and Queen.

But my pen can run no further, for my paper is out, and

it is time to dress for dinner. Let us resume this theme next week, dear youth, and believe me in the meantime to be your affectionate

BROWN THE ELDER.

ON SOME OLD CUSTOMS OF THE DINNER-TABLE.

OF all the sciences which have made a progress in late years, I think, dear Bob (to return to the subject from which I parted with so much pleasure last week), that the art of dinner-giving has made the most delightful and rapid advances. Sir, I maintain, even now with a matured age and appetite, that the dinners of this present day are better than those we had in our youth, and I can't but be thankful at least once in every day for this decided improvement in our civilisation. Those who remember the usages of five-and-twenty years back will be ready, I am sure, to acknowledge this progress. I was turning over at the Club yesterday a queer little book written at that period, which, I believe, had some authority at the time, and which records some of those customs which obtained, if not in good London Society, at least in some companies, and parts of our island. Sir, many of these practices seem as antiquated now, as the usages described in the accounts of Homeric feasts, or Queen Elizabeth's banquets and breakfasts. Let us be happy to think they are gone.

The book in question is called "The Maxims of Sir Morgan O'Doherty," a queer baronet, who appears to have lived in the first quarter of the century, and whose opinions the antiquarian may examine, not without profit—a strange barbarian indeed it is, and one wonders that such customs should ever have been prevalent in our country.

Fancy such opinions as these having ever been holden by any set of men among us. Maxim 2. "It is laid down in fashionable life that you must drink Champagne after white cheeses, water after red." . . . "Ale is to be avoided, in case a wet night is to be expected, as should cheese also." Maxim 4. "A fine singer, after dinner, is to be avoided, for he is a great bore, and stops the wine. . . . One of the best rules (to put him down) is to applaud him most vociferously as soon as he has sung the first verse, as if all was over, and say to the gentleman

furthest from you at table that you admire the conclusion of this song very much." Maxim 25. "You meet people occasionally who tell you it is bad taste to give Champagne at dinner—Port and Teneriffe being such superior drinking," &c., &c. I am copying out of a book printed three months since, describing ways prevalent when you were born. Can it be possible, I say, that England was ever in such a state?

Was it ever a maxim in "fashionable life" that you were to drink Champagne after white cheeses? What was that fashionable life about drinking and about cheese? The maxim in fashionable life is to drink what you will. It is too simple now to trouble itself about wine or about cheese. Ale again is to be avoided, this strange Doherty says, if you expect a wet night—and in another place says, "the English drink a pint of porter at a draught."—What English? gracious powers! Are we a nation of coalheavers? Do we ever have a wet night? Do we ever meet people occasionally who say that to give Champagne at dinner is bad taste, and that Port and Teneriffe are such superior drinking? Fancy Teneriffe, my dear boy—I say fancy a man asking you to drink Teneriffe at dinner; the mind shudders at it—he might as well invite you to swallow the Peak.

And then consider the maxim about the fine singer who is to be avoided. What! was there a time in most people's memory, when folks at dessert began to sing? I have heard such a thing at a tenants' dinner in the country; but the idea of a fellow beginning to perform a song at a dinner-party in London fills my mind with terror and amazement; and I picture to myself any table which I frequent, in Mayfair, in Bloomsbury, in Belgravia, or where you will, and the pain which would seize upon the host and the company if some wretch were to commence a song.

We have passed that savage period of life. We do not want to hear songs from guests, we have the songs done for us: as we don't want our ladies to go down into the kitchen and cook the dinner any more. The cook can do it better and cheaper. We do not desire feats of musical or culinary skill—but simple, quiet, easy unpretending conversation.

In like manner, there was a practice once usual, and which still lingers here and there, of making complimen-

tary speeches after dinner; that custom is happily almost entirely discontinued. Gentlemen do not meet to compliment each other profusely, or to make fine phrases. Simplicity gains upon us daily. Let us be thankful that the florid style is disappearing.

I once shared a bottle of sherry with a commercial traveller at Margate who gave a toast or a sentiment as he filled every glass. He would not take his wine without this queer ceremony before it. I recollect one of his sentiments, which was as follows: "Year is to 'er that doubles our joys, and divides our sorrows—I give you woman, sir,"—and we both emptied our glasses. These lumbering ceremonies are passing out of our manners, and were found only to obstruct our free intercourse. People can like each other just as much without orations, and be just as merry without being forced to drink against their will.

And yet there are certain customs to which one clings still; for instance, the practice of drinking wine with your neighbour though wisely not so frequently indulged in as of old, yet still obtains and I trust will never be abolished. For though, in the old time, when Mr. and Mrs. Foggy had sixteen friends to dinner, it became an unsupportable *corvée* for Mr. F. to ask sixteen persons to drink wine, and a painful task for Mrs. Foggy to be called upon to bow to ten gentlemen, who desired to have the honour to drink her health, yet, employed in moderation, that ancient custom of challenging your friends to drink is a kindly and hearty old usage, and productive of many most beneficial results.

I have known a man of a modest and reserved turn (just like your old uncle, dear Bob, as no doubt you were going to remark), when asked to drink by the host, suddenly lighten up, toss off his glass, get confidence, and begin to talk right and left. He wanted but the spur to set him going. It is supplied by the butler at the back of his chair.

It sometimes happens again, that a host's conversational powers are not brilliant. I own that I could point out a few such whom I have the honour to name among my friends—gentlemen, in fact, who wisely hold their tongues because they have nothing to say which is worth the hearing or the telling, and properly confine themselves to the carving of the mutton and the ordering of the wines. Such

men, manifestly, should always be allowed, nay encouraged, to ask their guests to take wine. In putting that question, they show their good-will, and cannot possibly betray their mental deficiency. For example, let us suppose Jones, who has been perfectly silent all dinner-time, oppressed, doubtless, by that awful Lady Tiara, who sits swelling on his right hand, suddenly rallies, singles me out, and with a loud cheering voice, cries, "Brown, my boy, a glass of wine." I reply, "With pleasure, my dear Jones." He responds as quick as thought, "Shall it be Hock or Champagne, Brown?" I mention the wine which I prefer. He calls to the butler, and says, "Some Champagne or Hock" (as the case may be, for I don't choose to commit myself),—"some Champagne or Hock to Mr. Brown;" and finally he says, "Good health!" in a pleasant tone. Thus, you see, Jones, though not a conversationist, has had the opportunity of making no less than four observations, which, if not brilliant or witty, are yet manly, sensible, and agreeable. And I defy any man in the metropolis, be he the most accomplished, the most learned, the wisest, or the most eloquent, to say more than Jones upon a similar occasion.

If you have had a difference with a man, and are desirous to make it up, how pleasant it is to take wine with him. Nothing is said but that simple phrase which has just been uttered by my friend Jones; and yet it means a great deal. The cup is a symbol of reconciliation. The other party drinks up your good-will as you accept his token of returning friendship—and thus the liquor is hallowed which Jones has paid for: and I like to think that the grape which grew by Rhine or Rhone was born and ripened under the sun there, so as to be the means of bringing two good fellows together. I once heard the Head-Physician of a Hydropathic establishment on the sunny banks of the first-named river, give the health of His Majesty the King of Prussia, and, calling upon the company to receive that august toast with a "*donnerndes Lebehoch*," toss off a bumper of sparkling water. It did not seem to me a genuine enthusiasm. No, no, let us have toast and wine, not toast and water. It was not in vain that grapes grew on the hills of father Rhine.

One seldom asks ladies now to take wine,—except when, in a confidential whisper to the charming creature whom

you have brought down to dinner, you humbly ask permission to pledge her, and she delicately touches her glass, with a fascinating smile, in reply to your glance,—a smile, you rogue, which goes to your heart. I say, one does not ask ladies any more to take wine: and I think, this custom being abolished, the contrary practice should be introduced, and that the ladies should ask the gentlemen. I know one who did, *une grande dame de par le monde*, as honest Brantome phrases it, and from whom I deserved no such kindness—but, sir, the effect of that graceful act of hospitality was such, that she made a grateful slave for ever of one who was an admiring rebel previously, who would do anything to show his gratitude, and who now knows no greater delight than when he receives a card which bears her respected name.*

A dinner of men is well now and again, but few well-regulated minds relish a dinner without women. There are some wretches who, I believe, still meet together for the sake of what is called “the spread,” who dine each other round and round, and have horrid delights in turtle, early peas and other culinary luxuries—but I pity the condition as I avoid the banquets of those men. The only substitute for ladies at dinners, or consolation for want of them, is—smoking. Cigars, introduced with the coffee, do, if anything can, make us forget the absence of the other sex. But what a substitute is that for her who doubles our joys, and divides our griefs! for woman!—as my friend the Traveller said.

GREAT AND LITTLE DINNERS.

It has been said, dear Bob, that I have seen the mahoganies of many men, and it is with no small feeling of pride and gratitude that I am enabled to declare also, that I hardly remember in my life to have had a bad dinner. Would to Heaven that all mortal men could say likewise! Indeed, and in the presence of so much want and misery as pass under our ken daily, it is with a feeling of something like shame and humiliation that I make the avowal; but I have robbed no man of his meal that I know of, and am here speaking of very humble as well as very grand ban-

* Upon my word, Mr. Brown, this is too broad a hint.—*Punch*.

quets, the which I maintain are, when there is a sufficiency, almost always good.

Yes, all dinners are good, from a shilling upwards. The plate of boiled beef which Mary, the neat-handed waitress, brings or used to bring you in the Old Bailey—I say used, for, ah me! I speak of years long past, when the cheeks of Mary were as blooming as the carrots which she brought up with the beef, and she may be a grandmother by this time, or a pallid ghost, far out of the regions of beef;—from the shilling dinner of beef and carrots to the grandest banquet of the season—everything is good. There are no degrees in eating. I mean that mutton is as good as venison—beefsteak, if you are hungry, as good as turtle—bottled ale, if you like it, to the full as good as Champagne;—there is no delicacy in the world which Monsieur Francatelli or Monsieur Soyer can produce, which I believe to be better than toasted cheese. I have seen a dozen of epicures at a grand table forsake every French and Italian delicacy for boiled leg of pork and peas pudding. You can but be hungry, and eat and be happy.

What is the moral I would deduce from this truth, if truth it be? I would have a great deal more hospitality practised than is common among us—more hospitality and less show. Properly considered, the quality of dinner is twice blest; it blesses him that gives, and him that takes: a dinner with friendliness is the best of all friendly meetings—a pompous entertainment, where no love is, the least satisfactory.

Why then do we of the middle classes persist in giving entertainments so costly, and beyond our means? This will be read by many mortals, who are aware that they live on leg of mutton themselves, or worse than this, have what are called meat teas, than which I cannot conceive a more odious custom; that ordinarily they are very sober in their way of life; that they like in reality that leg of mutton better than the condiments of that doubtful French artist who comes from the pastrycook's, and presides over the mysterious stewpans in the kitchen; why then on their company dinners should they flare up in the magnificent manner in which they universally do?

Everybody has the same dinner in London, and the same soup, saddle of mutton, boiled fowls and tongue, *entrées*,

Champagne, and so forth. I own myself to being no better nor worse than my neighbours in this respect, and rush off to the confectioner's for sweets, &c.; hire sham butlers and attendants; have a fellow going round the table with still and dry Champagne, as if I knew his name, and it was my custom to drink those wines every day of my life. I am as bad as my neighbours; but why are we so bad, I ask?—why are we not more reasonable?

If we receive very great men or ladies at our houses, I will lay a wager that they will select mutton and gooseberry tart for their dinner; forsaking the *entrées* which the men in white Berlin gloves are handing round in the Birmingham plated dishes. Asking lords and ladies, who have great establishments of their own, to French dinners and delicacies, is like inviting a grocer to a meal of figs, or a pastrycook to a banquet of raspberry tarts. They have had enough of them. And great folks, if they like you, take no count of your feasts, and grand preparations, and can but eat mutton like men.

One cannot have sumptuary laws now-a-days, or restrict the gastronomical more than any other trade: but I wish a check could be put upon our dinner-extravagances by some means, and am confident that the pleasures of life would greatly be increased by moderation. A man might give two dinners for one, according to the present pattern. Half your money is swallowed up in a dessert, which nobody wants in the least, and which I always grudge to see arriving at the end of plenty. Services of culinary kickshaws swallow up money, which gives nobody pleasure, except the pastrycook, whom they enrich. Everybody entertains as if he had three or four thousand a year.

Some one with a voice potential should cry out against this overwhelming luxury. What is mere decency in a very wealthy man is absurdity—nay, wickedness, in a poor one: a frog by nature, I am an insane, silly creature, to attempt to swell myself to the size of the ox, my neighbour. Oh that I could establish in the middle classes of London an *Anti-entrée* and *Anti-dessert* movement! I would go down to posterity not ill-deserving of my country in such a case, and might be ranked among the social benefactors. Let us have a meeting at Willis's Rooms, Ladies and Gentlemen, for the purpose, and get a few philanthropists, philosophers, and bishops or so, to speak! As peo-

ple, in former days, refused to take sugar, let us get up a society which shall decline to eat dessert and made-dishes.*

In this way, I say, every man who now gives a dinner might give two; and take in a host of poor friends and relatives, who are now excluded from his hospitality. For dinners are given mostly in the middle classes by way of revenge; and Mr. and Mrs. Thompson ask Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, because the latter have asked them. A man at this rate who gives four dinners of twenty persons in the course of the season, each dinner costing him something very near upon thirty pounds, receives in return, we will say, forty dinners from the friends whom he has himself invited. That is, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson pay a hundred and twenty pounds, as do all their friends, for forty-four dinners of which they partake. So that they may calculate that every time they dine with their respective friends, they pay about twenty-eight shillings per *tête*. What a sum this is, dear Johnson, for you and me to spend upon our waistcoats! What does poor Mrs. Johnson care for all these garish splendours, who has had her dinner at two with her dear children in the nursery? Our custom is not hospitality or pleasure, but to be able to cut off a certain number of acquaintance from the dining list.

One of these dinners of twenty, again, is scarcely ever pleasant as far as regards society. You may chance to get near a pleasant neighbour and neighbouress, when your corner of the table is possibly comfortable. But there can be no general conversation. Twenty people cannot engage together in talk. You would want a speaking-trumpet to communicate from your place by the lady of the house (for I wish to give my respected reader the place of honour) to the lady at the opposite corner at the right of the host. If you have a joke or a *mot* to make, you cannot utter it before such a crowd. A joke is nothing which can only get a laugh out of a third part of the company. The most eminent wags of my acquaintance are dumb in these great parties; and your *raconteur* or story-teller, if he is prudent, will invariably hold his tongue. For what can be more odious than to be compelled to tell a story at the top of

* Mr. Brown here enumerates three *entrées*, which he confesses he can-not resist, and likewise preserved cherries at dessert: but the principle is good, though the man is weak.

your voice, to be called on to repeat it for the benefit of a distant person who has only heard a part of the anecdote? There are stories of mine which would fail utterly, were they narrated in any but an under-tone; others in which I laugh, am overcome by emotion, and so-forth—what I call my *intimes* stories. Now it is impossible to do justice to these except in the midst of a general hush, and in a small circle; so that I am commonly silent. And as no anecdote is positively new in a party of twenty, the chances are so much against you that somebody should have heard the story before, in which case you are done.

In these large assemblies, a wit, then, is of no use, and does not have a chance: a *raconteur* does not get a fair hearing, and both of these real ornaments of a dinner-table are thus utterly thrown away. I have seen Jack Jolliffe, who can keep a table of eight or ten persons in a roar of laughter for four hours, remain utterly mute in a great entertainment, smothered by the numbers and the dowager on each side of him; and Tom Yarnold, the most eminent of conversationists, sit through a dinner as dumb as the footman behind him. They do not care to joke, unless there is a sympathising society, and prefer to be silent rather than throw their good things away.

What I would recommend, then, with all my power, is, that dinners should be more simple, more frequent, and should contain fewer persons. Ten is the utmost number that a man of moderate means should ever invite to his table; although in a great house, managed by a great establishment, the case may be different. A man and woman may look as if they were glad to see ten people; but in a great dinner they abdicate their position as host and hostess,—are mere creatures in the hands of the sham butlers, sham footmen, and tall confectioners' emissaries who crowd the room,—and are guests at their own table, where they are helped last, and of which they occupy the top and bottom. I have marked many a lady watching with timid glances the large artificial *major-domo*, who officiates for that night only, and thought to myself, "Ah, my dear madam, how much happier might we all be if there were but half the splendour, half the made dishes, and half the company assembled."

If any dinner-giving person who reads this shall be induced by my representations to pause in his present career,

to cut off some of the luxuries of his table, and instead of giving one enormous feast to twenty persons to have three simple dinners for ten, my dear Nephew will not have been addressed in vain. Everybody will be bettered; and while the guests will be better pleased, and more numerous, the host will actually be left with money in his pocket.

ON LOVE, MARRIAGE, MEN, AND WOMEN.

BOB BROWN is in love, then, and undergoing the common lot! And so, my dear lad, you are this moment enduring the delights and tortures, the jealousy and wakefulness, the longing and raptures, the frantic despair and elation, attendant upon the passion of love. In the year 1812 (it was before I contracted my alliance with your poor dear Aunt, who never caused me any of the disquietudes above enumerated) I myself went through some of those miseries and pleasures, which you now, O my Nephew, are enduring. I pity and sympathise with you. I am an old cock now, with a feeble strut and a faltering crow. But I was young once: and remember the time very well. Since that time, *amavi amantes*: if I see two young people happy, I like it: as I like to see children enjoying a pantomime. I have been the confidant of numbers of honest fellows, and the secret watcher of scores of little pretty intrigues in life. Miss Y., I know why you go so eagerly to balls now, and Mr. Z., what has set you off dancing at your mature age. Do you fancy, Mrs. Alpha, that I believe you walk every day at half-past eleven by the Serpentine for nothing, and that I don't see young O'Mega in Rotten Row? . . . And so, my poor Bob, you are shot.

If you lose the object of your desires, the loss won't kill you; you may set that down as a certainty. If you win, it is possible that you will be disappointed; that point also is to be considered. But hit or miss, good luck or bad—I should be sorry, my honest Bob, that thou didst not undergo the malady. Every man ought to be in love a few times in his life, and to have a smart attack of the fever. You are the better for it when it is over: the better for your misfortune if you endure it with a manly heart; how much the better for success if you win it and a good wife into the bargain! Ah! Bob—there is a stone in the burying-ground

at Funchal which I often and often think of—many hopes and passions lie beneath it, along with the fairest and gentlest creature in the world—it's not Mrs. Brown that lies there. After life's fitful fever, she sleeps in Marylebone burying-ground, poor dear soul! Emily Blenkinsop *might* have been Mrs. Brown, but—but let us change the subject.

Of course you will take advice, my dear Bob, about your flame. All men and women do. It is notorious that they listen to the opinions of all their friends, and never follow their own counsel. Well, tell us about this girl. What are her qualifications, expectations, belongings, station in life, and so forth!

About beauty I do not argue. I take it for granted. A man sees beauty, or that which he likes, with eyes entirely his own. I don't say that plain women get husbands as readily as the pretty girls—but so many handsome girls are unmarried, and so many of the other sort wedded, that there is no possibility of establishing a rule, or of setting up a standard. Poor dear Mrs. Brown was a far finer woman than Emily Blenkinsop, and yet I loved Emily's little finger more than the whole hand which your Aunt Martha gave me—I see the plainest women exercising the greatest fascinations over men—in fine, a man falls in love with a woman because it is fate, because she is a woman; Bob, too, is a man, and endowed with a heart and a beard.

Is she a clever woman? I do not mean to disparage you, my good fellow, but you are not a man that is likely to set the Thames on fire; and I should rather like to see you fall to the lot of a clever woman. A set has been made against clever women from all times. Take all Shakspeare's heroines—they all seem to me pretty much the same, affectionate, motherly, tender, that sort of thing. Take Scott's ladies, and other writers'—each man seems to draw from one model—an exquisite slave is what we want for the most part, a humble, flattering, smiling, child-loving, tea-making, piano-forte-playing being, who laughs at our jokes however old they may be, coaxes and wheedles us in our humours, and fondly lies to us through life. I never could get your poor Aunt into this system, though I confess I should have been a happier man had she tried it.

There are many more clever women in the world than men think for—our habit is to despise them; we believe

they do not think because they do not contradict us; and are weak because they do not struggle and rise up against us. A man only begins to know women as he grows old; and for my part my opinion of their cleverness rises every day.

When I say I know women, I mean I know that I don't know them. Every single woman I ever knew is a puzzle to me, as I have no doubt she is to herself. Say they are not clever? Their hypocrisy is a perpetual marvel to me, and a constant exercise of cleverness of the finest sort. You see a demure-looking woman perfect in all her duties, constant in house-bills and shirt-buttons, obedient to her lord, and anxious to please him in all things; silent, when you and he talk politics, or literature, or balderdash together, and if referred to, saying, with a smile of perfect humility, "Oh, women are not judges upon such and such matters; we leave learning and politics to men." "Yes, poor Polly," says Jones, patting the back of Mrs. J.'s head good-naturedly, "attend to the house, my dear; that's the best thing you can do, and leave the rest to us." Benighted idiot! She has long ago taken your measure and your friends'; she knows your weaknesses and ministers to them in a thousand artful ways. She knows your obstinate points, and marches round them with the most curious art and patience, as you will see an ant on a journey turn round an obstacle. Every woman manages her husband: every person who manages another is a hypocrite. Her smiles, her submission, her good-humour, for all which we value her,—what are they but admirable duplicity? We expect falseness from her, and order and educate her to be dishonest. Should he upbraid, I'll own that he prevail; say that he frown, I'll answer with a smile;—what are these but lies, that we exact from our slaves? lies, the dexterous performance of which we announce to be the female virtues: brutal Turks that we are! I do not say that Mrs. Brown ever obeyed me—on the contrary: but I should have liked it, for I am a Turk like my neighbour.

I will instance your mother now. When my brother comes in to dinner after a bad day's sport, or after looking over the bills of some of you boys, he naturally begins to be surly with your poor dear mother, and to growl at the mutton. What does she do? She may be hurt, but she doesn't show it. She proceeds to coax, to smile, to turn

the conversation, to stroke down Bruin, and get him in a good-humour. She sets him on his old stories, and she and all the girls—poor dear little Sapphiras!—set off laughing; there is that story about the Goose walking into church, which your father tells, and your mother and sisters laugh at, until I protest I am so ashamed that I hardly know where to look. On he goes with that story time after time: and your poor mother sits there and knows that I know she is a humbug, and laughs on; and teaches all the girls to laugh too. Had that dear creature been born to wear a nose-ring and bangles instead of a muff and bonnet; and had she a brown skin in the place of that fair one with which Nature has endowed her, she would have done Sut-tee, after your brown Brahmin father had died, and thought women very irreligious too, who refused to roast themselves for their masters and lords. I do not mean to say that the late Mrs. Brown would have gone through the process of incremation for me—far from it: by a timely removal she was spared from the grief which her widowhood would have doubtless caused her, and I acquiesce in the decrees of Fate in this instance, and have not the least desire to have preceded her.

I hope the ladies will not take my remarks in ill part. If I die for it, I must own that I don't think they have fair play. In the bargain we make with them I don't think they get their rights. And as a labourer notoriously does more by the piece than he does by the day, and a free man works harder than a slave, so I doubt whether we get the most out of our women by enslaving them as we do by law and custom. There are some folks who would limit the range of women's duties to little more than a kitchen range—others who like them to administer to our delectation in a ball-room, and permit them to display dimpled shoulders and flowing ringlets—just as you have one horse for a mill, and another for the Park. But in whatever way we like them, it is for our use somehow that we have women brought up; to work for us, or to shine for us, or to dance for us, or what not. It would not have been thought shame of our fathers fifty years ago, that they could not make a custard or a pie, but our mothers would have been rebuked had they been ignorant on these matters. Why should not you and I be ashamed now because we cannot make our own shoes, or cut out our own breeches? We know better:

we can get cobblers and tailors to do that—and it was we who made the laws for women, who we are in the habit of saying are not so clever as we are.

My dear Nephew, as I grow old and consider these things, I know which are the stronger, men or women; but which are the cleverer, I doubt.

LONG years ago, indeed it was at the Peace of Amiens, when with several other young bucks I was making the grand tour, I recollect how sweet we all of us were upon the lovely Duchess of Montepulciano at Naples, who to be sure was not niggardly of her smiles in return. There came a man amongst us, however, from London, a very handsome young fellow, with such an air of fascinating melancholy in his looks, that he cut out all the other suitors of the Duchess in the course of a week, and would have married her very likely, but that war was declared while this youth was still hankering about his Princess, and he was sent off to Verdun, whence he did not emerge for twelve years, and until he was as fat as a porpoise, and the Duchess was long since married to General Count Raff, one of the Emperor's heroes.

I mention poor Tibbits to show the curious difference of manner which exists among us; and which, though not visible to foreigners, is instantly understood by English people. Brave, clever, tall, slim, dark, and sentimental-looking, he passed muster in a foreign saloon, and as I must own to you, cut us fellows out: whereas we English knew instantly that the man was not well-bred, by a thousand little signs, not to be understood by the foreigner. In his early youth, for instance, he had been cruelly deprived of his *h's* by his parents, and though he tried to replace them in after life, they were no more natural than a glass eye, but stared at you as it were in a ghastly manner out of the conversation, and pained you by their horrid intrusions. Not acquainted with these refinements of our language, foreigners did not understand what Tibbits' errors were, and doubtless thought it was from envy that we conspired to slight the poor fellow.

I mention Mr. Tibbits, because he was handsome, clever, honest, and brave, and in almost all respects our superior; and yet laboured under disadvantages of manner which unfitted him for certain society. It is not Tibbits the man,

it is not Tibbits the citizen, of whom I would wish to speak lightly; his morals, his reading, his courage, his generosity, his talents are undoubted—it is the social Tibbits of whom I speak: and as I do not go to balls, because I do not dance, or to meetings of the Political Economy Club, or other learned associations, because taste and education have not fitted me for the pursuits for which other persons are adapted, so Tibbits' sphere is not in drawing-rooms, where the *h*, and other points of etiquette, are rigorously maintained.

I say thus much because one or two people have taken some remarks of mine in ill part, and hinted that I am a Tory in disguise: and an aristocrat that should be hung up to a lamp-post. Not so, dear Bob;—there is nothing like the truth, about whomsoever it may be. I mean no more disrespect towards any fellow-man by saying that he is not what is called in Society well-bred, than by stating that he is not tall or short, or that he cannot dance, or that he does not know Hebrew, or whatever the case may be. I mean that if a man works with a pickaxe or shovel all day, his hands will be harder than those of a lady of fashion, and that his opinion about Madame Sontag's singing, or the last new novel, will not probably be of much value. And though I own my conviction that there are some animals which frisk advantageously in ladies' drawing-rooms, whilst others pull stoutly at the plough, I do not most certainly mean to reflect upon a horse for not being a lap-dog, or see that he has any cause to be ashamed that he is other than a horse.

And, in a word, as you are what is called a gentleman yourself, I hope that Mrs. Bob Brown, whoever she may be, is not only by nature, but by education, a gentlewoman. No man ought ever to be called upon to blush for his wife. I see good men rush into marriage with ladies of whom they are afterwards ashamed; and in the same manner charming women linked to partners, whose vulgarity they try to screen. Poor Mrs. Botibol, what a constant hypocrisy your life is, and how you insist upon informing everybody that Botibol is the best of men! Poor Jack Jinkins! what a female is that you brought back from Bagnigge Wells to introduce to London society! a handsome, tawdry, flaunting, watering-place belle; a boarding-house beauty: tremendous in brazen ornaments and cheap finery.

If you marry, dear Bob, I hope Mrs. Robert B. will be a lady not very much above or below your own station.

I would sooner that you should promote your wife than that she should advance you. And though every man can point you out instances where his friends have been married to ladies of superior rank, who have accepted their new position with perfect grace, and made their husbands entirely happy; as there are examples of maid-servants decorating coronets, and sempstresses presiding worthily over Baronial Halls; yet I hope Mrs. Robert Brown will not come out of a palace or a kitchen: but out of a house something like yours, out of a family something like yours, with a snug jointure something like that modest portion which I dare say you will inherit.

I remember when Arthur Rowdy (who I need not tell you belongs to the firm of Stumpy, Rowdy & Co., of Lombard Street, Bankers,) married Lady Cleopatra; what a grand match it was thought by the Rowdy family: and how old Mrs. Rowdy in Portman Square was elated at the idea of her son's new connection. Her daughters were to go to all the parties in London; and her house was to be filled with the very greatest of great folks. We heard of nothing but dear Lady Stonehenge from morning till night; and the old frequenters of the house were perfectly pestered with stories of dear Lady Zenobia and dear Lady Cornelia, and of the dear Marquis, whose masterly translation of "Cornelius Nepos" had placed him among the most learned of our nobility.

When Rowdy went to live in May Fair, what a wretched house it was into which he introduced such of his friends as were thought worthy of presentation to his new society! The rooms were filled with young dandies of the Stonehenge connection—beardless bucks from Downing Street, gay young sprigs of the Guards—their sisters and mothers, their kith and kin. They overdrew their accounts at Rowdy's Bank, and laughed at him in his drawing-room; they made their bets and talked their dandy talk over his claret, at which the poor fellow sate quite silent. Lady Stonehenge invaded his nursery, appointed and cashiered his governess and children's maids; established her apothecary in permanence over him: quarrelled with old Mrs. Rowdy, so that the poor old body was only allowed to see her grandchildren by stealth, and have secret interviews with them

in the garden of Berkeley Square; made Rowdy take villas at Tunbridge, which she filled with her own family; massacred her daughter's visiting-book, in the which Lady Cleopatra, a good-natured woman, at first admitted some of her husband's relatives and acquaintance; and carried him abroad upon excursions, in which all he had to do was to settle the bills with the courier. And she went so far as to order him to change his side of the house and his politics, and adopt those of Lord Stonehenge, which were of the age of the Druids, his lordship's ancestors; but here the honest British merchant made a stand and conquered his mother-in-law, who would have smothered him the other day for voting for Rothschild. If it were not for the Counting House in the morning and the House of Commons at night, what would become of Rowdy? They say he smokes there, and drinks when he smokes. He has been known to go to Vauxhall, and has even been seen, with a comforter over his nose, listening to *Sam Hall* at the Cider Cellars. All this misery and misfortune came to the poor fellow for marrying out of his degree. The clerks at Lombard Street laugh when Lord Mistletoe steps out of his cab and walks into the bank-parlour; and Rowdy's private account invariably tells tales of the visit of his young scapegrace of a brother-in-law.

LET us now, beloved and ingenuous youth, take the other side of the question, and discourse a little while upon the state of that man who takes unto himself a wife inferior to him in degree. I have before me in my acquaintance many most pitiable instances of individuals who have made this fatal mistake.

Although old fellows are as likely to be made fools as young in love matters, and Dan Cupid has no respect for the most venerable age, yet I remark that it is generally the young men who marry vulgar wives. They are on a reading tour for the Long Vacation, they are quartered at Ballinafad, they see Miss Smith or Miss O'Shaughnessy every day, healthy lively jolly girls with red cheeks, bright eyes, and high spirits—they come away at the end of the vacation, or when the regiment changes its quarters, engaged men, family rows ensue, mothers cry out, papas grumble, Miss pines and loses her health at Baymouth or Ballinafad—consent is got at last, Jones takes his degree,

Jenkins gets his company; Miss Smith and Miss O'Shaughnessy become Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Jenkins.

For the first year it is all very well. Mrs. Jones is a great bouncing handsome creature, lavishly fond of her adored Jones, and caring for no other company but his. They have a cottage at Bayswater. He walks her out every evening. He sits and reads the last new novel to her whilst she works slippers for him, or makes some little tiny caps, and for—dear Julia, dear Edward!—they are all in all to one another.

Old Mrs. Smith of course comes up from Swansea at the time when the little caps are put into requisition, and takes possession of the cottage at Bayswater. Mrs. Jones Senior calls upon Mrs. Edward Jones's mamma, and of course, is desirous to do everything that is civil to the family of Edward's wife.

Mrs. Jones finds in the mother-in-law of her Edward a large woman with a cotton umbrella, who dines in the middle of the day, and has her beer, and who calls Mrs. Jones Mum. What a state they are in in Pocklington Square about this woman! How can they be civil to her? Whom can they ask to meet her? How the girls, Edward's sisters, go on about her! Fanny says she ought to be shown to the housekeeper's room when she calls; Mary proposes that Mrs. Shay the washerwoman should be invited on the day when Mrs. Smith comes to dinner, and Emma (who was Edward's favourite sister, and who considers herself jilted by his marriage with Julia) points out the most dreadful thing of all, that Mrs. Smith and Julia are exactly alike, and that in a few years Mrs. Edward Jones will be the very image of that great enormous unwieldy horrid old woman.

Closeted with her daughter, of whom and of her baby she has taken possession, Mrs. Smith gives her opinion about the Joneses:—They may be very good, but they are too fine ladies for *her*; and they evidently think she is not good enough for *them*: they are sad worldly people, and have never sate under a good minister, that is clear: they talked French before her on the day she called in Pocklington Gardens, and though they were laughing at me, I'm sure I can pardon them, Mrs. Smith says. Edward and Julia have a little altercation about the manner in which his family has treated Mrs. Smith, and Julia bursting into

tears as she clasps her child to her bosom, says, "My child, my child, will you be taught to be ashamed of your mother!"

Edward flings out of the room in a rage. It is true that Mrs. Smith is not fit to associate with his family, and that her manners are not like theirs; that Julia's eldest brother, who is a serious tanner at Cardiff, is not a pleasant companion after dinner: and that it is not agreeable to be called "Ned" and "Old Cove" by her younger brother, who is an attorney's clerk in Gray's Inn, and favours Ned by asking him to lend him a "Sov.," and by coming to dinner on Sundays. It is true that the appearance of that youth at the first little party the Edward Joneses gave after their marriage, when Natty disgracefully inebriated himself, caused no little scandal amongst his friends, and much wrath on the part of Old Jones, who said, "That little scamp call my daughters by their Christian names!—a little beggar that is not fit to sit down in my hall—If ever he dares to call at my house I'll tell Jobbins to fling a pail of water over him." And it is true that Natty called many times in Pocklington Square, and complained to Edward that he, Nat, could neither see his Mar nor the Gurls, and that the old gent cut up uncommon stiff.

So you see Edward Jones has had his way, and got a handsome wife, but at what expense? He and his family are separated. His wife brought him nothing but good looks. Her stock of brains is small. She is not easy in the new society into which she has been brought, and sits quite mum both at the grand parties which the Old Joneses give in Pocklington Square, and at the snug little entertainments which poor Edward Jones tries on his own part. The women of the Jones' set try her in every way, and can get no good from her: Jones' male friends, who are civilised beings, talk to her, and receive only monosyllables in reply. His house is a stupid one; his acquaintances drop off; he has no circle at all at last, except to be sure that increasing family circle which brings up old Mrs. Smith from Swansea every year.

What is the lot of a man at the end of a dozen years who has a wife like this? She is handsome no longer, and she never had any other merit. He can't read novels to her all through his life, while she is working slippers—it is absurd. He can't be philandering in Kensington Gardens with a lady who does not walk out now except with

two nursemaids and the twins in a go-cart. He is a young man still, when she is an old woman. Love is a mighty fine thing, dear Bob, but it is not the life of a man. There are a thousand other things for him to think of besides the red lips of Lucy, or the bright eyes of Eliza. There is business, there is friendship, there is society, there are taxes, there is ambition, and the manly desire to exercise the talents which are given us by Heaven, and reap the prize of our desert. There are other books in a man's library besides Ovid; and after dawdling ever so long at a woman's knee, one day he gets up and is free. We have all been there: we have all had the fever: the strongest and the smallest, from Samson, Hercules, Rinaldo, downwards; but it burns out, and you get well.

Ladies who read this, and who know what a love I have for the whole sex, will not, I hope, cry out at the above observations, or be angry because I state that the ardour of love declines after a certain period. My dear Mrs. Hopkins, you would not have Hopkins to carry on the same absurd behaviour which he exhibited when he was courting you? or in place of going to bed and to sleep comfortably, sitting up half the night to write to you bad verses? You would not have him racked with jealousy if you danced or spoke with any one else at a ball; or neglect all his friends, his business, his interest in life, in order to dangle at your feet? No, you are a sensible woman; you know that he must go to his counting-house, that he must receive and visit his friends, and that he must attend to his and your interest in life. You are no longer his goddess, his fairy, his peerless paragon, whose name he shouted as Don Quixote did that of Dulcinea. You are Jane Hopkins, you are thirty years old, you have got a parcel of children, and Hop loves you and them with all his heart. He would be a helpless driveller and ninny were he to be honeymooning still, whereas he is a good honest fellow, respected on 'Change, liked by his friends, and famous for his Port wine.

Yes, Bob, the fever goes, but the wife doesn't. Long after your passion is over, Mrs. Brown will be at your side, good soul still; and it is for that, as I trust, long subsequent period of my worthy Bob's life, that I am anxious. How will she look when the fairy brilliancy of the honeymoon has faded into the light of common day?

You are of a jovial and social turn, and like to see the world, as why should you not? It contains a great number of kind and honest folks, from whom you may hear a thousand things wise and pleasant. A man ought to like his neighbours, to mix with his neighbours, to be popular with his neighbours. It is a friendly heart that has plenty of friends. You can't be talking to Mrs. Brown for ever and ever: you will be a couple of old geese if you do.

She ought then to be able to make your house pleasant to your friends. She ought to attract them to it by her grace, her good breeding, her good humour. Let it be said of her, "What an uncommonly nice woman Mrs. Brown is." Let her be, if not a clever woman, an appreciator of cleverness in others, which perhaps clever folks like better. Above all, let her have a sense of humour, my dear Bob, for a woman without a laugh in her (like the late excellent Mrs. Brown) is the greatest bore in existence. Life without laughing is a dreary blank. A woman who cannot laugh is a wet blanket on the kindly nuptial couch. A good laugh is sunshine in a house. A quick intelligence, a brightening eye, a kind smile, a cheerful spirit,—these I hope Mrs. Bob will bring to you in her *trousseau*, to be used afterwards for daily wear. Before all things, my dear Nephew, try and have a cheerful wife.

What, indeed, does not that word "cheerfulness" imply? It means a contented spirit, it means a pure heart, it means a kind and loving disposition; it means humility and charity; it means a generous appreciation of others, and a modest opinion of self. Stupid people, people who do not know how to laugh, are always pompous and self-conceited, that is, bigoted; that is, cruel; that is, ungentle, uncharitable, unchristian. Have a good, jolly, laughing, kind woman, then, for your partner, you who are yourself a kind and jolly fellow; and when you go to sleep, and when you wake, I pray there may be a smile under each of your honest nightcaps.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

THE other day I saw you walking by the Serpentine with young Lord Foozle, of the Windsor Heavies, who nodded to all sorts of suspicious broughams on the ride, while you looked about (you know you did, you young rascal) for ac-

quaintances—as much as to say—“See! here am I, Bob Brown, of Pump Court, walking with a lord.”

My dear Bob, I own that to walk with a lord, and to be seen with him, is a pleasant thing. Every man of the middle class likes to know persons of rank. If he says he don't—don't believe him. And I would certainly wish that you should associate with your superiors rather than your inferiors. There is no more dangerous or stupifying position for a man in life than to be a cock of small society. It prevents his ideas from growing: it renders him intolerably conceited. A twopenny halfpenny Cæsar, a Brummagem dandy, a coterie philosopher or wit, is pretty sure to be an ass; and, in fine, I set it down as a maxim that it is good for a man to live where he can meet his betters, intellectual and social.

But if you fancy that getting into Lord Foozle's set will do you good or advance your prospects in life, my dear Bob, you are wofully mistaken. The Windsor Heavies are a most gentleman-like, well-made, and useful set of men. The conversation of such of them as I have had the good fortune to meet has not certainly inspired me with a respect for their intellectual qualities, nor is their life commonly of that kind which rigid ascetics would pronounce blameless. Some of the young men amongst them talk to the broughams, frequent the private boxes, dance at the Casinos; few read—many talk about horseflesh and the odds after dinner, or relax with a little lansquenet or a little billiards at Pratt's.

My boy, it is not with the eye of a moralist that your venerable old Uncle examines these youths, but rather of a natural philosopher, who inspects them as he would any other phenomenon, or queer bird, or odd fish, or fine flower. These fellows are like the flowers, and neither toil nor spin, but are decked out in magnificent apparel: and for some wise and useful purpose no doubt. It is good that there should be honest, handsome, hard-living, hard-riding, stupid young Windsor Heavies—as that there should be polite young gentlemen in the Temple, or any other variety of our genus.

And it is good that you should go from time to time to the Heavies' mess, if they ask you; and know that worthy set of gentlemen. But beware, O Bob, how you live with them. Remember that your lot in life is to toil, and spin

too—and calculate how much time it takes a Heavy or a man of that condition to do nothing. Say, he dines at eight o'clock, and spends seven hours after dinner in pleasure. Well, if he goes to bed at three in the morning—that precious youth must have nine hours' sleep, which bring him to twelve o'clock next day, when he will have a headache probably, so that he can hardly be expected to dress, rally, have devilled chicken and pale ale, and get out before three. Friendship—the Club—the visits which he is compelled to pay occupy him till five or six, and what time is there left for exercise and a ride in the Park, and for a second toilette preparatory to dinner, &c.?—He goes on his routine of pleasure, this young Heavy, as you in yours of duty—one man in London is pretty nearly as busy as another. The company of young "Swells," then, if you will permit me the word, is not for you. You must consider that you should not spend more than a certain sum for your dinner—they need not. You wear a black coat, and they a shining cuirass and monstrous epaulets. Yours is the useful part in life and theirs the splendid—though why speak further on this subject? Since the days of the Frog and the Bull, a desire to cope with Bulls has been known to be fatal to Frogs.

And to know young noblemen, and brilliant and notorious town bucks and leaders of fashion, has this great disadvantage—that, if you talk about them or are seen with them much, you offend all your friends of middle life. It makes men angry to see their acquaintances better off than they themselves are. If you live much with great people, others will be sure to say that you are a sneak. I have known Jack Jolliff, whose fun and spirits made him adored by the dandies (for they are just such folks as you and I, only with not quite such good brains, and perhaps better manners—simple folks who want to be amused)—I have known Jack Jolliff, I say, offend a whole roomful of men by telling us that he had been dining with a Duke. *We* hadn't been to dine with a Duke. We were not courted by grandees—and we disliked the man who was, and said he was a parasite, because men of fashion courted him. I don't know any means by which men hurt themselves more in the estimation of their equals than this of talking of great folks. A man may mean no harm by it—he speaks of the grandees with whom he lives, as you and I do of

Jack and Tom who give us dinners. But his old acquaintances do not forgive him his superiority, and set the Tuft-hunted down as the Tufthunter.

I remember laughing at the jocular complaint made by one of this sort, a friend, whom I shall call Main. After Main published his "Travels in the Libyan Desert" four years ago, he became a literary lion, and roared in many of the metropolitan *salons*. He is a good-natured fellow, never in the least puffed up by his literary success; and always said that it would not last. His greatest leonine quality, however, is his appetite; and to behold him engaged on a Club joint, or to see him make away with pounds of turbot, and plate after plate of *entrées*, roasts, and sweets, is indeed a remarkable sight, and refreshing to those who like to watch animals feeding. But since Main has gone out of, and other authors have come into, fashion—the poor fellow comically grumbles. "That year of lionisation has ruined me. The people who used to ask me before, don't ask me any more. They are afraid to invite me to Bloomsbury, because they fancy I am accustomed to May Fair, and May Fair has long since taken up with a new roarer—so that I am quite alone!" And thus he dines at the Club almost every day at his own charges now, and attacks the joint. I do not envy the man who comes after him to the haunch of mutton.

If Fate, then, my dear Bob, should bring you in contact with a lord or two, eat their dinners, enjoy their company, but be mum about them when you go away.

And, though it is a hard and cruel thing to say, I would urge you, my dear Bob, specially to beware of taking pleasant fellows for your friends. Choose a good disagreeable friend, if you be wise—a surly, steady, economical, rigid fellow. All jolly fellows, all delights of Club smoking-rooms and billiard-rooms, all fellows who sing a capital song, and the like, are sure to be poor. As they are free with their own money, so will they be with yours; and their very generosity and goodness of disposition will prevent them from having the means of paying you back. They lend their money to some other jolly fellows. They accommodate each other by putting their jolly names to the backs of jolly bills. Gentlemen in Cursitor Street are on the look-out for them. Their tradesmen ask for them, and find them not. Ah! Bob, it's hard times with a gentle-

man, when he has to walk round a street for fear of meeting a creditor there, and for a man of courage, when he can't look a tailor in the face.

Eschew jolly fellows then, my boy, as the most dangerous and costly of company; and apropos of bills—if I ever hear of your putting your name to stamped paper I will disown you, and cut you off with a protested shilling.

I know many men who say (whereby I have my private opinion of their own probity) that all poor people are dishonest: this is a hard word, though more generally true than some folks suppose—but I fear that all people much in debt are not honest. A man who has to wheedle a tradesman is not going through a very honourable business in life—a man with a bill becoming due to-morrow morning, and putting a good face on it in the Club, is perforce a hypocrite whilst he is talking to you—a man who has to do any meanness about money I fear me is so nearly like a rogue, that it's not much use calculating where the difference lies. Let us be very gentle with our neighbours' failings; and forgive our friends their debts, as we hope ourselves to be forgiven. But the best thing of all to do with your debts is to pay them. Make none; and don't live with people who do. Why, if I dine with a man who is notoriously living beyond his means, I am a hypocrite certainly myself, and I fear a bit of a rogue too. I try to make my host believe that I believe him an honest fellow. I look his sham splendour in the face without saying, "You are an impostor."—Alas, Robert, I have partaken of feasts where it seemed to me that the plate, the viands, the wine, the servants, and butlers, were all sham, like Cinderella's coach and footmen, and would turn into rats and mice, and an old shoe or a cabbage-stalk, as soon as we were out of the house and the clock struck twelve.

OUT OF TOWN.

I HAVE little news, my dear Bob, wherewith to entertain thee from this city, from which almost everybody has fled within the last week, and which lies in a state of torpor. I wonder what the newspapers find to talk about day after day, and how they come out every morning. But for a little

distant noise of cannonading from the Danube and the Theiss, the whole world is silent, and London seems to have hauled down her flag, as Her Majesty has done at Pimlico, and the Queen of cities has gone out of town.

You, in pursuit of Miss Kicklebury, are probably by this time at Spa or Hamburg. Watch her well, Bob, and see what her temper is like. See whether she flirts with the foreigners much, examine how she looks of a morning (you will have a hundred opportunities of familiarity, and can drop in and out of a friend's apartments at a German watering-place as you never can hope to do here), examine her conduct with her little sisters, if they are of the party, whether she is good and playful with them, see whether she is cheerful and obedient to old Lady Kick (I acknowledge a hard task)—in fine, try her manners and temper, and see whether she wears them all day, and only puts on her smiles with her fresh bonnet, to come out on the parade at music time. I, meanwhile, remain behind, alone in our airy and great Babylon.

As an old soldier when he gets to his ground begins straightway *à se caser* as the French say, makes the most of his circumstances, and himself as comfortable as he can, an old London man, if obliged to pass the dull season in town, accommodates himself to the time, and forages here and there in the deserted city, and manages to make his own tent snug. A thousand means of comfort and amusement spring up, whereof a man has no idea of the existence, in the midst of the din and racket of the London season. I, for my part, am grown to that age, sir, when I like the quiet time the best; the gaiety of the great London season is too strong and noisy for me; I like to talk to my beloved metropolis when she has done dancing at crowded balls, and squeezing at concerts, and chattering at conversaziones, and gorging at great dinners—when she is calm, contemplative, confidential, and at leisure.

Colonel Padmore of our club being out of town, and too wise a man to send his favourite old cob to grass, I mounted him yesterday, and took a ride in Rotten Row, and in various parts of the city, where but ten days back all sorts of life, hilarity, and hospitality, were going on. What a change it is now in the Park, from that scene which the modern Pepys, and that ingenious youth who signs his immortal drawings with a D surmounted by a dickey-bird,

depicted only a few weeks ago! Where are the thousands of carriages that crawled along the Serpentine shore, and which gives an observant man a happy and wholesome sense of his own insignificance—for you shall be a man long upon the town, and pass five hundred equipages without knowing the owners of one of them? Where are the myriads of horsemen who trampled the Row?—the splendid dandies whose boots were shiny, whose chins were tufted, whose shirts were astounding, whose manners were frank and manly, whose brains were somewhat small? Where are the stout old capitalists and bishops on their cobs (the Bench, by the way, cuts an uncommonly good figure on horseback)? Where are the dear rideresses, above all? Where is she the gleaming of whose red neck-ribbon in the distance made your venerable uncle's heart beat, Bob? He sees her now prancing by, severe and beautiful—a young Diana, with pure bright eyes! Where is Fanny, who wore the pretty grey hat and feather, and rode the pretty grey mare? Fanny changed her name last week, without ever so much as sending me a piece of cake! The gay squadrons have disappeared: the ground no longer thrills with the thump of their countless hoofs. Watteau-like groups in shot silks no longer compose themselves under the green boughs of Kensington Gardens: the scarlet trumpeters have blown themselves away thence; you don't behold a score of horsemen in the course of an hour's ride; and Mrs. Catherine Highflyer, whom a fortnight since you never saw unaccompanied by some superb young Earl and *roué* of the fashion, had yesterday so little to do with her beautiful eyes, that she absolutely tried to kill your humble servant with them as she cantered by me in at the barriers of the Row, and looked round firing Parthian shots behind her. But Padmore's cob did not trot, nor did my blood run any the quicker, Mr. Bob; man and beast are grown too old and steady to be put out of our pace by any Mrs. Highflyer of them all; and though I hope, if I live to be a hundred, never to be unmoved by the sight of a pretty girl, it is not thy kind of beauty, Oh ogling and vain Dalilah, that can set me cantering after thee.

By the way, one of the benefits I find in the dull season is at my own lodgings. When I ring the bell now, that uncommonly pretty young woman, the landlady's daughter, condescends to come in and superintend my comfort,

and whisk about amongst the books and tea-things, and wait upon me in general: whereas in the full season, when young Lord Claude Lollypop is here attending to his arduous duties in Parliament, and occupying his accustomed lodgings on the second floor, the deuce a bit will Miss Flora ever deign to bring a message or a letter to old Mr. Brown on the first, but sends me in Muggins, my old servant, whose ugly face I have known any time these thirty years, or the blowsy maid-of-all-work with her sandy hair in papers.

Again, at the Club, how many privileges does a man lingering in London enjoy, from which he is precluded in the full season! Every man in every Club has three or four special aversions—men who somehow annoy him, as I have no doubt but that you and I, Bob, are hated by some particular man, and for that excellent reason for which the poet disliked Dr. Fell—the appearance of old Banquo, in the same place, in the same arm-chair, reading the newspaper day after day and evening after evening; of Mr. Plodder threading among the coffee-room tables and taking note of every man's dinner; of old General Hawkshaw, who makes that constant noise in the Club, sneezing, coughing, and blowing his nose—all these men, by their various defects or qualities, have driven me half mad at times, and I have thought to myself, O that I could go to the Club without seeing Banquo—O that Plodder would not come and inspect my mutton chop—O that fate would remove Hawkshaw and his pocket-handkerchief for ever out of my sight and hearing! Well, August arrives, and one's three men of the sea are off one's shoulders. Mr. and Mrs. Banquo are at Leamington, the paper says; Mr. Plodder is gone to Paris to inspect the dinners at the Trois Frères; and Hawkshaw is coughing away at Brighton where the sad sea waves murmur before him. The Club is your own. How pleasant it is! You can get the *Globe* and *Standard* now without a struggle; you may see all the Sunday papers; when you dine it is not like dining in a street dinned by the tramp of waiters perpetually passing with clanking dishes of various odours, and jostled by young men who look scowlingly down upon your dinner as they pass with creaking boots. They are all gone—you sit in a vast and agreeable apartment with twenty large servants at your orders—if you were a Duke with a thousand pounds a day

you couldn't be better served or lodged. Those men, having nothing else to do, are anxious to prevent your desires and make you happy—the butler bustles about with your pint of wine—if you order a dish, the *chef* himself will probably cook it: what mortal can ask more?

I once read in a book purporting to give descriptions of London, and life and manners, an account of a family in the lower ranks of genteel life, who shut up the front windows of their house, and lived in the back rooms, from which they only issued for fresh air surreptitiously at midnight, so that their friends might suppose that they were out of town. I suppose that there is some foundation for this legend. I suppose that some people *are* actually afraid to be seen in London, when the persons who form their society have quitted the metropolis: and that Mr. and Mrs. Higgs being left at home at Islington, when Mr. and Mrs. Biggs, their next door neighbours, have departed for Margate or Gravesend, feel pangs of shame at their own poverty, and envy at their friends' better fortune. I have seen many men and cities, my dear Bob, and noted their manners: and for servility I will back a free-born Englishman of the respectable classes against any man of any nation in the world. In the competition for social rank between Higgs and Biggs, think what a strange standard of superiority is set up!—a shilling steamer to Gravesend, and a few shrimps more or less on one part or the other, settles the claim. Perhaps in what is called high life, there are disputes as paltry, aims as mean, and distinctions as absurd: but my business is with this present folly of being ashamed to be in London. Ashamed, sir! I like being in London at this time, and have so much to say regarding the pleasures of the place in the dead season, that I hope to write you another letter regarding it next week.

CAREERING during the season from one party to another, from one great dinner of twenty covers to another of eighteen guests; from Lady Hustlebury's rout to Mrs. Packington's soirée—friendship, to a man about town, becomes impossible from February to August: it is only his acquaintances he can cultivate during those six months of turmoil

In the last fortnight, one has had leisure to recur to more

tender emotions: in other words, as nobody has asked me to dinner, I have been about seeking dinners from my old friends. And very glad are they to see you: very kindly and hospitable are they disposed to be, very pleasant are those little calm *réunions* in the quiet summer-evenings, when the beloved friend of your youth and you sip a bottle of claret together leisurely without candles, and ascend to the drawing-room where the friend of your youth's wife sits blandly *présiding* over the tea-pot. What matters that it is the metal tea-pot, the silver utensils being packed off to the banker's? What matters that the hangings are down, and the lustre in a brown-hollands bag? Intimacy increases by this artless confidence—you are admitted to a family *en déshabille*. In an honest man's house, the wine is never sent to the banker's; he can always go to the cellar for that. And so we drink and prattle in quiet—about the past season, about our sons at college, and what not. We become intimate again, because Fate, which has long separated us, throws us once more together. I say the dull season is a kind season: gentle and amiable, friendly and full of quiet enjoyment.

Among these pleasant little meetings, for which the present season has given time and opportunity, I shall mention one, sir, which took place last Wednesday, and which during the very dinner itself I vowed I would describe, if the venerable *Mr. Punch* would grant me leave and space, in the columns of a journal which has for its object the promotion of mirth and good-will.

In the year eighteen hundred and something, sir, there lived at a villa, at a short distance from London, a certain gentleman and lady who had many acquaintances and friends, among whom was your humble servant. For to become acquainted with this young woman was to be her friend, so friendly was she, so kind, so gentle, so full of natural genius, and graceful feminine accomplishment. Whatever she did, she did charmingly; her life was decorated with a hundred pretty gifts, with which, as one would fancy, kind fairies had endowed her cradle; music and pictures seemed to flow naturally out of her hand, as she laid it on the piano or the drawing-board. She sang exquisitely, and with a full heart, and as if she couldn't help it any more than a bird. I have an image of this fair creature before me now, a calm, sunshiny evening, a green lawn flaring

with roses and geraniums, and a half-dozen gentlemen sauntering thereon in a state of great contentment, or gathered under the verandah, by the open French window: near by she sits singing at the piano. She is in a pink dress: she has *gigot* sleeves; a little child in a prodigious sash is playing about at her mother's knee. She sings song after song; the sun goes down behind the black fir-trees that belt the lawn, and Missy in the blue sash vanishes to the nursery; the room darkens in the twilight; the stars appear in the heaven—and the tips of the cigars glow in the balcony; she sings song after song, in accents soft and low, tender and melodious—we are never tired of hearing her. Indeed, Bob, I can hear her still—the stars of those calm nights still shine in my memory, and I have been humming one of her tunes with my pen in my mouth, to the surprise of Mr. Dodder, who is writing at the opposite side of the table, and wondering at the lackadaisical expression which pervades my venerable mug.

You will naturally argue from the above pathetic passage, that I was greatly smitten by Mrs. Nightingale (as we will call this lady, if you will permit me). You are right, sir. For what is an amiable woman made, but that we should fall in love with her! I do not mean to say that you are to lose your sleep, or give up your dinner, or make yourself unhappy in her absence; but when the sun shines (and it is not too hot) I like to bask in it: when the bird sings, to listen: and to admire that which is admirable, with an honest and hearty enjoyment. There were a half-dozen men at the period of which I speak, who wore Mrs. Nightingale's colours, and we used to be invited down from London of a Saturday and Sunday, to Thornwood, by the hospitable host and hostess there, and it seemed like going back to school, when we came away by the coach of a Monday morning: we talked of her all the way back to London, to separate upon our various callings when we got into the smoky city. Salvator Rodgers, the painter, went to his easel; Woodward, the barrister, to his chambers; Piper, the doctor, to his patient (for he then had only one), and so forth. Fate called us each to his business, and has sent us upon many a distant errand since that day. But from that day to this, whenever we meet, the remembrance of the holidays at Thornwood has been always a bond of union

between us: and we have always had Mrs. Nightingale's colours put away amongst the cherished relics of old times.

N. was a West India merchant, and his property went to the bad. He died at Jamaica. Thornwood was let to other people who knew us not. The widow with a small jointure retired, and educated her daughter abroad. We had not heard of her for years and years, nor until she came to town about a legacy a few weeks since.

In those years and years what changes have taken place! Sir Salvator Rodgers is a Member of the Royal Academy. Woodward the barrister has made a fortune at the Bar; and in seeing Doctor Piper in his barouche, as he rolls about Belgravia and May Fair, you at once know what a man of importance he has become.

On last Monday week, sir, I received a letter in a delicate female hand-writing, with which I was not acquainted, and which Miss Flora, the landlady's daughter, condescended to bring me, saying that it had been left at the door by two ladies in a brougham.

"—Why did you not let them come up stairs?" said I in a rage, after reading the note.

"We don't know what sort of people goes about in broughams," said Miss Flora, with a toss of her head; "we don't want no ladies in *our* house;" and she flung her impertinence out of the room.

The note was signed Frances Nightingale,—whereas *our* Nightingale's name was Louisa. But this Frances was no other than the little thing in the large blue sash, whom we remembered at Thornwood, ever so many years ago. The writer declared that she recollected me quite well, that her mamma was most anxious to see an old friend, and that they had apartments at No. 166, Clarges Street, Piccadilly, whither I hastened off to pay my respects to Mrs. Nightingale.

When I entered the room, a tall and beautiful young woman with blue eyes, and a serene and majestic air, came up to shake hands with me: and I beheld in her, without in the least recognising, the little Fanny of the blue sash. Mamma came out of the adjoining apartment presently. We had not met since—since all sorts of events had occurred—her voice was not a little agitated. Here was that fair creature whom we had admired so. Sir, I shall not

say whether she was altered or not. The tones of her voice were as sweet and kind as ever:—and we talked about Miss Fanny as a subject in common between us, and I admired the growth and beauty of the young lady, though I did not mind telling her to her face (at which to be sure the girl was delighted), that she never in my eyes would be half so pretty as her mother.

Well, sir, upon this day arrangements were made for the dinner which took place on Wednesday last, and to the remembrance of which I determined to consecrate this present page.

It so happened that everybody was in town of the old set of whom I have made mention, and everybody was disengaged. Sir Salvator Rodgers (who has become such a swell since he was knighted and got the cordon of the order of the George and Blue Boar of Russia, that we like to laugh at him a little,) made his appearance at eight o'clock, and was perfectly natural and affable. Woodward the lawyer forgot his abominable law and his money about which he is always thinking: and finally Dr. Piper, of whom we despaired because his wife is mortally jealous of every lady whom he attends, and will hardly let him dine out of her sight, had pleaded Lady Rackstraw's situation as a reason for not going down to Wimbledon Common till night—and so we six had a meeting.

The door was opened to us by a maid who looked us hard in the face as we went up stairs, and who was no other than little Fanny's nurse in former days, come like us to visit her old mistress. We all knew her except Woodward the lawyer, and all shook hands with her except him. Constant study had driven her out of the lawyer's memory. I don't think he ever cared for Mrs. Nightingale as much as the rest of us did, or indeed that it is in the nature of that learned man to care for any but one learned person.

And what do you think, sir, this dear and faithful widow had done to make us welcome? She remembered the dishes that we used to like ever so long ago, and she had every man's favourite dish for him. Rodgers used to have a passion for herrings—there they were: the lawyer, who has an enormous appetite which he gratifies at other people's expense, had a shoulder of mutton and onion sauce, which the lean and hungry man devoured almost

entirely: mine did not come till the second course—it was baked plum-pudding—I was affected when I saw it, sir—I choked almost when I eat it. Piper made a beautiful little speech, and made an ice compound, for which he was famous, and we drank it just as we used to drink it in old times, and to the health of the widow.

How should we have this dinner, how could we all have assembled together again, if everybody had not been out of town, and everybody had not been disengaged? Just for one evening, the scattered members of an old circle of friendship returned and met round the old table again—round this little green island we moor for the night at least,—to-morrow we part company, and each man for himself sails over the *ingens æquor*.

Since I wrote the above, I find that everybody really *is* gone away. The widow left town on Friday. I have been on my round just now, and have been met at every step by closed shutters and the faces of unfamiliar charwomen. No. 9 is gone to Malvern. No. 37, 15, 25, 48, and 36A, are gone to Scotland. The solitude of the Club begins to be unbearable, and I found Muggins this morning, preparing a mysterious apparatus of travelling boot-trees, and dusting the portmanteaus.

If you are not getting on well with the Kickleburys at Hamburg I recommend you to go to Spa. Mrs. Nightingale is going thither, and will be at the Hôtel d'Orange; where you may use my name and present yourself to her: and I may hint to you in confidence that Miss Fanny will have a very pretty little fortune.

ON A LADY IN AN OPERA BOX.*

GOING the other night to the Conservatoire at Paris, where there was a magnificent assemblage of rank and fashion gathered together to hear the delightful performance of Madame Sontag, the friend who conferred upon me the polite favour of a ticket to the stalls, also pointed out to me who were the most remarkable personages round about us. There were ambassadors, politicians, and gentlemen, military and literary; there were beauties, French, Russian, and English: there were old ladies who had been beauties once, and who, by the help of a little distance and politeness (and if you didn't use your opera-glass, which is a cruel detector of paint and wrinkles), looked young and handsome still: and plenty of old bucks in the stalls and boxes, well wigged, well gloved, and brilliantly waist-coated, very obsequious to the ladies, and satisfied with themselves and the world.

Up in the second tier of boxes I saw a very stout, jolly, good-humoured looking lady, whose head-dress and ringlets and general appurtenances were unmistakably English—and whom, were you to meet her at Timbuctoo, or in the seraglio of the Grand Sultan amongst a bevy of beauties collected from all the countries of the earth, one would instantly know to be a British female. I do not mean to say, that, were I the Padishah, I would select that moon-faced houri out of all the lovely society, and make her the Empress or Grand Signora of my dominions; but simply that there *is* a character about our countrywomen which leads one to know, recognise, and admire, and wonder at them among all women of all tongues and countries. We have our British Lion; we have our Britannia ruling the waves: we have our British female—the most respectable, the most remarkable, of the women of this world. And now we have come to the woman who gives the subject, though she is not herself the subject, of these present remarks.

As I looked at her with that fond curiosity and silent pleasure and wonder which she (I mean the great British

* This and the two following papers originally appeared in *Punch* under the title of "The Proser."

Female) always inspires in my mind, watching her smiles, her ways and motions, her allurements and attractive gestures—her head bobbing to this friend whom she recognised in the stalls—her jolly fat hand wagging a welcome to that acquaintance in a neighbouring box—my friend and guide for the evening caught her eye, and made her a respectful bow, and said to me with a look of much meaning, “That is Mrs. Trotter-Walker.” And from that minute I forgot Madame Sontag, and thought only of Mrs. T.-W.

“So that,” said I, “is Mrs. Trotter-Walker! You have touched a chord in my heart. You have brought back old times to my memory, and made me recall some of the griefs and disappointments of my early days.”

“Hold your tongue, man!” says Tom, my friend. “Listen to the Sontag; how divinely she is singing! how fresh her voice is still!”

I looked up at Mrs. Walker all the time with unabated interest. “Madam,” thought I, “you look to be as kind and good-natured a person as eyes ever lighted upon. The way in which you are smiling to that young dandy with the double eye-glass, and the *empressement* with which he returns the salute, shows that your friends are persons of rank and elegance, and that you are esteemed by them—giving them, as I am sure from your kind appearance you do, good dinners and pleasant balls. But I wonder what would you think if you knew that I was looking at you? I behold you for the first time: there are a hundred pretty young girls in the house, whom an amateur of mere beauty would examine with much greater satisfaction than he would naturally bestow upon a lady whose prime is past; and yet the sight of you interests me, and tickles me so to speak, and my eye-glass can’t remove itself from the contemplation of your honest face.”

“What is it that interests me so? What do you suppose interests a man the most in this life? Himself, to be sure. It is at himself he is looking through his opera-glass—himself who is concerned, or he would not be watching you so keenly. And now let me confess why it is that the lady in the upper box excites me so, and why I say, ‘That is Mrs. Trotter-Walker, is it?’ with an air of such deep interest.”

Well then. In the year eighteen hundred and thirty odd, it happened that I went to pass the winter at Rome,

as we will call the city. Major-General and Mrs. Trotter-Walker were also there; and until I heard of them there, I had never heard that there were such people in existence as the General and the lady—the lady yonder with the large fan in the upper boxes. Mrs. Walker, as became her station in life, took, I dare say, very comfortable lodgings, gave dinners and parties to her friends, and had a night in the week for receptions.

Much as I have travelled and lived abroad, these evening *réunions* have never greatly fascinated me. Man cannot live upon lemonade, wax candles, and weak tea. Gloves and white neckcloths cost money, and those plaguy shiny boots are always so tight and hot. Am I made of money, that I can hire a coach to go to one of these *soirées* on a rainy Roman night; or can I come in goloshes, and take them off in the ante-chamber? I am too poor for cabs, and too vain for goloshes. If it had been to see the girl of my heart (I mean at the time when there were girls, and I had a heart), I couldn't have gone in goloshes. Well, not being in love, and not liking weak tea and lemonade, I did not go to evening parties that year at Rome: nor, of later years at Paris, Vienna, Copenhagen, Islington, or wherever I may have been.

What, then, were my feelings when my dear and valued friend, Mrs. Coverlade (she is a daughter of that venerable peer, the Right Honourable the Lord Commandine), who was passing the winter too at Rome, said to me, "My dear Dr. Pacifico, what have you done to offend Mrs. Trotter-Walker?"

"I know no person of that name," I said. "I knew Walker of the Post Office, and poor Trotter who was a captain in our regiment, and died under my hands at the Bahamas. But with the Trotter-Walkers I haven't the honour of an acquaintance."

"Well, it is not likely that you will have that honour," Mrs. Coverlade said. "Mrs. Walker said last night that she did not wish to make your acquaintance, and that she did not intend to receive you."

"I think she might have waited until I asked her, Madam," I said. "What have I done to her? I have never seen or heard of her: how should I want to get into her house? or attend at her Tuesdays—confound her Tuesdays!" I am sorry to say I said, "Confound Mrs. Walk-

er's Tuesdays," and the conversation took another turn, and it so happened that I was called away from Rome suddenly, and never set eyes upon Mrs. Walker, or indeed thought about her from that day to this.

Strange endurance of human vanity! a million of much more important conversations have escaped one since then, most likely—but the memory of this little mortification (for such it is, after all) remains quite fresh in the mind, and unforgotten, though it is a trifle, and more than half a score of years old. We forgive injuries, we survive even our remorse for great wrongs that we ourselves commit; but I doubt if we ever forgive slights of this nature put upon us, or forget circumstances in which our self-love had been made to suffer.

Otherwise, why should the remembrance of Mrs. Trotter-Walker have remained so lively in this bosom? Why should her appearance have excited such a keen interest in these eyes? Had Venus or Helen (the favourite beauty of Paris) been at the side of Mrs. T.-W., I should have looked at the latter more than at the Queen of Love herself. Had Mrs. Walker murdered Mrs. Pacifico, or inflicted some mortal injury upon me, I might forgive her—but for slight? Never, Mrs. Trotter-Walker; never, by Nemesis, never!

And now, having allowed my personal wrath to explode, let us calmly moralise for a minute or two upon this little circumstance; for there is no circumstance, however little, that won't afford a text for a sermon. Why was it that Mrs. General Trotter-Walker refused to receive Dr. S. Pacifico at her parties? She had noticed me probably somewhere where I had not remarked her; she did not like my aquiline countenance, my manner of taking snuff, my Blucher boots, or what not; or she had seen me walking with my friend Jack Raggett, the painter, on the Pincio—a fellow with a hat and beard like a bandit, a shabby paletot, and a great pipe between his teeth. I was not genteel enough for her circle—I assume that to be the reason; indeed, Mrs. Coverlade, with a good-natured smile at my coat, which I own was somewhat shabby, gave me to understand as much.

You little know, my worthy kind lady, what a loss you had that season at Rome, in turning up your amiable nose at the present writer. I could have given you appropriate anecdotes (with which my mind is stored) of all the courts.

of Europe, (besides of Africa, Asia, and St. Domingo,) which I have visited. I could have made the General die of laughing after dinner with some of my funny stories, of which I keep a book, without which I never travel. I am content with my dinner: I can carve beautifully, and make jokes upon almost any dish at table. I can talk about wine, cookery, hotels all over the continent:—anything you will. I have been familiar with Cardinals, Red Republicans, Jesuits, German Princes, and Carbonari; and what is more, I can listen and hold my tongue to admiration. Ah, Madam! what did you lose in refusing to make the acquaintance of Solomon Pacifico, M.D.!

And why? because my coat was a trifle threadbare; because I dined at the Lepre, with Raggett and some of those other bandits of painters, and had not the money to hire a coach and horses.

Gentility is the death and destruction of social happiness amongst the middle classes in England. It destroys naturalness (if I may coin such a word) and kindly sympathies. The object of life, as I take it, is to be friendly with everybody. As a rule, and to a philosophical cosmopolite, every man ought to be welcome. I do not mean to your intimacy or affection, but to your society; as there is, if we would or could but discover it, something notable, something worthy of observation, of sympathy, of wonder and amusement in every fellow mortal. If I had been Mr. Pacifico, travelling with a courier and a carriage, would Mrs. Walker have made any objection to me? I think not. It was the Blucher boots and the worn hat, and the homely companion of the individual, which were unwelcome to this lady. If I had been the disguised Duke of Pacifico, and not a retired army-surgeon, would she have forgiven herself for slighting me? What stores of novels, what *foison* of plays, are composed upon this theme,—the queer old character in the wig and cloak throws off coat and spectacles, and appears suddenly with a star and crown,—a Haroun Alraschid, or other Merry Monarch. And straightway we clap our hands and applaud—what?—the star and garter.

But disguised emperors are not common now-a-days. You don't turn away monarchs from your door, any more than angels, unawares. Consider, though, how many a good fellow you may shut out and sneer upon! what an immense deal of pleasure, frankness, kindness, good fellow-

ship, we forego for the sake of our confounded gentility, and respect for outward show! Instead of placing our society upon an honest footing, we make our aim almost avowedly sordid. Love is of necessity banished from your society when you measure all your guests by a money-standard.

I think of all this—a harmless man—seeing a good-natured looking, jolly woman in the boxes yonder, who thought herself once too great a person to associate with the likes of me. If I give myself airs to my neighbour, may I think of this too, and be a little more humble! And you, honest friend, who read this—have you ever pooh-poohed a man as good as you? If you fall into the society of people whom you are pleased to call your inferiors, did you ever sneer? If so, change I into U, and the fable is narrated for your own benefit, by your obedient servant,

SOLOMON PACIFICO.

ON THE PLEASURES OF BEING A FOGY.

WHILST I was riding the other day by the beautiful Serpentine River upon my excellent friend Heavyside's grey cob, and in company of the gallant and agreeable Augustus Toplady, a carriage passed from which looked out a face of such remarkable beauty, that Augustus and myself quickened our pace to follow the vehicle, and to keep for a while those charming features in view. My beloved and unknown young friend who peruse these lines, it was very likely your face which attracted your humble servant; recollect whether you were not in the Park upon the day I allude to, and if you were, whom else could I mean but you? I don't know your name; I have forgotten the arms on the carriage, or whether there were any; and as for women's dresses, who can remember them? but your dear kind countenance was so pretty and good-humoured and pleasant to look at, that it remains to this day faithfully engraven on my heart, and I feel sure that you are as good as you are handsome. Almost all handsome women are good: they cannot choose but be good and gentle with those sweet features and that charming graceful figure. A day in which one sees a *very* pretty woman should always be noted as a holyday with a man, and marked with a white stone. In this way, and at this season in London, to be sure, such a day comes seven times in the week, and our calendar, like that of the Roman Catholics, is all Saints' days.

Toplady, then, on his chestnut horse, with his glass in his eye, and the tips of his shiny boots just touching the stirrup, and your slave, the present writer, rode after your carriage, and looked at you with such notes of admiration expressed in their eyes, that you remember you blushed, you smiled, and then began to talk to that very nice-looking elderly lady in the front seat, who of course was your Mamma. You turned out of the ride—it was time to go home and dress for dinner,—you were gone. Good luck

go with you, and with all fair things which thus come and pass away!

Top caused his horse to cut all sorts of absurd capers and caracoles by the side of your carriage. He made it dance upon two legs, then upon other two, then as if he would jump over the railings and crush the admiring nursery-maids and the rest of the infantry. I should think he got his animal from Batty's, and that, at a crack of Widdicombe's whip, he could dance a quadrille. He ogled, he smiled, he took off his hat to a Countess's carriage that happened to be passing in the other line, and so showed his hair; he grinned, he kissed his little finger-tips and flung them about as if he would shake them off—whereas the other party, on the grey ecb—the old gentleman—powdered along at a resolute trot, and never once took his respectful eyes off you while you continued in the ring.

When you were gone (you see by the way in which I linger about you still, that I am unwilling to part with you) Toplady turned round upon me with a killing triumphant air, and stroked that impudent little tuft he has on his chin, and said—"I say, old boy, it was the chestnut she was looking at, and not the *gway*." And I make no doubt he thinks you are in love with him to this minute.

"You silly young jackanapes," said I; "what do I care whether she was looking at the grey or the chestnut? I was thinking about the girl; you were thinking about yourself, and be hanged to your vanity!" And with this thrust in his little chest, I flatter myself I upset young Toplady, that triumphant careering rider.

It was natural that he should wish to please; that is, that he should wish other people to admire him. Augustus Toplady is young (still) and lovely. It is not until a late period of life that a genteel young fellow, with a Grecian nose and a suitable waist and whiskers, begins to admire other people besides himself.

That, however, is the great advantage which a man possesses whose morning of life is over, whose reason is not taken prisoner by any kind of blandishments, and who knows and feels that he is a FOGY. As an old buck is an odious sight, absurd, and ridiculous before gods and men; cruelly, but deservedly, quizzed by you young people, who are not in the least duped by his youthful airs or toilette artifices; so an honest, good-natured, straightforward, mid-

dle-aged, easily-pleased Foggy is a worthy and amiable member of society, and a man who gets both respect and liking.

Even in the lovely sex, who has not remarked how painful is that period of a woman's life when she is passing out of her bloom, and thinking about giving up her position as a beauty? What sad injustice and stratagems she has to perpetrate during the struggle! She hides away her daughters in the school-room, she makes them wear cruel pinafores, and dresses herself in the garb which they ought to assume. She is obliged to distort the calendar, and to resort to all sorts of schemes and arts to hide, in her own person, the august and respectable marks of time. Ah! what is this revolt against nature but impotent blasphemy? Is not Autumn beautiful in its appointed season, that we are to be ashamed of her and paint her yellowing leaves pea-green? Let us, I say, take the fall of the year as it was made, serenely and sweetly, and await the time when Winter comes and the nights shut in. I know, for my part, many ladies who are far more agreeable and more beautiful too, now that they are no longer beauties; and, by converse, I have no doubt that Toplady, about whom we were speaking just now, will be a far pleasanter person when he has given up the practice, or desire, of killing the other sex, and has sunk into a mellow repose as an old bachelor or a married man.

The great and delightful advantage that a man enjoys in the world, after he has abdicated all pretensions as a conqueror and enslaver of females, and both formally, and of his heart, acknowledges himself to be a Foggy, is that he now comes for the first time to enjoy and appreciate duly the society of women. For a young man about town, there is only one woman in the whole city—(at least very few indeed of the young Turks, let us hope, dare to have two or three strings to their wicked bows)—he goes to ball after ball in pursuit of that one person; he sees no other eyes but hers; hears no other voice; cares for no other petticoat but that in which his charmer dances: he pursues her—is refused—is accepted and jilted: breaks his heart, mends it, of course, and goes on again after some other beloved being, until in the order of fate and nature he marries and settles, or remains unmarried, free, and a Foggy. Until then we know nothing of women—the kindness and refinement and

wit of the elders; the artless prattle and dear little chatter of the young ones; all these are hidden from us until we take the Foggy's degree: nay, even perhaps from married men, whose age and gravity entitle them to rank amongst Fogies; for every woman, who is worth anything, will be jealous of her husband up to seventy or eighty, and always prevent his intercourse with other ladies. But an old bachelor, or better still, an old widower, has this delightful entrée into the female world: he is free to come; to go; to listen; to joke; to sympathise; to talk with mamma about her plans and troubles; to pump from Miss the little secrets that gush so easily from her pure little well of a heart; the ladies do not *gêner* themselves before him, and he is admitted to their mysteries like the Doctor, the Confessor, or the Kislar Aga.

What man, who can enjoy this pleasure and privilege, ought to be indifferent to it? If the society of one woman is delightful, as the young fellows think, and justly, how much more delightful is the society of a thousand! One woman, for instance, has brown eyes, and a geological or musical turn; another has sweet blue eyes, and takes, let us say, the Gorham side of the controversy at present pending; a third darling, with long fringed lashes hiding eyes of hazel, lifts them up ceiling-wards in behalf of Miss Sellon, thinks the Lord Chief Justice has hit the poor young lady very hard in publishing her letters, and proposes to quit the Church next Tuesday or Wednesday, or whenever Mr. Oriel is ready—and, of course, a man may be in love with one or the other of these. But it is manifest that brown eyes will remain brown eyes to the end, and that, having no other interest but music or geology, her conversation on those points may grow more than sufficient. Sapphira, again, when she has said her say with regard to the Gorham affair, and proved that the other party are but Romanists in disguise, and who is interested on no other subject, may possibly tire you—so may Hazelia, who is working altar-cloths all day, and would desire no better martyrdom than to walk barefoot in a night procession up Sloane Street and home by Wilton Place, time enough to get her poor *meurtris* little feet into white satin slippers for the night's ball—I say, if a man can be wrought up to rapture, and enjoy bliss in the company of any one of these young ladies, or any other individuals in the infinite variety

of Miss-kind—how much real sympathy, benevolent pleasure, and kindly observation may he enjoy, when he is allowed to be familiar with the whole charming race, and behold the brightness of all their different eyes, and listen to the sweet music of their various voices!

ON THE BENEFITS OF BEING A FOGY.

IN possession of the right and privilege of garrulity which is accorded to old age, I cannot allow that a single side of paper should contain all that I have to say in respect to the manifold advantages of being a Fogy. I am a Fogy, and have been a young man. I see twenty women in the world constantly to whom I would like to have given a lock of my hair in days when my pate boasted of that ornament; for whom my heart felt tumultuous emotions, before the victorious and beloved Mrs. Pacifico subjugated it. If I had any feelings now, Mrs. P. would order them and me to be quiet: but I have none; I am tranquil—yes, really tranquil (though, as my dear Leonora is sitting opposite to me at this minute, and has an askance glance from her novel to my paper as I write—even if I were *not* tranquil, I should say that I was), but I *am* quiet: I have passed the hot stage: and I do not know a pleasanter and calmer feeling of mind than that of a respectable person of the middle age, who can still be heartily and generously fond of all the women about whom he was in a passion and a fever in early life. If you cease liking a woman when you cease loving her, depend on it, that one of you is a bad one. You are parted, never mind with what pangs on either side, or by what circumstances of fate, choice, or necessity,—you have no money or she has too much, or she likes somebody else better, and so forth; but an honest Fogy should always, unless reason be given to the contrary, think well of the woman whom he has once thought well of, and remember her with kindness and tenderness, as a man remembers a place where he has been very happy.

A proper management of his recollections thus constitutes a very great item in the happiness of a Fogy. I, for my part, would rather remember —, and —, and — (I dare not mention names, for isn't my Leonora pretending to read "the Initials," and peeping over my shoulder?) than be in love over again. It is because I have suffered prodigiously from that passion that I am interested in beholding others undergoing the malady. I watch it in all ball-rooms (over my cards, where I and the old ones sit),

and dinner-parties. Without sentiment, there would be no flavour in life at all. I like to watch young folks who are fond of each other, be it the housemaid furtively engaged smiling and glancing with John through the area railings; be it Miss and the Captain whispering in the embrasure of the drawing-room window—*Amant* is interesting to me, because of *amavi*—of course it is Mrs. Pacifico I mean.

All Fogies of good breeding and kind condition of mind, who go about in the world much, should remember to efface themselves—if I may use a French phrase—they should not, that is to say, thrust in their old mugs on all occasions. When the people are marching out to dinner, for instance, and the Captain is sidling up to Miss, Fogy, because he is twenty years older than the Captain, should not push himself forward to arrest that young fellow, and carry off the disappointed girl on his superannuated rheumatic old elbow. When there is anything of this sort going on (and a man of the world has possession of the *carte du pays* with half an eye), I become interested in a picture, or have something particular to say to pretty Polly the parrot, or to little Tonmy, who is not coming in to dinner, and while I am talking to him, Miss and the Captain make their little arrangement. In this way I managed only last week to let young Billington and the lovely Blanche Pouter get together; and walked down stairs with my hat for the only partner of my arm. Augustus Toplady now, because he was a Captain of Dragoons almost before Billington was born, would have insisted upon his right of precedence over Billington, who only got his troop the other day.

Precedence! Fiddlestick! Men squabble about precedence because they are doubtful about their condition, as Irishmen will insist upon it that you are determined to insult and trample upon their beautiful country, whether you are thinking about it or no; men young to the world mistrust the bearing of others towards them, because they mistrust themselves. I have seen many sneaks and much cringing of course in the world; but the fault of gentlefolks is generally the contrary—an absurd doubt of the intentions of others towards us, and a perpetual assertion of our two-penny dignity, which nobody is thinking of wounding.

As a young man, if the Lord I knew did not happen to notice me, the next time I met him I used to envelope myself in my dignity, and treat his Lordship with such a

tremendous *hauteur* and killing coolness of demeanour, that you might have fancied I was an Earl at least, and he a menial upon whom I trampled. Whereas he was a simple, good-natured creature who had no idea of insulting or slighting me, and, indeed, scarcely any idea about any subject, except racing and shooting. Young men have this uneasiness in society, because they are thinking about themselves: Fogies are happy and tranquil, because they are taking advantage of, and enjoying, without suspicion, the good-nature and good offices of other well-bred people.

Have you not often wished for yourself, or some other dear friend, ten thousand a-year? It is natural that you should like such a good thing as ten thousand a-year; and all the pleasures and comforts which it brings. So also it is natural that a man should like the society of people well-to-do in the world; who make their houses pleasant, who gather pleasant persons about them, who have fine pictures on their walls, pleasant books in their libraries, pleasant parks and town and country houses, good cooks and good cellars: if I were coming to dine with you, I would rather a good dinner than a bad one; if so-and-so is as good as you and possess these things, he, in so far, is better than you who do not possess them: therefore I had rather go to his house in Belgravia than to your lodgings in Kentish Town. That is the rationale of living in good company. An absurd, conceited, high-and-mighty young man hangs back, at once insolent and bashful; an honest, simple, quiet, easy clear-sighted Fogy steps in and takes the goods which the gods provide, without elation as without squeamishness.

It is only a few men who attain simplicity in early life. This man has his conceited self-importance to be cured of; that has his conceited bashfulness to be "taken out of him," as the phrase is. You have a disquiet which you try to hide, and you put on a haughty guarded manner. You are suspicious of the good-will of the company round about you, or of the estimation in which they hold you. You sit mum at table. It is not your place to "put yourself forward." You are thinking about yourself, that is; you are suspicious about that personage and everybody else: that is, you are not frank; that is, you are not well-bred; that is, you are not agreeable. I would instance my young friend Mumford as a painful example—one of the wittiest, cheeri-

est, cleverest, and most honest of fellows in his own circle; but having the honour to dine the other day at Mr. Hobanob's, where his Excellency the Crimean Minister and several gentlemen of honour and wit were assembled, Mumford did not open his mouth once for the purposes of conversation, but sate and ate his dinner as silently as a brother of La Trappe.

He was thinking with too much distrust of himself (and of others by consequence), as Toplady was thinking of himself in the little affair in Hyde Park to which I have alluded in the former chapter. When Mumford is an honest Foggy, like some folks, he will neither distrust his host, nor his company, nor himself; he will make the best of the hour and the people round about him; he will scorn tumbling over head and heels for his dinner, but he will take and give his part of the good things, join in the talk and laugh unaffectedly, nay, actually tumble over head-and-heels, perhaps, if he has a talent that way; not from a wish to show off his powers, but from a sheer good-humour and desire to oblige. Whether as guest or as entertainer, your part and business in society is to make people as happy and as easy as you can; the master gives you his best wine and welcome—you give, in your turn, a smiling face, a disposition to be pleased and to please; and my good young friend who reads this, don't doubt about yourself, or think about your precious person. When you have got on your best coat and waistcoat, and have your dandy shirt and tie arranged—consider these as so many settled things, and go forward and through your business.

That is why people in what is called the great world are commonly better bred than persons less fortunate in their condition: not that they are better in reality, but from circumstances they are never uneasy about their position in the world: therefore they are more honest and simple: therefore they are better bred than Growler, who scowls at the great man a defiance and a determination that he will *not* be trampled upon: or poor Fawner, who goes quivering down on his knees, and licks my lord's shoes. But I think in our world—at least in my experience—there are even more Growlers than Fawners.

It will be seen by the above remark, that a desire to shine or to occupy a marked place in society, does not constitute my idea of happiness, or become the character of a

discreet Fogy. Time, which has dimmed the lustre of his waistcoats, allayed the violence of his feelings, and sobered down his head with grey, should give to the whole of his life a quiet neutral tinge; out of which calm and reposeful condition an honest old Fogy looks on the world, and the struggle there of women and men. I doubt whether this is not better than struggling yourself, for you preserve your interest and do not lose your temper. Succeeding? What is the great use of succeeding? Failing? Where is the great harm? It seems to you a matter of vast interest at one time of your life whether you shall be a lieutenant or a colonel—whether you shall or shall not be invited to the Duchess's party—whether you shall get the place you and a hundred other competitors are trying for—whether Miss will have you or not: what the deuce does it all matter a few years afterwards? Do you, Jones, mean to intimate a desire that History should occupy herself with your paltry personality? The future does not care whether you were a captain or a private soldier. You get a card to the Duchess's party: it is no more or less than a ball or breakfast like other balls or breakfasts. You are half-distracted because Miss won't have you and takes the other fellow, or you get her (as I did Mrs. Pacifico) and find that she is quite a different thing from what you expected. Psha! These things appear as nought—when Time passes—Time the consoler—Time the anodyne—Time the grey calm satirist, whose sad smile seems to say, Look, O man, at the vanity of the objects you pursue, and of yourself who pursue them!

But on the one hand, if there is an alloy in all success, is there not a something wholesome in all disappointment? To endeavour to regard them both benevolently, is the task of a philosopher; and he who can do so is a very lucky Fogy.

CHILD'S PARTIES:

AND A REMONSTRANCE CONCERNING THEM.*

SIR,—As your publication (which an admirable critic in the *Quarterly Review* justly pronounces to be the wonder of the age) finds its way to almost every drawing-room table in this metropolis, and is read by the young and old in every family, I beseech you to give admission to the remonstrance of an unhappy parent, and to endeavour to put a stop to a practice which appears to me to be increasing daily, and is likely to operate most injuriously upon the health, morals, and comfort of society in general.

The awful spread of Juvenile Parties, sir, is the fact to which I would draw your attention. There is no end to those entertainments, and if the custom be not speedily checked, people will be obliged to fly from London at Christmas, and hide their children during the holidays. I gave mine warning in a speech at breakfast this day, and said with tears in my eyes that if the Juvenile Party system went on, I would take a house at Margate next winter, for that, by Heavens! I could not bear another Juvenile Season in London.

If they would but transfer Innocents' Day to the summer holidays, and let the children have their pleasures in May or June, we might get on. But now in this most ruthless and cut-throat season of sleet, thaw, frost, wind, snow, mud, and sore-throats, it is quite a tempting of fate to be going much abroad; and this is the time of all others that is selected for the amusement of our little darlings.

As the first step towards the remedying of the evil of which I complain, I am obliged to look *Mr. Punch* himself in his venerable beard, and say, "You, sir, have, by your agents, caused not a little of the mischief. I desire that, during Christmas time at least, Mr. Leech should be abolished, or sent to take a holiday. Judging from his sketches, I should say that he must be endowed with a perfectly monstrous organ of philoprogenitiveness; he revels in the delineation of the dearest and most beautiful little boys

* Addressed to *Mr. Punch*.

and girls in turned-down collars and broad sashes, and produces in your *Almanack* a picture of a child's costume ball, in which he has made the little wretches in the dresses of every age, and looking so happy, beautiful, and charming, that I have carefully kept the picture from the sight of the women and children of my own household, and—I will not say burned it, for I had not the heart to do that—but locked it away privately, lest they should conspire to have a costume ball themselves, and little Polly should insist upon appearing in the dress of Ann Bullen, or little Jacky upon turning out as an Ancient Briton.

An odious, revolting, and disagreeable practice, sir, I say, ought not to be described in a manner so atrociously pleasing. The real satirist has no right to lead the public astray about the Juvenile *Fête* nuisance, and to describe a child's ball as if it was a sort of Paradise, and the little imps engaged as happy and pretty as so many cherubs. They should be drawn, one and all, as hideous—disagreeable—distorted—affected—jealous of each other—dancing awkwardly—with shoes too tight for them—over-eating themselves at supper—very unwell (and deservedly so) the next morning, with Mamma administering a mixture made after the Doctor's prescription, and which should be painted awfully black, in an immense large teacup, and (as might be shown by the horrible expression on the little patient's face) of the most disgusting flavour. Banish, I say, that Mr. Leech during Christmas time, at least; for by a misplaced kindness and absurd fondness for children, he is likely to do them and their parents an incalculable quantity of harm.

As every man, sir, looks at the world out of his own eyes or spectacles, or, in other words, speaks of it as he finds it himself, I will lay before you my own case, being perfectly sure that many another parent will sympathise with me. My family, already inconveniently large, is yet constantly on the increase, and it is out of the question that Mrs. Spec* should go to parties, as that admirable woman has the best of occupations at home, where she is always nursing the baby. Hence it becomes the father's duty to accompany his children abroad and to give them pleasure during the holidays.

Our own place of residence is in South Carolina Place,

* A name sometimes assumed by the writer in his contributions to *Punch*.

Clapham Road North, in one of the most healthy of the suburbs of this great City. But our relatives and acquaintances are numerous; and they are spread all over the town and its outskirts. Mrs. S. has sisters married, and dwelling respectively in Islington, Haverstock Hill, Bedford Place, Upper Baker Street, and Tyburn Garden; besides the children's grandmother, Kensington Gravel Pits, whose parties we are all of course obliged to attend. A *very* great connexion of ours, and *nearly related* to a B-r-n-t and M.P., lives not a hundred miles from B-lg-ve Square. I could enumerate a dozen more places where our kinsmen or intimate friends are—heads of families every one of them, with their quivers more or less full of little arrows.

What is the consequence? I herewith send it to you in the shape of these eighteen inclosed notes, written in various styles more or less correct and corrected, from Miss Fanny's, aged seven, who hopes in round hand, that her dear cousins will come and drink tea with her on New Year's Eve, her birth-day,—to that of the Governess of the B-r-n-t in question, who requests the pleasure of our company at a ball, a conjuror, and a Christmas Tree. Mrs. Spec, for the valid reason above stated, cannot frequent these meetings: I am the deplorable chaperon of the young people. I am called upon to conduct my family five miles to tea at six o'clock. No count is taken of our personal habits, hours of dinner, or intervals of rest. We are made the victims of an infantile conspiracy, nor will the lady of the house hear of any revolt or denial.

"Why," says she, with the spirit which becomes a woman and mother, "you go to your *man's* parties eagerly enough: what an unnatural wretch you must be to grudge your children their pleasures!" She looks round, sweeps all six of them into her arms, whilst the baby on her lap begins to bawl, and you are assailed by seven pairs of imploring eyes, against which there is no appeal. You must go. If you are dying of lumbago, if you are engaged to the best of dinners, if you are longing to stop at home and read Macaulay, you must give up all and go.

And it is not to one party or two, but to almost all. You must go to the Gravel Pits, otherwise the grandmother will cut the children out of her will, and leave her property to her *other* grandchildren. If you refuse Islington, and

accept Tyburn Gardens, you sneer at a poor relation, and acknowledge a rich one readily enough. If you decline Tyburn Gardens, you fling away the chances of the poor dear children in life, and the hopes of the cadetship for little Jacky. If you go to Hampstead, having declined Bedford Place, it is because you never refuse an invitation to Hampstead, where they make much of you, and Miss Maria is pretty, (as *you* think, though your wife doesn't,) and do not care for the Doctor in Bedford Place. And if you accept Bedford Place, you dare not refuse Upper Baker Street, because there is a coolness between the two families, and you must on no account seem to take part with one or the other.

In this way many a man besides myself, I dare say, finds himself miserably tied down, and a helpless prisoner, like Gulliver in the hands of the Liliputians. Let us just enumerate a few of the miseries of the pitiable parental slave.

In the first place examine the question in a pecuniary point of view. The expenses of children's toilets at this present time are perfectly frightful.

My eldest boy, Gustavus, at home from Dr. Birch's Academy, Rodwell Regis, wears turquoise studs, fine linen shirts, white waistcoats, and shiny boots: and, when I proposed that he should go to a party in Berlin gloves, asked me if I wished that he should be mistaken for a footman?

My second, Augustus, grumbles about getting his elder brother's clothes, nor could he be brought to accommodate himself to Gustavus's waistcoats at all, had not his mother coaxed him by the loan of her chain and watch, which latter the child broke, after many desperate attempts to wind it up.

As for the little fellow, Adolphus, his mother has him attired in a costume partly Scotch, partly Hungarian, mostly buttons, and with a Louis Quatorze hat and scarlet feather, and she curls this child's hair with her own blessed tongs every night.

I wish she would do as much for the girls, though: but no, Monsieur Floridor must do that: and accordingly, every day this season, that abominable little Frenchman, who is, I have no doubt, a Red Republican, and smells of cigars and hair-oil, comes over, and, at a cost of eighteenpence

par tête, figs out my little creatures' heads with fixature, bandoline, crinoline—the deuce knows what.

The bill for silk stockings, sashes, white frocks, is so enormous, that I have not been able to pay my own tailor these three years.

The bill for flies to 'Amstid and back, to Hizzlinton and take up, &c., is fearful. The drivers, in this extra weather, must be paid extra, and they drink extra. Having to go to Hackney in the snow, on the night of the 5th of January, our man was so hopelessly inebriated, that I was compelled to get out and drive myself; and I am now, on what is called Twelfth Day (with, of course, another child's party before me for the evening), writing this from my bed, sir, with a severe cold, a violent toothache, and a most acute rheumatism.

As I hear the knock of our medical man, whom an anxious wife has called in, I close this letter; asking leave, however, if I survive, to return to this painful subject next week. And, wishing you a *merry*! New Year, I have the honour to be, dear *Mr. Punch*,

Your constant reader,

SPEC.

CONCEIVE, Sir, that in spite of my warning and entreaty we were invited to no less than three Child's Parties last Tuesday; to two of which a lady in this house, who shall be nameless, desired that her children should be taken. On Wednesday we had Dr. Lens's microscope; and on Thursday you were good enough to send me your box for the Haymarket Theatre; and of course Mrs. S. and the children are extremely obliged to you for the attention. I did not mind the theatre so much. I sate in the back of the box, and fell asleep. I wish there was a room with easy chairs and silence enjoined, whither parents might retire, in the houses where Children's Parties are given. But no—it would be of no use: the fiddling and piano-forte playing and scuffling and laughing of the children would keep you awake.

I am looking out in the papers for some eligible schools where there shall be no vacations—I can't bear these festivities much longer. I begin to hate children in their evening dresses: when children are attired in those absurd best clothes, what can you expect from them but affectation and airs of fashion? One day last year, sir, having to con-

duct the two young ladies who then frequented juvenile parties, I found them, upon entering the fly, into which they had preceded me under convoy of their maid—I found them—in what a condition, think you? Why, with the skirts of their stiff muslin frocks actually thrown over their heads, so that they should not crumple in the carriage! A child who cannot go into society but with a muslin frock in this position, I say, had best stay in the nursery in her pinafore. If you are not able to enter the world with your dress in its proper place, I say stay at home. I blushed, sir, to see that Mrs. S. *didn't* blush when I informed her of this incident, but only laughed in a strange indecorous manner, and said that the girls must keep their dresses neat.—Neatness as much as you please, but I should have thought Neatness would wear her frock in the natural way.

And look at the children when they arrive at their place of destination; what processes of coquetry they are made to go through! They are first carried into a room where there are pins, combs, looking-glasses, and lady's-maids, who shake the children's ringlets out, spread abroad their great immense sashes and ribbons, and finally send them full sail into the dancing-room. With what a monstrous precocity they ogle their own faces in the looking-glasses; I have seen my boys, Gustavus and Adolphus, grin into the glass, and arrange their curls or the ties of their neck-cloths with as much eagerness as any grown-up man could show, who was going to pay a visit to the lady of his heart. With what an abominable complacency they get out their little gloves, and examine their silk stockings! How can they be natural or unaffected when they are so preposterously conceited about their fine clothes? The other day we met one of Gus's schoolfellows, Master Chaffers, at a party, who entered the room with a little gibus hat under his arm, and to be sure made his bow with the *aplomb* of a dancing-master of sixty; and my boys, who I suspect envied their comrade the gibus hat, began to giggle and sneer at him; and, further to disconcert him, Gus goes up to him and says, "Why, Chaffers, you consider yourself a deuced fine fellow, but there's a straw on your trousers." Why shouldn't there be? And why should that poor little boy be called upon to blush because he came to a party in a hack-cab? I, for my part, ordered the children to walk home on that night, in order to punish them for their pride. It

rained. Gus wet and spoiled his shiny boots, Dol got a cold, and my wife scolded me for cruelty.

As to the airs which the wretches give themselves about dancing, I need not enlarge upon them here, for the dangerous artist of the "Rising Generation" has already taken them in hand. Not that his satire does the children the least good: *they* don't see anything absurd in courting pretty girls, or in asserting the superiority of their own sex over the female. A few nights since, I saw Master Sultan at a juvenile ball, standing at the door of the dancing-room, egregiously displaying his muslin pocket-handkerchief, and waving it about as if he was in doubt to which of the young beauties he should cast it. "Why don't you dance, Master Sultan?" says I. "My good sir," he answered, "just look round at those girls and say if I *can* dance?" *Blasé* and selfish now, what will that boy be, sir, when his whiskers grow?

And when you think how Mrs. Mainchance seeks out rich partners for her little boys—how my own admirable Eliza has warned her children—"My dears, I would rather you should dance with your Brown cousins than your Jones cousins," who are a little rough in their manners (the fact being, that our sister Maria Jones lives at Islington, while Fanny Brown is an Upper Baker Street lady);—when I have heard my dear wife, I say, instruct our boy, on going to a party at the Baronet's, by no means to neglect his cousin Adeliza, but to dance with her as soon as ever he can engage her—what can I say, sir, but that the world of men and boys is the same—that society is poisoned at its source—and that our little chubby-cheeked cherubim are instructed to be artful and egotistical, when you would think by their faces they were just fresh from heaven.

Among the *very* little children, I confess I get a consolation as I watch them, in seeing the artless little girls walking after the boys to whom they incline, and courting them by a hundred innocent little wiles and caresses, putting out their little hands, and inviting them to dances, seeking them out to pull crackers with them, and begging them to read the mottoes, and so forth—this is as it should be—this is natural and kindly. The women, by rights, ought to court the men; and they would if we but left them alone.*

* On our friend's manuscript there is written, in a female handwriting, "Vulgar, immodest.—E. S."

And, absurd as the games are, I own I like to see some thirty or forty of the creatures on the floor in a ring, playing at *petits jeux*, of all ages and sexes, from the most insubordinate infancy of Master Jacky, who will crawl out of the circle, and talks louder than anybody in it, though he can't speak, to blushing Miss Lily, who is just conscious that she is sixteen—I own, I say, that I can't look at such a circle or chaplet of children, as it were, in a hundred different colours, laughing and happy, without a sort of pleasure. How they laugh, how they twine together, how they wave about, as if the wind was passing over the flowers! Poor little buds, shall you bloom long?—(I then say to myself, by way of keeping up a proper frame of mind)—shall frosts nip you, or tempests scatter you, drought wither you, or rain beat you down? And oppressed with my feelings, I go below and get some of the weak negus with which Children's Parties are refreshed.

At those houses where the magic lantern is practised, I still sometimes get a degree of pleasure, by hearing the voices of the children in the dark, and the absurd remarks which they make as the various scenes are presented—as, in the dissolving views, Cornhill changes into Grand Cairo, as Cupid comes down with a wreath, and pops it on to the head of the Duke of Wellington, as Saint Peter's at Rome suddenly becomes illuminated, and fireworks, not the least like real fireworks, begin to go off from Fort St. Angelo—it is certainly not unpleasant to hear the “o-o-o's” of the audience, and the little children chattering in the darkness. But I think I used to like the “Pull devil, pull baker,” and the Doctor Syntax of our youth, much better than all your new-fangled dissolving views and pyrotechnic imitations.

As for the conjuror, I am sick of him. There is one conjuror I have met so often during this year and the last, that the man looks quite guilty when the folding doors are opened and he sees my party of children, and myself amongst the seniors in the back rows. He forgets his jokes when he beholds me: his wretched claptraps and waggeries fail him: he trembles, falters, and turns pale.

I on my side too feel reciprocally uneasy. What right have we to be staring that creature out of his silly countenance? Very likely he has a wife and family dependent

for their bread upon his antics. I should be glad to admire them if I could; but how do so? When I see him squeeze an orange or a cannon-ball right away into nothing as it were, or multiply either into three cannon-balls or oranges, I know the others are in his pocket somewhere. I know that he doesn't put out his eye when he sticks the penknife into it: or that after swallowing (as the miserable humbug pretends to do) a pocket-handkerchief, he cannot by any possibility convert it into a quantity of coloured wood-shavings. These flimsy articles may amuse children, but not *us*. I think I shall go and sit down below amongst the servants whilst this wretched man pursues his idiotic delusions before the children.

And the supper, sir, of which our darlings are made to partake. Have they dined? I ask. Do they have a supper at home, and why do not they? Because it is unwholesome. If it is unwholesome, why do they have supper at all? I have mentioned the wretched quality of the negus. How they can administer such stuff to children I can't think. Though only last week I heard a little boy, Master Swilby, at Miss Waters' say, that he had drunk nine glasses of it, and eaten I don't know how many tasteless sandwiches and insipid cakes; after which feats he proposed to fight my youngest son.

As for that Christmas Tree, which we have from the Germans—anybody who knows what has happened to *them* may judge what will befall us from following their absurd customs. Are we to put up pine-trees in our parlours, with wax candles and *bonbons*, after the manner of the ancient Druids? Are we . . .

. . . My dear sir, my manuscript must here abruptly terminate. Mrs. S. has just come into my study, and my daughter enters, grinning behind her, with twenty-five little notes, announcing that Master and Miss Spec request the pleasure of Miss Brown, Miss F. Brown, and M. A. Brown's company on the 25th instant. There is to be a conjuror in the back drawing-room, a magic lantern in my study, a Christmas Tree in the dining-room, dancing in the drawing-room—"And, my dear, we can have whist in our bed-room," my wife says. "You know we must be civil to those who have been so kind to our darling children."

SPEC.

THE CURATE'S WALK.

It was the third out of the four bell-buttons at the door at which my friend the curate pulled; and the summons was answered after a brief interval.

I must premise that the house before which we stopped was No. 14, Sedan Buildings, leading out of Great Guelph Street, Dettingen Street, Culloden Street, Minden Square; and Upper and Lower Caroline Row form part of the same quarter—a very queer and solemn quarter to walk in, I think, and one which always suggests Fielding's novels to me. I can fancy Captain Booth strutting out of the very door at which we were standing, in tarnished lace, with his hat cocked over his eye, and his hand on his hanger; or Lady Bellaston's chair and bearers coming swinging down Great Guelph Street, which we have just quitted to enter Sedan Buildings.

Sedan Buildings is a little flagged square, ending abruptly with the huge walls of Bluck's Brewery. The houses, by many degrees smaller than the large decayed tenements in Great Guelph Street, are still not uncomfortable, although shabby. There are brass-plates on the doors, two on some of them; or simple names, as "Lunt," "Padgemore," &c. (as if no other statement about Lunt and Padgemore were necessary at all) under the bells. There are pictures of mangles before two of the houses, and a gilt arm with a hammer sticking out from one. I never saw a Goldbeater. What sort of a being is he that he always sticks out his ensign in dark, mouldy, lonely, dreary, but somewhat respectable places? What powerful Mulciberian fellows they must be, those Goldbeaters, whacking and thumping with huge mallets at the precious metals all day. I wonder what is Goldbeaters' skin? and do they get impregnated with the metal? and are their great arms under their clean shirts on Sundays, all gilt and shining?

It is a quiet, kind, respectable place somehow, in spite of its shabbiness. Two pewter pints and a jolly little half-pint are hanging on the railings in perfect confidence, basking in what little sun comes into the Court. A group of small children are making an ornament of oyster-shells in

one corner. Who has that half-pint? Is it for one of those small ones, or for some delicate female recommended to take beer? The windows in the Court, upon some of which the sun glistens, are not cracked, and pretty clean; it is only the black and dreary look behind which gives them a poverty-stricken appearance. No curtains or blinds. A bird-cage and a very few pots of flowers here and there. This—with the exception of a milkman talking to a whitey-brown woman, made up of bits of flannel and strips of faded chintz and calico seemingly, and holding a long bundle which cried—this was all I saw in Sedan Buildings while we were waiting until the door should open.

At last the door was opened, and by a portress so small, that I wonder how she ever could have lifted up the latch. She bobbed a curtsy and smiled at the Curate, whose face gleamed with benevolence too, in reply to that salutation.

"Mother not at home?" says Frank Whitestock, patting the child on the head.

"Mother's out charing, sir," replied the girl; "but please to walk up, sir." And she led the way up one and two pair of stairs to that apartment in the house which is called the second floor front; in which was the abode of the char-woman.

There were two young persons in the room, of the respective ages of eight and five, I should think. She of five years of age was hemming a duster, being perched on a chair of the table in the middle of the room. The elder, of eight, politely wiped a chair with a cloth for the accommodation of the good-natured Curate, and came and stood between his knees, immediately alongside of his umbrella, which also reposed there, and which she by no means equalled in height.

"These children attend my school at St. Timothy's," Mr. Whitestock said; "and Betsy keeps the house while her mother is from home."

Anything cleaner or neater than this house it is impossible to conceive. There was a big bed, which must have been the resting-place of the whole of this little family. There were three or four religious prints on the walls; besides two framed and glazed, of Prince Coburg and the Princess Charlotte. There were brass candlesticks, and a lamb on the chimney-piece, and a cupboard in the corner, decorated with near half-a-dozen plates, yellow bowls, and



“ The island of Raritongo is the least frequented of all the Caribbean Archipelago.” —*Sketches and Travels*, p. 651.

crockery. And on the table there were two or three bits of dry bread, and a jug with water, with which these three young people (it being then nearly three o'clock) were about to take their meal called tea.

That little Betsy who looks so small is nearly ten years old: and has been a mother ever since the age of about five. I mean to say, that her own mother having to go out upon her charing operations, Betsy assumes command of the room during her parent's absence: has nursed her sisters from babyhood up to the present time: keeps order over them, and the house clean as you see it: and goes out occasionally and transacts the family purchases of bread, moist sugar, and mother's tea. They dine upon bread, tea and breakfast upon bread when they have it, or go to bed without a morsel. Their holiday is Sunday, which they spend at Church and Sunday-school. The younger children scarcely ever go out save on that day, but sit sometimes in the sun, which comes in pretty pleasantly: sometimes blue in the cold, for they very seldom see a fire except to heat irons by, when mother has a job of linen to get up. Father was a journeyman book-binder, who died four years ago, and is buried among thousands and thousands of the nameless dead who lie crowding the black churchyard of St. Timothy's parish.

The Curate evidently took especial pride in Victoria, the youngest of these three children of the charwoman, and caused Betsy to fetch a book which lay at the window, and bade her read. It was a Missionary Register which the Curate opened hap-hazard, and this baby began to read out in an exceedingly clear and resolute voice about—

"The island of Raritongo is the least frequented of all the Caribbean Archipelago. Wankyfungo is at four leagues S.E. by E., and the peak of the crater of Shuagnahua is distinctly visible. The *Irascible* entered Raritongo Bay on the evening of Thursday 29th, and the next day the Rev. Mr. Flethers, Mrs. Flethers, and their nine children, and Shangpooky, the native converted at Cacabawgo, landed and took up their residence at the house of Ratatatua, the Principal Chief, who entertained us with yams and a pig," &c., &c., &c.

"Raritongo, Wankyfungo, Archipelago." I protest this little woman read off each of these long words with an ease which perfectly astonished me. Many a lieutenant in her

Majesty's Heavies would be puzzled with words half the length. Whitestock, by way of reward for her scholarship, gave her another pat on the head; having received which present with a curtsy, she went and put the book back into the window, and clambering back into the chair, resumed the hemming of the blue duster.

I suppose it was the smallness of these people, as well as their singular, neat, and tidy behaviour, which interested me so. Here were three creatures not so high as the table, with all the labours, duties, and cares of life upon their little shoulders, working and doing their duty like the biggest of my readers; regular, laborious, cheerful,—content with small pittances, practising a hundred virtues of thrift and order.

Elizabeth, at ten years of age, might walk out of this house and take the command of a small establishment. She can wash, get up linen, cook, make purchases, and buy bargains. If I were ten years old and three feet in height, I would marry her, and we would go and live in a cupboard, and share the little half-pint pot for dinner. 'Melia, eight years of age, though inferior in accomplishments to her sister, is her equal in size, and can wash, scrub, hem, go errands, put her hand to the dinner, and make herself generally useful. In a word, she is fit to be a little housemaid, and to make everything but the beds, which she cannot as yet reach up to. As for Victoria's qualifications, they have been mentioned before. I wonder whether the Princess Alice can read off "Raritongo," &c., as glibly as this surprising little animal.

I asked the Curate's permission to make these young ladies a present, and accordingly produced the sum of sixpence to be divided amongst the three. "What will you do with it?" I said, laying down the coin.

They answered, all three at once, and in a little chorus, "We'll give it to mother." This verdict caused the disbursement of another sixpence, and it was explained to them that the sum was for their own private pleasures, and each was called upon to declare what she would purchase.

Elizabeth says, "I would like twopenn'orth of meat, if you please, sir."

'Melia: "Ha'porth of treacle, three-farthings'-worth of milk, and the same of fresh bread."

Victoria, speaking very quick, and gasping in an agitated

manner. "Ha'pny—aha—orange, and ha'pny—aha—apple, and ha'pny—aha—treacle, and—and—" here her imagination failed her. She did not know what to do with the rest of the money.

At this 'Melia actually interposed, "Suppose she and Victoria subscribed a farthing a-piece out of their money, so that Betsy might have a quarter of a pound of meat?" She added that her sister wanted it, and that it would do her good. Upon my word, she made the proposals, and the calculations, in an instant, and all of her own accord. And before we left them, Betsy had put on the queerest little black shawl and bonnet, and had a mug and a basket ready to receive the purchases in question.

Sedan Court has a particularly friendly look to me since that day. Peace be with you, O thrifty, kindly, simple, loving little maidens! May their voyage in life prosper! think of the great journey before them, and the little cock-boat manned by babies, venturing over the great stormy ocean.

FOLLOWING the steps of little Betsy with her mug and basket, as she goes pattering down the street, we watch her into a grocer's shop, where a startling placard with "DOWN AGAIN!" written on it announces that the Sugar Market is still in a depressed condition—and where she no doubt negotiates the purchase of a certain quantity of molasses. A little further on, in Lawfeldt Street, is Mr. Filch's fine silversmith's shop, where a man may stand for a half hour, and gaze with ravishment at the beautiful gilt cups and tankards, the stunning waistcoat chains, the little white cushions laid out with delightful diamond pins, gold horse-shoes and splinter-bars, pearl owls, turquoise lizards and dragons, enamelled monkeys, and all sorts of agreeable monsters for your neckcloth. If I live to be a hundred, or if the girl of my heart were waiting for me at the corner of the street, I never could pass Mr. Filch's shop without having a couple of minutes' good stare at the window. I like to fancy myself dressed up in some of the jewellery. "Spec, you rogue," I say, "suppose you were to get leave to wear three or four of those rings on your fingers; to stick that opal, round which twists a brilliant serpent, with a ruby head into your blue satin neckcloth; and to sport that gold jack-chain on your waistcoat. You might walk in the Park with that black whalebone prize-riding-whip, which

has a head the size of a snuff-box, surmounted with a silver jockey on a silver race-horse; and what a sensation you would create, if you took that large ram's horn with the Cairngorum top out of your pocket, and offered a pinch of rappee to the company round!" A little attorney's clerk is staring in at the window, in whose mind very similar ideas are passing. What would he not give to wear that gold pin next Sunday in his blue hunting neckcloth? The ball of it is almost as big as those which are painted over the side door of Mr. Filch's shop, which is down that passage which leads into Trotter's Court.

I have dined at a house where the silver dishes and covers came from Filch's, let out to their owner by Mr. Filch for the day, and in charge of the grave looking man whom I mistook for the butler. Butlers and ladies' maids innumerable have audiences of Mr. Filch in his back parlour. There are suits of jewels which he and his shop have known for a half century past, so often have they been pawned to him. When we read in the *Court Journal* of Lady Fitzball's head-dress of lappets and superb diamonds, it is because the jewels get a day rule from Filch's, and come back to his iron box as soon as the drawing-room is over. These jewels become historical among pawnbrokers. It was here that Lady Prigsby brought her diamonds one evening of last year, and desired hurriedly to raise two thousand pounds upon them, when Filch respectfully pointed out to her ladyship, that she had pawned the stones already to his comrade, Mr. Tubal, of Charing Cross. And, taking his hat, and putting the case under his arm, he went with her ladyship to the hack-cab in which she had driven to Lawfeldt Street, entered the vehicle with her, and they drove in silence to the back entrance of her mansion in Monmouth Square, where Mr. Tubal's young man was still seated in the hall, waiting until her ladyship should be undressed.

We walked round the splendid shining shop and down the passage, which would be dark but that the gas-lit door is always swinging to and fro, as the people who come to pawn go in and out. You may be sure there is a gin-shop handy to all pawnbrokers.

A lean man in a dingy dress is walking lazily up and down the flags of Trotter's Court. His ragged trousers trail in the slimy mud there. The doors of the pawnbroker's, and of the gin-shop on the other side, are banging to

and fro: a little girl comes out of the former, with a tattered old handkerchief, and goes up and gives something to the dingy man. It is ninepence, just raised on his waistcoat. The man bids the child to "cut away home," and when she is clear out of the court, he looks at us with a lurking scowl and walks into the gin-shop doors, which swing always opposite the pawnbroker's shop.

Why should he have sent the waistcoat wrapped in that ragged old cloth? Why should he have sent the child into the pawnbroker's box, and not have gone himself? He did not choose to let her see him go into the gin shop—why drive her in at the opposite door? The child knows well enough whither he is gone. She might as well have carried an old waistcoat in her hand through the street as a ragged napkin. A sort of vanity, you see, drapes itself in that dirty rag; or is it a kind of debauched shame, which does not like to go naked? The fancy can follow the poor girl up the black alley, up the black stairs, into the bare room, where mother and children are starving, while the lazy ragamuffin, the family bully, is gone into the gin-shop to "try our celebrated Cream of the Valley," as the bill in red letters bids him.

"I waited in this court the other day," Whitestock said, "just like that man, while a friend of mine went in to take her husband's tools out of pawn—an honest man—a journeyman shoemaker, who lives hard by." And we went to call on the journeyman shoemaker—Randle's Buildings—two-pair back—over a blacking manufactory. The blacking was made by one manufacturer, who stood before a tub stirring up his produce, a good deal of which—and nothing else—was on the floor. We passed through this emporium, which abutted on a dank, steaming little court, and up the narrow stair to the two-pair back.

The shoemaker was at work with his recovered tools, and his wife was making woman's shoes (an inferior branch of the business) by him. A shrivelled child was lying on the bed in the corner of the room. There was no bedstead, and indeed scarcely any furniture, save the little table on which lay his tools and shoes—a fair-haired, lank, handsome young man with a wife who may have been pretty once, in better times, and before starvation pulled her down. She had but one thin gown; it clung to a frightfully emaciated little body.

Their story was the old one. The man had been in good work, and had the fever. The clothes had been pawned, the furniture and bedstead had been sold, and they slept on the mattress; the mattress went, and they slept on the floor; the tools went, and the end of all things seemed at hand, when the gracious apparition of the Curate, with his umbrella, came and cheered those stricken-down poor folks.

The journeyman shoemaker must have been astonished at such a sight. He is not, or was not a church-goer. He is a man of "advanced" opinions; believing that priests are hypocrites, and that clergymen in general drive about in coaches-and-four, and eat a tithe-pig a day. This proud priest got Mr. Crispin a bed to lie upon, and some soup to eat; and (being the treasurer of certain good folks of his parish, whose charities he administers) as soon as the man was strong enough to work, the curate lent him money wherewith to redeem his tools, and which our friend is paying back by instalments at this day. And any man who has seen these two honest men talking together, would have said the shoemaker was the haughtiest of the two.

We paid one more morning visit. This was with an order for work to a tailor of reduced circumstances and enlarged family. He had been a master, and was now forced to take work by the job. He who had commanded many men, was now fallen down to the ranks again. His wife told us all about his misfortunes. She is evidently very proud of them. "He failed for seven thousand pounds," the poor woman said, three or four times during the course of our visit. It gave her husband a sort of dignity to have been trusted for so much money.

The Curate must have heard that story many times, to which he now listened with great patience in the tailor's house—a large, clean, dreary, faint-looking room, smelling of poverty. Two little stunted, yellow-headed children, with lean pale faces and large protruding eyes, were at the window staring with all their might at Guy Fawkes, who was passing in the street, and making a great clattering and shouting outside, while the luckless tailor's wife was prating within about her husband's bygone riches. I shall not in a hurry forget the picture. The empty room in a dreary back-ground; the tailor's wife in brown, stalking up and down the planks, talking endlessly; the solemn children staring out of the window as the sunshine fell on

their faces, and honest Whitestock seated, listening, with the tails of his coat through the chair.

His business over with the tailor, we start again; Frank Whitestock trips through alley after alley, never getting any mud on his boots, somehow, and his white neckcloth making a wonderful shine in those shady places. He has all sorts of acquaintance, chiefly amongst the extreme youth, assembled at the doors or about the gutters. There was one small person occupied in emptying one of these rivulets with an oyster shell, for the purpose, apparently, of making an artificial lake in a hole hard by, whose solitary gravity and business struck me much, while the Curate was very deep in conversation with a small-coalman. A half-dozen of her comrades were congregated round a scraper and on a grating hard by, playing with a mangy little puppy, the property of the Curate's friend.

I know it is wrong to give large sums of money away promiscuously, but I could not help dropping a penny into the child's oyster-shell, as she came forward holding it before her like a tray. At first her expression was one rather of wonder than of pleasure at this influx of capital, and was certainly quite worth the small charge of one penny, at which it was purchased.

For a moment she did not seem to know what steps to take; but, having communed in her own mind, she presently resolved to turn them towards a neighbouring apple-stall, in the direction of which she went without a single word of compliment passing between us. Now, the children round the scraper were witnesses to the transaction. "He's give her a penny," one remarked to another, with hopes miserably disappointed that they might come in for a similar present.

She walked on to the apple-stall meanwhile, holding her penny behind her. And what did the other little ones do? They put down the puppy as if it had been so much dross. And one after another they followed the penny-piece to the apple-stall.

A DINNER IN THE CITY.

OUT of a mere love of variety and contrast, I think we cannot do better, after leaving the wretched Whitestock among his starving parishioners, than transport ourselves to the City, where we are invited to dine with the Worshipful Company of Bellows-Menders, at their splendid Hall in Marrow-pudding Lane.

Next to eating good dinners, a healthy man with a benevolent turn of mind must like, I think, to read about them. When I was a boy I had by heart the Barinicide's feast in the "Arabian Nights;" and the culinary passages in Scott's novels (in which works there is a deal of good eating) always were my favourites. The Homeric poems are full, as everybody knows, of roast and boiled: and every year I look forward with pleasure to the newspapers of the 10th of November, for the *menu* of the Lord Mayor's feast, which is sure to appear in those journals. What student of history is there who does not remember the City dinner given to the Allied Sovereigns in 1814? It is good even now, and to read it ought to make a man hungry, had he had five meals that day. In a word, I had long, long yearned in my secret heart to be present at a City festival. The last year's papers had a bill of fare commencing with "four hundred tureens of turtle, each containing five pints;" and concluding with the pineapples and ices of the dessert. "Fancy two thousand pints of turtle, my love," I have often said to Mrs. Spec, "in a vast silver tank, smoking fragrantly, with lovely green islands of calipash and calipee floating about—why, my dear, if it had been invented in the time of Vitellius he would have bathed in it!"

"He would have been a nasty wretch," Mrs. Spec said, who thinks that cold mutton is the most wholesome food of man. However, when she heard what great company was to be present at the dinner, the Ministers of State, the Foreign Ambassadors, some of the bench of Bishops, no doubt the Judges, and a great portion of the Nobility, she was pleased at the card which was sent to her husband, and made a neat tie to my white neckcloth before I set off on

the festive journey. She warned me to be very cautious, and obstinately refused to allow me the Chubb door-key.

The very card of invitation is a curiosity. It is almost as big as a tea-tray. It gives one ideas of a vast, enormous hospitality. Gog and Magog in livery might leave it at your door. If a man is to eat up to that card, Heaven help us, I thought; the Doctor must be called in. Indeed, it was a Doctor who procured me the placard of invitation. Like all medical men who have published a book upon diet, Pillkington is a great gourmand, and he made a great favour of procuring the ticket for me from his brother of the Stock Exchange, who is a Citizen and a Bellows-Mender in his corporate capacity.

We drove in Pillkington's Brougham to the place of *mangezvous*, through the streets of the town, in the broad daylight, dressed out in our white waistcoats and ties; making a sensation upon all beholders by the premature splendour of our appearance. There is something grand in that hospitality of the citizens, who not only give you more to eat than other people, but who begin earlier than anybody else. Major Bangles, Captain Canterbury, and a host of the fashionables of my acquaintance, were taking their morning's ride in the Park as we drove through. You should have seen how they stared at us! It gave me a pleasure to be able to remark mentally, "Look on, gents, we too are sometimes invited to the tables of the great."

We fell in with numbers of carriages as we were approaching citywards, in which reclined gentlemen with white neckcloths—grand equipages of foreign ambassadors, whose uniforms, and stars, and gold-lace glistened within the carriages, while their servants with coloured cockades looked splendid without, careered by the Doctor's Brougham horse, which was a little fatigued with his professional journeys in the morning. General Sir Roger Bluff, K.C.B., and Colonel Tucker, were stepping into a cab at the United Service Club as we passed it. The veterans blazed in scarlet and gold-lace. It seemed strange that men so famous, if they did not mount their chargers to go to dinner, should ride in any vehicle under a coach-and-six; and instead of having a triumphal car to conduct them to the city, should go thither in a rickety cab, driven by a ragged charioteer smoking a doodheen. In Cornhill we fell into a line, and formed a complete regiment of the aristocracy. Crowds

were gathered round the steps of the old Hall in Marrow-pudding Lane, and welcomed us nobility and gentry as we stepped out of our equipages at the door. The policemen could hardly restrain the ardour of these low fellows, and their sarcastic cheers were sometimes very unpleasant. There was one rascal who made an observation about the size of my white waistcoat, for which I should have liked to sacrifice him on the spot; but Pillkington hurried me, as the policeman did our little Brougham, to give place to a prodigious fine equipage which followed, with immense grey horses, immense footmen in powder, and driven by a grave coachman in an episcopal wig.

A veteran officer in scarlet, with silver epaulets, and a profuse quantity of bullion and silver lace, descended from this carriage between the two footmen, and nearly upset by his curling sabre, which had twisted itself between his legs, which were cased in duck trousers very tight, except about the knees (where they bagged quite freely), and with rich long white straps. I thought he must be a great man by the oddness of his uniform.

"Who is the general?" says I, as the old warrior, disentangling himself from his scimeter, entered the outer hall. "Is it the Marquess of Anglesea, or the Rajah of Sarawak?"

I spoke in utter ignorance, as it appeared. "That! Pooh," says Pillkington; "that is Mr. Champignon, M.P., of Whitehall Gardens and Fungus Abbey, Citizen and Bel-lows-Mender. His uniform is that of a Colonel of the Diddlesex Militia." There was no end to similar mistakes on that day. A venerable man with a blue and gold uniform, and a large crimson sword-belt and brass-scabbarded sabre, passed presently, whom I mistook for a foreign ambassador at the least; whereas I found out that he was only a Billingsgate Commissioner—and a little fellow in a blue livery, which fitted him so badly that I thought he must be one of the hired waiters of the Company, who had been put into a coat that didn't belong to him, turned out to be a real right honourable gent, who had been a minister once.

I was conducted up-stairs by my friend to the gorgeous drawing-room, where the company assembled, and where there was a picture of George IV. I cannot make out what public companies can want with a picture of George IV. A fellow, with a gold chain, and in a black suit, such as the lamented Mr. Cooper wore preparatory to execution in

the last act of "George Barnwell," bawled out our names as we entered the apartment. "If my Eliza could hear that gentleman," thought I, "roaring out the name of 'Mr. Spec!' in the presence of at least two hundred Earls, Prelates, Judges, and distinguished characters!" It made little impression upon them, however; and I slunk into the embrasure of a window, and watched the company.

Every man who came into the room was, of course, ushered in with a roar. "His Excellency the Minister of Topinambo!" the usher yelled; and the Minister appeared, bowing, and in tights. "Mr. Hoggin! The Right Honourable the Earl of Bareacres! Mr. Snog! Mr. Braddle! Mr. Alderman Moodie! Mr. Justice Bunker! Lieut.-Gen. Sir Roger Bluff! Colonel Tucker! Mr. Tims!" with the same emphasis and mark of admiration for us all, as it were. The Warden of the Bellows-Menders came forward and made a profusion of bows to the various distinguished guests as they arrived. He, too, was in a court-dress, with a sword and bag. His lady must like so to behold him turning out in arms and ruffles, shaking hands with Ministers, and bowing over his wine-glass to their Excellencies the Foreign Ambassadors.

To be in a room with these great people gave me a thousand sensations of joy. Once, I am positive, the Secretary of the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office looked at me, and turning round to a noble Lord in a red ribbon, evidently asked, "Who is that?" Oh, Eliza, Eliza! How I wish you had been there!—or if not there, in the ladies' gallery in the dining-hall, when the music began, and Mr. Shadrach, Mr. Meshech, and little Jack Oldboy (whom I recollect in the part of Count Almaviva any times these forty years), sang *Non nobis, Domine*.

But I am advancing matters prematurely. We are not in the grand dining-hall as yet. The crowd grows thicker and thicker, so that you can't see people bow as they enter any more. The usher in the gold chain roars out name after name: more ambassadors, more generals, more citizens, capitalists, bankers—among them Mr. Rowdy, my banker, from whom I shrank guiltily from private financial reasons—and, last and greatest of all, "The Right Honourable the Lord Mayor!"

That was a shock, such as I felt on landing at Calais for the first time; on first seeing an Eastern bazaar; on first

catching a sight of Mrs. Spec; a new sensation, in a word. Till death, I shall remember that surprise. I saw over the heads of the crowd, first a great sword borne up in the air: then a man in a fur cap of the shape of a flower-pot; then I heard the voice shouting the august name—the crowd separated. A handsome man with a chain and gown stood before me. It was he. He? What do I say? It was his Lordship. I cared for nothing till dinner-time after that.

The glorious company of banqueteers were now pretty well all assembled; and I, for my part, attracted by an irresistible fascination, pushed nearer and nearer my Lord Mayor, and surveyed him, as the Generals, Lords, Ambassadors, Judges, and other big-wigs rallied round him as their centre, and, being introduced to his Lordship and each other, made themselves the most solemn and graceful bows; as if it had been the object of that General's life to meet that Judge; and as if that Secretary of the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office, having achieved at length a presentation to the Lord Mayor, had gained the end of his existence, and might go home, singing a *Nunc Dimittis*. Don Geronimo de Mulligan y Guayaba, Minister of the Republic of Topinambo, (and originally descended from an illustrious Irish ancestor, who hewed out with his pickaxe in the Topinambo mines the steps by which his family have ascended to their present eminence), holding his cocked hat with the yellow cockade close over his embroidered coat-tails, conversed with Alderman Codshead, that celebrated Statesman, who was also in tights, with a sword and bag.

Of all the articles of the splendid court-dress of our aristocracy, I think it is those little bags which I admire most. The dear crisp curly little black darlings! They give a gentleman's back an indescribable grace and air of chivalry. They are at once manly, elegant, and useful (being made of sticking-plaster, which can be applied afterwards to heal many a wound of domestic life). They are something extra appended to men, to enable them to appear in the presence of royalty. How vastly the idea of a Court increases in solemnity and grandeur when you think that a man cannot enter it without a tail!

These thoughts passed through my mind, and pleasingly diverted it from all sensations of hunger, while many

friends around me were pulling out their watches, looking towards the great dining-room doors, rattling at the lock (the door gasped open once or twice, and the nose of a functionary on the other side peeped in among us and entreated peace), and vowing it was scandalous, monstrous, shameful. If you ask an assembly of Englishmen to a feast, and accident or the cook delays it, they show their gratitude in this way. Before the supper-rooms were thrown open at my friend Mrs. Perkins's ball, I recollect Liversage at the door, swearing and growling as if he had met with an injury. So I thought the Bellows-Menders' guests seemed heaving into mutiny, when the great doors burst open in a flood of light, and we rushed, a black streaming crowd, into the gorgeous hall of banquet.

Every man sprang for his place with breathless rapidity. We knew where those places were beforehand; for a cunning map had been put into the hands of each of us by an officer of the Company, where every plate of this grand festival was numbered, and each gentleman's place was ticketed off. My wife keeps my card still in her album; and my dear eldest boy (who has a fine genius and appetite) will gaze on it for half an hour at a time, whereas he passes by the copies of verses and the flower-pieces with an entire indifference.

The vast hall flames with gas, and is emblazoned all over with the arms of by-gone Bellows-Menders. August portraits decorate the walls. The Duke of Kent in scarlet, with a crooked sabre, stared me firmly in the face during the whole entertainment. The Duke of Cumberland, in a hussar uniform, was at my back, and I knew was looking down into my plate. The eyes of those gaunt portraits follow you everywhere. The Prince Regent has been mentioned before. He has his place of honour over the Great Bellows-Mender's chair, and surveys the high table, glittering with plate, epergnes, candles, hock-glasses, moulds of blanc-mange stuck over with flowers, gold statues holding up baskets of barley-sugar, and a thousand objects of art. Piles of immense gold cans and salvers rose up in buffets behind this high table; towards which presently, and in a grand procession—the band in the gallery overhead blowing out the Bellows-Menders' march—a score of City tradesmen and their famous guests walked solemnly between our rows of tables.

Grace was said, not by the professional devotees who sang "*Non Nobis*" at the end of the meal, but by a chaplain somewhere in the room, and the turtle began. Armies of waiters came rushing in with tureens of this broth of the City.

There was a gentleman near us—a very lean old Bellows-Mender, indeed, who had three platefuls. His old hands trembled, and his plate quivered with excitement, as he asked again and again. That old man is not destined to eat much more of the green fat of this life. As he took it, he shook all over like the jelly in the dish opposite to him. He gasped out a quick laugh once or twice to his neighbour, when his two or three old tusks showed, still standing up in those jaws which had swallowed such a deal of calipash. He winked at the waiters, knowing them from former banquets.

This banquet, which I am describing at Christmas, took place at the end of May. At that time the vegetables called peas were exceedingly scarce, and cost six-and-twenty shillings a quart.

"There are two hundred quarts of peas," said the old fellow, winking with blood-shot eyes, and a laugh that was perfectly frightful. They were consumed with the fragrant ducks, by those who were inclined: or with the Venison, which now came in.

That was a great sight. On a centre table in the hall, on which already stood a cold Baron of Beef—a grotesque piece of meat—a dish as big as a dish in a pantomime, with a little Standard of England stuck into the top of it, as if it was round this we were to rally—on this centre table, six men placed as many huge dishes under cover; and at a given signal the master cook and five assistants in white caps and jackets marched rapidly up to the dish covers, which being withdrawn, discovered to our sight six haunches, on which the six carvers, taking out six sharp knives from their girdles, began operating.

It was, I say, like something out of a gothic romance, or a grotesque fairy pantomime. Feudal barons must have dined so five hundred years ago. One of those knives may have been the identical blade which Walworth plunged in Jack Cade's ribs, and which was afterwards caught up into the City Arms, where it blazes. (Not that any man can seriously believe that Jack Cade was hurt by the dig of the



“As he took it, he shook all over like the jelly in the dish
opposite to him.”
—*Sketches and Travels*, p. 664.

jolly old Mayor in the red gown and chain, any more than that pantaloons is singed by the great poker, which is always forthcoming at the present season.) Here we were practising the noble custom of the good old times, imitating our glorious forefathers, rallying round our old institutions, like true Britons. These very flagons and platters were in the room before us, ten times as big as any we use or want now-a-days. They served us a grace-cup as large as a plate-basket, and at the end they passed us a rose-water dish, into which Pepys might have dipped his napkin. Pepys?—what do I say? Richard III., Cœur-de-Lion, Guy of Warwick, Gog and Magog. I don't know how antique the articles are.

Conversation, rapid and befitting the place and occasion, went on all round. "Waiter, where's the turtle-fins?"—Gobble, gobble. "Hice Punch or My deary, Sir?" "Smelts or salmon, Jowler, My boy?" "Always take cold beef after turtle."—Hobble, gobble. "These year peas have no taste." Hobble, gobbleobble. "Jones, a glass of 'Ock with you? Smith, jine us? Waiter, three 'Ocks. S.! mind your manners. There's Mrs. S. a-looking at you from the gallery."—Hobble-obbl-gobble-gob-gob-gob. A steam of meats, a flare of candles, a rushing to and fro of waiters, a ceaseless clinking of glass and steel, a dizzy mist of gluttony, out of which I see my old friend of the turtle soup making terrific play among the peas, his knife darting down his throat.

* * * * *

It is all over. We can eat no more. We are full of Bacchus and fat venison. We lay down our weapons and rest. "Why, in the name of goodness," says I, turning round to Pillkington, who had behaved at dinner like a doctor; "Why—"

But a great rap, tap, tap proclaimed grace, after which the professional gentlemen sang out "*Non Nobis*," and then the dessert and the speeches began; about which we shall speak in the third course of our entertainment.

On the hammer having ceased its tapping, Mr. Chisel, the immortal toast-maker, who presided over the President, roared out to my three professional friends, "*Non nobis*," and what is called "the business of the evening," commenced.

First, the Warden of the Worshipful Society of the Bel-

blows-Menders proposed "Her Majesty" in a reverential voice. We all stood up respectfully, Chisel yelling out to us to "Charge our glasses." The royal health having been imbibed, the professional gentlemen ejaculated a part of the National Anthem; and I do not mean any disrespect to them personally, in mentioning that this eminently religious hymn was performed by Messrs. Shadrach and Meshech, two well-known melodists of the Hebrew persuasion. We clinked our glasses at the conclusion of the poem, making more dents upon the time-worn old board, where many a man present had clinked for George III., clapped for George IV., rapped for William IV., and was rejoiced to bump the bottom of his glass as a token of reverence for our present sovereign.

Here, as in the case of the Hebrew melophonists, I would insinuate no wrong thought. Gentlemen, no doubt, have the loyal emotions which exhibit themselves by clapping glasses on the tables. We do it at home. Let us make no doubt that the bellows-menders, tailors, authors, public characters, judges, aldermen, sheriffs, and what not, shout out a health for the Sovereign every night at their banquets, and that their families fill round and drink the same toast from the bottles of half-guinea Burgundy.

"His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and Albert Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family," followed, Chisel yelling out the august titles, and all of us banging away with our glasses, as if we were seriously interested in drinking healths to this royal race: as if drinking healths could do anybody any good; as if the imprecations of a company of bellows-menders, aldermen, magistrates, tailors, authors, tradesmen, ambassadors, who did not care a twopenny-piece for all the royal families in Europe, could somehow affect Heaven kindly towards their Royal Highnesses by their tipsy vows, under the presidency of Mr. Chisel.

The Queen Dowager's health was next prayed for by us Bacchanalians, I need not say with what fervency and efficacy. This prayer was no sooner put up by the Chairman, with Chisel as his Boanerges of a Clerk, than the elderly Hebrew gentlemen before mentioned, began striking up a wild patriotic ditty about the "Queen of the Isles, on whose sea-girt shores the bright sun smiles, and the ocean roars; whose cliffs never knew, since the bright sun rose, but a

people true, who scorned all foes. O, a people true, who scorn all wiles, inhabit you, bright Queen of the Isles. Bright Quee—Bright Quee—ee—ee—ee—ee—en awf the Isles!” or words to that effect, which Shadrach took up and warbled across his glass to Meshech, which Meshech trolled away to his brother singer, until the ditty was ended, nobody understanding a word of what it meant; not Old-boy—not the old or young Israelite minstrel his companion—not we, who were clinking our glasses—not Chisel, who was urging us and the Chairman on—not the Chairman and the guests in embroidery—not the kind, exalted, and amiable lady whose health we were making believe to drink, certainly, and in order to render whose name welcome to the Powers to whom we recommended her safety, we offered up, through the mouths of three singers, hired for the purpose, a perfectly insane and irrelevant song.

“Why,” says I to Pillkington, “the Chairman and the grand guests might just as well get up and dance round the table, or cut off Chisel’s head and pop it into a turtle-soup tureen, or go through any other mad ceremony as the last. Which of us here cares for Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, any more than for a virtuous and eminent lady, whose goodness and private worth appear in all her acts? What the deuce has that absurd song about the Queen of the Isles to do with Her Majesty, and how does it set us all stamping with our glasses on the mahogany?” Chisel bellowed out another toast—“The Army;” and we were silent in admiration, while Sir George Bluff, the greatest General present, rose to return thanks.

Our end of the table was far removed from the thick of the affair, and we only heard, as it were, the indistinct cannonading of the General, whose force had just advanced into action. We saw an old gentleman with white whiskers, and a flaring scarlet coat covered with stars and gilding, rise up with a frightened and desperate look, and declare that “this was the proudest—a-hem—moment of his—a-hem—unworthy as he was—a-hem—as a member of the British—a-hem—who had fought under the illustrious Duke of—a-hem—his joy was to come among the Bellows-Menders—a-hem—and inform the great merchants of the greatest City of the—hum—that a British—a-hem—was always ready to do his—hum. Napoleon—Salamanca—a-hem—had witnessed their—hum, haw—and should any

other—hum—ho—casion which he deeply deprecated—haw—there were men now around him—a-haw—who, inspired by the Bellows-Menders' Company and the City of London—a-hum—would do their duty as—a-hum—a-haw—a-hah." Immense cheers, yells, hurrahs, roars, glass-smackings, and applause followed this harangue, at the end of which the three Israelites, encouraged by Chisel, began a military cantata—"O the sword and shield—On the battle-field—Are the joys that best we love boys—Where the Grenadiers, with their pikes and spears, through the ranks of the foemen shove boys—Where the bold hurray, strikes dread dismay, in the ranks of the dead and dyin'—and the baynet clanks in the Frenchmen's ranks, as they fly from the British Lion." (I repeat, as before, that I quote from memory.)

Then the Secretary of the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office rose to return thanks for the blessings which we begged upon the Ministry. He was, he said, but a humble—the humblest member of that body. The suffrages which that body had received from the nation were gratifying, but the most gratifying testimonial of all was the approval of the Bellows-Menders Company. (*Immense applause.*) Yes, among the most enlightened of the mighty corporations of the City, the most enlightened was the Bellows-Menders. Yes, he might say, in consonance with their motto, and in defiance of illiberality, *Afflavet veritas et dissipati sunt.* (*Enormous applause.*) Yes, the thanks and pride that were boiling with emotion in his bosom, trembled to find utterance at his lip. Yes, the proudest moment of his life, the crown of his ambition, the meed of his early hopes and struggles and aspirations, was at that moment won in the approbation of the Bellows-Menders. Yes, his children should know that he too had attended at those great, those noble, those joyous, those ancient festivals, and that he too, the humble individual who from his heart pledged the assembled company in a bumper—that he too was a Bellows-Mender.

Shadrach, Meshech, and Oldboy at this began singing, I don't know for what reason, a rustic madrigal, describing, "O the joys of bonny May—bonny May—a-a-ay, when the birds sing on the spray," &c., which never, as I could see, had the least relation to that or any other ministry, but which were, nevertheless, applauded by all present. And

then the Judges returned thanks; and the Clergy returned thanks; and the Foreign Ministers had an innings (all interspersed by my friends' indefatigable melodies); and the distinguished foreigners present, especially Mr. Washington Jackson, were greeted, and that distinguished American rose amidst thunders of applause.

He explained how Broadway and Cornhill were in fact the same. He showed how Washington was in fact an Englishman, and how Franklin would never have been an American but for his education as a printer in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. He declared that Milton was his cousin, Locke his ancestor, Newton his dearest friend, Shakspeare his grandfather, or more or less—he vowed that he had wept tears of briny anguish on the pedestal of Charing Cross—kissed with honest fervour the clay of Runnymede—that Ben Jonson and Samuel—that Pope and Dryden, and Dr. Watts and Swift were the dealings of *his* hearth and home, as of ours, and in a speech of about five-and-thirty minutes explained to us a series of complimentary sensations very hard to repeat or to remember.

But I observed that, during his oration, the gentlemen who report for the daily papers, were occupied with their wine instead of their note-books—that the three singers of Israel yawned, and showed many signs of disquiet and inebriety, and that my old friend, who had swallowed the three plates of turtle, was sound asleep.

Pillkington and I quitted the banqueting-hall, and went into the tea-room, where gents were assembled still, drinking slops and eating buttered muffins, until the grease trickled down their faces. Then I resumed the query which I was just about to put, when grace was called, and the last chapter ended. "And, gracious goodness!" I said, "what can be the meaning of a ceremony so costly, so uncomfortable, so savoury, so unwholesome as this? Who is called upon to pay two or three guineas for my dinner now, in this blessed year 1847? Who is it that *can* want muffins after such a banquet? Are there no poor? Is there no reason? Is this monstrous belly-worship to exist for ever?"

"Spec," the Doctor said, "you had best come away. I make no doubt that you for one have had too much." And we went to his Brougham. May nobody have such a headache on this happy New Year as befell the present writer on the morning after the Dinner in the City!

WAITING AT THE STATION.

WE are amongst a number of people waiting for the Blackwall train at the Fenchurch Street Station. Some of us are going a little farther than Blackwall—as far as Gravesend; some of us are going even farther than Gravesend—to Port Philip, in South Australia, leaving behind the *patricæ fines* and the pleasant fields of old England. It is rather a queer sensation to be in the same boat and station with a party that is going upon so prodigious a journey. One speculates about them with more than an ordinary interest, thinking of the difference between your fate and theirs, and that we shall never behold these faces again.

Some eight-and-thirty women are sitting in the large Hall of the station, with bundles, baskets, and light baggage, waiting for the steamer, and the orders to embark. A few friends are taking leave of them, bonnets are laid together, and whispering going on. A little crying is taking place;—only a very little crying,—and among those who remain, as it seems to me, not those who are going away. They leave behind them little to weep for; they are going from bitter cold and hunger, constant want and unavailing labour. Why should they be sorry to quit a mother who has been so hard to them as our country has been? How many of these women will ever see the shore again, upon the brink of which they stand, and from which they will depart in a few minutes more? It makes one sad and ashamed too, that they should not be more sorry. But how are you to expect love where you have given such scanty kindness? If you saw your children glad at the thoughts of leaving you, and for ever: would you blame yourselves, or them? It is not that the children are ungrateful, but the home was unhappy, and the parents indifferent or unkind. You are in the wrong under whose government they only had neglect and wretchedness; not they who can't be called upon to love such an unlovely thing as misery, or to make any other return for neglect but indifference and aversion.

You and I, let us suppose again, are civilised persons.

We have been decently educated: and live decently every day, and wear tolerable clothes, and practise cleanliness: and love the arts and graces of life. As we walk down this rank of eight-and-thirty female emigrants, let us fancy that we are at Melbourne, and not in London, and that we have come down from our sheepwalks, or clearings, having heard of the arrival of forty honest, well-recommended young women, and having a natural longing to take a wife home to the bush—which of these would you like? If you were an Australian Sultan, to which of these would you throw the handkerchief? I am afraid not one of them. I fear, in our present mood of mind, we should mount horse and return to the country, preferring a solitude, and to be a bachelor, than to put up with one of these for a companion. There is no girl here to tempt you by her looks; (and, world-wise as you are, it is by these you are principally moved)—there is no pretty, modest, red-cheeked rustic,—no neat, trim, little grisette, such as what we call a gentleman might cast his eyes upon without too much derogating, and might find favour in the eyes of a man about town. No; it is a homely bevy of women with scarcely any beauty amongst them—their clothes are decent, but not the least picturesque—their faces are pale and careworn for the most part—how, indeed, should it be otherwise, seeing that they have known care and want all their days?—there they sit upon bare benches, with dingy bundles, and great cotton umbrellas—and the truth is, you are not a hardy colonist, a feeder of sheep, feller of trees, a hunter of kangaroos—but a London man, and my lord the Sultan's cambric handkerchief is scented with Bond Street perfumery—you put it in your pocket, and couldn't give it to any one of these women.

They are not like you, indeed. They have not your tastes and feelings: your education and refinements. They would not understand a hundred things which seem perfectly simple to you. They would shock you a hundred times a day by as many deficiencies of politeness, or by outrages upon the Queen's English—by practices entirely harmless, and yet in your eyes actually worse than crimes—they have large hard hands and clumsy feet. The woman you love must have pretty soft fingers that you may hold in yours: must speak her language properly, and at least when you offer her your heart, must return hers with

its *h* in the right place, as she whispers that it is yours, or you will have none of it. If she says, "O Hedward, I ham so unappy to think I shall never beold you agin,"—though her emotion on leaving you might be perfectly tender and genuine, you would be obliged to laugh. If she said, "Hedward, my art is yours for hever and hever" (and anybody heard her), she might as well stab you,—you couldn't accept the most faithful affection offered in such terms—you are a town-bred man, I say, and your handkerchief smells of Bond Street musk and millefleur. A sun-burnt settler out of the Bush won't feel any of these exquisite tortures: or understand this kind of laughter: or object to Molly because her hands are coarse and her ancles thick: but he will take her back to his farm, where she will nurse his children, bake his dough, milk his cows, and cook his kangaroo for him.

But between you, an educated Londoner, and that woman, is not the union absurd and impossible? Would it not be unbearable for either? Solitude would be incomparably pleasanter than such a companion.—You might take her with a handsome fortune, perhaps, were you starving; but then it is because you want a house and carriage, let us say, (*your* necessaries of life,) and must have them even if you purchase them with your precious person. You do as much, or your sister does as much, every day. That however is not the point: I am not talking about the meanness to which your worship may be possibly obliged to stoop, in order, as you say, "to keep up your rank in society"—only stating that this immense social difference does exist. You don't like to own it: or don't choose to talk about it, and such things had much better not be spoken about at all. I hear your worship say, there must be differences in rank and so forth! Well! out with it at once, you don't think Molly is your equal—nor indeed is she in the possession of many artificial acquirements. She can't make Latin verses, for example, as you used to do at school, she can't speak French and Italian, as your wife very likely can, &c.—and in so far she is your inferior, and your amiable lady's.

But what I note, what I marvel at, what I acknowledge, what I am ashamed of, what is contrary to Christian morals, manly modesty and honesty, and to the national well-being, is that there should be that immense social distinc-

tion between the well-dressed classes (as, if you will permit me, we will call ourselves) and our brethren and sisters in the fustian jackets and pattens. If you deny it for your part, I say that you are mistaken, and deceive yourself woefully. I say that you have been educated to it through Gothic ages, and have had it handed down to you from your fathers (not that they were anybody in particular, but respectable, well-dressed progenitors, let us say for a generation or two) from your well-dressed fathers before you. How long ago is it, that our preachers were teaching the poor "to know their station?" that it was the peculiar boast of Englishmen, that any man, the humblest among us, could, by talent, industry, and good luck, hope to take his place in the aristocracy of his country, and that we pointed with pride to Lord This, who was the grandson of a barber; and to Earl That, whose father was an apothecary? What a multitude of most respectable folks pride themselves on these things still! The gulf is not impassable, because one man in a million swims over it, and we hail him for his strength and success. He has landed on the happy island. He is one of the aristocracy. Let us clap hands and applaud. There's no country like ours for rational freedom.

If you go up and speak to one of these women, as you do (and very good-naturedly, and you can't help that con-founded condescension), she curtsies and holds down her head meekly, and replies with modesty, as becomes her station, to your honour with the clean shirt and the well-made coat. And so she should; what hundreds of thousands of us rich and poor say still. Both believe this to be bounden duty; and that a poor person should naturally bob her head to a rich one physically and morally.

Let us get her last curtsy from her as she stands here upon the English shore. When she gets into the Australian woods her back won't bend except to her labour; or, if it do, from old habit and the reminiscence of the old country, do you suppose her children will be like that timid creature before you? They will know nothing of that Gothic society, with its ranks and hierarchies, its cumbrous ceremonies, its glittering antique paraphernalia, in which we have been educated; in which rich and poor still acquiesce, and which multitudes of both still admire: far removed from these old-world traditions, they will be bred

up in the midst of plenty, freedom, manly brotherhood. Do you think if your worship's grandson goes into the Australian woods, or meets the grandchild of one of yonder women by the banks of the Warrawarra, the Australian will take a hat off or bob a curtsy to the new comer? He will hold out his hand, and say, "Stranger, come into my house and take a shakedown and have a share of our supper. You come out of the old country, do you? There was some people were kind to my grandmother there, and sent her out to Melbourne. Times are changed since then—come in and welcome!"

What a confession it is that we have almost all of us been obliged to make! A clever and earnest-minded writer gets a commission from the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, and reports upon the state of our poor in London; he goes amongst labouring people and poor of all kinds—and brings back what? A picture of human life so wonderful, so awful, so piteous and pathetic, so exciting and terrible, that readers of romances own they never read anything like to it; and that the griefs, struggles, strange adventures here depicted, exceed anything that any of us could imagine. Yes; and these wonders and terrors have been lying by your door and mine ever since we had a door of our own. We had but to go a hundred yards off and see for ourselves, but we never did. Don't we pay poor-rates, and are they not heavy enough in the name of patience? Very true; and we have our own private pensioners, and give away some of our superfluity, very likely. You are not unkind; not ungenerous. But of such wondrous and complicated misery as this you confess you had no idea? No. How should you?—you and I—we are of the upper classes; we have had hitherto no community with the poor. We never speak a word to the servant who waits on us for twenty years; we condescend to employ a tradesman, keeping him at a proper distance, mind of course, at a proper distance—we laugh at his young men, if they dance, jig, and amuse themselves like their betters, and call them counter-jumpers, snobs, and what not; of his workmen we know nothing, how pitilessly they are ground down, how they live and die, here close by us at the backs of our houses; until some poet like Hood wakes and sings that dreadful "Song of the Shirt;" some prophet like Carlyle rises up and denounces woe; some clear-sighted, energetic man like the

writer of the *Chronicle* travels into the poor man's country for us, and comes back with his tale of terror and wonder.

Awful, awful poor man's country! The bell rings and these eight-and-thirty women bid adieu to it, rescued from it (as a few thousands more will be) by some kind people who are interested in their behalf. In two hours more, the steamer lies alongside the ship *Culloden*, which will bear them to their new home. Here are the berths aft for the unmarried women, the married couples are in the midships, the bachelors in the fore-part of the ship. Above and below decks it swarms and echoes with the bustle of departure. The Emigration Commissioner comes and calls over their names; there are old and young, large families, numbers of children already accustomed to the ship, and looking about with amused unconsciousness. One was born but just now on board; he will not know how to speak English till he is fifteen thousand miles away from home. Some of these kind people whose bounty and benevolence organised the Female Emigration Scheme, are here to give a last word and shake of the hand to their *protégées*. They hang sadly and gratefully round their patrons. One of them, a clergyman, who has devoted himself to this good work, says a few words to them at parting. It is a solemn minute indeed—for those who (with the few thousand who will follow them) are leaving the country and escaping from the question between rich and poor; and what for those who remain? But, at least, those who go will remember that in their misery here they found gentle hearts to love and pity them, and generous hands to give them succour, and will plant in the new country this grateful tradition of the old.—May Heaven's good mercy speed them!

A NIGHT'S PLEASURE.

I.

HAVING made a solemn engagement during the last Midsummer holidays with my young friend Augustus Jones, that we should go to a Christmas Pantomime together, and being accommodated by the obliging proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre with a private box for last Tuesday, I invited not only him but some other young friends to be present at the entertainment. The two Miss Twiggs, the charming daughters of the Rev. Mr. Twigg, our neighbour; Miss Minny Twigg, their youngest sister, eight years of age; and their maternal aunt, Mrs. Captain Flather, as the chaperon of the young ladies, were the four other partakers of this amusement with myself and Mr. Jones.

It was agreed that the ladies, who live in Montpellier Square, Brompton, should take up myself and Master Augustus at the Sarcophagus Club, which is on the way to the theatre, and where we two gentlemen dined on the day appointed. Cox's most roomy fly, the mouldy green one, in which he insists on putting the roaring-grey horse, was engaged for the happy evening. Only an intoxicated driver (as Cox's man always is) could ever, I am sure, get that animal into a trot. But the utmost fury of the whip will not drive him into a dangerous pace; and besides, the ladies were protected by Thomas, Mrs. Flather's page, a young man with a gold band to his hat, and a large gilt knob on the top, who ensured the safety of the cargo, and really gave the vehicle the dignity of one's own carriage.

The dinner hour at the Sarcophagus being appointed for five o'clock, and a table secured in the strangers' room, Master Jones was good enough to arrive (under the guardianship of the Colonel's footman) about half-an-hour before the appointed time, and the interval was by him partly passed in conversation, but chiefly in looking at a large silver watch which he possesses, and in hoping that we shouldn't be late.

I made every attempt to pacify and amuse my young

guest, whose anxiety was not about the dinner but about the play. I tried him with a few questions about Greek and Mathematics—a sort of talk, however, which I was obliged speedily to abandon, for I found he knew a great deal more upon these subjects than I did—(it is disgusting how preternaturally learned the boys of our day are, by the way). I engaged him to relate anecdotes about his schoolfellows and ushers, which he did, but still in a hurried, agitated, nervous manner—evidently thinking about that sole absorbing subject, the pantomime.

A neat little dinner, served in Botibol's best manner (our *chef* at the Sarcophagus knows when he has to deal with a connoisseur, and would as soon serve me up his own ears as a *réchauffé* dish), made scarcely any impression on young Jones. After a couple of spoonfuls, he pushed away the Palestine soup, and took out his large silver watch—he applied two or three times to the chronometer during the fish period—and it was not until I had him employed upon an omelette, full of apricot jam, that the young gentleman was decently tranquil.

With the last mouthful of the omelette he began to fidget again; and it still wanted a quarter of an hour of six. Nuts, almonds and raisins, figs (the almost never-failing soother of youth), I hoped might keep him quiet, and laid before him all those delicacies. But he beat the devil's tattoo with the nutcrackers, had out the watch time after time, declared that it stopped, and made such a ceaseless kicking on the legs of his chair, that there were moments when I wished he was back in the parlour of Mrs. Jones, his Mamma.

I know oldsters who have a savage pleasure in making boys drunk—a horrid thought of this kind may, perhaps, have crossed my mind. "If I could get him to drink half-a-dozen glasses of that heavy Port, it might soothe him and make him sleep," I may have thought. But he would only take a couple of glasses of wine. He said he didn't like more; that his father did not wish him to take more: and abashed by his frank and honest demeanour, I would not press him, of course, a single moment further, and so was forced to take the bottle to myself, to soothe me instead of my young guest.

He was almost frantic at a quarter to seven, by which time the ladies had agreed to call for us, and for about five

minutes was perfectly dangerous. "We shall be late, I know we shall; I said we should! I am sure it's seven, past, and that the box will be taken!" and countless other exclamations of fear and impatience passed through his mind. At length we heard a carriage stop, and a club-servant entering and directing himself towards our table. Young Jones did not want to hear him speak, but cried out,—“Hooray, here they are!” flung his napkin over his head, dashed off his chair, sprang at his hat like a kitten at a ball, and bounced out of the door, crying out, “Come along, Mr. Spec!” whilst the individual addressed much more deliberately followed. “Happy Augustus!” I mentally exclaimed. “O thou brisk and bounding votary of pleasure! When the virile toga has taken the place of the jacket and turned-down collar, that Columbine, who will float before you a goddess to-night, will only be a third-rate dancing female, with rouge and large feet. You will see the ropes by which the genii come down, and the dirty crumpled knees of the fairies—and you won't be in such a hurry to leave a good bottle of Port as now at the pleasant age of thirteen.”—[By the way, boys are made so abominably comfortable and odiously happy, now-a-days, that when I look back to 1802, and my own youth, I get in a rage with the whole race of boys, and feel inclined to flog them all round.] Paying the bill, I say, and making these leisurely observations, I passed under the hall of the Sarcophagus, where Thomas, the page, touched the gold-knobbed hat respectfully to me, in a manner which I think must have rather surprised old General Growler, who was unrolling himself of his muffetees and wrappers, and issued into the street, where Cox's fly was in waiting: the windows up, and whitened with a slight frost: the silhouettes of the dear beings within dimly visible against the chemist's light opposite the Club; and Master Augustus already kicking his heels on the box, by the side of the inebriated driver.

I caused the youth to descend from that perch, and the door of the fly being opened, thrust him in. Mrs. Captain Flather, of course, occupied the place of honour—an uncommonly capacious woman,—and one of the young ladies made a retreat from the front seat, in order to leave it vacant for myself; but I insisted on not incommoding Mrs. Captain F., and that the two darling children should sit

beside her, while I occupied the place of back bodkin between the two Miss Twiggs.

They were attired in white, covered up with shawls, with bouquets in their laps, and their hair dressed evidently for the occasion: Mrs. Flather in her red velvet of course, with her large gilt state turban.

She saw that we were squeezed on our side of the carriage, and made an offer to receive me on hers.

Squeezed? I should think we *were*; but O Emily, O Louisa, you mischievous little black-eyed creatures, who would dislike being squeezed by you? I wished it was to York we were going, and not to Covent Garden. How swiftly the moments passed. We were at the play-house in no time: and Augustus plunged instantly out of the fly over the shins of everybody.

II.

WE took possession of the private box assigned to us: and Mrs. Flather seated herself in the place of honour—each of the young ladies taking it by turns to occupy the other corner. Miss Minny and Master Jones occupied the middle places; and it was pleasant to watch the young gentleman throughout the performance of the comedy—during which he was never quiet for two minutes—now shifting his chair, now swinging to and fro upon it, now digging his elbows into the capacious sides of Mrs. Captain Flather, now beating with his boots against the front of the box, or trampling upon the skirts of Mrs. Flather's satin garment.

He occupied himself unceasingly, too, in working up and down Mrs. F.'s double-barrelled French opera-glass—not a little to the detriment of that instrument and the wrath of the owner; indeed I have no doubt, that had not Mrs. Flather reflected that Mrs. Colonel Jones gave some of the most elegant parties in London, to which she was very anxious to be invited, she would have boxed Master Augustus's ears in the presence of the whole audience of Covent Garden.

One of the young ladies was, of course, obliged to remain in the back row with Mr. Spec. We could not see much of the play over Mrs. F.'s turban; but I trust that we were

not unhappy in our retired position. O Miss Emily! O Miss Louisa! there is one who would be happy to sit for a week close by either of you, though it were on one of those abominable little private-box chairs. I know, for my part, that every time the box-keeperess popped in her head, and asked if we would take any refreshment, I thought the interruption odious.

Our young ladies, and their stout chaperon and aunt, had come provided with neat little bouquets of flowers, in which they evidently took a considerable pride, and which were laid, on their first entrance, on the ledge in front of our box.

But, presently, on the opposite side of the house Mrs. Cutbush, of Pocklington Gardens, appeared with her daughters, and bowed in a patronising manner to the ladies of our party, with whom the Cutbush family had a slight acquaintance.

Before ten minutes the bouquets of our party were whisked away from the ledge of the box. Mrs. Flather dropped hers to the ground, where Master Jones's feet speedily finished it; Miss Louisa Twigg let hers fall into her lap and covered it with her pocket-handkerchief. Uneasy signals passed between her and her sister. I could not, at first, understand what event had occurred to make these ladies so unhappy.

At last the secret came out. The Misses Cutbush had bouquets like little haystacks before them. Our small nosegays, which had quite satisfied the girls until now, had become odious in their little jealous eyes; and the Cutbushes triumphed over them.

I have joked the ladies subsequently on this adventure; but not one of them will acknowledge the charge against them. It was mere accident that made them drop the flowers—pure accident. *They* jealous of the Cutbushes—not they, indeed; and of course, each person on this head is welcome to his own opinion.

How different, meanwhile, was the behaviour of my young friend Master Jones, who is not as yet sophisticated by the world. He not only nodded to his father's servant, who had taken a place in the pit, and was to escort his young master home, but he discovered a schoolfellow in the pit likewise. "By Jove, there's Smith!" he cried out, as if the sight of Smith was the most extraordinary event in

the world. He pointed out Smith to all of us. He never ceased nodding, winking, grinning, telegraphing, until he had succeeded in attracting the attention not only of Master Smith, but of the greater part of the house; and whenever anything in the play struck him as worthy of applause, he instantly made signals to Smith below, and shook his fist at him, as much as to say, "By Jove, old fellow, ain't it good? I say, Smith, isn't it *prime*, old boy?" He actually made remarks on his fingers to Master Smith during the performance.

I confess he was one of the best parts of the night's entertainment to me. How Jones and Smith will talk about that play when they meet after holidays! And not only then will they remember it, but all their lives long. Why do you remember that play you saw thirty years ago, and forget the one over which you yawned last week? Ah, my brave little boy, I thought, in my heart; twenty years hence you will recollect this, and have forgotten many a better thing. You will have been in love twice or thrice by that time, and have forgotten it; you will have buried your wife and forgotten her; you will have had ever so many friendships and forgotten them. You and Smith won't care for each other, very probably; but you'll remember all the actors and the plot of this piece we are seeing.

I protest I have forgotten it myself. In our back row we could not see or hear much of the performance (and no great loss)—fitful bursts of elocution only occasionally reaching us, in which we could recognise the well-known nasal twang of the excellent Mr. Stupor, who performed the part of the young hero; or the ringing laughter of Mrs. Belmore, who had to giggle through the whole piece.

It was one of Mr. Boyster's comedies of English Life. Frank Nightrake (Stupor) and his friend Bob Fitzoffley, appeared in the first scene, having a conversation with that impossible valet of English Comedy, whom any gentleman would turn out of doors before he could get through half a length of the dialogue assigned. I caught only a glimpse of this act. Bob, like a fashionable young dog of the aristocracy (the character was played by Bulger, a meritorious man, but very stout, and nearly fifty years of age), was dressed in a rhubarb-coloured body-coat with brass buttons, a couple of under waistcoats, a blue satin stock with a paste brooch in it, and an eighteenpenny cane, which he never

let out of his hand, and with which he poked fun at everybody. Frank Nightrake, on the contrary, being at home, was attired in a very close-fitting chintz dressing-gown, lined with glazed red calico, and was seated before a large pewter teapot, at breakfast. And, as your true English Comedy is the representation of nature, I could not but think how like these figures on the stage, and the dialogue which they used, were to the appearance and talk of English gentlemen of the present day.

The dialogue went on somewhat in the following fashion:—

Bob Fitzoffley (enters whistling). The top of the morning to thee, Frank! What! at breakfast already? At chocolate and the *Morning Post*, like a dowager of sixty? Slang! (*he pokes the servant with his cane*) what has come to thy master, thou Prince of Valets! thou pattern of Slaves! thou swiftest of Mercuries! Has the Honourable Francis Nightrake lost his heart, or his head, or his health?

Frank (laying down the paper). Bob, Bob, I have lost all three! I have lost my health, Bob, with thee and thy like, over the Burgundy at the club; I have lost my head, Bob, with thinking how I shall pay my debts; and I have lost my heart, Bob, oh, to such a creature.

Frank. A Venus, of course.

Slang. With the presence of Juno.

Bob. And the modesty of Minerva.

Frank. And the coldness of Diana.

Bob. Pish! What a sigh is that about a woman! Thou shalt be Endymion, the night-rake of old: and conquer this shy goddess. Hey, Slang?

Herewith Slang takes the lead of the conversation, and propounds a plot for running away with the heiress; and I could not help remarking how like the comedy was to life—how the gentlemen always say “thou,” and “prythee,” and “go to,” and talk about Heathen goddesses to each other; how their servants are always their particular intimates; how, when there is serious love-making between a gentleman and lady, a comic attachment invariably springs up between the valet and waiting-maid of each; how Lady Grace Gadabout, when she calls upon Rose Ringdove to pay a morning visit, appears in a low satin dress, with jewels in her hair; how Saucebox, her attendant,

wears diamond brooches, and rings on all her fingers: while Mrs. Tallyho, on the other hand, transacts all the business of life in a riding-habit, and always points her jokes by a cut of the whip.

This playfulness produced a roar all over the house, whenever it was repeated, and always made our little friends clap their hands and shout in chorus.

Like that *bon-vivant* who envied the beggars staring into the cook-shop windows, and wished he could be hungry, I envied the boys, and wished I could laugh, very much. In the last act I remember—for it is now very nearly a week ago—everybody took refuge either in a secret door, or behind a screen or curtain, or under a table, or up a chimney: and the house roared as each person came out from his place of concealment. And the old fellow in top-boots, joining the hands of the young couple (Fitzoffley, of course, pairing off with the widow), gave them his blessing, and thirty thousand pounds.

And ah, ye gods! if I wished before that comedies were like life, how I wished that life was like comedies! Where-on the drop fell; and Augustus, clapping-to the opera-glass, jumped up, crying—"Hurray! now for the Pantomime."

III.

THE composer of the Overture of the New Grand Comic Christmas Pantomime, "Harlequin and the Fairy of the Spangled Pocket-handkerchief, or the Prince of the Enchanted Nose," arrayed in a bran-new Christmas suit, with his wristbands and collar turned elegantly over his cuffs and embroidered satin tie, takes a place at his desk, waves his stick, and away the Pantomime Overture begins.

I pity a man who can't appreciate a Pantomime Overture. Children do not like it: they say, "Hang it, I wish the Pantomime would begin:" but for us it is always a pleasant moment of reflection and enjoyment. It is not difficult music to understand, like that of your Mendelssohns and Beethovens, whose symphonies and sonatas Mrs. Spec states must be heard a score of times before you can comprehend them. But of the proper Pantomime-music I am a delighted connoisseur. Perhaps it is because you meet so many old friends in these compositions consorting

together in the queerest manner, and occasioning numberless pleasant surprises. Hark! there goes "Old Dan Tucker" wandering into the "Groves of Blarney;" our friends the "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" march rapidly down "Wapping Old Stairs," from which the "Figlia del Reggimento" comes bounding briskly, when she is met, embraced, and carried off by "Billy Taylor," that brisk young fellow.

All this while you are thinking with a faint, sickly kind of hope, that perhaps the Pantomime *may* be a good one; something like "Harlequin and the Golden Orange Tree," which you recollect in your youth; something like "Fortunio," that marvellous and delightful piece of buffoonery, which realised the most gorgeous visions of the absurd. You may be happy, perchance: a glimpse of the old days may come back to you. Lives there the man with soul so dead, the being ever so *blasé* and travel-worn, who does not feel some shock and thrill still: just at that moment when the bell (the dear and familiar bell of your youth) begins to tingle, and the curtain to rise, and the large shoes and ankles, the flesh-coloured leggings, the crumpled knees, the gorgeous robes and masks finally, of the actors ranged on the stage to shout the opening chorus?

All round the house you hear a great gasping a-ha-a from a thousand children's throats. Enjoyment is going to give place to Hope. Desire is about to be realised. O you blind little brats! Clap your hands, and crane over the boxes, and open your eyes with happy wonder! Clap your hands now. In three weeks more the Reverend Doctor Swishtail expects the return of his young friends to Sugar-cane House.

* * * * *

King Beak, Emperor of the Romans, having invited all the neighbouring Princes, Fairies, and Enchanters to the feast at which he celebrated the marriage of his only son, Prince Aquiline, unluckily gave the liver-wing of the fowl which he was carving to the Prince's godmother, the Fairy Bandanna, while he put the gizzard-pinion on the plate of the Enchanter Gorgibus, King of the Maraschino Mountains, and father of the Princess Rosolia, to whom the Prince was affianced.

The outraged Gorgibus rose from the table in a fury,

smashed his plate of chicken over the head of King Beak's Chamberlain, and wished that Prince Aquiline's nose might grow on the instant as long as the sausage before him.

It did so; the screaming Princess rushed away from her bridegroom, and her father, breaking off the match with the House of Beak, ordered his daughter to be carried in his sedan by the two giant porters Gor and Gogstay, to his castle in the Juniper Forest, by the side of the bitter waters of the Absinthine Lake, whither, after upsetting the marriage-tables, and flooring King Beak in a single combat, he himself repaired.

The latter monarch could not bear to see or even to hear his disfigured son.

When the Prince Aquiline blew his unfortunate and monstrous nose, the windows of his father's palace broke; the locks of the doors started; the dishes and glasses of the King's banquet jingled and smashed as they do on board a steamboat in a storm; the liquor turned sour; the Chancellor's wig started off his head, and the Prince's royal father, disgusted with his son's appearance, drove him forth from his palace, and banished him the kingdom.

Life was a burthen to him on account of that nose. He fled from a world in which he was ashamed to show it, and would have preferred a perfect solitude, but that he was obliged to engage one faithful attendant to give him snuff (his only consolation) and to keep his odious nose in order.

But as he was wandering in a lonely forest, entangling his miserable trunk in the thickets, and causing the birds to fly scared from the branches, and the lions, stags, and foxes to sneak away in terror as they heard the tremendous booming which issued from the fated Prince whenever he had occasion to use his pocket-handkerchief, the Fairy of the Bandanna Islands took pity on him, and, descending in her car drawn by doves, gave him a 'kerchief which rendered him invisible whenever he placed it over his monstrous proboscis.

Having occasion to blow his nose (which he was obliged to do pretty frequently, for he had taken cold while lying out among the rocks and morasses in the rainy miserable nights, so that the peasants, when they heard him snoring fitfully, thought that storms were abroad,) at the gates of a castle by which he was passing, the door burst open, and

the Irish Giant (afterwards Clown, indeed,) came out, and wondering looked about, furious to see no one.

The Prince entered into the castle, and whom should he find there but the Princess Rosolia, still plunged in despair. Her father snubbed her perpetually. "I wish he would snub me!" exclaimed the Prince, pointing to his own monstrous deformity. In spite of his misfortune, she still remembered her Prince. "Even with his nose," the faithful Princess cried, "I love him more than all the world beside!"

At this declaration of unalterable fidelity, the Prince flung away his handkerchief, and knelt in rapture at the Princess's feet. She was a little scared at first by the hideousness of the distorted being before her—but what will not woman's faith overcome? Hiding her head on his shoulder (and so losing sight of his misfortune), she vowed to love him still (in those broken verses which only Princesses in Pantomimes deliver).

At this instant King Gorgibus, the Giants, the King's Household, with clubs and battle-axes, rushed in. Drawing his immense scimeter, and seizing the Prince by his too-prominent feature, he was just on the point of sacrificing him, when—when, I need not say, the Fairy Bandanna (Miss Bendigo), in her amaranthine car drawn by Paphian doves, appeared and put a stop to the massacre. King Gorgibus became Pantaloon, the two Giants first and second Clowns, and the Prince and Princess (who had been, all the time of the Fairy's speech, and actually while under their father's scimeter, unhooking their dresses) became the most elegant Harlequin and Columbine that I have seen for many a long day. The nose flew up to the ceiling, the music began a jig, and the two Clowns, after saying, "How are you?" went and knocked down Pantaloon.

IV.

ON the conclusion of the pantomime, the present memorialist had the honour to conduct the ladies under his charge to the portico of the theatre, where the green fly was in waiting to receive them. The driver was not more inebriated than usual; the young page with the gold-knobbed hat was there to protect his mistresses; and though the chaperon of the party certainly invited me to return with

them to Brompton and there drink tea, the proposal was made in terms so faint, and the refreshment offered was so moderate, that I declined to journey six miles on a cold night in order to partake of such a meal. The waterman of the coach-stand, who had made himself conspicuous by bawling out for Mrs. Flather's carriage, was importunate with me to give him sixpence for pushing the ladies into the vehicle. But it was my opinion that Mrs. Flather ought to settle that demand; and as, while the fellow was urging it, she only pulled up the glass, bidding Cox's man to drive on, I of course did not interfere. In vulgar and immoral language he indicated, as usual, his discontent. I treated the fellow with playful and, I hope, gentlemanlike satire.

Master Jones, who would not leave the box in the theatre until the people came to shroud it with brown-hollands, (by the way, to be the last person in a theatre—to put out the last light—and then to find one's way out of the vast, black, lonely place, must require a very courageous heart)—Master Jones, I say, had previously taken leave of us, putting his arm under that of his father's footman, who had been in the pit, and who conducted him to Russel Square. I heard Augustus proposing to have oysters as they went home, though he had twice in the course of the performance made excursions to the cake-room of the theatre, where he had partaken of oranges, macaroons, apples, and ginger-beer.

As the altercation between myself and the linkman was going on, young Grigg (brother of Grigg of the Life Guards, himself reading for the Bar) came up, and hooking his arm into mine, desired the man to leave off "chaffing" me; asked him if he would take a bill at three months for the money; told him if he would call at the Horns Tavern, Kennington, next Tuesday week, he would find sixpence there, done up for him in a brown paper parcel; and quite routed my opponent. "I know *you*, Mr. Grigg," said he; "*you're a gentleman, you are:*" and so retired, leaving the victory with me.

Young Mr. Grigg is one of those young bucks about town, who goes every night of his life to two theatres, to the Casino, to Weippert's balls, to the Café de l'Haymarket, to Bob Slogger's, the boxing-house, to the Harmonic Meetings at the Kidney Cellars, and other places of fash-

ionable resort. He knows everybody at these haunts of pleasure; takes boxes for the actors' benefits; has the word from head-quarters about the *venue* of the fight between Putney Sambo and the Tutbury Pet; gets up little dinners at their public houses; shoots pigeons, fights cocks, plays fives, has a boat on the river, and a room at Rummer's, in Conduit Street, besides his Chambers at the Temple, where his parents, Sir John and Lady Grigg, of Portman Square, and Grigsby Hall, Yorkshire, believe that he is assiduously occupied in studying the Law. "Tom applies too much," her ladyship says. "His father was obliged to remove him from Cambridge on account of a brain fever brought on by hard reading, and in consequence of the jealousy of some of the collegians; otherwise, I am told, he must have been Senior Wrangler, and seated first of the Tripod."

"I'm going to begin the evening," said this ingenuous young fellow; "I've only been at the Lowther Arcade, Weippert's hop, and the billiard-rooms. I just toddled in for half an hour to see Brooke in 'Othello,' and looked in for a few minutes behind the scenes at the Adelphi. What shall be the next resort of pleasure, Spec, my elderly juvenile? Shall it be the Sherry-Cobbler-Stall, or the Cave of Harmony? There's some prime glee-singing there."

"What! is the old Cave of Harmony still extant?" I asked. "I have not been there these twenty years." And memory carried me back to the days when Lightsides, of Corpus, myself, and little Oaks, the Johnian, came up to town in a chaise-and-four, at the long vacation at the end of our freshman's year, ordered turtle and venison for dinner at the Bedford, blubbered over Black-eyed Susan at the play, and then finished the evening at that very Harmonic Cave, where the famous English Improvisatore sang with such prodigious talent that we asked him down to stay with us in the country. Spurgin, and Hawker, the fellow-commoner of our College, I remember me, were at the Cave too, and Bardolph, of Brazennose. Lord, lord, what a battle and struggle and wear and tear of life there has been since then! Hawker levanted, and Spurgin is dead these ten years; little Oaks is a whiskered Captain of Heavy Dragoons, who cut down no end of Sikhs at Sobraon; Lightsides, a Tractarian parson, who turns his head and walks another way when we meet; and your humble

servant—well, never mind. But in my spirit I saw them—all those blooming and jovial young boys—and Light-sides, with a cigar in his face, and a bang-up white coat, covered with mother-of-pearl cheese-plates, bellowing out for “First and Second Turn-out,” as our yellow post-chaise came rattling up to the inn-door at Ware.

“And so the Cave of Harmony is open,” I said, looking at little Grigg with a sad and tender interest and feeling that I was about a hundred years old.

“*I believe you, my baw-aw-oy!*” said he, adopting the tone of an exceedingly refined and popular actor, whose choral and comic powers render him a general favourite.

“Does Bivins keep it?” I asked, in a voice of profound melancholy.

“Hoh! What a flat you are! You might as well ask if Mrs. Siddons acted Lady Macbeth to-night, and if Queen Anne’s dead or not. I tell you what, Spec, my boy—you’re getting a regular old flat—a foggy, sir, a positive old foggy. How the deuce do *you* pretend to be a man about town, and not know that Bivins has left the Cavern? Law bless you! Come in and see: I know the landlord—I’ll introduce you to him.”

This was an offer which no man could resist; and so Grigg and I went through the Piazza, and down the steps of that well-remembered place of conviviality. Grigg knew everybody; wagged his head in at the bar, and called for two glasses of his particular mixture; nodded to the singers; winked at one friend—put his little stick against his nose as a token of recognition to another; and calling the waiter by his Christian name, poked him playfully with the end of his cane, and asked him whether he, Grigg, should have a lobster kidney, or a mashed oyster and scalloped ’tators, or a poached rabbit, for supper?

The room was full of young rakish-looking lads, with a dubious sprinkling of us middle-aged youth, and stalwart red-faced fellows from the country, with whiskey noggins before them, and bent upon seeing life. A grand piano had been introduced into the apartment, which did not exist in the old days: otherwise, all was of yore—smoke rising from scores of human chimneys, waiters bustling about with cigars and liquors in the intervals of the melody—and the President of the meeting (Bivins no more) encouraging gents to give their orders.

Just as the music was about to begin, I looked opposite me, and there, by Heavens! sat Bardolph, of Brazennose, only a little more purple, and a few shades more dingy than he used to look twenty years ago.

V.

"Look at that old Greek in the citak and fur collar opposite," said my friend, Mr. Grigg. "That chap is here every night. They call him Lord Farintosh. He has five glasses of whiskey-and-water every night—seventeen hundred and twenty-five goes of alcohol in a year; we totted it up one night at the bar. James the waiter is now taking number three to him. He don't count the wine he has had at dinner." Indeed, James the waiter, knowing the gentleman's peculiarities, as soon as he saw Mr. Bardolph's glass nearly empty, brought him another noggin and a jug of boiling water without a word.

Memory carried me instantaneously back to the days of my youth. I had the honour of being at school with Bardolph before he went to Brazennose; the under boys used to look up at him from afar off, as at a godlike being. He was one of the head boys of the school; a prodigious dandy in pigeon-hole trowsers, ornamented with what they called "tucks" in front. He wore a ring, leaving the little finger, on which he wore the jewel, out of his pocket, in which he carried the rest of his hand. He had whiskers even then; and to this day I cannot understand why he is not seven feet high. When he shouted out "Under boy!" we small ones trembled and came to him. I recollect he called me once from a hundred yards off, and I came up in a tremor. He pointed to the ground.

"Pick up my hockey-stick," he said, pointing towards it with the hand with the ring on! He had dropped the stick. He was too great, wise, and good, to stoop to pick it up himself.

He got the silver medal for Latin Sapphics, in the year Pogram was gold medallist. When he went up to Oxford, the Head-Master, the Rev. J. Flibber, complimented him in a valedictory speech, made him a present of books, and prophesied that he would do great things at the University. He had got a scholarship, and won a prize-poem, which the

Doctor read out to the sixth form with great emotion. It was on "The Recollections of Childhood," and the last lines were,—

"Qualia prospiciens catulus ferit æthera risu,
Ipsaque trans lunæ cornua vacca salit."

I thought of these things rapidly, gazing on the individual before me. The brilliant young fellow of 1815 (by-the-by it was the Waterloo year, by which some people may remember it better; but at school we spoke of years, as "Pogram's year," "Tokely's year," &c.)—there, I say, sat before me the dashing young buck of 1815, a fat, muzzy, red-faced old man, in a battered hat, absorbing whiskey-and-water, and half listening to the singing.

A wild, long-haired, professional gentleman with a fluty voice and with his shirt-collar turned down, began to sing as follows:—

"WHEN THE GLOOM IS ON THE GLEN.

"When the moonlight's on the mountain
And the gloom is on the glen,
At the cross beside the fountain
There is one will meet thee then.
At the cross beside the fountain;
Yes, the cross beside the fountain,
There is one will meet thee then!

[*Down goes half of Mr. Bardolph's No. 3 Whiskey during this refrain.*]

"I have braved, since first we met, love,
Many a danger in my course;
But I never can forget, love,
That dear fountain, that old cross,
Where, her mantle shrouded o'er her—
For the winds were chilly then—
First I met my Leonora,
When the gloom was on the glen,
Yes, I met my, &c.

[*Another gulp and almost total disappearance of Whiskey-go, No. 3.*]

"Many a clime I've ranged since then, love,
Many a land I've wandered o'er;
But a valley like that glen, love,
Half so dear I never sor!

Ne'er saw maiden fairer, coyer,
 Than wert thou, my true love, when
 In the gloaming first I saw yer,
 In the gloaming of the glen!"

Bardolph, who had not shown the least symptom of emotion as the gentleman with the fluty voice performed this delectable composition, began to whack, whack, whack on the mahogany with his pewter measure at the conclusion of the song, wishing, perhaps, to show that the noggin was empty; in which manner James, the waiter, interpreted the signal, for he brought Mr. Bardolph another supply of liquor.

The song, words, and music, composed and dedicated to Charles Bivins, Esquire, by Frederic Snape, and ornamented with a picture of a young lady, with large eyes and short petticoats, leaning at a stone cross by a fountain, was now handed about the room by a waiter, and any gentleman was at liberty to purchase it for half-a-crown. The man did not offer the song to Bardolph; he was too old a hand.

After a pause, the president of the musical gents cried out for silence again, and then stated to the company that Mr. Hoff would sing "The Red Flag," which announcement was received by the Society with immense applause, and Mr. Hoff, a gentleman whom I remember to have seen exceedingly unwell on board a Gravesend steamer, began the following terrific ballad:—

"THE RED FLAG.

"Where the quivering lightning flings
 His arrows from out the clouds,
 And the howling tempest sings,
 And whistles among the shrouds,
 'Tis pleasant, 'tis pleasant to ride
 Along the foaming brine—
 Wilt be the Rover's bride?
 Wilt follow him, lady mine?
 Hurrah!
 For the bonny, bonny brine.

"Amidst the storm and rack,
 You shall see our galley pass,
 As a serpent, lithe and black,
 Glides through the waving grass,

As the vulture, swift and dark,
 Down on the ring-dove flies,
 You shall see the Rover's bark
 Swoop down upon his prize.
 Hurrah!
 For the bonny, bonny prize.

"Over her sides we dash,
 We gallop across her deck—
 Ha! there's a ghastly gash
 On the merchant-captain's neck—
 Well shot, well shot, old Ned!
 Well struck, well struck, black James!
 Our arms are red, and our foes are dead,
 And we leave a ship in flames!
 Hurrah!
 For the bonny, bonny flames!"

Frantic shouts of applause and encore hailed the atrocious sentiments conveyed by Mr. Hoff in this ballad, from everybody except Bardolph, who sat muzzy and unmoved, and only winked to the waiter to bring him some more whiskey.

VI.

WHEN the piratical ballad of Mr. Hoff was concluded, a simple and quiet-looking young gentleman performed a comic song, in a way which, I must confess, inspired me with the utmost melancholy. Seated at the table with the other professional gents, this young gentleman was in no wise to be distinguished from any other young man of fashion: he has a thin, handsome, and rather sad countenance; and appears to be a perfectly sober and meritorious young man. But suddenly (and I daresay every night of his life) he pulls a little flexible, grey countryman's hat out of his pocket, and the moment he has put it on, his face assumes an expression of unutterable vacuity and folly, his eyes goggle round savage, and his mouth stretches almost to his ears, and he begins to sing a rustic song.

The battle song and the sentimental ballad already published are, I trust, sufficiently foolish, and fair specimens of the class of poetry to which they belong; but the folly of the comic country song was so great and matchless, that I am not going to compete for a moment with the author, or to venture to attempt anything like his style of composi-

tion. It was something about a man going a-courting Molly, and "feayther," and "kyows," and "peeys," and other rustic produce. The idiotic verse was interspersed with spoken passages, of corresponding imbecility. For the time during which Mr. Grinsby performed this piece, he consented to abnegate altogether his claim to be considered as a reasonable being; utterly to debase himself, in order to make the company laugh; and to forget the rank, dignity, and privileges of a man.

His song made me so profoundly wretched that little Grigg, remarking my depression, declared I was as slow as a parliamentary train. I was glad they didn't have the song over again. When it was done, Mr. Grinsby put his little grey hat in his pocket, the maniacal grin subsided from his features, and he sat down with his naturally sad and rather handsome young countenance.

O, Grinsby, thinks I, what a number of people and things in this world do you represent! Though we weary listening to you, we may moralise over you; though you sing a foolish, witless song, you poor, young, melancholy jester, there is some good in it that may be had for the seeking. Perhaps that lad has a family at home dependent on his grinning: I may entertain a reasonable hope that he has despair in his heart; a complete notion of the folly of the business in which he is engaged; a contempt for the fools laughing and guffawing round about at his miserable jokes; and a perfect weariness of mind at their original dulness and continued repetition. What a sinking of spirit must come over that young man, quiet in his chamber or family, orderly and sensible like other mortals, when the thought of tom-fool hour comes across him, and that at a certain time that night, whatever may be his health, or distaste, or mood of mind or body, there he must be, at a table at the Cave of Harmony, uttering insane ballads with an idiotic grin on his face, and hat on his head.

To suppose that Grinsby has any personal pleasure in that song, would be to have too low an opinion of human nature: to imagine that the applauses of the multitude of the frequenters of the Cave tickled his vanity, or are bestowed upon him deservedly—would be, I say, to think too hardly of him. Look at him. He sits there quite a quiet, orderly young fellow. Mark with what an abstracted, sad air he joins in the chorus of Mr. Snape's sec-

ond song, "The Minaret's bells o'er the Bosphorus toll," and having applauded his comrade at the end of the song (as I have remarked these poor gentlemen always do), moodily resumes the stump of his cigar.

"I wonder, my dear Grigg, how many men there are in the city who follow a similar profession to Grinsby's. What a number of poor rogues, wits in their circle, or bilious, or in debt, or henpecked, or otherwise miserable in their private circumstances, come grinning out to dinner of a night, and laugh and crack, and let off their good stories like yonder professional funny fellow. Why, I once went into the room of that famous dinner-party conversationalist and wit, Horsely Collard; and whilst he was in his dressing-room arranging his wig, just looked over the books on the table before his sofa. There were 'Burton's Anatomy' for the quotations, three of which he let off that night; 'Spence's Literary Anecdotes,' of which he fortuitously introduced a couple in the course of the evening; 'Baker's Chronicle;' the last new Novel, and a book of Metaphysics, every one of which I heard him quote, besides four stories out of his common-place book, at which I took a peep under the pillow. He was like Grinsby." Who isn't like Grinsby in life? thought I to myself, examining that young fellow.

"When Bawler goes down to the House of Commons from a meeting with his creditors, and having been a bankrupt a month before, becomes a patriot all of a sudden, and pours you out an intensely interesting speech upon the West Indies, or the Window Tax, he is no better than the poor gin-and-water practitioner yonder, and performs in his Cave, as Grinsby in his under the Piazza.

"When Sergeant Bluebag fires into a witness, or performs a jocular or a pathetic speech to a jury, in what is he better than Grinsby, except in so far as the amount of gain goes?—than poor Grinsby rapping at the table and cutting professional jokes, at half-a-pint-of-whiskey fee?

"When Tightrope, the celebrated literary genius, sits down to write and laugh—with the children very likely ill at home—with a strong personal desire to write a tragedy or a sermon, with his wife scolding him, his head racking with pain, his mother-in-law making a noise at his ears, and telling him that he is a heartless and abandoned ruffian, his tailor in the passage, vowing that he will not quit that

place until his little bill is settled—when, I say, Tightrope writes off, under the most miserable private circumstances, a brilliant funny article, in how much is he morally superior to my friend Grinsby? When Lord Colchicum stands bowing and smiling before his sovereign, with gout in his toes and grief in his heart; when parsons in the pulpit—when editors at their desks—forget their natural griefs, pleasures, opinions, to go through the business of life, the masquerade of existence, in what are they better than Grinsby yonder, who has similarly to perform his buffooning?”

As I was continuing in this moral and interrogatory mood—no doubt boring poor little Grigg, who came to the Cave for pleasure, and not for philosophical discourse—Mr. Bardolph opposite caught a sight of the present writer through the fumes of the cigars, and came across to our table, holding his fourth glass of toddy in his hand. He held out the other to me: it was hot, and gouty, and not particularly clean.

“Deuced queer place this, hey?” said he, pretending to survey it with the air of a stranger. “I come here every now and then, on my way home to Lincoln’s Inn—from—from parties at the other end of the town. It is frequented by a parcel of queer people—low shop-boys and attorneys’ clerks; but hang it, sir, they know a gentleman when they see one, and not one of those fellows would dare to speak to me—no, not one of ’em, by Jove—if I didn’t address him first, by Jove! I don’t suppose there’s a man in this room could construe a page in the commonest Greek book. You heard that donkey singing about ‘Leonorar’ and ‘before her?’ How Flibber would have given it to us for such rhymes, hey? A parcel of ignoramuses! but, hang it, sir, they *do* know a gentleman!” And here he winked at me with a vinous bloodshot eye, as much as to intimate that he was infinitely superior to every person in the room.

Now this Bardolph, having had the ill-luck to get a fellowship, and subsequently a small private fortune, has done nothing since the year 1820 but get drunk and read Greek. He despises every man that does not know that language (so that you and I, my dear sir, come in for a fair share of his contempt). He can still put a slang song into Greek Iambics, or turn a police report into the language of Tacitus or Herodotus; but it is difficult to see

what accomplishment beyond this the boozy old mortal possesses. He spends nearly a third part of his life and income at his dinner, or on his whiskey at a tavern; more than another third portion is spent in bed. It is past noon before he gets up to breakfast, and to spell over the *Times*, which business of the day being completed, it is time for him to dress and take his walk to the club to dinner. He scorns a man who puts his h's in the wrong place, and spits at a human being who has not had a University education. And yet I am sure that bustling waiter pushing about with a bumper of cigars; that tallow-faced young comic singer; yonder harmless and happy Snobs, enjoying the conviviality of the evening (and all the songs are quite modest now, not like the ribald old ditties which they used to sing in former days), are more useful, more honourable, and more worthy men, than that whiskeyfied old scholar who looks down upon them and their like.

He said he would have a sixth glass if we would stop: but we didn't; and he took his sixth glass without us. My melancholy young friend had begun another comic song, and I could bear it no more. The market carts were rattling into Covent Garden; and the illuminated clock marked all sorts of small hours as we concluded this night's pleasure.

GOING TO SEE A MAN HANGED.*

July, 1840.

X——, who had voted with Mr. Ewart for the abolition of the punishment of death, was anxious to see the effect on the public mind of an execution, and asked me to accompany him to see Courvoisier killed. We had not the advantage of a sheriff's order, like the "six hundred noblemen and gentlemen" who were admitted within the walls of the prison; but determined to mingle with the crowd at the foot of the scaffold, and take up our positions at a very early hour.

As I was to rise at three in the morning, I went to bed at ten, thinking that five hours' sleep would be amply sufficient to brace me against the fatigues of the coming day. But, as might have been expected, the event of the morrow was perpetually before my eyes through the night, and kept them wide open. I heard all the clocks in the neighbourhood chime the hours in succession; a dog from some court hard by kept up a pitiful howling; at one o'clock, a cock set up a feeble, melancholy crowing; shortly after two the daylight came peeping grey through the window-shutters; and by the time that X—— arrived, in fulfilment of his promise, I had been asleep about half an hour. He, more wise, had not gone to rest at all, but had remained up all night at the Club, along with Dash and two or three more. Dash is one of the most eminent wits in London, and had kept the company merry all night with appropriate jokes about the coming event. It is curious that a murder is a great inspirer of jokes. We all like to laugh and have our fling about it; there is a certain grim pleasure in the circumstance—a perpetual jingling antithesis between life and death, that is sure of its effect.

In mansion or garret, on down or straw, surrounded by weeping friends and solemn oily doctors, or tossing unheeded upon scanty hospital beds, there were many people in this great city to whom that Sunday night was to be the last of any that they should pass on earth here. In the

* Originally published in *Fraser's Magazine*.

course of half-a-dozen dark, wakeful hours, one had leisure to think of these (and a little, too, of that certain supreme night, that shall come at one time or other, when he who writes shall be stretched upon the last bed, prostrate in the last struggle, taking the last look of dear faces that have cheered us here, and lingering—one moment more—ere we part for the tremendous journey); but, chiefly, I could not help thinking, as each clock sounded, what is *he* doing now? has *he* heard it in his little room in Newgate yonder? Eleven o'clock. He has been writing until now. The gaoler says he is a pleasant man enough to be with; but he can hold out no longer, and is very weary. "Wake me at four," says he, "for I have still much to put down." From eleven to twelve the gaoler hears how he is grinding his teeth in his sleep. At twelve he is up in his bed, and asks, "Is it the time?" He has plenty more time yet for sleep; and he sleeps, and the bell goes on toiling. Seven hours more—five hours more. Many a carriage is clattering through the streets, bringing ladies away from evening parties; many bachelors are reeling home after a jolly night; Covent Garden is alive; and the light coming through the cell-window turns the gaoler's candle pale. Four hours more! "Courvoisier," says the gaoler, shaking him, "it's four o'clock now, and I've woke you as you told me; but there's no call for you *to get up yet*." The poor wretch leaves his bed, however, and makes his last toilet; and then falls to writing, to tell the world how he did the crime for which he has suffered. This time he will tell the truth, and the whole truth. They bring him his breakfast "from the coffee-shop opposite—tea, coffee, and thin bread and butter." He will take nothing, however, but goes on writing. He has to write to his mother—the pious mother far away in his own country—who reared him and loved him; and even now has sent him her forgiveness and her blessing. He finishes his memorials and letters, and makes his will, disposing of his little miserable property of books and tracts that pious people have furnished him with "*Ce 6 Juillet 1840. François Benjamin Courvoisier vous donne ceci, mon ami, pour souvenir.*" He has a token for his dear friend the gaoler; another for his dear friend the under-sheriff. As the day of the convict's death draws nigh, it is painful to see how he fastens upon everybody who approaches him, how pitifully he clings to them and loves them.

While these things are going on within the prison (with which we are made accurately acquainted by the copious chronicles of such events which are published subsequently), X——'s carriage has driven up to the door of my lodgings, and we have partaken of an elegant *déjeuné* that has been prepared for the occasion. A cup of coffee at half-past three in the morning is uncommonly pleasant; and X—— enlivens us with the repetition of the jokes that Dash has just been making. Admirable, certainly—they must have had a merry night of it, that's clear; and we stoutly debate whether, when one has to get up so early in the morning, it is best to have an hour or two of sleep, or wait and go to bed afterwards at the end of the day's work. That fowl is extraordinarily tough—the wing, even, is as hard as a board; a slight disappointment, for there is nothing else for breakfast. "Will any gentleman have some sherry and soda-water before he sets out? It clears the brains famously." Thus primed, the party sets out. The coachman has dropped asleep on the box, and wakes up wildly as the hall-door opens. It is just four o'clock. About this very time they are waking up poor—pshaw! who is for a cigar? X—— does not smoke himself; but vows and protests, in the kindest way in the world, that he does not care in the least for the new drab-silk linings in his carriage. Z—— who smokes, mounts, however, the box. "Drive to Snow Hill," says the owner of the chariot. The policemen, who are the only people in the street, and are standing by, look knowing—they know what it means well enough.

How cool and clean the streets look, as the carriage startles the echoes that have been asleep in the corners all night. Somebody has been sweeping the pavements clean in the night-time surely; they would not soil a lady's white satin shoes, they are so dry and neat. There is not a cloud or a breath in the air, except Z——'s cigar, which whiffs off, and soars straight upwards in volumes of white, pure smoke. The trees in the squares look bright and green—as bright as leaves in the country in June. We who keep late hours don't know the beauty of London air and verdure; in the early morning they are delightful—the most fresh and lively companions possible. But they cannot bear the crowd and the bustle of mid-day. You don't know them then—they are no longer the same things. We

have come to Gray's Inn; there is actually dew upon the grass in the gardens; and the windows of the stout old red houses are all in a flame.

As we enter Holborn the town grows more animated; and there are already twice as many people in the streets as you see at mid-day in a German *residenz* or an English provincial town. The gin-shop keepers have many of them taken their shutters down, and many persons are issuing from them pipe in hand. Down they go along the broad bright street, their blue shadows marching *after* them; for they are all bound the same way, and are bent like us upon seeing the hanging.

It is twenty minutes past four as we pass St. Sepulchre's: by this time many hundred people are in the street, and many more are coming up Snow Hill. Before us lies Newgate Prison; but something a great deal more awful to look at, which seizes the eye at once, and makes the heart beat, is



There it stands black and ready, jutting out from a little door in the prison. As you see it, you feel a kind of dumb electric shock, which causes one to start a little, and give a sort of gasp for breath. The shock is over in a second; and presently you examine the object before you with a certain feeling of complacent curiosity. At least, such was the effect that the gallows produced upon the writer, who is trying to set down all his feelings as they occurred, and not to exaggerate them at all.

After the gallows-shock had subsided, we went down into the crowd, which was very numerous, but not dense as yet. It was evident that the day's *business* had not begun. People sauntered up, and formed groups, and talked; the new comers asking those who seemed *habitués* of the place about former executions; and did the victim hang with his face towards the clock or towards Ludgate Hill? and had he the rope round his neck when he came on the scaffold, or

was it put on by Jack Ketch afterwards? and had Lord W—— taken a window, and which was he? I may mention the noble marquess's name, as he was not at the exhibition. A pseudo W—— was pointed out in an opposite window, towards whom all the people in our neighbourhood looked eagerly, and with great respect too. The mob seemed to have no sort of ill-will against him, but sympathy and admiration. This noble lord's personal courage and strength had won the plebs over to him. Perhaps his exploits against policemen have occasioned some of this popularity; for the mob hates them, as children the school-master.

Throughout the whole four hours, however, the mob was extraordinarily gentle and good-humoured. At first we had leisure to talk to the people about us; and I recommend X——'s brother senators of both sides of the House to see more of this same people and to appreciate them better. Honourable members are battling and struggling in the House; shouting, yelling, crowing, hear-hearing, pooh-pooh-ing, making speeches of three columns, and gaining "great Conservative triumphs," or "signal successes of the Reform cause," as the case may be. Three hundred and ten gentlemen of good fortune, and able for the most part to quote Horace, declare solemnly that unless Sir Robert comes in, the nation is ruined. Three hundred and fifteen on the other side swear their great gods that the safety of the empire depends upon Lord John; and to this end they quote Horace too. I declare that I have never been in a great London crowd without thinking of what they call the two "great" parties in England with wonder. For which of the two great leaders do these people care, I pray you? When Lord Stanley withdrew his Irish bill the other night, were they in transports of joy, like worthy persons who read the *Globe* and the *Chronicle*? or when he beat the ministers, were they wild with delight, like honest gentlemen who read the *Post* and the *Times*? Ask yonder ragged fellow, who has evidently frequented debating-clubs, and speaks with good sense and shrewd good-nature. He cares no more for Lord John than he does for Sir Robert; and, with due respect be it said, would mind very little if both of them were ushered out by Mr. Ketch, and took their places under yonder black beam. What are the two great parties to him, and those like him? Sheer wind, hollow

humbug, absurd claptraps; a silly mummery of dividing and debating, which does not in the least, however it may turn, affect his condition. It has been so ever since the happy days when Whigs and Tories began; and a pretty pastime no doubt it is for both. August parties, great balances of British freedom: are not the two sides quite as active, and eager, and loud, as at their very birth, and ready to fight for place as stoutly as ever they fought before? But, lo! in the meantime, whilst you are jangling and brawling over the accounts, *Populus*, whose estate you have administered while he was an infant, and could not take care of himself—*Populus* has been growing and growing, till he is every bit as wise as his guardians. Talk to our ragged friend. He is not so polished, perhaps, as a member of the Oxford and Cambridge Club; he has not been to Eton; and never read Horace in his life: but he can think just as soundly as the best of you; he can speak quite as strongly in his own rough way; he has been reading all sorts of books of late years, and gathered together no little information. He is as good a man as the common run of us; and there are ten million more men in the country as good as he,—ten million, for whom, we in our infinite superiority, are acting as guardians, and to whom, in our bounty, we give—exactly nothing. Put yourself in their position, worthy sir. You and a hundred others find yourselves in some lone place, where you set up a government. You take a chief, as is natural; he is the cheapest order-keeper in the world. You establish half-a-dozen worthies, whose families you say shall have the privilege to legislate for you for ever: half-a-dozen more, who shall be appointed by a choice of thirty of the rest: and the other sixty, who shall have no choice, vote, place, or privilege, at all. Honourable sir, suppose that you are one of the last sixty: how will you feel, you who have intelligence, passions, honest pride, as well as your neighbour; how will you feel towards your equals, in whose hands lie all the power and all the property of the community? Would you love and honour them, tamely acquiesce in their superiority, see their privileges, and go yourself disregarded without a pang? you are not a man if you would. I am not talking of right or wrong, or debating questions of government. But ask my friend there, with the ragged elbows and no shirt, what he thinks? You have your party, Conservative or Whig, as it

may be. You believe that an aristocracy is an institution necessary, beautiful, and virtuous. You are a gentleman, in other words, and stick by your party.

And our friend with the elbows (the crowd is thickening hugely all this time) sticks by *his*. Talk to him of Whig or Tory, he grins at them; of virtual representation, pish! He is a *democrat*, and will stand by his friends, as you by yours; and they are twenty millions, his friends, of whom a vast minority now, a majority a few years hence, will be as good as you. In the meantime we shall continue electing, and debating, and dividing, and having every day new triumphs for the glorious cause of Conservatism, or the glorious cause of Reform, until——

* * * * *

What is the meaning of this unconscionable republican tirade—*à propos*, of a hanging? Such feelings, I think, must come across any man in a vast multitude like this. What good sense and intelligence have most of the people by whom you are surrounded; how much sound humour does one hear bandied about from one to another! A great number of coarse phrases are used, that would make ladies in drawing-rooms blush; but the morals of the men are good and hearty. A ragamuffin in the crowd (a powdery baker in a white sheep's-wool cap) uses some indecent expression to a woman near: there is an instant cry of shame, which silences the man, and a dozen people are ready to give the woman protection. The crowd has grown very dense by this time, it is about six o'clock, and there is great heaving, and pushing, and swaying to and fro; but round the women the men have formed a circle, and keep them as much as possible out of the rush and trample. In one of the houses near us, a gallery has been formed on the roof. Seats were here let, and a number of persons of various degrees were occupying them. Several tipsy, dissolute-looking young men, of the Dick Swiveller cast, were in this gallery. One was lolling over the sunshiny tiles, with a fierce sodden face, out of which came a pipe, and which was shaded by long matted hair, and a hat cocked very much on one side. This gentleman was one of a party, which had evidently not been to bed on Sunday night, but had passed it in some of those delectable night-houses in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden. The debauch was

not over yet, and the women of the party were giggling, drinking, and romping, as is the wont of these delicate creatures; sprawling here and there, and falling upon the knees of one or other of the males. Their scarfs were off their shoulders, and you saw the sun shining down upon the bare white flesh, and the shoulder-points glittering like burning glasses. The people about us were very indignant at some of the proceedings of this debauched crew, and at last raised up such a yell as frightened them into shame, and they were more orderly for the remainder of the day. The windows of the shops opposite began to fill apace, and our before-mentioned friend with ragged elbows pointed out a celebrated fashionable character who occupied one of them; and, to our surprise, knew as much about him as the *Court Journal* or the *Morning Post*. Presently he entertained us with a long and pretty accurate account of the history of Lady —, and indulged in a judicious criticism upon her last work. I have met with many a country gentleman who had not read half as many books as this honest fellow, this shrewd *prolétaire* in a black shirt. The people about him took up and carried on the conversation very knowingly, and were very little behind him in point of information. It was just as good a company as one meets on common occasions. I was in a genteel crowd in one of the galleries at the Queen's coronation; indeed, in point of intelligence, the democrats were quite equal to the aristocrats. How many more such groups were there in this immense multitude of nearly forty thousand, as some say? How many more such throughout the country? I never yet, as I said before, have been in an English mob, without the same feeling for the persons who composed it, and without wonder at the vigorous, orderly good sense, and intelligence of the people.

The character of the crowd was as yet, however, quite festive. Jokes bandying about here and there, and jolly laughs breaking out. Some men were endeavouring to climb up a leaden pipe on one of the houses. The landlord came out and endeavoured with might and main, to pull them down. Many thousand eyes turned upon this contest immediately. All sorts of voices issued from the crowd, and uttered choice expressions of slang. When one of the men was pulled down by the leg, the waves of this black mob-ocean laughed innumerable; when one fellow slipped

away, scrambled up the pipe, and made good his lodgment on the shelf, we were all made happy, and encouraged him by loud shouts of admiration. What is there so particularly delightful in the spectacle of a man clambering up a gas-pipe? Why were we kept for a quarter of an hour in deep interest gazing upon this remarkable scene? Indeed it is hard to say: a man does not know what a fool he is until he tries; or, at least, what mean follies will amuse him. The other day I went to Astley's and saw a clown come in with a foolscap and pinafore, and six small boys who represented his school-fellows. To them enters schoolmaster; horses clown, and flogs him hugely on the back part of his pinafore. I never read anything in Swift, Boz, Rabelais, Fielding, Paul de Kock, which delighted me so much as this sight, and caused me to laugh so profoundly. And why? What is there so ridiculous in the sight of one miserably rouged man beating another on the breech? Tell us where the fun lies in this and the before-mentioned episode of the gas-pipe? Vast, indeed, are the capacities and ingenuities of the human soul that can find, in incidents so wonderfully small, means of contemplation and amusement.

Really the time passed away with extraordinary quickness. A thousand things of the sort related here came to amuse us. First the workmen knocking and hammering at the scaffold, mysterious clattering of blows was heard within it, and a ladder painted black was carried round, and into the interior of the edifice by a small side-door. We all looked at this little ladder and at each other—things began to be very interesting. Soon came a squad of policemen; stalwart, rosy-looking men, saying much for city feeding; well-dressed, well-limbed, and of admirable good humour. They paced about the open space between the prison and the barriers which kept in the crowd from the scaffold. The front line, as far as I could see, was chiefly occupied by blackguards and boys—professional persons, no doubt, who saluted the policemen on their appearance with a volley of jokes and ribaldry. As far as I could judge from faces, there were more blackguards of sixteen and seventeen, than of any maturer age; stunted, sallow, ill-grown lads, in rugged fustian scowling about. There were a considerable number of girls, too, of the same age; one that Cruikshank and Boz might have taken as a study for Nancy. The girl was a young thief's mistress evi-

dently; if attacked, ready to reply without a particle of modesty; could give as good ribaldry as she got; made no secret (and there were several inquiries) as to her profession and means of livelihood. But with all this, there was something good about the girl; a sort of devil-may-care candour and simplicity that one could not fail to see. Her answers to some of the coarse questions put to her, were very ready and good-humoured. She had a friend with her of the same age and class, of whom she seemed to be very fond, and who looked up to her for protection. Both of these women had beautiful eyes. Devil-may-care's were extraordinarily bright and blue, an admirably fair complexion, and a large red mouth full of white teeth. *Au reste*, ugly, stunted, thick-limbed, and by no means a beauty. Her friend could not be more than fifteen. They were not in rags, but had greasy cotton shawls, and old, faded, rag-shop bonnets. I was curious to look at them, having in late fashionable novels, read many accounts of such personages. Bah! What figments these novelists tell us! Boz, who knows life well, knows that his Miss Nancy is the most unreal fantastical personage possible; no more like a thief's mistress than one of Gessner's shepherdesses resembles a real country wench. He dare not tell the truth concerning such young ladies. They have, no doubt, virtues like other human creatures; nay, their position engenders virtues that are not called into exercise among other women. But on these an honest painter of human nature has no right to dwell; not being able to paint the whole portrait, he has no right to present one or two favourable points as characterising the whole; and therefore, in fact, had better leave the picture alone altogether. The new French literature is essentially false and worthless from this very error—the writers giving us favourable pictures of monsters (and, to say nothing of decency or morality), pictures quite untrue to nature.

But yonder, glittering through the crowd in Newgate Street—see, the Sheriff's carriages are slowly making their way. We have been here three hours! Is it possible that they can have passed so soon? Close to the barriers where we are, the mob has become so dense that it is with difficulty a man can keep his feet. Each man, however, is very careful in protecting the women, and all are full of jokes and good-humour. The windows of the shops oppo-

site are now pretty nearly filled by the persons who hired them. Many young dandies are there with mustachios and cigars; some quiet, fat, family parties, of simple, honest tradesmen and their wives, as we fancy, who are looking on with the greatest imaginable calmness, and sipping their tea. Yonder is the sham Lord W——, who is flinging various articles among the crowd; one of his companions, a tall, burly man with large mustachios, has provided himself with a squirt, and is aspersing the mob with brandy and water. Honest gentleman! high-bred aristocrat! genuine lover of humour and wit! I would walk some miles to see thee on the tread-mill, thee and thy Mohawk crew!

We tried to get up a hiss against these ruffians, but only had a trifling success; the crowd did not seem to think their offence very heinous; and our friend, the philosopher in the ragged elbows, who had remained near us all the time, was not inspired with any such savage disgust at the proceedings of certain notorious young gentlemen, as I must confess fills my own particular bosom. He only said, "So and so is a lord, and they'll let him off," and then discoursed about Lord Ferrers being hanged. The philosopher knew the history pretty well, and so did most of the little knot of persons about him, and it must be a gratifying thing for young gentlemen to find that their actions are made the subject of this kind of conversation.

Scarcely a word had been said about Courvoisier all this time. We were all, as far as I could judge, in just such a frame of mind as men are in when they are squeezing at the pit-door of a play, or pushing for a review or a lord mayor's show. We asked most of the men who were near us, whether they had seen many executions? most of them had, the philosopher especially; whether the sight of them did any good? "For the matter of that, no; people did not care about them at all; nobody ever thought of it after a bit." A countryman, who had left his drove in Smithfield, said the same thing; he had seen a man hanged at York, and spoke of the ceremony with perfect good sense, and in a quiet, sagacious way.

J. S——, the famous wit, now dead, had, I recollect, a good story upon the subject of executing, and of the terror which the punishment inspires. After Thistlewood and his companions were hanged, their heads were taken off, ac-

cording to the sentence, and the executioner, as he severed each, held it up to the crowd, in the proper orthodox way, saying, "Here is the head of a traitor!" At the sight of the first ghastly head the people were struck with terror, and a general expression of disgust and fear broke from them. The second head was looked at also with much interest, but the excitement regarding the third head diminished. When the executioner had come to the last of the heads, he lifted it up, but, by some clumsiness, allowed it to drop. At this the crowd yelled out, "*Ah, Butter-fingers!*"—the excitement had passed entirely away. The punishment had grown to be a joke—Butter-fingers was the word—a pretty commentary, indeed, upon the august nature of public executions, and the awful majesty of the law.

It was past seven now; the quarters rang and passed away; the crowd began to grow very eager and more quiet, and we turned back every now and then and looked at St. Sepulchre's clock. Half an hour, twenty-five minutes. What is he doing now? He has his irons off by this time. A quarter: he's in the press-room now, no doubt. Now at last we had come to think about the man we were going to see hanged. How slowly the clock crept over the last quarter! Those who were able to turn round and see (for the crowd was now extraordinarily dense), chronicled the time, eight minutes, five minutes; at last—ding, dong, dong, dong!—the bell is tolling the chimes of eight.

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Between the writing of this line and the last, the pen has been put down, as the reader may suppose, and the person who is addressing him has gone through a pause of no very pleasant thoughts and recollections. The whole of the sickening, ghastly, wicked scene passes before the eyes again; and, indeed, it is an awful one to see, and very hard and painful to describe.

As the clock began to strike, an immense sway and movement swept over the whole of that vast dense crowd. They were all uncovered directly, and a great murmur arose, more awful, *bizarre*, and indescribable than any sound I had ever before heard. Women and children began to shriek horribly. I don't know whether it was the bell I heard; but a dreadful, quick, feverish kind of jangling noise, mingled with the noise of the people, and lasted for

about two minutes. The scaffold stood before us, tenantless and black; the black chain was hanging down ready from the beam. Nobody came. "He has been respited," some one said; another said, "He has killed himself in prison."

Just then, from under the black prison-door, a pale, quiet head peered out. It was shockingly bright and distinct; it rose up directly, and a man in black appeared on the scaffold, and was silently followed by about four more dark figures. The first was a tall grave man: we all knew who the second man was. "*That's he—that's he!*" you heard the people say, as the devoted man came up.

I have seen a cast of the head since, but, indeed, should never have known it. Courvoisier bore his punishment like a man, and walked very firmly. He was dressed in a new black suit, as it seemed; his shirt was open. His arms were tied in front of him. He opened his hands in a helpless kind of way, and clasped them once or twice together. He turned his head here and there, and looked about him for an instant with a wild, imploring look. His mouth was contracted into a sort of pitiful smile. He went and placed himself at once under the beam, with his face towards St. Sepulchre's. The tall, grave man in black twisted him round swiftly in the other direction, and, drawing from his pocket a night-cap, pulled it tight over the patient's head and face. I am not ashamed to say that I could look no more, but shut my eyes as the last dreadful act was going on, which sent this wretched, guilty soul into the presence of God.

If a public execution is beneficial—and beneficial it is, no doubt, or else the wise laws would not encourage forty thousand people to witness it—the next useful thing must be a full description of such a ceremony, and all its *entourages*, and to this end the above pages are offered to the reader. How does an individual man feel under it? In what way does he observe it,—how does he view all the phenomena connected with it,—what induces him, in the first instance, to go and see it,—and how is he moved by it afterwards? The writer has discarded the magazine "We" altogether, and spoken face to face with the reader, recording every one of the impressions felt by him as honestly as he could.

I must confess, then (for "I" is the shortest word, and the best in this case), that the sight has left on my mind an extraordinary feeling of terror and shame. It seems to me that I have been abetting an act of frightful wickedness and violence, performed by a set of men against one of their fellows; and I pray God that it may soon be out of the power of any man in England to witness such a hideous and degrading sight. Forty thousand persons (say the sheriffs), of all ranks and degrees,—mechanics, gentlemen, pickpockets, members of both houses of parliament, street-walkers, newspaper-writers, gather together before Newgate at a very early hour; the most part of them give up their natural quiet night's rest, in order to partake of this hideous debauchery, which is more exciting than sleep, or than wine, or the last new ballet, or any other amusement they can have. Pickpocket and peer each is tickled by the sight alike, and has that hidden lust after blood which influences our race,—government, a Christian government, gives us a feast every now and then: it agrees, that is to say, a majority in the two houses agrees, that for certain crimes it is necessary that a man should be hanged by the neck. Government commits the criminal's soul to the mercy of God, stating that here on earth he is to look for no mercy; keeps him for a fortnight to prepare, provides him with a clergyman to settle his religious matters (if there be time enough, but government can't wait); and on a Monday morning, the bell tolling, the clergyman reading out the word of God, "I am the resurrection and the life," "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away,"—on a Monday morning, at eight o'clock, this man is placed under a beam, with a rope connecting it and him; a plank disappears from under him, and those who have paid for good places may see the hands of the government agent, Jack Ketch, coming up from his black hole, and seizing the prisoner's legs, and pulling them, until he is quite dead—strangled.

Many persons, and well-informed newspapers, say that it is mawkish sentiment to talk in this way, morbid humanity, cheap philanthropy, that any man can get up and preach about. There is the *Observer*, for instance, a paper conspicuous for the tremendous sarcasm which distinguishes its articles, and which falls cruelly foul of the *Morning Herald*. "Courvoisier is dead," says the *Observer*! he

"died as he had lived—a villain; a lie was in his mouth. Peace be to his ashes. We war not with the dead." What a magnanimous *Observer*! From this, *Observer* turns to the *Herald*, and says, "*Fiat justitia ruat cælum.*" So much for the *Herald*.

We quote from memory, and the quotation from the *Observer* possibly is, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*; or, *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*; or, *Sero nunquam est ad bonos mores via*; or, *Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes emollit mores nec sinit esse feros*; all of which pithy Roman apophthegms would apply just as well.

"Peace be to his ashes. He died a villain." This is both benevolence and reason. Did he die a villain? The *Observer* does not want to destroy him body and soul, evidently, from that pious wish that his ashes should be at peace. Is the next Monday but one after the sentence the time necessary for a villain to repent in? May a man not require more leisure—a week more—six months more—before he has been able to make his repentance sure before him who died for us all?—for all, be it remembered,—not alone for the judge and jury, or for the sheriffs, or for the executioner who is pulling down the legs of the prisoner, but for him too, murderer and criminal as he is, whom we are killing for his crime. Do we want to kill him, body and soul? Heaven forbid! My lord in the black cap specially prays, that Heaven may have mercy on him; but he must be ready by Monday morning.

Look at the documents which came from the prison of this unhappy Courvoisier during the few days which passed between his trial and execution. Were ever letters more painful to read? At first, his statements are false, contradictory, lying. He has not repented then. His last declaration seems to be honest, as far as the relation of the crime goes. But read the rest of his statement, the account of his personal history, and the crimes which he committed in his young days,—then, "how the evil thought came to him to put his hand to the work,"—it is evidently the writing of a mad, distracted man. The horrid gallows is perpetually before him; he is wild with dread and remorse. Clergymen are with him ceaselessly; religious tracts are forced into his hands; night and day they ply him with the heinousness of his crime, and exhortations to repentance. Read through that last paper of his; by Heaven, it

is pitiful to read it. See the Scripture phrases brought in now and anon; the peculiar terms of tract-phraseology (I do not wish to speak of these often meritorious publications with disrespect); one knows too well how such language is learned,—imitated from the priest at the bedside, eagerly seized and appropriated, and confounded by the poor prisoner.

But murder is such a monstrous crime (this is the great argument),—when a man has killed another it is natural that he should be killed. Away with your foolish sentimentalists who say no—it is *natural*. That is the word, and a fine philosophical opinion it is—philosophical and Christian. Kill a man, and you must be killed in turn; that is the unavoidable *sequitur*. You may talk to a man for a year upon the subject, and he will always reply to you, it is natural, and therefore it must be done. Blood demands blood.

Does it? The system of compensations might be carried on *ad infinitum*,—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, as by the old Mosaic law. But (putting the fact out of the question, that we have had this statute repealed by the Highest Authority), why, because you lose your eye is that of your opponent's to be extracted likewise? Where is the reason for the practice? And yet it is just as natural as the death dictum, founded precisely upon the same show of sense. Knowing, however, that revenge is not only evil, but useless, we have given it up on all minor points. Only to the last we stick firm, contrary though it be to reason and to Christian law.

There is some talk, too, of the terror which the sight of this spectacle inspires, and of this we have endeavoured to give as good a notion as we can in the above pages. I fully confess that I came away down Snow Hill that morning with a disgust for murder, but it was for *the murder I saw done*. As we made our way through the immense crowd, we came upon two little girls of eleven and twelve years: one of them was crying bitterly, and begged, for Heaven's sake, that some one would lead her from that horrid place. This was done, and the children were carried into a place of safety. We asked the elder girl—a very pretty one—what brought her into such a neighbourhood? The child grinned knowingly, and said, “We’ve koom to see the mon hanged!” Tender law, that brings out babes upon such

errands, and provides them with such gratifying moral spectacles!

This is the 20th of July, and I may be permitted for my part to declare that, for the last fourteen days, so salutary has the impression of the butchery been upon me, I have had the man's face continually before my eye; that I can see Mr. Ketch at this moment, with an easy air taking the rope from his pocket; that I feel myself ashamed and degraded at the brutal curiosity which took me to that brutal sight; and that I pray to Almighty God to cause this disgraceful sin to pass from among us, and to cleanse our land of blood.

THE END.

THE ENGLISH HUMOURISTS
OF THE
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE ENGLISH HUMOURISTS

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EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

LECTURE THE FIRST.

SWIFT.

IN treating of the English humourists of the past age, it is of the men and of their lives, rather than of their books, that I ask permission to speak to you; and in doing so, you are aware that I cannot hope to entertain you with a merely humorous or facetious story. Harlequin without his mask is known to present a very sober countenance, and was himself, the story goes, the melancholy patient whom the Doctor advised to go and see Harlequin*—a man full of cares and perplexities like the rest of us, whose Self must always be serious to him, under whatever mask, or disguise, or uniform he presents it to the public. And as all of you here must needs be grave when you think of your own past and present, you will not look to find, in the histories of those whose lives and feelings I am going to try and describe to you, a story that is otherwise than serious, and often very sad. If Humour only meant laughter, you would scarcely feel more interest about humorous writers than about the private life of poor Harlequin just mentioned, who possesses in common with these the power of making you laugh. But the men regarding whose lives and stories your kind presence here shows that you have curiosity and sympathy, appeal to a great number of our other faculties, besides our mere sense of ridicule. The humorous writer professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity, your

* The anecdote is frequently told of our performer, Rich.

kindness—your scorn for untruth, pretension, imposture—your tenderness for the weak, the poor, the oppressed, the unhappy To the best of his means and ability he comments on all the ordinary actions and passions of life almost. He takes upon himself to be the week-day preacher, so to speak. Accordingly, as he finds, and speaks, and feels the truth best, we regard him, esteem him—sometimes love him. And, as his business is to mark other people's lives and peculiarities, we moralise upon *his* life when he is gone—and yesterday's preacher becomes the text for to-day's sermon.

Of English parents, and of a good English family of clergymen,* Swift was born in Dublin in 1667, seven months after the death of his father, who had come to practise there as a lawyer. The boy went to school at Kilkenny, and afterwards to Trinity College, Dublin, where he got a degree with difficulty, and was wild, and witty, and poor. In 1688, by the recommendation of his mother, Swift was received into the family of Sir William Temple, who had known Mrs. Swift in Ireland. He left his patron in 1693, and the next year took orders in Dublin. But he threw up the small Irish preferment which he got, and returned to Temple, in whose family he remained until Sir William's death in 1699. His hopes of advancement in England failing, Swift returned to Ireland, and took the living of Laracor. Hither he invited Hester

* He was from a younger branch of the Swifts of Yorkshire. His grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Swift, Vicar of Goodrich, in Herefordshire, suffered for his loyalty in Charles I.'s time. That gentleman married Elizabeth Dryden, a member of the family of the poet. Sir Walter Scott gives, with his characteristic minuteness in such points, the exact relationship between these famous men. Swift was "the son of Dryden's second cousin." Swift, too, was the enemy of Dryden's reputation. Witness the "Battle of the Books:"—"The difference was greatest among the horse," says he of the moderns, "where every private trooper pretended to the command, from Tasso and Milton to Dryden and Withers." And in "Poetry, a Rhapsody," he advises the poetaster to—

"Read all the Prefaces of Dryden,
For these our critics much confide in,
Though merely writ, at first, for filling,
To raise the volume's price a shilling."

"Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet," was the phrase of Dryden to his kinsman, which remained alive in a memory tenacious of such matters.

Johnson,* Temple's natural daughter, with whom he had contracted a tender friendship, while they were both dependants of Temple's. And with an occasional visit to England, Swift now passed nine years at home.

In 1709 he came to England, and, with a brief visit to Ireland, during which he took possession of his deanery of St. Patrick, he now passed five years in England, taking the most distinguished part in the political transactions which terminated with the death of Queen Anne. After her death, his party disgraced, and his hopes of ambition over, Swift returned to Dublin, where he remained twelve years. In this time he wrote the famous "Drapier's Letters" and "Gulliver's Travels." He married Hester Johnson, Stella, and buried Esther Vanhomrigh, Vanessa, who had followed him to Ireland from London, where she had contracted a violent passion for him. In 1726 and 1727 Swift was in England, which he quitted for the last time on hearing of his wife's illness. Stella died in January, 1728, and Swift not until 1745, having passed the last five of the seventy-eight years of his life with an impaired intellect and keepers to watch him.†

You know, of course, that Swift has had many biographers; his life has been told by the kindest and most good-natured of men, Scott, who admires but cannot bring himself to love him, and by stout old Johnson,‡ who, forced to

* "Miss Hetty" she was called in the family, where her face, and her dress, and Sir William's treatment of her, all made the real fact about her birth plain enough. Sir William left her a thousand pounds.

† Sometimes, during his mental affliction, he continued walking about the house for many consecutive hours; sometimes he remained in a kind of torpor. At times, he would seem to struggle to bring into distinct consciousness, and shape into expression, the intellect that lay smothering under gloomy obstruction in him. A pier-glass falling by accident, nearly fell on him. He said, he wished it had! He once repeated, slowly, several times, "I am what I am." The last thing he wrote was an epigram on the building of a magazine for arms and stores, which was pointed out to him as he went abroad during his mental disease:—

Behold a proof of Irish sense:
Here Irish wit is seen;
When nothing's left that's worth defence,
They build a magazine!

‡ Besides these famous books of Scott's and Johnson's, there is a copious "Life" by Thomas Sheridan (Dr. Johnson's "Sherry"),

admit him into the company of poets, receives the famous Irishman, and takes off his hat to him with a bow of surly recognition, scans him from head to foot, and passes over to the other side of the street. Dr. Wilde of Dublin,* who has written a most interesting volume on the closing years of Swift's life, calls Johnson "the most malignant of his biographers:" it is not easy for an English critic to please Irishmen—perhaps to try and please them. And yet Johnson truly admires Swift: Johnson does not quarrel with Swift's change of politics, or doubt his sincerity of religion: about the famous Stella and Vanessa controversy the Doctor does not bear very hardly on Swift. But he could not give the Dean that honest hand of his; the stout old man puts it into his breast, and moves off from him.†

Would we have liked to live with him? That is a question which, in dealing with these people's works, and thinking of their lives and peculiarities, every reader of

father of Richard Brinsley, and son of that good-natured, clever, Irish, Dr. Thomas Sheridan, Swift's intimate, who lost his chaplaincy by so unluckily choosing for a text on the king's birthday, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof!" Not to mention less important works, there is also the "Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift," by that polite and dignified writer, the Earl of Orrery. His lordship is said to have striven for literary renown, chiefly that he might make up for the slight passed on him by his father, who left his library away from him. It is to be feared that the ink he used to wash out that stain only made it look bigger. He had, however, known Swift, and corresponded with people who knew him. His work (which appeared in 1751) provoked a good deal of controversy, calling out, among other *brochures*, the interesting "Observations on Lord Orrery's Remarks," &c of Dr. Delany.

* Dr. Wilde's book was written on the occasion of the remains of Swift and Stella being brought to the light of day—a thing which happened in 1835, when certain works going on in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, afforded an opportunity of their being examined. One hears with surprise of these skulls "going the rounds" of houses, and being made the objects of *dilettante* curiosity. The larynx of Swift was actually carried off! Phrenologists had a low opinion of his intellect, from the observations they took.

Dr. Wilde traces the symptoms of ill health in Swift, as detailed in his writings from time to time. He observes, likewise, that the skull gave evidence of "diseased action" of the brain during life—such as would be produced by an increasing tendency to "cerebral congestion."

† "He [Dr. Johnson] seemed to me to have an unaccountable prejudice against Swift; for I once took the liberty to ask him if Swift had personally offended him, and he told me he had not."—BOSWELL'S *Tour to the Hebrides*.

biographies must put to himself. Would you have liked to be a friend of the great Dean? I should like to have been Shakspeare's shoeblack—just to have lived in his house, just to have worshipped him—to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet serene face. I should like, as a young man, to have lived on Fielding's stair-case in the Temple, and after helping him up to bed perhaps, and opening his door with his latch-key, to have shaken hands with him in the morning, and heard him talk and crack jokes over his breakfast and his mug of small beer. Who would not give something to pass a night at the club with Johnson, and Goldsmith, and James Boswell, Esq., of Auchinleck? The charm of Addison's companionship and conversation has passed to us by fond tradition—but Swift? If you had been his inferior in parts (and that, with a great respect for all persons present, I fear is only very likely), his equal in mere social station, he would have bullied, scorned, and insulted you; if, undeterred by his great reputation, you had met him like a man, he would have quailed before you,* and not had the pluck to reply, and gone home, and years after written a foul epigram about you—watched for you in a sewer, and come out to assail you with a coward's blow and a dirty bludgeon. If you

* Few men, to be sure, dared this experiment, but yet their success was encouraging. One gentleman made a point of asking the Dean, whether his uncle Godwin had not given him his education. Swift, who hated *that* subject cordially, and, indeed, cared little for his kindred, said, sternly, "Yes; he gave me the education of a dog." "Then, sir," cried the other, striking his fist on the table, "you have not the gratitude of a dog!"

Other occasions there were when a bold face gave the Dean pause, even after his Irish almost-royal position was established. But he brought himself into greater danger on a certain occasion, and the amusing circumstances may be once more repeated here. He had unsparingly lashed the notable Dublin lawyer, Mr. Serjeant Bettsworth—

"So, at the bar, the booby Bettsworth,
Though half-a-crown out-pays his sweat's worth,
Who knows in law nor text nor margin,
Calls Singleton his brother-serjeant!"

The Serjeant, it is said, swore to have his life. He presented himself at the deanery. The Dean asked his name. "Sir, I am Serjeant Bett-es-worth."

"*In what regiment, pray?*" asked Swift.

A guard of volunteers formed themselves to defend the Dean this time.

had been a lord with a blue riband, who flattered his vanity, or could help his ambition, he would have been the most delightful company in the world. He would have been so manly, so sarcastic, so bright, odd, and original, that you might think he had no object in view but the indulgence of his humour, and that he was the most reckless, simple creature in the world. How he would have torn your enemies to pieces for you! and made fun of the Opposition! His servility was so boisterous that it looked like independence;* he would have done your errands, but with the air of patronising you, and after fighting your battles masked in the street or the press, would have kept on his hat before your wife and daughters in the drawing-room, content to take that sort of pay for his tremendous services as a bravo.†

He says as much himself in one of his letters to Bolingbroke:—"All my endeavours to distinguish myself were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be

* "But, my Hamilton, I will never hide the freedom of my sentiments from you. I am much inclined to believe that the temper of my friend Swift might occasion his English friends to wish him happily and properly promoted at a distance. His spirit, for I would give it the proper name, was ever untractable. The motions of his genius were often irregular. He assumed more the air of a patron than of a friend. He affected rather to dictate than advise."
—ORRERY.

† * * * "An anecdote which, though only told by Mrs. Pilkington, is well attested, bears, that the last time he was in London he went to dine with the Earl of Burlington, who was but newly married. The Earl, it is supposed, being willing to have a little diversion, did not introduce him to his lady, nor mention his name. After dinner, said the Dean, 'Lady Burlington, I hear you can sing; sing me a song.' The lady looked on this unceremonious manner of asking a favour with distaste, and positively refused. He said 'She should sing, or he would make her. Why, madam, I suppose you take me for one of your poor English hedge-parsons; sing when I bid you.' As the Earl did nothing but laugh at this freedom, the lady was so vexed that she burst into tears and retired. His first compliment to her when he saw her again was, 'Pray, madam, are you as proud and ill-natured now as when I saw you last?' To which she answered with great good-humour, 'No, Mr. Dean, I'll sing for you if you please.' From which time he conceived a great esteem for her."—SCOTT'S *Life*.

* * * "He had not the least tincture of vanity in his conversation. He was, perhaps, as he said himself, too proud to be vain. When he was polite, it was in a manner entirely his own. In his friendships he was constant and undisguised. He was the same in his enmities."—ORRERY.

used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong is no great matter. And so the reputation of wit and great learning does the office of a blue riband or a coach and six."*

Could there be a greater candour? It is an outlaw, who says, "These are my brains; with these I'll win titles and compete with fortune. These are my bullets; these I'll turn into gold;" and he hears the sound of coaches and six, takes the road like Macheath, and makes society stand and deliver. They are all on their knees before him. Down go my lord bishop's apron, and his Grace's blue riband, and my lady's brocade petticoat in the mud. He eases the one of a living, the other of a patent place, the third of a little snug post about the Court, and gives them over to followers of his own. The great prize has not come yet. The coach with the mitre and crozier in it, which he intends to have for *his* share, has been delayed on the way from St. James's; and he waits and waits until nightfall, when his runners come and tell him that the coach has taken a different road, and escaped him. So he fires his pistols into the air with a curse, and rides away into his country. †

* "I make no figure but at court, where I affect to turn from a lord to the meanest of my acquaintances."—*Journal to Stella*.

"I am plagued with bad authors, verse and prose, who send me their books and poems, the vilest I ever saw; but I have given their names to my man, never to let them see me."—*Journal to Stella*.

The following curious paragraph illustrates the life of a courtier—

"Did I ever tell you that the Lord Treasurer bears ill with the left ear just as I do? * * * I dare not tell him that I am so, sir; for fear he should think that I counterfeited to make my court!"—*Journal to Stella*.

† The war of pamphlets was carried on fiercely on one side and the other; and the Whig attacks made the ministry Swift served very sore. Bolingbroke laid hold of several of the Opposition pamphleteers, and bewails their "factiousness" in the following letter:

"BOLINGBROKE TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

"WHITEHALL, July 23d, 1712.

"It is a melancholy consideration that the laws of our country are too weak to punish effectually those factious scribblers, who presume to blacken the brightest characters, and to give even scurrilous language to those who are in the first degrees of honour. This, my lord, among others, is a symptom of the decayed condition of our government, and serves to show how fatally we mistake licentiousness for liberty. All I could do was to take up Hart, the printer, to send him to Newgate, and to bind him over upon bail to be prose-

Swift's seems to me to be as good a name to point a moral or adorn a tale of ambition, as any hero's that ever lived and failed. But we must remember that the morality was lax,—that other gentlemen besides himself took

cuted; this I have done, and if I can arrive at legal proof against the author Ridpath, he shall have the same treatment."

Swift was not behind his illustrious friend in this virtuous indignation. In the history of the four last years of the Queen, the Dean speaks in the most edifying manner of the licentiousness of the press and the abusive language of the other party:

"It must be acknowledged that the bad practices of printers have been such as to deserve the severest animadversion from the public. * * * The adverse party, full of rage and leisure since their fall, and unanimous in their cause, employ a set of writers by subscription who are well versed in all the topics of defamation and have a style and genius levelled to the generality of their readers. * * * However, the mischiefs of the press were too exorbitant to be cured by such a remedy as a tax upon small papers, and a bill for a much more effectual regulation of it was brought into the House of Commons, but so late in the session that there was no time to pass it, for there always appeared an unwillingness to cramp overmuch the liberty of the press."

But to a clause in the proposed bill, that the names of authors should be set to every printed book, pamphlet, or paper, his reverence objects altogether, for, says he, "beside the objection to this clause from the practice of pious men, who, in publishing excellent writings for the service of religion, have chosen, *out of an humble Christian spirit, to conceal their names*; it is certain that all persons of true genius or knowledge have an invincible modesty and suspicion of themselves upon their first sending their thoughts into the world.

This "invincible modesty" was no doubt the sole reason which induced the Dean to keep the secret of the "Drapier's Letters," and a hundred humble Christian works of which he was the author. As for the Opposition, the Doctor was for dealing severely with them: he writes to Stella:—

JOURNAL. LETTER XIX.

"LONDON, *March 25th, 1710-11.*

"* * * We have let Guiscard be buried at last, after showing him pickled in a trough this fortnight for two pence a piece; and the fellow that showed would point to his body and say, 'See, gentlemen, this is the wound that was given him by his Grace the Duke of Ormond;' and, 'This is the wound,' &c.; and then the show was over, and another set of rabble came in. 'Tis hard that our laws would not suffer us to hang his body in chains, because he was not tried; and in the eye of the law every man is innocent till then."

* * * * *

JOURNAL. LETTER XXVII.

"LONDON, *July 25th, 1711.*

"I was this afternoon with Mr. Secretary at his office, and helped to hinder a man of his pardon, who is condemned for a rape. The

the road in his day,—that public society was in a strange disordered condition, and the State was ravaged by other condottieri. The Boyne was being fought and won, and lost—the bells rung in William's victory, in the very same tone with which they would have pealed for James's. Men were loose upon politics, and to shift for themselves. They, as well as old beliefs and institutions, had lost their moorings and gone adrift in the storm. As in the South Sea Bubble almost everybody gambled; as in the Railway mania—not many centuries ago—almost every one took his unlucky share; a man of that time, of the vast talents and ambition of Swift, could scarce do otherwise than grasp at his prize, and make his spring at his opportunity. His bitterness, his scorn, his rage, his subsequent misanthropy, are ascribed by some panegyrists to a deliberate conviction of mankind's unworthiness, and a desire to amend them by castigating. His youth was bitter, as that of a great genius bound down by ignoble ties, and powerless in a mean dependence; his age was bitter,* like that of a great genius that had fought the battle and nearly won it, and lost it, and thought of it afterwards writhing in a lonely exile. A man may attribute to the gods, if he likes, what is caused by his own fury, or disappointment, or self-will. What public man—what statesman projecting a *coup*—what king determined on an invasion of his neighbour—what satirist meditating an onslaught on society or an individual, cannot give a pretext for his move. There was a French general the other day who proposed to march into this country and put it to sack and pillage, in revenge for humanity outraged by our conduct at Copenhagen,—there is always some excuse for men of the aggressive turn. They are of their nature warlike, predatory, eager for fight, plunder, dominion.† As fierce a beak and talon as ever struck—as

Under Secretary was willing to save him; but I told the Secretary he could not pardon him without a favourable report from the Judge; besides, he was a fiddler, and consequently a rogue, and deserved hanging for something else; and so he shall swing."

* It was his constant practice to keep his birth-day as a day of mourning.

† "These devils of Grub Street rogues, that write the Flying Post and Medley in one paper, will not be quiet. They are always mauling Lord Treasurer, Lord Bolingbroke, and me. We have the dog under prosecution, but Bolingbroke is not active enough; but I hope to swinge him. He is a Scotch rogue, one Ridpath. They

strong a wing as ever beat, belonged to Swift. I am glad, for one, that fate wrested the prey out of his claws, and cut his wings and chained him. One can gaze, and not without awe and pity, at the lonely eagle chained behind the bars.

That Swift was born at No. 7, Hoey's-court, Dublin, on the 30th November, 1667, is a certain fact, of which nobody will deny the sister island the honour and glory; but, it seems to me, he was no more an Irishman than a man born of English parents at Calcutta is a Hindoo.* Goldsmith was an Irishman, and always an Irishman: Steele was an Irishman, and always an Irishman: Swift's heart was English and in England, his habits English, his logic eminently English; his statement is elaborately simple; he shuns tropes and metaphors, and uses his ideas and words

get out upon bail, and write on. We take them again, and get fresh bail; so it goes round."—*Journal to Stella*.

* Swift was by no means inclined to forget such considerations; and his English birth makes its mark, strikingly enough, every now and then, in his writings. Thus in a letter to Pope (Scott's *Swift*, vol. xix., p. 97), he says—

"We have had your volume of letters. * * * Some of those who highly value you, and a few who know you personally, are grieved to find you make no distinction between the English gentry of this kingdom, and the savage old Irish (who are only the vulgar, and some gentlemen who live in the Irish parts of the kingdom); but the English colonies, who are three parts in four, are much more civilized than many counties in England, and speak better English, and are much better bred."

And again, in the fourth Drapier's Letter, we have the following:—

"A short paper, printed at Bristol, and reprinted here, reports Mr. Wood to say 'that he wonders at the impudence and insolence of the Irish, in refusing his coin.' When by the way, it is the true English people of Ireland who refuse it, although we take it for granted that the Irish will do so too whenever they are asked."—Scott's *Swift*, vol. iv., p. 143.

He goes further, in a good-humoured satirical paper, "On Barbarous Denominations in Ireland," where (after abusing, as he was wont, the Scotch cadence, as well as expression) he advances to the "*Irish brogue*," and speaking of the "censure" which it brings down, says:—

"And what is yet worse, it is too well known that the bad consequence of this opinion affects those among us who are not the least liable to such reproaches farther than the misfortune of being born in Ireland, although of English parents, and whose education has been chiefly in that kingdom."—*Ibid.*, vol. vii., p. 149.

But, indeed, if we are to make *anything* of Race at all, we must call that man an Englishman whose father comes from an old Yorkshire family, and his mother from an old Leicestershire one!

with a wise thrift and economy, as he used his money; with which he could be generous and splendid upon great occasions, but which he husbanded when there was no need to spend it. He never indulges in needless extravagance of rhetoric, lavish epithets, profuse imagery. He lays his opinion before you with a grave simplicity and a perfect neatness.* Dreading ridicule, too, as a man of his humour—above all, an Englishman of his humour—certainly would, he is afraid to use the poetical power which he really possessed; one often fancies in reading him that he dares not be eloquent when he might; that he does not speak above his voice, as it were, and the tone of society.

His initiation into politics, his knowledge of business, his knowledge of polite life, his acquaintance with literature even, which he could not have pursued very sedulously during that reckless career at Dublin, Swift got under the roof of Sir William Temple. He was fond of telling in after life what quantities of books he devoured there, and how King William taught him to cut asparagus in the Dutch fashion. It was at Shene and at Moor Park, with a salary of twenty pounds and a dinner at the upper servants' table, that this great and lonely Swift passed a ten years' apprenticeship—wore a cassock that was only not a livery—bent down a knee as proud as Lucifer's to supplicate my lady's good graces, or run on his honour's errands.† It was here, as he was writing at Temple's

* "The style of his conversation was very much of a piece with that of his writings, concise and clear and strong. Being one day at a Sheriff's feast, who amongst other toasts called out to him, 'Mr. Dean, The trade of Ireland!' He answered quick: 'Sir, I drink no memories!'" * * *

"Happening to be in company with a petulant young man who prided himself on saying pert things * * * and who cried out—'You must know, Mr. Dean, that I set up for a wit!' 'Do you so?' says the Dean, 'take my advice, and sit down again!'"

"At another time, being in company, where a lady whisking her long train [long trains were then in fashion] swept down a fine fiddle and broke it; Swift cried out—

"Mantua væ miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ!"

—Dr. DELANY. *Observations upon Lord Orrery's "Remarks, &c." in Swift.* London, 1754.

† "Don't you remember how I used to be in pain when Sir William Temple would look cold and out of humour for three or four days, and I used to suspect a hundred reasons? I have plucked up my spirits since then, faith; he spoiled a fine gentleman."—*Journal to Stella.*

table, or following his patron's walk, that he saw and heard the men who had governed the great world—measured himself with them, looking up from his silent corner, gauged their brains, weighed their wits, turned them, and tried them, and marked them. Ah! what platitudes he must have heard! what feeble jokes! what pompous commonplaces! what small men they must have seemed under those enormous periwigs, to the swarthy, uncouth, silent Irish secretary. I wonder whether it ever struck Temple that that Irishman was his master? I suppose that dismal conviction did not present itself under the ambrosial wig, or Temple could never have lived with Swift. Swift sickened, rebelled, left the service—ate humble pie and came back again; and so for ten years went on, gathering learning, swallowing scorn, and submitting with a stealthy rage to his fortune.

Temple's style is the perfection of practised and easy good-breeding. If he does not penetrate very deeply into a subject, he professes a very gentlemanly acquaintance with it; if he makes rather a parade of Latin, it was the custom of his day, as it was the custom for a gentleman to envelope his head in a periwig and his hands in lace ruffles. If he wears buckles and square-toed shoes, he steps in them with a consummate grace, and you never hear their creak, or find them treading upon any lady's train or any rival's heels in the Court crowd. When that grows too hot or too agitated for him, he politely leaves it. He retires to his retreat of Shene or Moor Park; and lets the King's party, and the Prince of Orange's party battle it out among themselves. He reveres the sovereign (and no man perhaps ever testified to his loyalty by so elegant a bow): he admires the Prince of Orange; but there is one person whose ease and comfort he loves more than all the princes in Christendom, and that valuable member of society is himself, Gulielmus Temple, Baronettus. One sees him in his retreat; between his study-chair and his tulip beds,* clipping his apricots and pruning his essays,—the

* * * * "The Epicureans were more intelligible in their notion, and fortunate in their expression, when they placed a man's happiness in the tranquillity of his mind and indolence of body; for while we are composed of both, I doubt both must have a share in the good or ill we feel. As men of several languages say the same things in very different words, so in several ages, countries, constitutions of laws and religion, the same thing seems to be meant by

statesman, the ambassador no more; but the philosopher, the Epicurean, the fine gentleman and courtier at St. James's as at Shene; where in place of kings and fair ladies, he pays his court to the Ciceronian majesty; or walks a minuet with the Epic Muse; or dallies by the south wall with the ruddy nymph of gardens.

Temple seems to have received and exacted a prodigious deal of veneration from his household, and to have been coaxed, and warmed, and cuddled by the people round about him, as delicately as any of the plants which he loved. When he fell ill in 1693, the household was aghast at his indisposition; mild Dorothea his wife, the best companion of the best of men—

“Mild Dorothea, peaceful, wise, and great,
Trembling beheld the doubtful hand of fate.”

As for Dorinda, his sister—

“Those who would grief describe, might come and trace
Its watery footsteps in Dorinda's face.
To see her weep, joy every face forsook,
And grief flung sables on each menial look.
The humble tribe mourned for the quickening soul,
That furnished life and spirit through the whole.”

very different expressions; what is called by the Stoics apathy, or dispassion; by the sceptics, indisturbance; by the Molinists, quietism; by common men, peace of conscience,—seems all to mean but great. For this reason Epicurus passed his life wholly in his garden: there he studied, there he exercised, there he taught his philosophy; and, indeed, no other sort of abode seems to contribute so much to both the tranquillity of mind and indolence of body, which he made his chief ends. The sweetness of the air, the pleasantness of smell, the verdure of plants, the cleanness and lightness of food, the exercise of working or walking; but, above all, the exemption from cares and solicitude, seem equally to favour and improve both contemplation and health, the enjoyment of sense and imagination, and thereby the quiet and ease both of the body and mind. * * * Where Paradise was has been much debated, and little agreed; but what sort of place is meant by it may perhaps easier be conjectured. It seems to have been a Persian word, since Xenophon and other Greek authors mention it, as what was much in use and delight among the kings of those eastern countries. Strabo describing Jericho: ‘*Ibi est palmetum, cui immixtæ sunt etiam aliæ stirpes hortenses, locus ferax palmis abundans, spatio stadiorum centum, totus irriguus, ibi est Regis Balsami paradisus.*’”—*Essay on Gardens.*

In the same famous essay Temple speaks of a friend, whose conduct and prudence he characteristically admires.

* * * “I thought it very prudent in a gentleman of my friends in Staffordshire, who is a great lover of his garden, to pretend no high-

Is not that line in which grief is described as putting the menials into a mourning livery, a fine image? One of the menials wrote it, who did not like that Temple livery nor those twenty-pound wages. Cannot one fancy the uncouth young servitor, with downcast eyes, books and papers in hand, following at his Honour's heels in the garden walk; or taking his Honour's orders as he stands by the great chair, where Sir William has the gout, and his feet all blistered with moxa? When Sir William has the gout or scolds it must be hard work at the second table;* the Irish Secretary owned as much afterwards: and when he came to dinner, how he must have lashed and growled and torn the household with his gibes and scorn! What would the steward say about the pride of them Irish schollards—and this one had got no great credit even at his Irish college, if the truth were known—and what a contempt his excellency's own gentleman must have had for Parson Teague from Dublin. (The valets and chaplains were always at

er, though his soil be good enough, than to the perfection of plums; and in these (by bestowing south walls upon them) he has very well succeeded, which he could never have done in attempts upon peaches and grapes; and a *good plum is certainly better than an ill peach.*"

* SWIFT'S THOUGHTS ON HANGING.

(*Directions to Servants.*)

"To grow old in the office of a footman, is the highest of all indignities; therefore, when you find years coming on without hopes of a place at court, a command in the army, a succession to the stewardship, an employment in the revenue (which two last you cannot obtain without reading and writing), or running away with your master's niece or daughter, I directly advise you to go upon the road, which is the only post of honour left you: there you will meet many of your old comrades, and live a short life and a merry one, and making a figure at your exit, wherein I will give you some instructions.

"The last advice I give you relates to your behaviour when you are going to be hanged; which, either for robbing your master, for house-breaking, or going upon the highway, or in a drunken quarrel by killing the first man you meet, may very probably be your lot, and is owing to one of these three qualities: either a love of good fellowship, a generosity of mind, or too much vivacity of spirits. Your good behaviour on this article will concern your whole community: deny the fact with all solemnity of imprecations: a hundred of your brethren, if they can be admitted, will attend about the bar, and be ready upon demand to give you a character before the Court; let nothing prevail on you to confess, but the promise of a pardon for discovering your comrades: but I suppose all this to be in vain; for if you escape now, your fate will be the same an-

war. It is hard to say which Swift thought the more contemptible.) And what must have been the sadness, the sadness and terror, of the housekeeper's little daughter with the curling black ringlets and the sweet smiling face, when the secretary who teaches her to read and write, and whom she loves and reverences above all things—above mother, above mild Dorothea, above that tremendous Sir William in his square-toes and periwig,—when *Mr. Swift* comes down from his master with rage in his heart, and has not a kind word even for little Hester Johnson?

Perhaps for the Irish secretary, his Excellency's condescension was even more cruel than his frowns. Sir William *would* perpetually quote Latin and the ancient classics *à propos* of his gardens and his Dutch statues and *plates bandes*, and talk about Epicurus and Diogenes Laertius, Julius Cæsar, Semiramis, and the gardens of the Hesperides, Mæcenas, Strabo describing Jericho, and the Assyrian kings. *À propos* of beans, he would mention Pythagoras's precept to abstain from beans, and that this precept probably meant that wise men should abstain from public affairs. *He* is a placid Epicurean; *he* is a Pythagorean philosopher; *he* is a wise man—that is the deduction. Does not Swift think so? One can imagine the downcast eyes lifted up for a moment, and the flash of scorn which they emit. Swift's eyes were as azure as the heaven; Pope says nobly (as everything Pope said and thought of his friend was good and noble), "His eyes are as azure as the heavens, and have a charming archness in them." And one person in that household, that pompous stately kindly Moor Park, saw heaven nowhere else.

But the Temple amenities and solemnities did not agree with Swift. He was half-killed with a surfeit of Shene pippins; and in a garden-seat which he devised for himself at Moor Park, and where he devoured greedily the

other day. Get a speech to be written by the best author of Newgate: some of your kind wenches will provide you with a holland shirt and white cap, crowned with a crimson or black ribbon: take leave cheerfully of all your friends in Newgate: mount the cart with courage; fall on your knees; lift up your eyes; hold a book in your hands, although you cannot read a word; deny the fact at the gallows; kiss and forgive the hangman, and so farewell; you shall be buried in pomp at the charge of the fraternity: the surgeon shall not touch a limb of you; and your fame shall continue until a successor of equal renown succeeds in your place. * * *

stock of books within his reach, he caught a vertigo and deafness which punished and tormented him through life. He could not bear the place or the servitude. Even in that poem of courtly condolence, from which we have quoted a few lines of mock melancholy, he breaks out of the funereal procession with a mad shriek, as it were, and rushes away crying his own grief, cursing his own fate, foreboding madness, and forsaken by fortune, and even hope.

I don't know anything more melancholy than the letter to Temple, in which, after having broke from his bondage, the poor wretch crouches piteously towards his cage again, and deprecates his master's anger. He asks for testimonials for orders. "The particulars required of me are what relate to morals and learning; and the reasons of quitting your Honour's family—that is whether the last was occasioned by any ill action. They are left entirely to your Honour's mercy, though in the first I think I cannot reproach myself for anything further than for *infirmities*. This is all I dare at present beg from your Honour, under circumstances of life not worth your regard: what is left me to wish (next to the health and prosperity of your Honour and family) is that Heaven would one day allow me the opportunity of leaving my acknowledgments at your feet. I beg my most humble duty and service be presented to my ladies, your Honour's lady and sister."—Can prostration fall deeper? could a slave bow lower? *

* "He continued in Sir William Temple's house till the death of that great man."—*Anecdotes of the Family of Swift*, by the DEAN.

"It has since pleased God to take this great and good person to himself."—*Preface to Temple's Works*.

On all *public* occasions, Swift speaks of Sir William in the same tone. But the reader will better understand how acutely he remembered the indignities he suffered in his household, from the subjoined extracts from the *Journal to Stella* :—

"I called at Mr. Secretary the other day, to see what the d—— ailed him on Sunday: I made him a very proper speech; told him I observed he was much out of temper, that I did not expect he would tell me the cause, but would be glad to see he was in better, and one thing I warned him of—never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated like a schoolboy; that I had felt too much of that in my life already" (*meaning Sir William Temple*), &c. &c.—*Journal to Stella*.

"I am thinking what a veneration we used to have for Sir William Temple because he might have been secretary of state at fifty; and here is a young fellow hardly thirty in that employment."—*Ibid*.

"The Secretary is as easy with me as Mr. Addison was. I have

Twenty years afterwards Bishop Kennet, describing the same man, says, "Dr. Swift came into the coffee-house and had a bow from everybody but me. When I came to the antechamber [at Court] to wait before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and business. He was soliciting the Earl of Arran to speak to his brother, the Duke of Ormond, to get a place for a clergyman. He was promising Mr. Thorold to undertake, with my Lord Treasurer, that he should obtain a salary of 200*l.* per annum as member of the English Church at Rotterdam. He stopped F. Gwynne, Esq., going in to the Queen with the red bag, and told him aloud, he had something to say to him from my Lord Treasurer. He took out his gold watch, and telling the time of day, complained that it was very late. A gentleman said he was too fast. 'How can I help it,' says the doctor, 'if the courtiers give me a watch that won't go right?' Then he instructed a young nobleman, that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope (a Papist), who had begun a translation of Homer into English, for which he would have them all subscribe; 'For,' says he, 'he shall not begin to print till I have a thousand guineas for him.'* Lord Treasurer, after leaving the Queen, came through the room beckoning Dr. Swift to follow him,—both went off just before prayers." There's a little malice in the Bishop's "just before prayers."

This picture of the great Dean seems a true one, and is harsh, though not altogether unpleasant. He was doing good, and to deserving men too, in the midst of these

often thought what a splutter Sir William Temple makes about being Secretary of State."—*Ibid.*

"Lord Treasurer has had an ugly fit of the rheumatism, but is now quite well. I was playing at *one-and-thirty* with him and his family the other night. He gave us all twelvence apiece to begin with: it put me in mind of Sir William Temple."—*Ibid.*

"I thought I saw Jack Temple [*nephew to Sir William*] and his wife pass by me to-day in their coach; but I took no notice of them. I am glad I have wholly shaken off that family."—*S. to S.*, Sept., 1710.

* "Swift must be allowed," says Dr. Johnson, "for a time, to have dictated the political opinions of the English nation."

A conversation on the Dean's pamphlets excited one of the Doctor's liveliest sallies. "One, in particular, praised his 'Conduct of the Allies.'—JOHNSON: 'Sir, his "Conduct of the Allies" is a performance of very little ability. * * * Why, sir, Tom Davies might have written the "Conduct of the Allies!"' "—BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson*.

intrigues and triumphs. His journals and a thousand anecdotes of him relate his kind acts and rough manners. His hand was constantly stretched out to relieve an honest man—he was cautious about his money, but ready.—If you were in a strait, would you like such a benefactor? I think I would rather have had a potato and a friendly word from Goldsmith, than have been beholden to the Dean for a guinea and dinner.* He insulted a man as he served him, made women cry, guests look foolish, bullied unlucky friends, and flung his benefactions into poor men's faces. No; the Dean was no Irishman—no Irishman ever gave but with a kind word and a kind heart.

It is told, as if it were to Swift's credit, that the Dean of St. Patrick's performed his family devotions every morning regularly, but with such secrecy, that the guests in his house were never in the least aware of the ceremony. There was no need surely why a church dignitary should assemble his family privily in a crypt, and as if he was afraid of heathen persecution. But I think the world was right, and the bishops who advised Queen Anne, when they counselled her not to appoint the author of the "Tale of a Tub" to a bishopric, gave perfectly good advice. The man who wrote the arguments and illustrations in that wild book, could not but be aware what must be the sequel of the propositions which he laid down. The boon com-

* "Whenever he fell into the company of any person for the first time, it was his custom to try their tempers and disposition by some abrupt question that bore the appearance of rudeness. If this were well taken, and answered with good humour, he afterwards made amends by his civilities. But if he saw any marks of resentment, from alarmed pride, vanity, or conceit, he dropped all further intercourse with the party. This will be illustrated by an anecdote of that sort related by Mrs. Pilkington. After supper, the Dean having decanted a bottle of wine, poured what remained into a glass, and seeing it was muddy, presented it to Mr. Pilkington to drink it. 'For,' said he, 'I always keep some poor parson to drink the foul wine for me.' Mr. Pilkington, entering into his humour, thanked him, and told him 'he did not know the difference, but was glad to get a glass at any rate.' 'Why then,' said the Dean, 'you sha'n't, for I'll drink it myself. Why, — take you, you are wiser than a paltry curate whom I asked to dine with me a few days ago; for upon my making the same speech to him, he said, he did not understand such usage, and so walked off without his dinner. By the same token, I told the gentleman who recommended him to me, that the fellow was a blockhead, and I had done with him.'—SHERIDAN'S *Life of Swift*.

panion of Pope and Bolingbroke, who chose these as the friends of his life, and the recipients of his confidence and affection, must have heard many an argument, and joined in many a conversation over Pope's port, or St. John's Burgundy, which would not bear to be repeated at other men's boards.

I know of few things more conclusive as to the sincerity of Swift's religion than his advice to poor John Gay to turn clergyman, and look out for a seat on the Bench. Gay, the author of the "Beggar's Opera,"—Gay, the wildest of the wits about town—it was this man that Jonathan Swift advised to take orders—to invest in a cassock and bands—just as he advised him to husband his shillings and put his thousand pounds out at interest.* The Queen, and the bishops, and the world, were right in mistrusting the religion of that man.

I am not here, of course, to speak of any man's religious views, except in so far as they influence his literary character, his life, his humour. The most notorious sinners of all those fellow-mortals whom it is our business to discuss—Harry Fielding and Dick Steele, were especially loud, and I believe really fervent in their expressions of belief;

* FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHELL.

"CASHELL, *May 31st, 1735.*

"DEAR SIR,

"I have been so unfortunate in all my contests of late, that I am resolved to have no more, especially where I am likely to be over-matched; and as I have some reason to hope what is past will be forgotten, I confess I did endeavour in my last to put the best colour I could think of upon a very bad cause. My friends judge right of my idleness; but, in reality, it has hitherto proceeded from a hurry and confusion, arising from a thousand unlucky unforeseen accidents rather than mere sloth. I have but one troublesome affair now upon my hands, which, by the help of the prime serjeant, I hope soon to get rid of; and then you shall see me a true Irish bishop. Sir James Ware has made a very useful collection of the memorable actions of my predecessors. He tells me, they were born in such a town of England or Ireland; were consecrated such a year; and, if not translated, were buried in the Cathedral church, either on the north or south side. Whence I conclude, that a good bishop has nothing more to do than to eat, drink, grow fat, rich, and die; which laudable example I propose for the remainder of my life to follow; for to tell you the truth, I have for these four or five years past met with so much treachery, baseness, and ingratitude among mankind, that I can hardly think it incumbent on any man to endeavour to do good to so perverse a generation.

"I am truly concerned at the account you give me of your health.

they belaboured freethinkers, and stoned imaginary atheists on all sorts of occasions, going out of their way to bawl their own creed, and persecute their neighbour's, and if they sinned and stumbled, as they constantly did with debt, with drink, with all sorts of bad behaviour, they got up on their knees, and cried "Peccavi" with a most sonorous orthodoxy. Yes; poor Harry Fielding and poor Dick Steele were trusty and undoubting Church of England men; they abhorred Popery, Atheism, and wooden shoes, and idolatries in general; and hiccapped Church and State with fervour.

But Swift? *His* mind had had a different schooling, and possessed a very different logical power. *He* was not bred up in a tipsy guard-room, and did not learn to reason in a Covent Garden tavern. He could conduct an argument from beginning to end. He could see forward with a fatal clearness. In his old age, looking at the "Tale of a Tub," when he said, "Good God, what a genius I had when I wrote that book!" I think he was admiring, not the genius, but the consequences to which the genius had brought him—a vast genius, a magnificent genius, a gen-

Without doubt a southern ramble will prove the best remedy you can take to recover your flesh; and I do not know, except in one stage, where you can choose a road so suited to your circumstances, as from Dublin hither. You have to Kilkenny a turnpike and good inns, at every ten or twelve miles end. From Kilkenny hither is twenty long miles, bad road, and no inns at all: but I have an expedient for you. At the foot of a very high hill, just midway, there lives in a neat thatched cabin, a parson, who is not poor; his wife is allowed to be the best little woman in the world. Her chickens are the fattest, and her ale the best in all the country. Besides, the parson has a little cellar of his own, of which he keeps the key, where he always has a hogshead of the best wine that can be got, in bottles well corked, upon their side; and he cleans and pulls out the cork better, I think, than Robin. Here I design to meet you with a coach; if you be tired, you shall stay all night; if not, after dinner we will set out about four, and be at Cashell by nine; and by going through fields and by-ways, which the parson will show us, we shall escape all the rocky and stony roads that lie between this place and that, which are certainly very bad. I hope you will be so kind as to let me know a post or two before you set out, the very day you will be at Kilkenny, that I may have all things prepared for you. It may be, if you ask him, Cope will come: he will do nothing for me. Therefore, depending upon your positive promise, I shall add no more arguments to persuade you, and am, with the greatest truth, your most faithful and obedient servant,

"THEO. CASHELL."

ius wonderfully bright, and dazzling, and strong,—to seize, to know, to see, to flash upon falsehood and scorch it into perdition, to penetrate into the hidden motives, and expose the black thoughts of men,—an awful, an evil spirit.

Ah, man! you, educated in Epicurean Temple's library, you whose friends were Pope and St. John—what made you to swear to fatal vows, and bind yourself to a life-long hypocrisy before the Heaven which you adored with such real wonder, humility, and reverence? For Swift's was a reverent, was a pious spirit—for Swift could love and could pray. Through the storms and tempests of his furious mind, the stars of religion and love break out in the blue shining serenity, though hidden by the driving clouds and the maddened hurricane of his life.

It is my belief that he suffered frightfully from the consciousness of his own scepticism, and that he had bent his pride so far down as to put his apostasy out to hire.* The paper left behind him, called "Thoughts on Religion," is merely a set of excuses for not professing disbelief. He says of his sermons that he preached pamphlets: they have scarce a Christian characteristic; they might be preached from the steps of a synagogue, or the floor of a mosque, or the box of a coffee-house almost. There is little or no cant—he is too great and too proud for that; and, in so far as the badness of his sermons goes, he is honest. But having put that cassock on, it poisoned him: he was strangled in his bands. He goes through life, tearing, like a man possessed with a devil. Like Abudah in the Arabian story, he is always looking out for the Fury, and knows that the night will come and the inevitable hag with it. What a night, my God, it was! what a lonely rage and long agony—what a vulture that tore the heart of that giant! † It is awful to think of the great sufferings of this

* "Mr. Swift lived with him [Sir William Temple] some time, but resolving to settle himself in some way of living, was inclined to take orders. However, although his fortune was very small, he had a scruple of entering into the Church merely for support."—*Anecdotes of the Family of Swift*, by the DEAN.

† "Dr. Swift had a natural severity of face, which even his smiles could never soften, or his utmost gaiety render placid and serene; but when that sternness of visage was increased by rage, it is scarce possible to imagine looks or features that carried in them more terror and austerity."—ORRERY.

great man. Through life he always seems alone, somehow. Goethe was so. I cannot fancy Shakspeare otherwise. The giants must live apart. The kings can have no company. But this man suffered so; and deserved so to suffer. One hardly reads anywhere of such a pain.

The "sæva indignatio" of which he spoke as lacerating his heart, and which he dares to inscribe on his tombstone—as if the wretch who lay under that stone waiting God's judgment had a right to be angry—breaks out from him in a thousand pages of his writings, and tears and rends him. Against men in office, he having been overthrown; against men in England, he having lost his chance of preferment there, the furious exile never fails to rage and curse. Is it fair to call the famous "Drapier's Letters" patriotism? They are master-pieces of dreadful humour and invective: they are reasoned logically enough too, but the proposition is as monstrous and fabulous as the Lilliputian island. It is not that the grievance is so great, but there is his enemy—the assault is wonderful for its activity and terrible rage. It is Samson, with a bone in his hand, rushing on his enemies and felling them: one admires not the cause so much as the strength, the anger, the fury of the champion. As is the case with madmen, certain subjects provoke him, and awaken his fits of wrath. Marriage is one of these; in a hundred passages in his writings he rages against it; rages against children—an object of constant satire, even more contemptible in his eyes than a lord's chaplain, is a poor curate with a large family. The idea of this luckless paternity never fails to bring down from him gibes and foul language. Could Dick Steele, or Goldsmith, or Fielding, in his most reckless moment of satire, have written anything like the Dean's famous "modest proposal" for eating children? Not one of these but melts at the thoughts of childhood, fondles and caresses it. Mr. Dean has no such softness, and enters the nursery with the tread and gaiety of an ogre.* "I have been assured," says he in the "Modest Proposal," "by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child, well-

* "LONDON, *April 10th, 1713.*

"Lady Masham's eldest boy is very ill: I doubt he will not live, and she stays at Kensington to nurse him, which vexes us all. She is so excessively fond, it makes me mad. She should never leave the Queen, but leave everything, to stick to what is so much the interest of the public, as well as her own." * * *—*Journal.*

nursed, is, at a year old, a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt it will equally serve in a *ragout*." And, taking up this pretty joke, as his way is, he argues it with perfect gravity and logic.

He turns and twists this subject in a score of different ways: he hashes it; and he serves it up cold; and he garnishes it; and relishes it always. He describes the little animal as "dropped from its dam," advising that the mother should let it suck plentifully in the last month, so as to render it plump and fat for a good table! "A child," says his reverence, "will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends; and when the family dines alone, the fore or hindquarter will make a reasonable dish," and so on; and, the subject being so delightful that he cannot leave it—he proceeds to recommend, in place of venison for squires' tables, "the bodies of young lads and maidens not exceeding fourteen nor under twelve." Amiable humourist! laughing castigator of morals! There was a process well known and practised in the Dean's gay days: when a lout entered the coffee-house, the wags proceeded to what they called "roasting" him. This is roasting a subject with a vengeance. The Dean had a native genius for it. As the "*Almanach des Gourmands*" says, *On naît rôtisseur*.

And it was not merely by the sarcastic method that Swift exposed the unreasonableness of loving and having children. In *Gulliver*, the folly of love and marriage by graver arguments and advice. In the famous Lilliputian kingdom, Swift speaks with approval of the practice of instantly removing children from their parents and educating them by the State; and amongst his favourite horses, a pair of foals are stated to be the very utmost a well-regulated equine couple would permit themselves. In fact, our great satirist was of opinion that conjugal love was unadvisable, and illustrated the theory by his own practice and example—God help him—which made him about the most wretched being in God's world.*

The grave and logical conduct of an absurd proposition, as exemplified in the cannibal proposal just mentioned, is our author's constant method through all his works of

* "My health is somewhat mended, but at best I have an ill head and an aching heart."—*In May, 1719*.

humour. Given a country of people six inches or sixty feet high, and by the mere process of the logic, a thousand wonderful absurdities are evolved, at so many stages of the calculation. Turning to the first minister, who waited behind him with a white staff near as tall as the mainmast of the *Royal Sovereign*, the king of Brobdignag observes how contemptible a thing human grandeur is, as represented by such a contemptible little creature as Gulliver. "The Emperor of Lilliput's features are strong and masculine (what a surprising humour there is in this description!)—the Emperor's features," Gulliver says, "are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip, an arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well-proportioned, and his deportment majestic. He is taller *by the breadth of my nail* than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into beholders."

What a surprising humour there is in these descriptions! How noble the satire is here! how just and honest! How perfect the image! Mr. Macaulay has quoted the charming lines of the poet, where the king of the pigmies is measured by the same standard. We have all read in Milton of the spear that was like "the mast of some tall amiral," but these images are surely likely to come to the comic poet originally. The subject is before him. He is turning it in a thousand ways. He is full of it. The figure suggests itself naturally to him, and comes out of his subject, as in that wonderful passage, when Gulliver's box having been dropped by the eagle into the sea, and Gulliver having been received into the ship's cabin, he calls upon the crew to bring the box into the cabin, and put it on the table, the cabin being only a quarter the size of the box. It is the *veracity* of the blunder which is so admirable. Had a man come from such a country as Brobdignag he would have blundered so.

But the best stroke of humour, if there be a best in that abounding book, is that where Gulliver, in the unpronounceable country describes his parting from his master the horse.* "I took," he says, "a second leave of my master, but as I was going to prostrate myself to kiss his hoof,

* Perhaps the most melancholy satire in the whole of the dreadful book, is the description of the very old people in the voyage to Laputa. At Lugnag, Gulliver hears of some persons who never die, called the Struldbrugs, and expressing a wish to become acquainted

he did me the honour to raise it gently to my mouth. I am not ignorant how much I have been censured for mentioning this last particular. Detractors are pleased to think it improbable that so illustrious a person should descend to give so great a mark of distinction to a creature so inferior as I. Neither am I ignorant how apt some travellers are to boast of extraordinary favours they have received.

with men who must have so much learning and experience, his colloquist describes the Struldrugs to him.

He said, "They commonly acted like mortals, till about thirty years old, after which, by degrees, they grew melancholy and dejected, increasing in both till they came to fourscore. This he learned from their own confession: for otherwise there not being above two or three of that species born in an age, they were too few to form a general observation by. When they come to fourscore years, which is reckoned the extremity of living in this country, they had not only all the follies and infirmities of other old men, but many more, which arose from the prospect of never dying. They were not only opinionative, peevish, covetous, morose, vain, talkative, but incapable of friendship, and dead to all natural affection, which never descended below their grandchildren. Envy and impotent desires are their prevailing passions. But those objects against which their envy seems principally directed, are the vices of the younger sort and the deaths of the old. By reflecting on the former, they find themselves cut off from all possibility of pleasure; and whenever they see a funeral, they lament and repent that others are gone to a harbour of rest, to which they themselves never can hope to arrive. They have no remembrance of anything but what they learned and observed in their youth and middle age, and even that is very imperfect. And for the truth or particulars of any fact it is safer to depend on common tradition than upon their best recollections. The least miserable among them appear to be those who turn to dotage, and entirely lose their memories; these meet with more pity and assistance, because they want many bad qualities which abound in others.

"If a Struldrug happened to marry one of his own kind, the marriage is dissolved of course, by the courtesy of the kingdom, as soon as the younger of the two comes to be fourscore. For the law thinks it to be a reasonable indulgence that those who are condemned, without any fault of their own, to a perpetual continuance in the world, should not have their misery doubled by the load of a wife.

"As soon as they have completed the term of eighty years, they are looked on as dead in law; their heirs immediately succeed to their estates, only a small pittance is reserved for their support; and the poor ones are maintained at the public charge. After that period, they are held incapable of any employment of trust or profit, they cannot purchase lands or take leases, neither are they allowed to be witnesses in any cause, either civil or criminal, not even for the decision of meers and bounds.

"At ninety they lose their teeth and hair; they have at that age

But if these censurers were better acquainted with the noble and courteous disposition of the Houyhnhnms they would soon change their opinion."

The surprise here, the audacity of circumstantial evidence, the astounding gravity of the speaker, who is not ignorant how much he has been censured, the nature of the favour conferred, and the respectful exultation at the receipt of it, are surely complete; it is truth topsy-turvy, entirely logical and absurd.

no distinction of taste, but eat and drink whatever they can get without relish or appetite. The diseases they were subject to still continue, without increasing or diminishing. In talking, they forget the common appellation of things, and the names of persons, even of those who are their nearest friends and relatives. For the same reason, they can never amuse themselves with reading, because their memory will not serve to carry them from the beginning of a sentence to the end; and by this defect they are deprived of the only entertainment whereof they might otherwise be capable.

"The language of this country being always on the flux, the Struldbrugs of one age do not understand those of another; neither are they able, after two hundred years, to hold any conversation (further than by a few general words) with their neighbours, the mortals; and thus they lie under the disadvantage of living like foreigners in their own country.

"This was the account given me of the Struldbrugs, as near as I can remember. I afterwards saw five or six of different ages, the youngest not above two hundred years old, who were brought to me several times by some of my friends; but although they were told 'that I was a great traveller, and had seen all the world,' they had not the least curiosity to ask me a single question; only desired I would give them slumskudask, or a token of remembrance; which is a modest way of begging, to avoid the law that strictly forbids it, because they are provided for by the public, although indeed with a very scanty allowance.

"They are despised and hated by all sorts of people; when one of them is born, it is reckoned ominous, and their birth is recorded very particularly; so that you may know their age by consulting the register, which, however, has not been kept above a thousand years past, or at least has been destroyed by time or public disturbances. But the usual way of computing how old they are, is by asking them what kings or great persons they can remember, and then consulting history; for infallibly the last prince in their mind did not begin his reign after they were fourscore years old.

"They were the most mortifying sight I ever beheld, and the women more horrible than the men; besides the usual deformities in extreme old age, they acquired an additional ghastliness, in proportion to their number of years, which is not to be described; and among half a dozen, I soon distinguished which was the eldest, although there was not above a century or two between them."—*Gulliver's Travels.*

As for the humour and conduct of this famous fable, I suppose there is no person who reads but must admire; as for the moral, I think it horrible, shameful, unmanly, blasphemous; and giant and great as this Dean is, I say we should hoot him. Some of this audience may not have read the last part of *Gulliver*, and to such I would recall the advice of the venerable Mr. Punch to persons about to marry, and say "Don't." When *Gulliver* first lands among the Yahoos, the naked howling wretches clamber up trees and assault him, as he describes himself as "almost stifled with the filth which fell about him." The reader of the fourth part of *Gulliver's Travels* is like the hero himself in this instance. It is Yahoo language; a monster gibbering shrieks, and gnashing imprecations against mankind,—tearing down all shreds of modesty, past all sense of manliness and shame; filthy in word, filthy in thought, furious, raging, obscene.

And dreadful it is to think that Swift knew the tendency of his creed—the fatal rocks towards which his logic desperately drifted. That last part of *Gulliver* is only a consequence of what has gone before; and the worthlessness of all mankind, the pettiness, cruelty, pride, imbecility, the general vanity, the foolish pretension, the mock greatness, the pompous dulness, the mean aims, the base successes—all these were present to him; it was with the din of these curses of the world, blasphemies against Heaven, shrieking in his ears, that he began to write his dreadful allegory—of which the meaning is that man is utterly wicked, desperate, and imbecile, and his passions are so monstrous, and his boasted powers so mean, that he is and deserves to be the slave of brutes, and ignorance is better than his vaunted reason. What had this man done? What secret remorse was rankling at his heart, what fever was boiling in him, that he should see all the world blood-shot? We view the world with our own eyes, each of us; and we make from within us the world we see. A weary heart gets no gladness out of sunshine; a selfish man is sceptical about friendship, as a man with no ear does not care for music. A frightful self-consciousness it must have been, which looked on mankind so darkly through those eyes of Swift.

A remarkable story is told by Scott, of Delany, who interrupted Archbishop King and Swift in a conversation which left the prelate in tears, and from which Swift rushed

away with marks of strong terror and agitation in his countenance, upon which the archbishop said to Delany, "You have just met the most unhappy man on earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question."

The most unhappy man on earth;—Miserrimus—what a character of him! And at this time all the great wits of England had been at his feet. All Ireland had shouted after him, and worshipped as a liberator, a saviour, the greatest patriot and citizen. Dean Drapier Bickerstaff Gulliver—the most famous statesmen, and the greatest poets of his day, had applauded him, and done him homage, and at this time writing over to Bolingbroke, from Ireland, he says, "It is time for me to have done with the world, and so I would if I could get into a better before I was called into the best, *and not to die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole.*"

We have spoken about the men, and Swift's behaviour to them; and now it behooves us not to forget that there are certain other persons in the creation who had rather intimate relations with the great Dean.* Two women whom he loved and injured are known by every reader of books so familiarly that if we had seen them, or if they had been relatives of our own, we scarcely could have known them better. Who has not in his mind an image of Stella? Who

*The name of Varina has been thrown into the shade by those of the famous Stella and Vanessa; but she had a story of her own to tell about the blue eyes of young Jonathan. One may say that the book of Swift's Life opens at places kept by these blighted flowers! Varina must have a paragraph.

She was a Miss Jane Waryng, sister to a college chum of his. In 1696, when Swift was nineteen years old, we find him writing a love-letter to her, beginning, "Impatience is the most inseparable quality of a lover." But absence made a great difference in his feelings; so, four years afterwards, the tone is changed. He writes again, a very curious letter, offering to marry her, and putting the offer in such a way that nobody could possibly accept it.

After dwelling on his poverty, &c., he says, conditionally, "I shall be blessed to have you in my arms, without regarding whether your person be beautiful, or your fortune large. Cleanliness in the first, and competency in the second, is all I ask for!"

The editors do not tell us what became of Varina in life. One would be glad to know that she met with some worthy partner, and lived long enough to see her little boys laughing over Lilliput, without any *arrière pensée* of a sad character about the great Dean!

does not love her? Fair and tender creature: pure and affectionate heart! Boots it to you now that you have been at rest for a hundred and twenty years, not divided in death from the cold heart which caused yours, whilst it beat, such faithful pangs of love and grief—boots it to you now, that the whole world loves and deplores you? Scarce any man, I believe, ever thought of that grave, that did not cast a flower of pity on it, and write over it a sweet epitaph. Gentle lady!—so lovely, so loving, so unhappy. You have had countless champions, millions of manly hearts mourning for you. From generation to generation we take up the fond tradition of your beauty; we watch and follow your story, your bright morning love and purity, your constancy, your grief, your sweet martyrdom. We knew your legend by heart. You are one of the saints of English story.

And if Stella's love and innocence is charming to contemplate, I will say that in spite of ill-usage, in spite of drawbacks, in spite of mysterious separation and union, of hope delayed and sickened heart—in the teeth of Vanessa, and that little episodical aberration which plunged Swift into such woeful pitfalls and quagmires of amorous perplexity—in spite of the verdicts of most women, I believe, who, as far as my experience and conversation goes, generally take Vanessa's part in the controversy—in spite of the tears which Swift caused Stella to shed, and the rocks and barriers which fate and temper interposed, and which prevented the pure course of that love from running smoothly; the brightest part of Swift's story, the pure star in that dark and tempestuous life of Swift's, is his love for Hester Johnson. It has been my business, professionally of course, to go through a deal of sentimental reading in my time, and to acquaint myself with love-making, as it has been described in various languages, and at various ages of the world; and I know of nothing more manly, more tender, more exquisitely touching, than some of these brief notes, written in what Swift calls "his little language" in his journal to Stella.* He writes to her night and morning

*A sentimental Champollion might find a good deal of matter for his art, in expounding the symbols of the "Little Language." Usually, Stella is "M.D.," but sometimes her companion, Mrs. Dingley, is included in it. Swift is "Presto;" also P.D.F.R. We have "Good-night, M.D.; Night, M.D.; Little M.D.; Stellakins; Pretty

often. He never sends away a letter to her but he begins a new one on the same day. He cannot bear to let go her kind little hand as it were. He knows that she is thinking of him, and longing for him far away in Dublin yonder. He takes her letters from under his pillow and talks to them, familiarly, paternally, with fond epithets and pretty caresses—as he would to the sweet and artless creature who loved him. “Stay,” he writes one morning—it is the 14th of December, 1710—“Stay, I will answer some of your letter this morning in bed—let me see. Come and appear little letter! Here I am, says he, and what say you to Stella this morning fresh and fasting? And can Stella read this writing without hurting her dear eyes?” He goes on, after more kind prattle and fond whispering. The dear eyes shine clearly upon him then—the good angel of his life is with him and blessing him. Ah, it was a hard fate that wrung from them so many tears, and stabbed pitilessly that pure and tender bosom. A hard fate: but would she have changed it? I have heard a woman say that she would have taken Swift’s cruelty to have had his tenderness. He had a sort of worship for her whilst he wounded her. He speaks of her after she is gone; of her wit, of her kindness, of her grace, of her beauty, with a simple love and reverence that are indescribably touching; in contemplation of her goodness his hard heart melts into pathos: his cold rhyme kindles and glows into poetry, and he falls down on his knees, so to speak, before the angel, whose life he had embittered, confesses his own wretchedness and unworthiness, and adores her with cries of remorse and love:—

“When on my sickly couch I lay,
 Impatient both of night and day,
 And groaning in unmanly strains,
 Called every power to ease my pains,
 Then Stella ran to my relief,
 With cheerful face and inward grief,
 And though by Heaven’s severe decree
 She suffers hourly more than me,

Stella; Dear roguish, impudent, pretty M.D.!” Every now and then he breaks into rhyme, as—

“I wish you both a merry new year,
 Roast beef, minced-pies, and good strong beer,
 And me a share of your good cheer,
 That I was there, as you were here,
 And you are a little saucy dear.”

No cruel master could require
 From slaves employed for daily hire,
 What Stella, by her friendship warmed,
 With vigour and delight performed.
 Now, with a soft and silent tread,
 Unheard she moves about my bed:
 My sinking spirits now supplies
 With cordials in her hands and eyes.
 Best pattern of true friends! beware;
 You pay too dearly for your care
 If, while your tenderness secures
 My life, it must endanger yours:
 For such a fool was never found
 Who pulled a palace to the ground,
 Only to have the ruins made
 Materials for a house decayed."

One little triumph Stella had in her life—one dear little piece of injustice was performed in her favour, for which I confess, for my part, I cannot help thanking fate and the Dean. *That other person* was sacrificed to her—that—that young woman, who lived five doors from Dr. Swift's lodgings in Bury Street, and who flattered him, and made love to him in such an outrageous manner—Vanessa was thrown over.

Swift did not keep Stella's letters to him in reply to those he wrote to her.* He kept Bolingbroke's, and Pope's,

* The following passages are from a paper begun by Swift on the evening of the day of her death, Jan. 28, 1727-8.

"She was sickly from her childhood, until about the age of fifteen; but then she grew into perfect health, and was looked upon as one of the most beautiful, graceful, and agreeable young women in London—only a little too fat. Her hair was blacker than a raven, and every feature of her face in perfection.

* * * "Properly speaking"—he goes on with a calmness which, under the circumstances, is terrible—"she has been dying six months!" * * *

"Never was any of her sex born with better gifts of the mind, or who more improved them by reading and conversation. * * * All of us who had the happiness of her friendship agreed unanimously that in an afternoon's or evening's conversation she never failed before we parted of delivering the best thing that was said in the company. Some of us have written down several of her sayings, or what the French call *bons mots*, wherein she excelled beyond belief."

The specimens on record, however, in the Dean's paper called "*Bons Mots de Stella*," scarcely bear out this last part of the panegyric. But the following prove her wit:

"A gentleman, who had been very silly and pert in her company, at last began to grieve at remembering the loss of a child lately dead. A bishop sitting by comforted him—that he should be easy,

and Harley's, and Peterborough's: but Stella, "very carefully," the Lives say, kept Swift's. Of course: that is the way of the world: and so we cannot tell what her style was, or of what sort were the little letters which the Doctor placed there at night, and bade to appear from under his pillow of a morning. But in Letter IV. of that famous collection he describes his lodging in Bury Street, where he has the first floor, a dining-room and bed-chamber, at eight shillings a-week; and in Letter VI. he says "he has visited a lady just come to town," whose name somehow is not mentioned; and in Letter VIII. he enters a query of Stella's—"What do you mean 'that boards near me, that I dine with now and then?' What the deuce! You know whom I have dined with every day since I left you, better than I do." Of course she does. Of course Swift has not the slightest idea of what she means. But in a few letters more it turns out that the Doctor has been to dine "gravely" with a Mrs. Vanhomrigh: then that he has been to "his neighbour:" then that he has been unwell, and means to dine for the whole week with his neighbour! Stella was quite right in her previsions. She saw from the very first hint what was going to happen; and scented Vanessa in the air.* The rival is at the Dean's feet. The

because 'the child was gone to heaven.' 'No, my lord,' said she; 'that is it which most grieves him, because he is sure never to see his child there.'

"When she was extremely ill, her physician said, 'Madam, you are near the bottom of the hill, but we will endeavour to get you up again.' She answered, 'Doctor, I fear I shall be out of breath before I get up to the top.'

"A very dirty clergyman of her acquaintance, who affected smartness and repartees, was asked by some of the company how his nails came to be so dirty. He was at a loss; but she solved the difficulty, by saying, 'the Doctor's nails grew dirty by scratching himself.'

"A quaker apothecary sent her a vial, corked; it had a broad brim, and a label of paper about its neck. 'What is that'—said she—'my apothecary's son!' The ridiculous resemblance, and the suddenness of the question, set us all a-laughing."—*Swift's Works*, Scott's Ed., vol. ix., 295-6.

* "I am so hot and lazy after my morning's walk, that I loitered at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, where my best gown and periwig was, and out of mere listlessness dine there very often; so I did to-day."—*Journal to Stella*.

Mrs. Vanhomrigh, "Vanessa's" mother, was the widow of a Dutch merchant who held lucrative appointments in King William's time. The family settled in London in 1709, and had a house in

pupil and teacher are reading together, and drinking tea together, and going to prayers together, and learning Latin together, and conjugating *amo, amas, amavi* together. The little language is over for poor Stella. By the rule of grammar and the course of conjugation, does not *amavi* come after *amo* and *amas*?

The loves of Cadenus and Vanessa* you may peruse in Cadenus's own poem on the subject, and in poor Vanessa's vehement expostulatory verses and letters to him, she adores him, implores him, admires him, thinks him something god-like, and only prays to be admitted to lie at his feet.† As they are bringing him home from church, those divine feet of Dr. Swift's are found pretty often in Vanessa's parlour. He likes to be admired and adored. *Il y prend goût.* He finds Miss Vanhomrigh to be a woman of great taste and spirit, and beauty and wit, and a fortune too. He sees her every day; he does not tell Stella about the business: until

Bury Street, St. James's—a street made notable by such residents as Swift and Steele; and, in our own time, Moore and Crabbe.

* "Vanessa was excessively vain. The character given of her by Cadenus is fine painting, but in general fictitious. She was fond of dress; impatient to be admired; very romantic in her turn of mind; superior, in her own opinion, to all her sex; full of pertness, gaiety, and pride; not without some agreeable accomplishments, but far from being either beautiful or genteel; * * * happy in the thoughts of being reported Swift's concubine, but still aiming and intending to be his wife."—LORD ORRERY.

† "You bid me be easy, and you would see me as often as you could. You had better have said, as often as you can get the better of your inclinations so much; or as often as you remember there was such a one in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long. It is impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last: I am sure I could have borne the rack much better than those killing, killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die without seeing you more; but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long; for there is something in human nature that prompts one so to find relief in this world I must give way to it, and beg you would see me, and speak kindly to me; for I am sure you'd not condemn any one to suffer what I have done, could you but know it. The reason I write to you is, because I cannot tell it to you, should I see you; for when I begin to complain, then you are angry, and there is something in your looks so awful that it strikes me dumb. Oh that you may have but so much regard for me left that this complaint may touch your soul with pity. I say as little as ever I can; did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you to forgive me; and believe I cannot help telling you this and live."—VANESSA. (M. 1714.)

the impetuous Vanessa becomes too fond of him, until the doctor is quite frightened by the young woman's ardour, and confounded by her warmth. He wanted to marry neither of them—that I believe was the truth; but if he had not married Stella, Vanessa would have had him in spite of himself. When he went back to Ireland, his Ariadne, not content to remain in her isle, pursued the fugitive Dean. In vain he protested, he vowed, he soothed and bullied; the news of the Dean's marriage with Stella at last came to her, and it killed her—she died of that passion.*

And when she died, and Stella heard that Swift had

* "If we consider Swift's behaviour, so far only as it relates to women, we shall find that he looked upon them rather as busts than as whole figures."—ORRERY.

"You must have smiled to have found his house a constant *seraglio* of very virtuous women, who attended him from morning to night."—ORRERY.

A correspondent of Sir Walter Scott's furnished him with the materials on which to found the following interesting passage about Vanessa after she had retired to cherish her passion in retreat:—

"Marley Abbey, near Celbridge, where Miss Vanhomrigh resided, is built much in the form of a real cloister, especially in its external appearance. An aged man (upwards of ninety, by his own account) showed the grounds to my correspondent. He was the son of Mrs. Vanhomrigh's gardener, and used to work with his father in the garden while a boy. He remembered the unfortunate Vanessa well; and his account of her corresponded with the usual description of her person, especially as to her *embonpoint*. He said she went seldom abroad, and saw little company: her constant amusement was reading, or walking in the garden. * * * She avoided company, and was always melancholy, save when Dean Swift was there, and then she seemed happy. The garden was to an uncommon degree crowded with laurels. The old man said that when Miss Vanhomrigh expected the Dean she always planted with her own hand a laurel or two against his arrival. He showed her favourite seat, still called 'Vanessa's bower.' Three or four trees and some laurels indicate the spot. * * * There were two seats and a rude table within the bower, the opening of which commanded a view of the Liffey. * * * In this sequestered spot, according to the old gardener's account, the Dean and Vanessa used often to sit, with books and writing materials on the table before them."—SCOTT'S *Swift*, vol. i., pp. 246-7.

* * * "But Miss Vanhomrigh, irritated at the situation in which she found herself, determined on bringing to a crisis those expectations of a union with the object of her affections—to the hope of which she had clung amid every vicissitude of his conduct towards her. The most probable bar was his undefined connection with Mrs. Johnson, which, as it must have been perfectly known to her, had, doubtless, long elicited her secret jealousy, although only

written beautifully regarding her, "that does not surprise me," said Mrs. Stella, "for we all know the Dean could write beautifully about a broomstick." A woman—a true woman! Would you have had one of them forgive the other?

In a note in his biography, Scott says that his friend Dr. Tuke, of Dublin, has a lock of Stella's hair, enclosed in a paper by Swift, on which are written in the Dean's hand, the words: "*Only a woman's hair.*" An instance, says Scott, of the Dean's desire to veil his feelings under the mask of cynical indifference.

See the various notions of critics! Do those words indicate indifference or an attempt to hide feeling? Did you ever hear or read four words more pathetic? Only a woman's hair, only love, only fidelity, only purity, innocence, beauty; only the tenderest heart in the world stricken and wounded, and passed away now out of reach

a single hint to that purpose is to be found in their correspondence, and that so early as 1713, when she writes to him—then in Ireland—'If you are very happy, it is ill-natured of you not to tell me so, *except 'tis what is inconsistent with mine.*' Her silence and patience under this state of uncertainty for no less than eight years, must have been partly owing to her awe for Swift, and partly, perhaps, to the weak state of her rival's health, which, from year to year, seemed to announce speedy dissolution. At length, however, Vanessa's impatience prevailed, and she ventured on the decisive step of writing to Mrs. Johnson herself, requesting to know the nature of that connection. Stella, in reply, informed her of her marriage with the Dean; and full of the highest resentment against Swift for having given another female such a right in him as Miss Vanhomrigh's inquiries implied, she sent to him her rival's letter of interrogatories, and, without seeing him, or awaiting his reply, retired to the house of Mr. Ford, near Dublin. Every reader knows the consequence. Swift, in one of those paroxysms of fury to which he was liable, both from temper and disease, rode instantly to Marley Abbey. As he entered the apartment, the sternness of his countenance, which was peculiarly formed to express the fiercer passions, struck the unfortunate Vanessa with such terror that she could scarce ask whether he would not sit down. He answered by flinging a letter on the table, and, instantly leaving the house, remounted his horse, and returned to Dublin. When Vanessa opened the packet, she only found her own letter to Stella. It was her death warrant. She sunk at once under the disappointment of the delayed, yet cherished hopes which had so long sickened her heart, and beneath the unrestrained wrath of him for whose sake she had indulged them. How long she survived the last interview is uncertain, but the time does not seem to have exceeded a few weeks."—SCOTT.

of pangs of hope deferred, love insulted, and pitiless desertion;—only that lock of hair left: and memory and remorse, for the guilty, lonely wretch, shuddering over the grave of his victim.

And yet to have had so much love, he must have given some. Treasures of wit and wisdom and tenderness, too, must that man have had locked up in the caverns of his gloomy heart, and shown fitfully to one or two whom he took in there. But it was not good to visit that place. People did not remain there long, and suffered for having been there.* He shrank away from all affections sooner or later. Stella and Vanessa both died near him, and away from him. He had not heart enough to see them die. He broke from his fastest friend, Sheridan; he slunk away from his fondest admirer, Pope. His laugh jars on one's ear after seven score years. He was always alone—alone and gnashing in the darkness, except when Stella's sweet smile came and shone upon him. When that went, silence and utter night closed over him. An immense genius: an awful downfall and ruin. So great a man he seems to me, that thinking of him is like thinking of an empire falling. We have other great names to mention—none I think, however, so great or so gloomy.

* "M. Swift est Rabelais dans son bon sens, et vivant en bonne compagnie. Il n'a pass, à la vérité, la gaité du premier, mais il à toute la finesse, la raison, le choix, le bon goût qui manquent à notre curé de Meudon. Ses vers sont d'un goût singulier, et presque inimitable; la bonne plaisanterie est son partage en vers et en prose; mais pour le bien en tendre il faut faire un petit voyage dans son pays."—VOLTAIRE. *Lettres sur les Anglais*, Let. 22.

LECTURE THE SECOND.

CONGREVE AND ADDISON.

A GREAT number of years ago, before the passing of the Reform Bill, there existed at Cambridge a certain debating club, called the "Union," and I remember that there was a tradition amongst the undergraduates who frequented that renowned school of oratory, that the great leaders of the Opposition and Government had their eyes upon the University Debating Club, and that if a man distinguished himself there he ran some chance of being returned to Parliament as a great nobleman's nominee. So Jones of John's, or Thomson of Trinity, would rise in their might, and draping themselves in their gowns, rally round the monarchy, or hurl defiance at priests and kings with the majesty of Pitt or the fire of Mirabeau, fancying all the while that the great nobleman's emissary was listening to the debate from the back benches, where he was sitting with the family seat in his pocket. Indeed, the legend said that one or two young Cambridge-men, orators of the Union, were actually caught up thence, and carried down to Cornwall or old Sarum, and so into Parliament. And many a young fellow deserted the jogtrot University curriculum, to hang on in the dust behind the fervid wheels of the parliamentary chariot.

Where, I have often wondered, were the sons of peers and members of Parliament in Anne's and George's time? Were they all in the army, or hunting in the country, or boxing the watch? How was it that the young gentlemen from the University got such a prodigious number of places? A lad composed a neat copy of verses at Christchurch or Trinity, in which the death of a great personage was bemoaned, the French king assailed, the Dutch or Prince Eugene complimented, or the reverse; and the party in power was presently to provide for the young poet; and a commissionership, or a post in the Stamps, or the secretaryship of an embassy, or a clerkship in the Treasury, came into the bard's possession. A wonderful fruit-bearing rod was that of Busby's. What have men of letters

got in *our* time? Think, not only of Swift, a king fit to rule in any time an empire—but Addison, Steele, Prior, Tickell, Congreve, John Gay, John Dennis, and many others who got public employment, and pretty little pickings out of the public purse.* The wits of whose names we shall treat in this lecture and two following, all (save one) touched the King's coin, and had, at some period of their lives, a happy quarter-day coming round for them.

They all began at school or college in the regular way, producing panegyrics upon public characters, what were called odes upon public events, battles, sieges, court marriages and deaths, in which the gods of Olympus and the tragic muse were fatigued with invocations, according to the fashion of the time in France and in England. Aid us Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, cried Addison, or Congreve, singing of William or Marlborough “*Accourez, chastes nymphes de Permesse,*” says Boileau, celebrating the Grand Monarch. “*Des sons que ma lyre enfante, marquez en bien la cadence, et vous, vents, faites silence! je vais parler de Louis!*” School-boys’ themes and foundation-exercises are the only relics left now of this scholastic fashion. The Olympians remain quite undisturbed in their mountain. What man of note, what contributor to the poetry of a country newspaper, would now think of writing a congratu-

* The following is a *conspectus* of them:—

ADDISON.—Commissioner of Appeals; Under Secretary of State; Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; Keeper of the Records in Ireland; Lord of Trade; and one of the Principal Secretaries of State, successively.

STEELE.—Commissioner of the Stamp Office; Surveyor of the Royal Stables at Hampton Court; and Governor of the Royal Company of Comedians; Commissioner of “Forfeited Estates in Scotland.”

PRIOR.—Secretary to the Embassy at the Hague; Gentleman of the Bedchamber to King William; Secretary to the Embassy in France; Under Secretary of State; Ambassador to France.

TICKELL.—Under Secretary of State; Secretary to the Lord Justices of Ireland.

CONGREVE.—Commissioner for licensing Hackney Coaches; Commissioner for Wine Licenses; Place in the Pipe Office; post in the Custom House; Secretary of Jamaica.

GAY.—Secretary to the Earl of Clarendon (when Ambassador to Hanover).

JOHN DENNIS.—A place in the Custom House.

“En Angleterre * * * les lettres sont plus en honneur qu’ici.”
—VOLTAIRE. *Lettres sur les Anglois*, Let 20.

latory ode on the birth of the heir to a dukedom, or the marriage of a nobleman? In the past century the young gentlemen of the Universities all exercised themselves at these queer compositions; and some got fame, and some gained patrons and places for life, and many more took nothing by these efforts of what they were pleased to call their muses.

William Congreve's * Pindaric Odes are still to be found in "Johnson's Poets," that now unfrequented poet's corner, in which so many forgotten big-wigs have a niche—but though he was also voted to be one of the greatest tragic poets of any day, it was Congreve's wit and humour which first recommended him to courtly fortune. And it is recorded, that his first play, the "Old Bachelor," brought our author to the notice of that great patron of the English muses, Charles Montague Lord Halifax, who being desirous to place so eminent a wit in a state of ease and tranquillity, instantly made him one of the commissioners for licensing hackney-coaches, bestowed on him soon after a place in the Pipe-office, and likewise a post in the Custom-house of the value of 600*l*.

A commissionership of hackney-coaches—a post in the Custom-house—a place in the Pipe-office, and all for writing a comedy! Does not it sound like a fable, that place in the Pipe-office? † Ah, l'heureux temps que celui de ces fables! Men of letters there still be: but I doubt whether

* He was the son of Colonel William Congreve, and grandson of Richard Congreve, Esq., of Congreve and Stretton in Staffordshire—a very ancient family.

† "PIPE.—*Pipe*, in law, is a roll in the Exchequer, called also the *great roll*.

"PIPE-Office is an office in which a person called the *Clerk of the Pipe* makes out leases of crown lands, by warrant, from the Lord-Treasurer, or Commissioners of the Treasury, or Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"Clerk of the Pipe makes up all accounts of sheriffs, &c."—REES. *Cyclopæd.*, Art. PIPE.

PIPE-Office.—Spelman thinks so called because the papers were kept in a large *pipe* or cask."

"These be at last brought into that office of Her Majesty's Exchequer, which we, by a metaphor, do call the *pipe* * * * because the whole receipt is finally conveyed into it by means of divers small *pipes* or quills."—BACON. *The Office of Alienations*.

[We are indebted to Richardson's *Dictionary* for this fragment of erudition. But a modern man-of-letters can know little on these points, by—experience.]

any pipe-offices are left. The public has smoked them long ago.

Words, like men, pass current for a while with the public, and being known everywhere abroad, at length take their places in society; so even the most secluded and refined ladies here present will have heard the phrase from their sons or brothers at school, and will permit me to call William Congreve, Esquire, the most eminent literary "swell" of his age. In my copy of "Johnson's Lives" Congreve's wig is the tallest, and put on with the jauntiest air of all the laurelled worthies. "I am the great Mr. Congreve," he seems to say, looking out from his voluminous curls. People called him the great Mr. Congreve.* From the beginning of his career until the end everybody admired him. Having got his education in Ireland, at the same school and college with Swift; he came to live in the Middle Temple, London, where he luckily bestowed no attention to the law; but splendidly frequented the coffee-houses and theatres, and appeared in the side-box, the tavern, the Piazza and the Mall, brilliant, beautiful, and victorious from the first. Everybody acknowledged the young chieftain. The great Mr. Dryden † declared that he

* "It has been observed that no change of ministers affected him in the least, nor was he ever removed from any post that was given to him, except to a better. His place in the Custom-House, and his office of Secretary in Jamaica, are said to have brought him in upwards of twelve hundred a year."—*Biog. Brit.*, Art. CONGREVE.

† Dryden addressed his "twelfth epistle" to "My dear friend Mr. Congreve," on his comedy called the "Double Dealer," in which he says—

"Great Jonson did by strength of judgment please;
Yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his ease.
In differing talents both adorn'd their age;
One for the study, t'other for the stage.
But both to Congreve justly shall submit,
One match'd in judgment, both o'ermatched in wit.
In him all beauties of this age we see," &c., &c.

The "Double Dealer," however, was not so palpable a hit as the "Old Bachelor," but, at first, met with opposition. The critics having fallen foul of it, our "swell" applied the scourge to that presumptuous body, in the "Epistle Dedicatory" to the "Right Honourable Charles Montague."

"I was conscious," said he, "where a true critic might have put me upon my defence. I was prepared for the attack, * * * but I have not heard anything said sufficient to provoke an answer." He goes on—

was equal to Shakspeare, and bequeathed to him his own undisputed poetical crown, and writes of him, "Mr. Congreve has done me the favour to review the 'Æneis,' and compare my version with the original. I shall never be ashamed to own that this excellent young man has showed me many faults which I have endeavoured to correct."

The "excellent young man" was but three or four-and-twenty when the great Dryden thus spoke of him: the greatest literary chief in England, the veteran field-marshal of letters, himself the marked man of all Europe, and the centre of a school of wits, who daily gathered round his chair and tobacco-pipe at Wills' Pope dedicated his "Iliad" to him; * Swift, Addison, Steele, all acknowledge Congreve's rank, and lavish compliments upon him. Voltaire went to wait upon him as on one of the Representatives of Literature—and the man who scarce praises any other living person, who flung abuse at Pope, and Swift, and Steele, and Addison,—the Grub Street Timon, old John Dennis, † was hat in hand to Mr. Congreve; and said, that when he retired from the stage, Comedy went with him.

Nor was he less victorious elsewhere. He was admired

"But there is one thing at which I am more concerned than all the false criticisms that are made upon me; and that is, some of the ladies are offended. I am heartily sorry for it; for I declare, I would rather disoblige all the critics in the world than one of the fair sex. They are concerned that I have represented some women vicious and affected. How can I help it? It is the business of a comic poet to paint the vices and follies of human kind. * * * I should be very glad of an opportunity to make my compliments to those ladies who are offended. But they can no more expect it in a comedy, than to be tickled by a surgeon when he is letting their blood."

* "Instead of endeavouring to raise a vain monument to myself, let me leave behind me a memorial of my friendship, with one of the most valuable men as well as finest writers of my age and country—one who has tried, and knows by his own experience, how hard an undertaking it is to do justice to Homer—and one who, I am sure, seriously rejoices with me at the period of my labours. To him, therefore, having brought this long work to a conclusion, I desire to dedicate it, and to have the honour and satisfaction of placing together in this manner the names of Mr. Congreve and of —A. POPE." *Postscript to Translation of the Iliad of Homer*, March 25, 1720.

† "When asked why he listened to the praises of Dennis, he said, he had much rather be flattered than abused. Swift had a particular friendship for our author, and generally took him under his protection in his high authoritative manner."—THOS. DAVIES. *Dramatic Miscellanies*.

in the drawing-rooms as well as the coffee-houses; as much beloved in the side-box as on the stage. He loved, and conquered, and jilted the beautiful Bracegirdle,* the heroine of all his plays, the favourite of all the town of her day—and the Duchess of Marlborough, Marlborough's daughter, had such an admiration of him, that when he died she had an ivory figure made to imitate him,† and a large wax doll with gouty feet to be dressed just as the great Congreve's gouty feet were dressed in his great lifetime. He saved some money by his Pipe-office, and his Custom-house office, and his Hackney-coach office, and nobly left it, not to Bracegirdle, who wanted it,‡ but to the Duchess of Marlborough, who did not.§

How can I introduce to you that merry and shameless

* "Congreve was very intimate for years with Mrs. Bracegirdle, and lived in the same street, his house very near hers, until his acquaintance with the young Duchess of Marlborough. He then quitted that house. The Duchess showed us a diamond necklace (which Lady Di. used afterwards to wear) that cost seven thousand pounds, and was purchased with the money Congreve left her. How much better would it have been to have given it to poor Mrs. Bracegirdle."—Dr. YOUNG. *Spence's Anecdotes*.

† "A glass was put in the hand of the statue, which was supposed to bow to her Grace and to nod in approbation of what she spoke to it."—THOS. DAVIES. *Dramatic Miscellanies*.

‡ The sum Congreve left her was 200*l.*, as is said in the "Dramatic Miscellanies" of Tom Davies; where are some particulars about this charming actress and beautiful woman.

She had a "lively aspect," says Tom, on the authority of Cibber, and "such a glow of health and cheerfulness in her countenance, as inspired everybody with desire." "Scarce an audience saw her that were not half of them her lovers."

Congreve and Rowe courted her in the persons of their lovers. "In Tamerlane, Rowe courted her Selima, in the person of Axalla * * * Congreve insinuated his addresses in his Valentine to her Angelica, in his 'Love for Love;' in his Osmyn to her Almena, in the 'Mourning Bride;' and, lastly, in his Mirabel to her Millamant, in the 'Way of the World.' Mirabel, the fine gentleman of the play, is, I believe, not very distant from the real character of Congreve."—*Dramatic Miscellanies*, vol. iii., 1784.

She retired from the stage when Mrs. Oldfield began to be the public favourite. She died in 1748, in the eighty-fifth year of her age.

§ Johnson calls his legacy the "accumulation of attentive parsimony, which," he continues, "though to her (the Duchess) superfluous and useless, might have given great assistance to the ancient family from which he descended, at that time, by the imprudence of his relation, reduced to difficulties and distress."—*Lives of the Poets*.



The great Mr. Congreve.
—*English Humourists*, p. 44.

Comic Muse who won him such a reputation? Nell Gwynn's servant fought the other footmen for having called his mistress bad names; and in like manner, and with pretty like epithets, Jeremy Collier attacked that godless, reckless Jezebel, the English comedy of his time, and called her what Nell Gwynn's man's fellow-servants called Nell Gwynn's man's mistress—the servants of the theatre, Dryden, Congreve,* and others, defended themselves with the same success, and for the same cause which set Nell's lackey fighting. She was a disreputable, daring, laughing, painted French baggage, that Comic Muse. She came over from the continent with Charles (who chose many more of his female friends there) at the Restoration—a wild, dishevelled Laïs, with eyes bright with wit and wine—a saucy court-favourite that sate at the King's knees, and laughed in his face, and when she showed her bold cheeks at her chariot-window, had some of the noblest and most famous people of the land bowing round her wheel. She was kind and popular enough, that daring Comedy, that audacious poor Nell—she was gay and generous, kind, frank, as such people can afford to be: and the men who lived with her and laughed with her, took her pay and drank her wine, turned out when the Puritans hooted her, to fight and defend her. But the jade was indefensible, and it is pretty certain her servants knew it.

* He replied to Collier, in the pamphlet called “Amendments of Mr. Collier's False and Imperfect Citations,” &c. A specimen or two are subjoined:—

“The greater part of these examples which he has produced, are only demonstrations of his own impurity: they only savour of his utterance, and were sweet enough till tainted by his breath.

“Where the expression is unblameable in its own pure and genuine signification, he enters into it, himself, like the evil spirit; he possesses the innocent phrase, and makes it bellow forth his own blasphemies.

“If I do not return him civilities in calling him names, it is because I am not very well versed in his nomenclatures. * * * I will only call him Mr. Collier, and that I will call him as often as I think he shall deserve it.

“The corruption of a rotten divine is the generation of a sour critic.”

“Congreve,” says Dr. Johnson, “a very young man, elated with success, and impatient of censure, assumed an air of confidence and security. * * * The dispute was protracted through two years; but at last Comedy grew more modest, and Collier lived to see the reward of his labours in the reformation of the theatre.”—*Life of Congreve.*

There is life and death going on in everything: truth and lies are always at battle. Pleasure is always warring against self-restraint. Doubt is always crying Psha, and sneering. A man in life, a humourist in writing about life, sways over to one principle or the other, and laughs with the reverence for right and the love of truth in his heart, or laughs at these from the other side. Didn't I tell you that dancing was a serious business to Harlequin? I have read two or three of Congreve's plays over before speaking of him; and my feelings were rather like those, which I daresay most of us here have had, at Pompeii, looking at Sallust's house and the relics of an orgy, a dried wine-jar or two, a charred supper-table, the breast of a dancing girl pressed against the ashes, the laughing skull of a jester, a perfect stillness round about, as the Cicerone twangs his moral, and the blue sky shines calmly over the ruin. The Congreve muse is dead, and her song choked in Time's ashes. We gaze at the skeleton, and wonder at the life which once revelled in its mad veins. We take the skull up, and muse over the frolic and daring, the wit, scorn, passion, hope, desire, with which that empty bowl once fermented. We think of the glances that allured, the tears that melted, of the bright eyes that shone in those vacant sockets; and of lips whispering love, and cheeks dimpling with smiles, that once covered you ghastly yellow frame-work. They used to call those teeth pearls once. See! there's the cup she drank from, the gold-chain she wore on her neck, the vase which held the rouge for her cheeks, her looking-glass, and the harp she used to dance to. Instead of a feast we find a grave-stone, and in place of a mistress, a few bones!

Reading in these plays now, is like shutting your ears and looking at people dancing. What does it mean? the measures, the grimaces, the bowing, shuffling and retreating, the cavalier soul advancing upon those ladies—those ladies and men twirling round at the end in a mad galop, after which everybody bows and the quaint rite is celebrated. Without the music we cannot understand that comic dance of the last century—its strange gravity and gaiety, its decorum or its indecorum. It has a jargon of its own quite unlike life; a sort of moral of its own quite unlike life too. I'm afraid it's a Heathen mystery, symbolising a Pagan doctrine; protesting, as the Pompeians

very likely were, assembled at their theatre and laughing at their games—as Sallust and his friends, and their mistresses protested—crowned with flowers, with cups in their hands, against the new, hard, ascetic pleasure-hating doctrine, whose gaunt disciples, lately passed over from the Asian shores of the Mediterranean were for breaking the fair images of Venus, and flinging the altars of Bacchus down.

I fancy poor Congreve's theatre is a temple of Pagan delights, and mysteries not permitted except among heathens. I fear the theatre carries down that ancient tradition and worship, as masons have carried their secret signs and rites from temple to temple. When the libertine hero carries off the beauty in the play, and the dotard is laughed to scorn for having the young wife: in the ballad, when the poet bid his mistress to gather roses while she may, and warns her that old Time is still a-flying: in the ballet, when honest Corydon courts Phillis under the treillage of the pasteboard cottage, and leers at her over the head of grandpapa in red stockings, who is opportunely asleep; and when seduced by the invitations of the rosy youth she comes forward to the footlights, and they perform on each other's tiptoes that *pas* which you all know and which is only interrupted by old grandpapa awaking from his doze at the pasteboard chalet (whither he returns to take another nap in case the young people get an encore): when Harlequin, splendid in youth, strength and agility, arrayed in gold and a thousand colours, springs over the heads of countless perils, leaps down the throat of bewildered giants, and, dauntless and splendid, dances danger down: when Mr. Punch, that godless old rebel, breaks every law and laughs at it with odious triumph, outwits his lawyer, bullies the beadle, knocks his wife about the head, and hangs the hangman,—don't you see in the comedy, in the song, in the dance, in the ragged little Punch's puppet-show,—the Pagan protest? Does not it seem as if Life puts in its plea and sings its comment? Look how the lovers walk and hold each other's hands and whisper! Sings the chorus—"There is nothing like love, there is nothing like youth, there is nothing like beauty of your spring time. Look! how old age tries to meddle with merry sport! Beat him with his own crutch, the wrinkled old dotard! There is nothing like youth, there is nothing

like beauty, there is nothing like strength. Strength and valour win beauty and youth. Be brave and conquer. Be young and happy. Enjoy, enjoy, enjoy! Would you know the *Segretto per esser felice*? Here it is, in a smiling mistress and a cup of Falernian." As the boy tosses the cup and sings his song. Hark! what is that chaunt coming nearer and nearer? What is that dirge which *will* disturb us? The lights of the festival burn dim—the cheeks turn pale—the voice quavers—and the cup drops on the floor. Who is there? Death and fate are at the gate, and they *will* come in.

Congreve's comic feast flares with lights, and round the table, emptying their flaming bowls of drink, and exchanging the wildest jests and ribaldry, sit men and women, waited on by rascally valets and attendants as dissolute as their mistresses—perhaps the very worst company in the world. There does not seem to be a pretence of morals. At the head of the table sits Mirabel or Belmour (dressed in the French fashion and waited on by English imitators of Scapin and Frontin). Their calling is to be irresistible, and to conquer everywhere. Like the heroes of the chivalry story, whose long-winded loves and combats they were sending out of fashion; they are always splendid and triumphant—overcome all dangers, vanquish all enemies, and win the beauty at the end. Fathers, husbands, usurers, are the foes these champions contend with. They are merciless in old age, invariably, and an old man plays the part in the dramas which the wicked enchanter or the great blundering giant performs in the chivalry tales, who threatens and grumbles and resists—a huge stupid obstacle always overcome by the knight. It is an old man with a money-box: Sir Belmour his son or nephew spends his money and laughs at him. It is an old man with a young wife whom he locks up; Sir Mirabel robs him of his wife, trips up his gouty old heels and leaves the old hunx—the old fool, what business has he to hoard his money or to lock up blushing eighteen? Money is for youth, love is for youth, away with the old people. When Millamant is sixty, having of course divorced the first Lady Millamant, and married his friend Doricourt's grand-daughter out of the nursery—it will be his turn; and young Belmour will make a fool of him. All this pretty morality you have in the comedies of William Congreve, Esq. They are full of

wit. Such manners as he observes, he observes with great humour; but ah! it is a weary feast that banquet of wit where no love is. It palls very soon; sad indigestions follow it and lonely blank headaches in the morning.

I cannot pretend to quote scenes from the splendid Congreve's plays*—which are undeniably bright, witty, and

* The scene of Valentine's pretended madness in "Love for Love," is a splendid specimen of Congreve's daring manner:—

Scandal.—And have you given your master a hint of their plot upon him?

Jeremy.—Yes, Sir; he says he'll favour it, and mistake her for Angelica.

Scandal.—It may make us sport.

Foresight.—Mercy on us!

Valentine.—Husht—interrupt me not—I'll whisper predictions to thee, and thou shalt prophesie;—I am truth, and can teach thy tongue a new trick,—I have told thee what's passed,—now I'll tell what's to come:—Dost thou know what will happen to-morrow? Answer me not—for I will tell thee. To-morrow knaves will thrive thro' craft, and fools thro' fortune; and honesty will go as it did, frost-nipt in a summer suit. Ask me questions concerning to-morrow.

Scandal.—Ask him, Mr. Foresight.

Foresight.—Pray what will be done at Court?

Valentine.—Scandal will tell you;—I am truth, I never come there.

Foresight.—In the city?

Valentine.—Oh, prayers will be said in empty churches at the usual hours. Yet you will see such zealous faces behind counters, as if religion were to be sold in every shop. Oh, things will go methodically in the city, the clocks will strike twelve at noon, and the horn'd herd buz in the Exchange at two. Husbands and wives will drive distinct trades, and care and pleasure separately occupy the family. Coffee-houses will be full of smoke and stratagem. And the cropt prentice that sweeps his master's shop in the morning, may, ten to one, dirty his sheets before night. But there are two things, that you will see very strange; which are, wanton wives with their legs at liberty, and tame cuckolds with chains about their necks. But hold, I must examine you before I go further; you look suspiciously. Are you a husband?

Foresight.—I am married.

Valentine.—Poor creature! Is your wife of Covent-garden Parish?

Foresight.—No; St. Martins-in-the-Fields.

Valentine.—Alas, poor man! his eyes are sunk, and his hands shrivelled; his leggs dwindled, and his back bow'd. Pray, pray, for a metamorphosis—change thy shape, and shake off age; get the Medea's kettle and be boiled anew; come forth with lab'ring callous hands, and chine of steel, and Atlas' shoulders. Let Taliacotius trim the calves of twenty chairmen, and make the pedestals to stand erect upon, and look matrimony in the face. Ha, ha, ha! That a man should have a stomach to a wedding supper, when the pigeons ought rather to be laid to his feet! ha, ha, ha!

Foresight.—His frenzy is very high now, Mr. Scandal.

daring,—any more than I could ask you to hear the dialogue of a witty bargeman and a brilliant fish-woman exchanging compliments at Billingsgate; but some of his

Scandal.—I believe it is a spring-tide.

Foresight.—Very likely—truly; you understand these matters. Mr. Scandal, I shall be very glad to confer with you about these things he has uttered. His sayings are very mysterious and hieroglyphical.

Valentine.—Oh! why would Angelica be absent from my eyes so long?

Jeremy.—She's here, Sir.

Mrs. Foresight.—Now, Sister!

Mrs. Frail.—O Lord! what must I say?

Scandal.—Humour him, Madam, by all means.

Valentine.—Where is she? Oh! I see her; she comes, like Riches, Health, and Liberty at once, to a despairing, starving, and abandoned wretch. Oh—welcome, welcome!

Mrs. Frail.—How d'y'e, Sir? Can I serve you?

Valentine.—Hark'ee—I have a secret to tell you, Endymion and the moon shall meet as on Mount Latmos, and we'll be married in the dead of night. But say not a word. Hymen shall put his torch into a dark lanthorn, that it may be secret; and Juno shall give her peacock poppy-water, that he may fold his ogling tail; and Argus's hundred eyes be shut—ha! Nobody shall know, but Jeremy.

Mrs. Frail.—No, no; we'll keep it secret; it shall be done presently.

Valentine.—The sooner the better. Jeremy, come hither—closer—that none may overhear us. Jeremy, I can tell you news; Angelica is turned nun, and I am turning friar, and yet we'll marry one another in spite of the Pope. Get me a cowl and beads, that I may play my part; for she'll meet me two hours hence in black and white, and a long veil to cover the project, and we won't see one another's faces till we have done something to be ashamed of, and then we'll blush once for all. * * *

Enter TATTLE.

Tattle.—Do you know me, Valentine?

Valentine.—You!—who are you? No; I hope not.

Tattle.—I am Jack Tattle, your friend.

Valentine.—My friend! What to do? I am no married man, and thou canst not lye with my wife; I am very poor, and thou canst not borrow money of me. Then, what employment have I for a friend?

Tattle.—Hah! A good open speaker, and not to be trusted with a secret.

Angelica.—Do you know me, Valentine?

Valentine.—Oh, very well.

Angelica.—Who am I?

Valentine.—You're a woman; one to whom Heaven gave beauty when it grafted roses on a brier. You are the reflection of Heaven in a pond; and he that leaps at you is sunk. You are all white—a sheet of spotless paper—when you first are born; but you are to be

verses,—they were amongst the most famous lyrics of the time, and pronounced equal to Horace by his contemporaries,—may give an idea of his power, of his grace, of his daring manner, his magnificence in compliment, and his polished sarcasm. He writes as if he was so accustomed to conquer, that he has a poor opinion of his victims. Nothing is new except their faces, says he; “every woman is the same.” He says this in his first comedy, which he

scrawled and blotted by every goose’s quill. I know you; for I loved a woman, and loved her so long that I found out a strange thing: I found out what a woman was good for.

Tattle.—Ay! pr’ythee, what’s that?

Valentine.—Why, to keep a secret.

Tattle.—O Lord!

Valentine.—O, exceeding good to keep a secret; for, though she should tell, yet she is not to be believed.

Tattle.—Hah! Good again, faith.

Valentine.—I would have musick. Sing me the song that I like.
—CONGREVE. *Love for Love*.

There is a *Mrs. Nickleby*, of the year 1700, in Congreve’s Comedy of “The Double Dealer,” in whose character the author introduces some wonderful traits of roguish satire. She is practised on by the gallants of the play, and no more knows how to resist them than any of the ladies above quoted could resist Congreve.

Lady Plyant.—O! reflect upon the honour of your conduct! Offering to pervert me [the joke is that the gentleman is pressing the lady for her daughter’s hand, not for her own]—perverting me from the road of virtue, in which I have trod thus long, and never made one trip—not one *faux pas*; O, consider it; what would you have to answer for, if you should provoke me to frailty! Alas! humanity is feeble, Heaven knows! Very feeble, and unable to support itself.

Mellefont.—Where am I? Is it day? and am I awake? Madam—

Lady Plyant.—O Lord, ask me the question! I’ll swear I’ll deny it—therefore don’t ask me; nay, you sha’n’t ask me; I swear I’ll deny it. O Gemini, you have brought all the blood into my face; I warrant I am as red as a turkey-cock; O fie, cousin Mellefont!

Mellefont.—Nay, madam, hear me; I mean—

Lady Plyant.—Hear you? No, no; I’ll deny you first, and hear you afterwards. For one does not know how one’s mind may change upon hearing—hearing is one of the senses, and all the senses are fallible. I won’t trust my honour, I assure you; my honour is infallible and uncomatable.

Mellefont.—For Heaven’s sake, madam—

Lady Plyant.—O, name it no more. Bless me, how can you talk of heaven, and have so much wickedness in your heart? May be, you doesn’t think a sin. They say some of you gentlemen don’t think it a sin; but still, my honour, if it were no sin —. But, then, to marry my daughter for the convenience of frequent opportunities,—I’ll never consent to that: as sure as can be, I’ll break the match.

wrote languidly in * illness, when he was an "excellent young man." Richelieu at eighty could have hardly said a more excellent thing.

When he advances to make one of his conquests it is with a splendid gallantry, in full uniform and with the fiddles playing, like Grammont's French dandies attacking the breach of Lerida.

"Cease, cease to ask her name," he writes of a young lady at the Wells at Tunbridge, whom he salutes with a magnificent compliment—

"Cease, cease to ask her name,
The crowned Muse's noblest theme,
Whose glory by immortal fame
Shall only sounded be.
But if you long to know,
Then look round yonder dazzling row,
Who most does like an angel show
You may be sure 'tis she."

Here are lines about another beauty, who perhaps was not so well pleased at the poet's manner of celebrating her—

"When Lesbia first I saw, so heavenly fair,
With eyes so bright and with that awful air,
I thought my heart would durst so high aspire
As bold as his who snatched celestial fire.
But soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,
Forth from her coral lips such folly broke;
Like balm the trickling nonsense heal'd my wound,
And what her eyes enthralled, her tongue unbound."

Mellefont.—Death and amazement! Madam, upon my knees—

Lady Plyant.—Nay, nay, rise up; come, you shall see my good-nature. I know love is powerful, and nobody can help his passion. 'Tis not your fault; nor I swear, it is not mine. How can I help it, if I have charms? And how can you help it, if you are made a captive? I swear it is pity it should be a fault; but, my honour. Well, but your honour, too—but the sin! Well, but the necessity. O Lord, here's somebody coming. I dare not stay. Well, you must consider of your crime; and strive as much as can be against it—strive, be sure; but don't be melancholick—don't despair; but never think that I'll grant you anything. O Lord, no; but be sure you lay all thoughts aside of the marriage, for though I know you don't love Cynthia, only as a blind for your passion to me; yet it will make me jealous. O Lord, what did I say? Jealous! No, I can't be jealous; for I must not love you; therefore don't hope; but don't despair neither. They're coming; I *must* fly.—*The Double Dealer*. Act 2nd, scene v., page 156.

* "There seems to be a strange affectation in authors of appearing to have done everything by chance. The "Old Bachelor" was writ-

Amoret is a cleverer woman than the lovely Lesbia, but the poet does not seem to respect one much more than the other; and describes both with exquisite satirical humour—

“Fair Amoret is gone astray,
Pursue and seek her every lover;
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wandering shepherdess discover.

“Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both studied, though both seem neglected;
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to be unaffected.

“With skill her eyes dart every glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect them;
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Though certain aim and art direct them.

“She likes herself, yet others hates
For that in which herself she prizes;
And, while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing which she despises.”

What could Amoret have done to bring down such shafts of ridicule upon her? Could she have resisted the irresistible Mr. Congreve? Could anybody? Could Sabina, when she woke and heard such a bard singing under her window? See, he writes—

“See! see, she wakes—Sabina wakes!
And now the sun begins to rise:
Less glorious is the morn, that breaks
From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.
With light united day they give;
But different fates ere night fulfil:
How many by his warmth will live!
How many will her coldness kill!”

Are you melted? Do not you think him a divine man? If not touched by the brilliant Sabina, hear the devout Selinda:—

“Pious Selinda goes to prayers,
If I but ask her favour;
And yet the silly fool's in tears,
If she believes I'll leave her.
Would I were free from this restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her:
Would she could make of me a saint,
Or I of her a sinner!”

ten for amusement in the languor of convalescence. Yet it is apparently composed with great elaborateness of dialogue, and incessant ambition of wit.”—JOHNSON. *Lives of the Poets*.

What a conquering air there is about these! What an irresistible Mr. Congreve it is! Sinner! of course he will be a sinner, the delightful rascal! Win her; of course he will win her, the victorious rogue! He knows he will: he must—with such a grace, with such a fashion, with such a splendid embroidered suit—you see him with red-heeled shoes deliciously turned out, passing a fair jewelled hand through his dishevelled periwig, and delivering a killing ogle along with his scented billet? And Sabina? What a comparison that is between the nymph and the sun! The sun gives Sabina the *pas*, and does not venture to rise before her ladyship: the morn's *bright beams* are less glorious than her *fair eyes*: but before night everybody will be frozen by her glances: everybody but one lucky rogue who shall be nameless: Louis Quatorze in all his glory is hardly more splendid than our Phœbus Apollo of the Mall and Spring Garden.*

When Voltaire came to visit the great Congreve, the latter rather affected to despise his literary reputation, and in this perhaps the great Congreve was not far wrong.† A

* "Among those by whom it ('Wills's') was frequented, Southerne and Congreve were principally distinguished by Dryden's friendship. * * * But Congreve seems to have gained yet farther than Southerne upon Dryden's friendship. He was introduced to him by his first play, the celebrated 'Old Bachelor' being put into the poet's hands to be revised. Dryden, after making a few alterations to fit it for the stage, returned it to the author with the high and just commendation, that it was the best first play he had ever seen." —SCOTT'S *Dryden*, vol. i., p. 370.

† It was in Surrey-street, Strand (where he afterwards died), that Voltaire visited him, in the decline of his life.

The anecdote in the text, relating to his saying that he wished "to be visited on no other footing than as a gentleman who led a life of plainness and simplicity," is common to all writers on the subject of Congreve, and appears in the English version of Voltaire's "Letters Concerning the English Nation," published in London, 1733, as also in Goldsmith's "Memoir of Voltaire." But it is worthy of remark, that it does not appear in the text of the same Letters in the edition of Voltaire's "*Œuvres Complètes*" in the *Pan-théon Littéraire*. Vol. v. of his works. (Paris, 1837.)

"Celui de tous les Anglais qui a porté le plus loin la gloire du théâtre comique est feu M. Congreve. Il n'a fait que peu de pièces, mais toutes sont excellentes dans leur genre. * * * Vous y voyez partout le langage des honnêtes gens avec des actions de fripon; ce qui prouve qu'il connaissait bien son monde, et qu'il vivait dans ce qu'on appelle la bonne compagnie."—VOLTAIRE. *Lettres sur les Anglais*, Let. 19.

touch of Steele's tenderness is worth all his finery—a flash of Swift's lightning—a beam of Addison's pure sunshine, and his tawdry play-house taper is invisible. But the ladies loved him, and he was undoubtedly a pretty fellow.*

We have seen in Swift a humorous philosopher, whose truth frightens one, and whose laughter makes one melan-

* On the death of Queen Mary, he published a Pastoral—"The Mourning Muse of Alexis." Alexis and Menalcas sing alternately in the orthodox way. The Queen is called Pastora.

"I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn,"

says Alexis. Among other phenomena, we learn that—

"With their sharp nails themselves the Satyrs wound
And tug their shaggy beards, and bite with grief the ground,"—

(a degree of sensibility not always found in the Satyrs of that period!). * * * It continues—

"Lord of these woods and wide extended plains,
Stretch'd on the ground and close to earth his face,
Scalding with tears the already faded grass.

* * * * *

To dust must all that Heavenly beauty come?
And must Pastora moulder in the tomb?
Ah Death! more fierce and unrelenting far,
Than wildest wolves and savage tigers are;
With lambs and sheep their hunger is appeased,
But ravenous Death the shepherdess has seized."

This statement that a wolf eats but a sheep, whilst Death eats a shepherdess; that figure of the "Great Shepherd," lying speechless on his stomach, in a state of despair which neither winds nor floods nor air can exhibit, are to be remembered in poetry surely, and this style was admired in its time by the admirers of the great Congreve!

In the "Tears of Amaryllis for Amyntas" (the young Lord Blandford, the great Duke of Marlborough's only son), Amaryllis represents Sarah Duchess!

The tigers and wolves, nature and motion, rivers and echoes, come in to work here again. At the sight of her grief—

"Tigers and wolves their wonted rage forego,
And dumb distress and new compassion show,
Nature herself attentive silence kept,
And motion seemed suspended while she wept!"—

And Pope dedicated the "Iliad" to the author of these lines—and Dryden wrote to him in his great hand:

"Time, place, and action may with pains be wrought,
But Genius must be born, and never can be taught.

choly. We have had in Congreve a humorous observer of another school to whom the world seems to have no moral at all, and whose ghastly doctrine seems to be that we should eat, drink, and be merry when we can, and go to the deuce (if there be a deuce) when the time comes. We come now to a humour that flows from quite a different heart and spirit—a wit that makes us laugh and leaves us good and happy; to one of the kindest benefactors that society has ever had, and I believe you have divined already that I am about to mention Addison's honoured name.

From reading over his writings, and the biographies which we have of him, amongst which the famous article in the *Edinburgh Review** may be cited as a magnificent statue of the great writer and moralist of the last age,

This is your portion, this your native store;
 Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
 To SHAKSPEARE gave as much she could not give him more.
 Maintain your Post. that's all the Fame you need,
 For 'tis impossible you should proceed;
 Already I am worn with cares and age,
 And just abandoning th' ungrateful Stage:
 Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expence,
 I live a Rent-charge upon Providence;
 But you whom every Muse and Grace adorn,
 Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
 Be kind to my remains, and oh defend
 Against your Judgment your departed Friend!
 Let not the insulting Foe my Fame pursue;
 But shade those Laurels which descend to You:
 And take for Tribute what these Lines express;
 You merit more, nor could my Love do less."

This is a very different manner of welcome to that of our own day. In Shadwell, Higgons, Congreve, and the comic authors of their time, when gentlemen meet they fall into each other's arms, with "Jack, Jack, I must buss thee;" or "Fore George, Harry, I must kiss thee, lad." And in a similar manner the poets saluted their brethren. Literary gentlemen do not kiss now; I wonder if they love each other better.

Steele calls Congreve "Great Sir" and "Great Author;" says, "Well-dressed barbarians knew his awful name," and addresses him as if he were a prince; and speaks of "Pastora" as one of the most famous tragic compositions.

* "To Addison himself we are bound by a sentiment as much like affection as any sentiment can be which is inspired by one who has been sleeping a hundred and twenty years in Westminster Abbey.
 * * * After full inquiry and impartial reflection we have long been convinced that he deserved as much love and esteem

raised by the love and the marvellous skill and genius of one of the most illustrious artists of our own; looking at that calm, fair face, and clear countenance—those chiselled features pure and cold, I cannot but fancy that this great man, in this respect, like him of whom we spoke in the last lecture, was also one of the lonely ones of the world. Such men have very few equals, and they do not herd with those. It is in the nature of such lords of intellect to be solitary—they are in the world but not of it; and our minor struggles, brawls, successes, pass under them.

Kind, just, serene, impartial, his fortitude not tried beyond easy endurance, his affections not much used, for his books were his family, and his society was in public; admirably wiser, wittier, calmer, and more instructed than almost every man with whom he met, how could Addison suffer, desire, admire, feel much? I may expect a child to admire me for being taller or writing more cleverly than she; but how can I ask my superior to say that I am a wonder when he knows better than I? In Addison's days you could scarcely show him a literary performance, a sermon, or a poem, or a piece of literary criticism, but he felt he could do better. His justice must have made him indifferent. He did not praise, because he measured his compeers by a higher standard than common people have.* How was he who was so tall to look up to any but the loftiest genius? He must have stooped to put himself on a level with most men. By that profusion of graciousness and smiles, with which Goethe or Scott, for instance, greeted almost every literary beginner, every small literary as can justly be claimed by any of our infirm and erring race."—MACAULAY.

"Many who praise virtue do no more than praise it. Yet it is reasonable to believe that Addison's profession and practice were at no great variance; since, amidst that storm of faction in which most of his life was passed, though his station made him conspicuous, and his activity made him formidable, the character given him by his friends was never contradicted by his enemies. Of those with whom interest or opinion united him, he had not only the esteem but the kindness; and of others, whom the violence of opposition drove against him, though he might lose the love, he retained the reverence."—JOHNSON.

*"Addison was perfect good company with intimates, and had something more charming in his conversation than I ever knew in any other man; but with any mixture of strangers, and sometimes only with one, he seemed to preserve his dignity much, with a stiff sort of silence."—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

adventurer who came to his court and went away charmed from the great king's audience, and cuddling to his heart the compliment which his literary majesty had paid him—each of the two good-natured potentates of letters brought their star and riband into discredit. Everybody had his Majesty's orders. Everybody had his Majesty's cheap portrait, on a box surrounded with diamonds worth two-pence a piece. A very great and just and wise man ought not to praise indiscriminately, but give his idea of the truth. Addison praises the ingenious Mr. Pinkethman: Addison praises the ingenious Mr. Doggett the actor, whose benefit is coming off that night: Addison praises Don Saltero: Addison praises Milton with all his heart, bends his knee and frankly pays homage to that imperial genius.* But between those degrees of his men his praise is very scanty. I do not think the great Mr. Addison liked young Mr. Pope, the Papist, much; I do not think he abused him. But when Mr. Addison's men abused Mr. Pope, I do not think Addison took his pipe out of his mouth to contradict them.†

Addison's father was a clergyman of good repute in Wiltshire, and rose in the church.‡ His famous son never lost his clerical training and scholastic gravity, and was called "a parson in a tye-wig"§ in London afterwards at a

* "Milton's chief talent, and indeed his distinguishing excellence, lies in the sublimity of his thoughts. There are others of the modern, who rival him in every other part of poetry; but in the greatness of his sentiments he triumphs over all the poets, both modern and ancient, Homer alone excepted. It is impossible for the imagination of man to disturb itself with greater ideas than those which he has laid together in his first, second, and sixth books."—*Spectator*, No. 279.

"If I were to name a poet that is a perfect master in all these arts of working on the imagination, I think Milton may pass for one."—*Ibid.*, No. 417.

These famous papers appeared in each Saturday's *Spectator*, from January 19th to May 3d, 1712. Besides his services to Milton, we may place those he did to Sacred Music.

† "Addison was very kind to me at first, but my bitter enemy afterwards."—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes*.

"'Leave him as soon as you can,' said Addison to me, speaking of Pope; 'he will certainly play you some devilish trick else. he has an appetite to satire.'"—LADY WORTLEY MONTAGU. *Spence's Anecdotes*.

‡ Lancelot Addison, his father, was the son of another Lancelot Addison, a clergyman in Westmoreland. He became Dean of Lichfield and Archdeacon of Coventry.

§ "The remark of Mandeville, who, when he had passed an even-

time when tye-wigs were only worn by the laity, and the fathers of theology did not think it decent to appear except in a full bottom. Having been at school at Salisbury, and the Charterhouse, in 1687, when he was fifteen years old he went to Queen's College, Oxford, where he speedily began to distinguish himself by the making of Latin verses. The beautiful and fanciful poem of "The Pigmies and the Cranes" is still read by lovers of that sort of exercise, and verses are extant in honour of King William by which it appears that it was the loyal youth's custom to toast that sovereign in bumpers of purple Lyæus; and many more works are in the Collection, including one on the peace of Ryswick, in 1697, which was so good that Montague got him a pension of 300*l.* a year, on which Addison set out on his travels.

During his ten years at Oxford, Addison had deeply imbued himself with the Latin poetical literature, and had these poets at his fingers' ends when he travelled in Italy.* His patron went out of office, and his pension was unpaid: and hearing that this great scholar, now eminent and known to the literati of Europe (the great Boileau,† upon

ing in his company, declared that he was 'a parson in a tye-wig,' can detract little from his character. He was always reserved to strangers, and was not incited to uncommon freedom by a character like that of Mandeville."—JOHNSON. *Lives of the Poets.*

"Old Jacob Tonson did not like Mr. Addison: he had a quarrel with him, and, after his quitting the secretaryship, used frequently to say of him—'One day or other you'll see that man a bishop—I'm sure he looks that way; and indeed I ever thought him a priest in his heart.'"—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

"Mr. Addison staid above a year at Blois. He would rise as early as between two and three in the height of summer, and lie abed till between eleven and twelve in the depth of winter. He was untalkative whilst here, and often thoughtful; sometimes so lost in thought, that I have come into his room and staid five minutes there before he has known anything of it. He had his masters generally at supper with him; kept very little company beside; and had no amour whilst too, that I know of; and I think I should have known it, if he had had any."—ABBÉ PHILIPPEAUX of Blois. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

* "His knowledge of the Latin poets, from Lucretius and Catullus, down to Claudian and Prudentius, was singularly exact and profound."—MACAULAY.

† "Our country owes it to him, that the famous Monsieur Boileau first conceived an opinion of the English genius for poetry, by perusing the present he made him of the *Musæ Anglicanæ*."—TICKELL. *Preface to Addison's Works.*

perusal of Mr. Addison's elegant hexameters, was first made aware that England was not altogether a barbarous nation)—hearing that the celebrated Mr. Addison, of Oxford, proposed to travel as governor to a young gentleman on the grand tour, the great Duke of Somerset proposed to Mr. Addison to accompany his son, Lord Hartford.

Mr. Addison was delighted to be of use to his Grace and his lordship, his Grace's son, and expressed himself ready to set forth.

His Grace the Duke of Somerset now announced to one of the most famous scholars of Oxford and Europe that it was his gracious intention to allow my Lord Hartford's tutor one hundred guineas per annum. Mr. Addison wrote back that his services were his Grace's, but he by no means found his account in the recompense for them. The negotiation was broken off. They parted with a profusion of *congées* on one side and the other.

Addison remained abroad for some time, living in the best society of Europe. How could he do otherwise? He must have been one of the finest gentlemen the world ever saw: at all moments of life serene and courteous, cheerful and calm.* He could scarcely ever have had a degraded thought. He might have omitted a virtue or two, or many, but could not have had many faults committed for which he need blush or turn pale. When warmed into confidence, his conversation appears to have been so delightful that the greatest wits sat wrapt and charmed to listen to him. No man bore poverty and narrow fortune with a more lofty cheerfulness. His letters to his friends at this period of his life when he had lost his government pension, and given up his college chances, are full of courage and a gay confidence and philosophy: and they are none the worse in my eyes, and I hope not in those of his last and greatest biographer (though Mr. Macaulay is bound to own and lament a certain weakness for wine, which the great and good Joseph Addison notoriously possessed, in common with countless gentlemen of his time), because some of the letters are written when his honest hand was shaking a little in the morning after libations to purple Lyæus overnight.

* "It was my fate to be much with the wits; my father was acquainted with all of them. *Addison was the best company in the world.* I never knew anybody that had so much wit as Congreve."—LADY WORTLEY MONTAGU. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

He was fond of drinking the healths of his friends: he writes to Wyche,* of Hamburgh, gratefully remembering Wyche's "hoc." "I have been drinking your health to-day with Sir Richard Shirley," he writes to Bathurst. "I have lately had the honour to meet my Lord Effingham at Amsterdam, where we have drunk Mr. Wood's health a hundred times in excellent champagne," he writes again. Swift † describes him over his cups, when Joseph yielded to a temptation which Jonathan resisted. Joseph was of a cold nature, and needed perhaps the fire of wine to warm his blood. If he was a parson: he wore a tie-wig, recol-

* MR. ADDISON TO MR. WYCHE.

"DEAR SIR,

"My hand at present begins to grow steady enough for a letter, so the properest use I can put it to is to thank ye honest gentleman that set it a shaking. I have had this morning a desperate design in my head to attack you in verse, which I should certainly have done could I have found out a rhyme to rummer. But though you have escaped for ye present, you are not yet out of danger, if I can a little recover my talent at Crambo. I am sure, in whatever way I write to you, it will be impossible for me to express ye deep sense I have of ye many favours you have lately shown me. I shall only tell you that Hambourg has been the pleasantest stage I have met with in my travails. If any of my friends wonder at me for living so long in that place, I dare say it will be thought a very good excuse when I tell him Mr. Wyche was there. As your company made our stay at Hambourg agreeable, your wine has given us all ye satisfaction that we have found in our journey through Westphalia. If drinking your health will do you any good, you may expect to be as long lived as Methusaleh, or, to use a more familiar instance, as ye oldest hoc in ye cellar. I hope ye two pair of legs that was left a swelling behind us are by this time come to their shapes again. I cannot forbear troubling you with my hearty respects to ye owners of them, and desiring you to believe me always,

"Dear Sir, yours, &c.

"To Mr. Wyche, His Majesty's Resident at Hambourg, May, 1703."
—*From the Life of Addison*, by Miss Aikin, vol. i., p. 146.

† It is pleasing to remember, that the relation between Swift and Addison was, on the whole, satisfactory, from first to last. The value of Swift's testimony, when nothing personal inflamed his vision or warped his judgment, can be doubted by nobody.

"Sept. 10, 1710.—I sat till ten in the evening with Addison and Steele.

"11.—Mr. Addison and I dined together at his lodgings, and I sat with him part of this evening.

"18.—To-day I dined with Mr. Stratford at Mr. Addison's retirement near Chelsea. * * * I will get what good offices I can from Mr. Addison.

"27.—To-day all our company dined at Will Frankland's, with Steele and Addison, too.

lect. A better and more Christian man scarcely ever breathed than Joseph Addison. If he had not that little weakness for wine—why, we could scarcely have found a fault with him, and could not have liked him as we do.*

At thirty-three years of age, this most distinguished wit, scholar, and gentleman was without a profession and an income. His book of "Travels" had failed: his "Dialogues on Medals" had had no particular success: his Latin verses, even though reported the best since Virgil, or Statius at any rate, had not brought him a Government-place, and Addison was living up two shabby pair of stairs in the Haymarket (in a poverty over which old Samuel Johnson rather chuckles), when in these shabby rooms, an emissary from Government and Fortune came and found him.† A poem was wanted about the Duke of Marlborough's victory of Blenheim. Would Mr. Addison write one? Mr. Boyle, afterwards Lord Carleton, took back the reply to the Lord Treasurer Godolphin, that Mr. Addison would. When the poem had reached a certain stage, it was carried to Godolphin; and the last lines which he read were these:—

"But O, my muse! what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd?
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound;

"29.—I dined with Mr. Addison, &c."—*Journal to Stella*.

Addison inscribed a presentation copy of his *Travels* "To Dr. Jonathan Swift, the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age."—SCOTT. *From the information of Mr. Theophilus Swift*.

"Mr. Addison, who goes over first secretary, is a most excellent person; and being my most intimate friend, I shall use all my credit to set him right in his notions of persons and things."—*Letters*.

"I examine my heart, and can find no other reason why I write to you now, besides that great love and esteem I have always had for you. I have nothing to ask you either for my friend or for myself."—SWIFT to ADDISON (1717). SCOTT'S *Swift*, vol. xix., p. 274.

Political differences only dulled for a while their friendly communications. Time renewed them; and Tickell enjoyed Swift's friendship as a legacy from the man with whose memory his is so honourably connected.

* "Addison usually studied all the morning; then met his party at Button's; dined there, and stayed five or six hours, and sometimes far into the night. I was of the company for about a year, but found it too much for me: it hurt my health, and so I quitted it."—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes*.

† "When he returned to England (in 1702), with a meanness of

The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
 And all the thunders of the battle rise.
 'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved,
 That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
 Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
 Examined all the dreadful scenes of war:
 In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
 To fainting squadrons lent the timely aid,
 Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
 And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
 So when an angel by divine command,
 With rising tempests shakes a guilty land
 (Such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed),
 Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
 And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
 Rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm."

Addison left off at a good moment. That simile was pronounced to be of the greatest ever produced in poetry. That angel, that good angel, flew off with Mr. Addison, and landed him in the place of Commissioner of Appeals—vice Mr. Locke providentially promoted. In the following year, Mr. Addison went to Hanover with Lord Halifax, and the year after was made Under-Secretary of State. O angel visits? you come "few and far between" to literary gentlemen's lodgings! Your wings seldom quiver at second-floor windows now!

You laugh? You think it is in the power of few writers now-a-days to call up such an angel? Well perhaps not; but permit us to comfort ourselves by pointing out that there are in the poem of the "Campaign" some as bad lines as heart can desire: and to hint that Mr. Addison did very wisely in not going further with my Lord Godolphin than that angelical simile. Do allow me, just for a little harmless mischief, to read you some of the lines which follow. Here is the interview between the Duke and the King of the Romans after the battle:—

"Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway
 Sceptres and thrones are destined to obey,
 Whose boasted ancestry so high extends
 That in the pagan Gods his lineage ends,
 Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
 The great supporter of his father's throne.

appearance which gave testimony of the difficulties to which he had been reduced, he found his old patrons out of power, and was therefore, for a time, at full leisure for the cultivation of his mind."
 —JOHNSON. *Lives of the Poets.*

What tides of glory to his bosom ran
 Clapsed in th' embraces of the godlike man!
 How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fixt,
 To see such fire with so much sweetness mixt!
 Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
 So learned and finished for the camp or court!"

How many fourth-form boys at Mr. Addison's school of Charter-house could write as well as that now? The "Campaign" has blunders, triumphant as it was; and weak points like all campaigns.*

In the year 1718 "Cato" came out. Swift has left a description of the first night of the performance. All the laurels of Europe were scarcely sufficient for the author of this prodigious poem.† Laudations of Whig and Tory chiefs, popular ovations, complimentary garlands from literary men, translations in all languages, delight and homage from all—save from John Dennis in a minority of one—Mr. Addison was called the "great Mr. Addison" after this. The Coffee-house Senate saluted him *Divus*: it was heresy to question that decree.

Meanwhile he was writing political papers and advancing in the political profession. He went Secretary to Ireland. He was appointed Secretary of State in 1717. And letters of his are extant, bearing date some year or two before,

* "Mr. Addison wrote very fluently; but he was sometimes very slow and scrupulous in correcting. He would show his verses to several friends; and would alter almost everything that any of them hinted at as wrong. He seemed to be too diffident of himself; and too much concerned about his character as a poet; or (as he worded it), too solicitous for that kind of praise, which, God knows, is but a very little matter after all!"—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes*.

† "As to poetical affairs," says Pope, in 1713, "I am content at present to be a bare looker-on. * * * Cato was not so much the wonder of Rome in his days, as he is of Britain in ours; and though all the foolish industry possible has been used to make it thought a party play, yet what the author once said of another may the most properly in the world be applied to him on this occasion:

"'Envy itself is dumb—in wonder lost;
 And factions strive who shall applaud him most.'

"The numerous and violent claps of the Whig party on the one side of the theatre were echoed back by the Tories on the other; while the author sweated behind the scenes with concern to find their applause proceeding more from the hands than the head. * * * I believe you have heard that, after all the applauses of the opposite faction, my Lord Bolingbroke sent for Booth, who played Cato, into the box, and presented him with fifty guineas in acknowledg-

and written to young Lord Warwick, in which he addresses him as "my dearest lord," and asks affectionately about his studies, and writes very prettily about nightingales, and birds'-nests, which he has found at Fulham for his lordship. Those nightingales were intended to warble in the ear of Lord Warwick's mamma. Addison married her ladyship in 1716; and died at Holland House three years after that splendid but dismal union.*

ment (as he expressed it) for defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual dictator."—POPE's *Letter to SIR W. TRUMBULL*.

"Cato" ran for thirty-five nights without interruption. Pope wrote the Prologue, and Garth the Epilogue.

It is worth noticing how many things in "Cato" keep their ground as habitual quotations, *e.g.*:—

" * * * big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome."

" 'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it."

" Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury."

" I think the Romans call it Stoicism."

" My voice is still for war."

" When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station."

Not to mention—

" The woman who deliberates is lost."

And the eternal—

" Plato, thou reasonest well,"

which avenges, perhaps, on the public their neglect of the play!

* "The lady was persuaded to marry him on terms much like those on which a Turkish princess is espoused,—to whom the Sultan is reported to pronounce ' Daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave.' The marriage, if uncontradicted report can be credited, made no addition to his happiness; it neither found them, nor made them, equal. * * * Rowe's ballad of ' The Despairing Shepherd ' is said to have been written, either before or after marriage, upon this memorable pair."—DR. JOHNSON.

"I received the news of Mr. Addison's being declared Secretary of State with the less surprise, in that I knew that post was almost offered to him before. At that time he declined it, and I really believe that he would have done well to have declined it now. Such a post as that, and such a wife as the Countess, do not seem to be, in prudence, eligible for a man that is asthmatic, and we may see the day when he will be heartily glad to resign them both."—LADY WORTLEY MONTAGU to POPE. *Works, Lord Wharncliffe's edit.*, vol. ii., p. 111.

But it is not for his reputation as the great author of "Cato" and the "Campaign," or for his merits as Secretary of State, or for his rank and high distinction as my Lady Warwick's husband, or for his eminence as an Examiner of political questions on the Whig side, or a Guardian of British liberties, that we admire Joseph Addison. It is as a Tatler of small talk and a Spectator of mankind, that we cherish and love him, and owe as much pleasure to him as to any human being that ever wrote. He came in that artificial age, and began to speak with his noble, natural voice. He came, the gentle satirist, who hit no unfair blow; the kind judge who castigated only in smiling. While Swift went about, hanging and ruthless—a literary Jeffries—in Addison's kind court only minor cases were tried: only peccadilloes and small sins against society: only a dangerous libertinism in tuckers and hoops;* or a nuisance in the abuse of beaux' canes and snuff-boxes. It

The issue of this marriage was a daughter, Charlotte Addison, who inherited, on her mother's death, the estate of Bilton, near Rugby, which her father had purchased, and died, unmarried, at an advanced age. She was of weak intellect.

Rowe appears to have been faithful to Addison during his courtship, for his Collection contains "Stanzas to Lady Warwick, on Mr. Addison's going to Ireland," in which her ladyship is called "Chloe," and Joseph Addison, "Lycidas;" besides the ballad mentioned by the Doctor, and which is entitled "Colin's Complaint." But not even the interest attached to the name of Addison could induce the reader to peruse this composition, though one stanza may serve as a specimen:—

"What though I have skill to complain—
Though the Muses my temples have crowned;
What though, when they hear my sweet strain,
The Muses sit weeping around.

"Ah, Colin! thy hopes are in vain;
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy false one inclines to a swain
Whose music is sweeter than thine."

* One of the most humorous of these is the paper on Hoops, which, the *Spectator* tells us, particularly pleased his friend Sir Roger.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"You have diverted the town almost a whole month at the expense of the country; it is now high time that you should give the country their revenge. Since your withdrawing from this place, the fair sex are run into great extravagancies. Their petticoats, which began to heave and swell before you left us, are now blown up into a most enormous concave, and rise every day more and

may be a lady is tried for breaking the peace of our sovereign lady Queen Anne, and ogling too dangerous from the side-box: or a Templar for beating the watch, or breaking Priscian's head: or a citizen's wife for caring too much for the puppet-show, and too little for her husband and children: every one of the little sinners brought before him are amusing, and he dismisses each with the pleasantest penalties and the most charming words of admonition.

Addison wrote his papers as gaily as if he was going out for a holiday. When Steele's *Tatler* first began his prattle, Addison, then in Ireland, caught at his friend's notion, poured in paper after paper, and contributed the stores of his mind, the sweet fruits of his reading, the delightful gleanings of his daily observation, with a wonderful profusion, and as it seemed an almost endless fecundity.

more; in short, Sir, since our women knew themselves to be out of the eye of the SPECTATOR, they will be kept within no compass. You praised them a little too soon, for the modesty of their head-dresses; for as the humour of a sick person is often driven out of one limb into another, their superfluity of ornaments, instead of being entirely banished, seems only fallen from their heads upon their lower parts. What they have lost in height they make up in breadth, and, contrary to all rules of architecture, widen the foundations at the same time that they shorten the superstructure.

"The women give out, in defence of these wide bottoms, that they are very airy and very proper for the season; but this I look upon to be only a pretence and a piece of art, for it is well known we have not had a more moderate summer these many years, so that it is certain the heat they complain of cannot be in the weather; besides, I would fain ask these tender-constituted ladies, why they should require more cooling than their mothers before them?

"I find several speculative persons are of opinion that our sex has of late years been very saucy, and that the hoop-petticoat is made use of to keep us at a distance. It is most certain that a woman's honour cannot be better entrenched than after this manner, in circle within circle, amidst such a variety of out-works and lines of circumvallation. A female who is thus invested in whalebone is sufficiently secured against the approaches of an ill-bred fellow, who might as well think of Sir George Etheridge's way of making love in a tub as in the midst of so many hoops.

"Among these various conjectures, there are men of superstitious tempers who look upon the hoop-petticoat as a kind of prodigy. Some will have it that it portends the downfall of the *French* king, and observes, that the farthingale appeared in *England* a little before the ruin of the *Spanish* monarchy. Others are of opinion that it foretells battle and blood-shed, and believe it of the same prognostication as the tail of a blazing star. For my part, I am apt to think that it is a sign that multitudes are coming into the world rather than going out of it," &c. &c.—*Spectator*, No. 127.

He was six-and-thirty years old: full and ripe. He had not worked crop after-crop from his brain, manuring hastily, subsoiling indifferently, cutting and sowing and cutting again, like other luckless cultivators of letters. He had not done much as yet; a few Latin poems—graceful pro-lusions; a polite book of travels; a dissertation on medals, not very deep; four acts of a tragedy, a great classical exercise; and the “Campaign,” a large prize poem that won an enormous prize. But with his friend’s discovery of the *Tatler*, Addison’s calling was found, and the most delightful talker in the world began to speak. He does not go very deep: let gentlemen of a profound genius, critics accustomed to the plunge of the bathos, console themselves by thinking that he *could not* go very deep. There are no traces of suffering in his writing. He was so good, so honest, so healthy, so cheerfully selfish, if I must use the word. There is no deep sentiment. I doubt, until after his marriage, perhaps, whether he ever lost his night’s rest or his day’s tranquillity about any woman in his life: * whereas poor Dick Steele had capacity enough to melt, and to languish, and to sigh, and to cry his honest old eyes out, for a dozen. His writings do not show insight into or reverence for the love of women which I take to be, one the consequence of the other. He walks about the world watching their pretty humours, fashions, follies, flirtations, rivalries; and noting them with the most charming archness. He sees them in public, in the theatre, or the assembly, or the puppet-show; or at the toy-shop higgling for gloves and lace; or at the auction, battling together over a blue porcelain dragon, or a darling monster in Japan; or at church, eyeing the width of their rivals’ hoops, or the breadth of their laces, as they sweep down the aisles. Or he looks out of his window at the Garter in St. James’s Street, at Ardelia’s coach, as she blazes to the drawing-room with her coronet and six footmen; and remembering that her father was a Turkey merchant in the city, calculates how many sponges went to purchase her earring, and how many drums of figs to build her coach-box; or he demurely watches behind a tree in Spring Garden as Saccharissa (whom he knows under her

* “Mr. Addison has not had one epithalamium that I can hear of, and must even be reduced, like a poorer and a better poet, Spenser, to make his own.”—POPE’s *Letter*.

mask) trips out of her chair to the alley where Sir Fopling is waiting. He sees only the public life of women. Addison was one of the most resolute clubmen of his day. He passed many hours daily in those haunts. Besides drinking, which alas! is past praying for, it must be owned, ladies, that he indulged in that odious practice of smoking. Poor fellow! He was a man's man, remember. The only woman he *did* know, he did not write about. I take it there would not have been much humour in that story.

He likes to go and sit in the smoking-room at the Grecian, or the Devil; to pace 'Change and the Mall*—to

*“I have observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or a choleric disposition, married or a bachelor; with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper and my next as prefatory discourses to my following writings; and shall give some account in them of the persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history. * * * There runs a story in the family, that when my mother was gone with child of me about three months, she dreamt that she was brought to bed of a judge. Whether this might proceed from a lawsuit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighbourhood put upon it. The gravity of my behaviour at my very first appearance in the world, and all the time that I sucked, seemed to favour my mother's dream; for, as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral till they had taken away the bells from it.

“As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find that during my nonage I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always the favourite of my schoolmaster, who used to say that *my parts were solid and would wear well*. I had not been long at the university before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of an hundred words; and indeed, I do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. * * *

“I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not more than half-a-dozen of my select friends that know me. * * * There is no place of general resort wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at 'Wills', and listening with great attention to the narratives that are

minge in that great club of the world—sitting alone in it somehow: having good-will and kindness for every single man and woman in it—having need of some habit and custom binding him to some few; never doing any man a wrong (unless it be a wrong to hint a little doubt about a man's parts, and to damn him with faint praise); and so he looks on the world and plays with the ceaseless humours of all of us—laughs the kindest laugh—points our neighbour's foible or eccentricity out to us with the most good-natured, smiling confidence; and then, turning over his shoulder, whispers *our* foibles to our neighbour. What would Sir Roger de Coverley be without his follies and his charming little brain-cracks? * If the good knight did not call out to the people sleeping in church, and say "Amen" with such a delightful pomposity: if he did not make a speech in the assize-court *apropos de bottes*, and merely to show his dignity to Mr. Spectator:† if he did not mistake

made in these little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's, and whilst I seem attentive to nothing but the *Postman*, overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Tuesday night at St. James's Coffee-house; and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner room, as one who comes to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa-tree, and in the theatres both of Drury-lane and the Haymarket. I have been taken for a merchant upon the Exchange for above these two years; and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at Jonathan's. In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I mix with them, though I never open my own lips but in my own club.

"Thus I live in the world rather as a '*Spectator*' of mankind than as one of the species; by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artizan, without ever meddling in any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a husband or a father, and can discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversions of others, better than those who are engaged in them—as standers-by discover blots which are apt to escape those who are in the game. * * * In short, I have acted, in all the parts of my life, as a looker-on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper."—*Spectator*, No. 1.

* "So effectually, indeed, did he retort on vice the mockery which had recently been directed against virtue, that, since his time, the open violation of decency has always been considered, amongst us, the sure mark of a fool."—MACAULAY.

† "The Court was sat before Sir Roger came; but, notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who for his reputation in the country took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his cir-

Madam Doll Tearsheet for a lady of quality in Temple Garden: if he were wiser than he is: if he had not his humour to salt his life, and were but a mere English gentleman and game-preserver—of what worth were he to us? We love him for his vanities as much as his virtues. What is ridiculous is delightful in him: we are so fond of him because we laugh at him so. And out of that laughter, and out of that sweet weakness, and out of those harmless eccentricities and follies, and out of that touched brain, and out of that honest manhood and simplicity—we get a result of happiness, goodness, tenderness, pity, piety; such as, if my audience will think their reading and hearing over, doctors and divines but seldom have the fortune to inspire. And why not? Is the glory of Heaven to be sung only by gentlemen in black coats? Must the truth be only expounded in gown and surplice, and out of those two vestments can nobody preach it? Commend me to this dear preacher without orders—this parson in the tie-wig. When this man looks from the world whose weaknesses he describes so benevolently, up to the Heaven which shines over us all, I can hardly fancy a human face lighted up with a more serene rapture: a human intellect thrilling with a purer love and adoration than Joseph Addison's. Listen to him: from your childhood you have known the verses: but who can hear their sacred music without love and awe?

“Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
And all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,

cuit. I was listening to the proceedings of the Court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws; when, after about an hour's sitting, I observe to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

“Upon his first rising the Court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger *was up*. The speech he made was so little to the purpose that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it, and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the Court, as to give him a figure in my eyes, and to keep up his credit in the country.”—*Spec-tator*, No. 122.

Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.
 What though, in solemn silence, all
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
 What though no real voice nor sound,
 Among their radiant orbs be found;
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 Forever singing as they shine,
 The hand that made us is divine."

It seems to me those verses shine like the stars. They shine out of a great deep calm. When he turns to Heaven, a Sabbath comes over that man's mind: and his face lights up from it with a glory of thanks and prayer. His sense of religion stirs through his whole being. In the fields, in the town: looking at the birds in the trees: at the children in the streets: in the morning or in the moonlight: over his books in his own room: in a happy party at a country merry-making or a town assembly, good-will and peace to God's creatures, and love and awe of Him who made them, fill his pure heart and shine from his kind face. If Swift's life was the most wretched, I think Addison's was one of the most enviable. A life prosperous and beautiful—a calm death—an immense fame and affection afterwards for his happy and spotless name.*

* "Garth sent to Addison (of whom he had a very high opinion) on his death-bed, to ask him whether the Christian religion was true."—DR. YOUNG. *Spence's Anecdotes*.

"I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as an habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth who are subject to the greatest depression of melancholy: on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity."—ADDISON. *Spectator*, p. 381.

LECTURE THE THIRD.

STEELE.

WHAT do we look for in studying the history of a past age? Is it to learn the political transactions and characters of the leading public men? is it to make ourselves acquainted with the life and being of the time? If we set out with the former grave purpose, where is the truth, and who believes that he has it entire? What character of what great man is known to you? You can but make guesses as to character more or less happy. In common life don't you often judge and misjudge a man's whole conduct, setting out from a wrong impression? The tone of a voice, a word said in joke, or a trifle in behaviour—the cut of his hair or the tie of his neckcloth may disfigure him in your eyes, or poison your good opinion; or at the end of years of intimacy it may be your closest friend says something, reveals something which had previously been a secret, which alters all your views about him, and shows that he has been acting on quite a different motive to that which you fancied you knew. And if it is so with those you know, how much more with those you do not know? Say, for example, that I want to understand the character of the Duke of Marlborough. I read Swift's history of the times in which he took a part; the shrewdest of observers and initiated, one would think, into the politics of the age—he hints to me that Marlborough was a coward, and even of doubtful military capacity: he speaks of Walpole as a contemptible boor, and scarcely mentions, except to flout it, the great intrigue of the Queen's latter days, which was to have ended in bringing back the Pretender. Again, I read Marlborough's life by a copious archdeacon, who has the command of immense papers, of sonorous language, of what is called the best information; and I get little or no insight into this secret motive which I believe influenced the whole of Marlborough's career, which caused his turnings and windings, his opportune fidelity and treason, stopped his army almost at Paris gate, and landed him finally on the Hanoverian side—the winning side; I

get, I say, no truth or only a portion of it in the narrative of either writer, and believe that Cox's portrait or Swift's portrait is quite unlike the real Churchill. I take this as a single instance, prepared to be as sceptical about any other, and say to the Muse of History, "O venerable daughter of Mnemosyne, I doubt every single statement you ever made since your ladyship was a Muse! For all your grave airs and high pretensions, you are not a whit more trustworthy than some of your lighter sisters on whom your partizans look down. You bid me listen to a general's oration to his soldiers. Nonsense! He no more made it than Turpin made his dying speech at Newgate. You pronounce a panegyric of a hero; I doubt it, and say you flatter outrageously. You utter the condemnation of a loose character; I doubt it, and think you are prejudiced and take the side of the Dons. You offer me an autobiography; I doubt all autobiographies I ever read, except those, perhaps, of Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Mariner, and writers of his class. *These* have no object in setting themselves right with the public or their own consciences, these have no motive for concealment or half truths, these call for no more confidence than I can cheerfully give, and do not force me to tax my credulity or to fortify it by evidence. I take up a volume of Dr. Smollett, or a volume of the *Spectator*, and say the fiction carries a greater amount of truth in solution than the volume which purports to be all true. Out of the fictitious book I get the expression of the life of the time; of the manners, of the movement, the dress, the pleasures, the laughter, the ridicules of society—the old times live again, and I travel in the old country of England. Can the heaviest historian do more for me?

As we read in these delightful volumes of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, the past age returns, the England of our ancestors is revived. The May-pole rises in the Strand again in London; the churches are crowded with daily worshippers; the beaux are gathering in the coffee-houses—the gentry are going to the Drawing-room—the ladies are thronging to the toy-shops—the chairmen are jostling in the streets—the footmen are running with links before the chariots, or fighting round the theatre doors. In the country I see the young Squire riding to Eton with his servants behind him, and Will Wimble, the friend of the family, to

see him safe. To make that journey from the Squire's and back, Will is a week on horseback. The coach takes five days between London and Bath. The judges and the bar ride the circuit. If my lady comes to town in her post-chariot, her people carry pistols to fire a salute on Captain Macheath if he should appear, and her couriers ride ahead to prepare apartments for her at the great caravanserais on the road; Boniface receives her under the creaking sign of the Bell or the Ram, and he and his chamberlains bow her up the great stair to the state-apartments, whilst her carriage rumbles into the court-yard, where the Exeter Fly is housed that performs the journey in eight days, God willing, having achieved its daily flight of twenty miles, and landed its passengers for supper and sleep. The curate is taking his pipe in the kitchen, where the Captain's man—having hung up his master's half pike—is at his bacon and eggs, bragging of Ramillies and Malplaquet to the town's-folk, who have their club in the chimney-corner. The Captain is ogling the chambermaid in the wooden gallery, or bribing her to know who is the pretty young mistress that has come in the coach? The pack-horses are in the great stable, and the drivers and hostlers carousing in the tap. And in Mrs. Landlady's bar, over a glass of strong waters, sits a gentleman of military appearance who travels with pistols, as all the rest of the world does, and has a rattling grey mare in the stables which will be saddled and away with its owner half-an-hour before the "Fly" sets out on its last day's flight. And some five miles on the road, as the Exeter Fly comes jingling and creaking onwards, it will suddenly be brought to a halt by a gentleman on a grey mare, with a black vizard on his face, who thrusts a long pistol into the coach-window, and bids the company to hand out their purses. * * * It must have been no small pleasure even to sit in the great kitchen in those days and see the tide of human kind pass by. We arrive at places now, but we travel no more. Addison talks jocularly of a difference of manner and costume being quite perceivable at Staines, where there passed a young fellow "with a very tolerable periwig," though to be sure his hat was out of fashion, and had a Ramillies cock. I would have liked to travel in those days (being of that class of travellers who are proverbially pretty easy *coram latronibus*) and have seen my friend with the grey mare and the

black vizard. Alas! there always came a day in the life of that warrior when it was the fashion to accompany him as he passed—without his black mask, and with a nosegay in his hand, accompanied by halberdiers and attended by the sheriff,—in a carriage without springs, and a clergyman jolting beside him to a spot close by Cumberland-gate and the Marble Arch, where a stone still records that here Tyburn turnpike stood. What a change in a century; in a few years! Within a few yards of that gate the fields began: the fields of his exploits, behind the hedges of which he lurked and robbed. A great and wealthy city has grown over those meadows. Were a man brought to die there now, the windows would be closed and the inhabitants keep their houses in sickening horror. A hundred years back, people crowded to see that last act of a highwayman's life, and make jokes on it. Swift laughed at him, grimly advising him to provide a Holland shirt and white cap crowned with a crimson or black ribbon for his exit, to mount the cart cheerfully—shake hands with the hangman, and so—farewell. Gay wrote the most delightful ballads and made merry over the same hero. Contrast these with the writings of our present humourists! Compare those morals and ours—those manners and ours!

We cannot tell—you would not bear to be told the whole truth regarding those men and manners. You could no more suffer in a British drawing-room, under the reign of Queen Victoria, a fine gentleman or fine lady of Queen Anne's time, or hear what they heard and said, than you would receive an ancient Briton. It is as one reads about savages, that one contemplates the wild ways, the barbarous feasts, the terrific pastimes, of the men of pleasure of that age. We have our fine gentlemen, and our "fast men;" permit me to give you an idea of one particularly fast nobleman of Queen Anne's days, whose biography has been preserved to us by the law reporters.

In 1691, when Steele was a boy at school, my Lord Mohun was tried by his peers for the murder of William Mountford, comedian. In "Howell's State-Trials," the reader will find not only an edifying account of this exceedingly fast nobleman, but of the times and manners of those days. My lord's friend, a Captain Hill, smitten with the charms of the beautiful Mrs. Bracegirdle, and anxious to marry her at all hazards, determined to carry



"Made a pass and run him clean through the body"
—*English Humourists*, p. 77.

her off, and for this purpose hired a hackney-coach with six horses, and a half-dozen of soldiers, to aid him in the storm. The coach with a pair of horses (the four leaders being in waiting elsewhere) took its station opposite my Lord Craven's house in Drury-lane, by which door Mrs. Bracegirdle was to pass on her way from the theatre. As she passed in company of her mamma and a friend, Mr. Page, the Captain seized her by the hand, the soldiers hustled Mr. Page and attacked him sword in hand, and Captain Hill and his noble friend endeavoured to force Madam Bracegirdle into the coach, Mr. Page called for help: the population of Drury-lane rose: it was impossible to effect the capture; and bidding the soldiers go about their business, and the coach to drive off, Hill let go of his prey sulkily, and he waited for other opportunities of revenge. The man of whom he was most jealous was Will Mountford, the comedian; Will removed, he thought Mrs. Bracegirdle might be his: and accordingly the Captain and his lordship lay that night in wait for Will, and as he was coming out of a house in Norfolk Street, while Mohun engaged him in talk, Hill, in the words of the Attorney-General, made a pass and run him clean through the body.

Sixty-one of my lord's peers finding him not guilty of murder, while but fourteen found him guilty, this very fast nobleman was discharged; and made his appearance seven years after in another trial for murder—when he, my Lord Warwick, and three gentlemen of the military profession were concerned in the fight which ended in the death of Captain Coote.

This jolly company were drinking together at Lockit's in Charing Cross, when angry words arose between Captain Coote and Captain French; whom my Lord Mohun and my lord the Earl of Warwick* and Holland endeavoured

* The husband of the lady Warwick, who married Addison, and the father of the young Earl, who was brought to his step-father's bed to see how a "Christian could die." He was amongst the wildest of the nobility of that day; and in the curious collection of Chap-Books at the British Museum, I have seen more than one anecdote of the freaks of the gay Lord. He was popular in London, as such daring spirits have been in our time. The anecdotists speak very kindly of his practical jokes. Mohun was scarcely out of prison for his second homicide, when he went on Lord Macclesfield's embassy to the elector of Hanover, when Queen Anne sent the garter to H. E. Highness. The chronicler of the expedition speaks of

to pacify. My lord Warwick was a dear friend of Captain Coote, lent him a hundred pound to buy his commission in the Guards; once when the captain was arrested for 13*l.* by his tailor, my lord lent him five guineas, often paid his reckoning for him, and showed him other offices of friendship. On this evening, the disputants, French and Coote, being separated whilst they were upstairs, unluckily stopped to drink ale again at the bar of Lockit's. The row began afresh—Coote lunged at French over the bar, and at last all six called for chairs, and went to Leicester-fields, where they fell to. Their lordships engaged on the side of Captain Coote. My Lord of Warwick was severely wounded in the hand, Mr. French also was stabbed, but honest Captain Coote got a couple of wounds—one especially, "a wound in the left side just under the short ribs, and piercing through the diaphragma," which did for Captain Coote. Hence the trial of my Lords Warwick and Mohun: hence the assemblage of peers, the report of the transaction, in which these defunct fast men still live for the observation of the curious. My Lord of Warwick is brought to the bar by the Deputy Governor of the Tower of London, having the axe carried before him by the gentleman gaoler, who stood with it at the bar at the right hand of the prisoner, turning the edge from him; the prisoner, at his approach, making three bows, one to his Grace the Lord High-Steward, the other to the peers on each hand; and his Grace and the peers return the salute. And besides these great personages, august in periwigs, and nodding to the right and left, a host of the small come up out of the past and pass before us—the jolly captains brawling in the tavern and laughing and cursing over their cups—the drawer that serves, the bar-girl that waits, the bailiff on the prow, the chairmen trudging through the black lampless streets, and smoking their pipes by the railings, whilst swords are clashing in the garden within. "Help there! a gentleman is hurt:" the chairmen put up their pipes, and help the gentleman over the railings, and carry him, ghastly and bleeding, to the Bagnio in Long

his lordship as an amiable young man, who had been in bad company, but was quite repentant and reformed. He and Macartney afterwards murdered the Duke of Hamilton between them, in which act Lord Mohun died. This amiable baron's name was Charles, and not Henry, as a recent novelist has christened him.

Acre, where they knock up the surgeon—a pretty tall gentleman—but that wound under the short ribs has done for him. Surgeon, lords, captains, bailiffs, chairmen, and gentleman gaoler with your axe, where be you now? The gentleman axeman's head is off his own shoulders; the lords and judges can wag theirs no longer; the bailiff's writs have ceased to run; the honest chairmen's pipes are put out, and with their brawny calves they have walked away into Hades—all as irrecoverably done for as Will Mountford or Captain Coote. The subject of our night's lecture saw all these people—rode in Captain Coote's company of the Guards very probably—wrote and sighed for Bracegirdle, went home tipsy in many a chair, after many a bottle, in many a tavern—fled from many a bailiff.

In 1709, when the publication of the *Tatler* began, our great-great-grandfathers must have seized upon that new and delightful paper, with much such eagerness as lovers of light literature in a later day exhibited when the Waverley novels appeared, upon which the public rushed, forsaking that feeble entertainment of which the Miss Porters, the Anne of Swanseas, and worthy Mrs. Radcliffe herself, with her dreary castles, and exploded old ghosts, had had pretty much the monopoly. I have looked over many of the comic books with which our ancestors amused themselves, from the novels of Swift's coadjutrix, Mrs. Manley, the delectable author of the "New Atlantis," to the facetious productions of Tom Durfey and Tom Brown, and Ned Ward, writer of the *London Spy*, and several other volumes of ribaldry. The slang of the taverns and ordinaries, the wit of the Bagnios, form the strongest part of the far-rago of which these libels are composed. In the excellent newspaper collection at the British Museum, you may see besides the *Craftsmen* and *Postboy* specimens, and queer specimens they are, of the higher literature of Queen Anne's time. Here is an abstract from a notable journal bearing date, Wednesday, October 13th, 1708, and entitled *The British Apollo; or, curious amusements for the ingenious, by a society of gentlemen*. The *British Apollo* invited and professed to answer questions upon all subjects of wit, morality, science, and even religion; and two out of its four pages are filled with queries and replies much like some of the oracular penny-prints of the present time.

One of the first querists, referring to the passage that a

bishop should be the husband of one wife, argues that polygamy is justifiable in the laity. The society of gentlemen conducting the *British Apollo* are posed by this casuist, and promise to give him an answer. Celinda then wishes to know from "the gentlemen" concerning the souls of the dead, whether they shall have the satisfaction to know those whom they most valued in this transitory life. The gentlemen of the *Apollo* give but cold comfort to poor Celinda. They are inclined to think not: for say they, since every inhabitant of those regions will be infinitely dearer than here are our nearest relatives—what have we to do with a partial friendship in that happy place? Poor Celinda! it may have been a child or a lover whom she had lost, and was pining after, when the oracle of *British Apollo* gave her this dismal answer. She has solved the question for herself by this time, and knows quite as well as the society of gentlemen.

From theology we come to physic, and Q. asks, "Why does hot water freeze sooner than cold?" *Apollo* replies, "Hot water cannot be said to freeze sooner than cold, but water once heated and cold, may be subject to freeze by the evaporation of the spirituous parts of the water, which renders it less able to withstand the power of frosty weather."

The next query is rather a delicate one. "You, Mr. *Apollo*, who are said to be the God of wisdom, pray give us the reason why kissing is so much in fashion: what benefit one receives by it, and who was the inventor, and you will oblige Corinna." To this queer demand the lips of Phœbus, smiling, answer: "Pretty innocent Corinna! *Apollo* owns that he was a little surprised by your kissing question, particularly at that part of it where you desire to know the benefit you receive by it. Ah! madam, had you a lover, you would not come to *Apollo* for a solution; since there is no dispute but the kisses of mutual lovers give infinite satisfaction. As to its invention it is certain nature was its author, and it began with the first courtship."

After a column more of questions, follow nearly two pages of poems, signed by Philander, Ardelia, and the like, and chiefly on the tender passion; and the paper winds up with a letter from Leghorn, an account of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene before Lille, and proposals for publishing two sheets on the present state of Æthiopia,

by Mr. Hill; all of which is printed for the authors by J. Mayo, at the Printing Press against Water Lane in Fleet Street. What a change it must have been—how *Apollo's* oracles must have been struck dumb, when the *Tatler* appeared, and scholars, gentlemen, men of the world, men of genius, began to speak!

Shortly before the Boyne was fought, and young Swift had begun to make acquaintance with English court manners and English servitude, in Sir William Temple's family, another Irish youth was brought to learn his humanities at the old school of Charterhouse, near Smithfield; to which foundation he had been appointed by James Duke of Ormond, a governor of the House, and a patron of the lad's family. The boy was an orphan, and described, twenty years after, with a sweet pathos and simplicity, some of the earliest recollections of a life which was destined to be chequered by a strange variety of good and evil fortune.

I am afraid no good report could be given by his masters and ushers of that thick-set, square-faced, black-eyed, soft-hearted little Irish boy. He was very idle. He was whipped deservedly a great number of times. Though he had very good parts of his own, he got other boys to do his lessons for him, and only took just as much trouble as should enable him to scuffle through his exercises, and by good fortune escape the flogging block. One hundred and fifty years after, I have myself inspected, but only as an amateur, that instrument of righteous torture still existing, and in occasional use, in a secluded private apartment of the old Charterhouse School; and have no doubt it is the very counterpart, if not the ancient and interesting machine itself, at which poor Dick Steele submitted himself to the tormentors.

Besides being very kind, lazy, and good-natured, this boy went invariably into debt with the tart-woman; ran out of bounds, and entered into pecuniary, or rather promissory engagements with the neighbouring lollipop-vendors and piemen—exhibited an early fondness and capacity for drinking mum and sack, and borrowed from all his comrades who had money to lend. I have no sort of authority for the statements here made of Steele's early life; but if the child is father of the man, the father of young Steele of Merton, who left Oxford without taking a degree and en-

tered the Life Guards—the father of Captain Steele of Lucas's Fusiliers, who got his company through the patronage of my Lord Cutts—the father of Mr. Steele the commissioner of Stamps, the editor of the *Gazette*, the *Tatler*, and *Spectator*, the expelled member of Parliament, and the author of the "Tender Husband" and the "Conscious Lovers;" if man and boy resembled each other, Dick Steele the schoolboy must have been one of the most generous, good-for-nothing, amiable little creatures that ever conjugated the verb *tupto* I beat, *tuptomai* I am whipped, in any school in Great Britain.

Almost every gentleman who does me the honour to hear me will remember that the very greatest character which he has seen in the course of his life, and the person to whom he has looked up with the greatest wonder and reverence, was the head boy at his school. The schoolmaster himself hardly inspires such an awe. The head boy construes as well as the schoolmaster himself. When he begins to speak the hall is hushed, and every little boy listens. He writes off copies of Latin verses as melodiously as Virgil. He is good-natured, and, his own masterpiece achieved, pours out other copies of verses for other boys with an astonishing ease and fluency; the idle ones only trembling lest they should be discovered on giving in their exercises, and whipped because their poems were too good. I have seen great men in my time, but never such a great one as that head boy of my childhood: we all thought he must be Prime Minister, and I was disappointed on meeting him in after life to find he was no more than six feet high.

Dick Steele, the Charterhouse gownboy, contracted such an admiration in the years of his childhood, and retained it faithfully through his life. Through the school and through the world, whithersoever his strange fortune led this erring, wayward, affectionate creature, Joseph Addison was always his head boy. Addison wrote his exercises. Addison did his best themes. He ran on Addison's messages: fagged for him and blacked his shoes: to be in Joe's company was Dick's greatest pleasure; and he took a sermon or a caning from his monitor with the most boundless reverence, acquiescence, and affection.*

* "Steele had the greatest veneration for Addison, and used to show it, in all companies, in a particular manner. Addison, now

Steele found Addison a stately college Don at Oxford, and himself did not make much figure at this place. He wrote a comedy, which, by the advice of a friend, the humble fellow burned there; and some verses which I dare say are as sublime as other gentlemen's compositions at that age; but being smitten with a sudden love for military glory, he threw up the cap and gown for the saddle and bridle, and rode privately in the Horse Guards, in the Duke of Ormond's troop—the second—and, probably, with the rest of the gentlemen of his troop, "all mounted on black horses with white feathers in their hats, and scarlet coats richly laced;" marched by King William, in Hyde Park, in November, 1699, and a great show of the nobility, besides twenty thousand people, and above a thousand coaches. "The Guards had just got their new cloathes," the *London Post* said: "they are extraordinary grand, and thought to be the finist body of horse in the world." But Steele could hardly have seen any actual service. He who wrote about himself, his mother, his wife, his loves, his debts, his friends, and the wine he drank, would have told us of his battles if he had seen any. His old patron, Ormond, probably got him his cornetcy in the Guards, from which he was promoted to be a captain in Lucas's Fusiliers, getting his company through the patronage of Lord Cutts, whose secretary he was, and to whom he dedicated his work called the "Christian Hero." As poor Dick, whilst writing this ardent devotional work, was deep in debt, in drink, and in all the follies of the town; it is related that all the officers of Lucas's, and the gentlemen of the Guards laughed at Dick.* And in truth a theologian

and then, used to play a little upon them; but he always took it well."—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes*.

"Sir Richard Steele was the best-natured creature in the world: even in his worst state of health, he seemed to desire nothing but to please and be pleased."—DR. YOUNG. *Spence's Anecdotes*.

*The gaiety of his dramatic tone may be seen in this little scene between two brilliant sisters, from his comedy, "The Funeral, or Grief à la Mode." Dick wrote this, he said, from "a necessity of enlivening his character," which it seemed, the "Christian Hero" had a tendency to make too decorous, grave, and respectable, in the eyes of readers of that pious piece.

[*"Scene draws and discovers LADY CHARLOTTE reading at a table,—LADY HARRIET, playing at a glass, to and fro, and viewing herself."*]

"*L. Ha.*—Nay, good sister, you may as well talk to me [*looking at herself as she speaks*] as sit staring at a book which I know you

in liquor is not a respectable object, and a hermit though he may be out at elbows must not be in debt to the tailor. Steele says of himself that he was always sinning and repenting. He beat his breast and cried most piteously when he *did* repent: but as soon as crying had made him thirsty, he fell to sinning again. In that charming paper in the *Tatler*, in which he records his father's death, his mother's griefs, his own most solemn and tender emotions, he says he is interrupted by the arrival of a hamper of wine, "the same as is to be sold at Garraway's, next week," upon the receipt of which he sends for three friends, and they fall to instantly, "drinking two bottles a-piece, with great benefit to themselves, and not separating till two o'clock in the morning."

His life was so. Jack the drawer was always interrupting it, bringing him a bottle from the "Rose," or inviting him over to a bout there with Sir Plume and Mr. Diver; and Dick wiped his eyes, which were whimpering over his papers, took down his laced hat, put on his sword and wig, kissed his wife and children, told them a lie about pressing business, and went off to the "Rose" to the jolly fellows.

While Mr. Addison was abroad, and after he came home in rather a dismal way to wait upon Providence in his

can't attend.—Good Dr. Lucas may have writ there what he pleases, but there's no putting Francis, Lord Hardy, now Earl of Brumpton, out of your head, or making him absent from your eyes. Do but look on me, now, and deny it if you can.

"*L. Ch.*—You are the maddest girl [*smiling*].

"*L. Ha.*—Look ye, I knew you could not say it and forbear laughing—[*looking over Charlotte*].—Oh! I see his name as plain as you do—F—r—a—n, Fran,—c—i—s, Francis, 'tis in every line of the book.

"*L. Ch.*—[*Rising*.] It's in vain, I see, to mind anything in such impertinent company—but granting 't were as you say, as to my Lord Hardy—'tis more excusable to admire another, than oneself.

"*L. Ha.*—No, I think not—yes, I grant you, than really to be vain of one's person, but I don't admire myself—Pish! I don't believe my eyes to have that softness. [*Looking in the glass*.] They an't so piercing: no 'tis only stuff, the men will be talking.—Some people are such admirers of teeth—Lord, what signifies teeth! [*Showing her teeth*.] A very black-a-moor has as white a set of teeth as I—No, sister, I don't admire myself, but I've a spirit of contradiction in me: I don't know I'm in love with myself, only to rival the men.

"*L. Ch.*—Ay, but Mr. Campley will gain ground ev'n of that rival of his, your dear self.

"*L. Ha.*—Oh, what have I done to you, that you should name



Captain Steele.
—*English Humourists*, p. 85.

shabby lodging in the Haymarket, young Captain Steele was cutting a much smarter figure than that of his classical friend of Charterhouse Cloister, and Maudlin Walk. Could not some painter give an interview between the gallant captain of Lucas's, with his hat cocked, and his lace, and his face too, a trifle tarnished with drink, and that poet, that philosopher, pale, proud, and poor, his friend and monitor of school days, of all days? How Dick must have bragged about his chances and his hopes, and the fine company he kept, and the charms of the reigning toasts and popular actresses, and the number of bottles that he and my lord and some other pretty fellows had cracked over night at the "Devil," or the "Garter"! Cannot one fancy Joseph Addison's calm smile and cold grey eyes following Dick for an instant, as he struts down the Mall, to dine with the Guard, at St. James's, before he turns, with his sober pace and thread-bare suit, to walk back to his lodgings up the two pair of stairs? Steele's name was

that insolent intruder? A confident opinionative fop.—No indeed, if I am, as a poetical lover of mine sighed and sung, of both sexes,

The public envy and the public care,

I shan't be so easily caught—I thank him—I want but to be sure, I should heartily torment him by banishing him, and then consider whether he should depart this life or not.

"*L. Ch.*—Indeed, sister, to be serious with you, this vanity in your humour does not at all become you.

"*L. Ha.*—Vanity! All the matter is, we gay people are more sincere than you wise folks: all your life's an art—Speak you real.—Look you there.—[*Hauling her to the glass.*] Are you not struck with a secret pleasure when you view that bloom in your look, that harmony in your shape, that promptitude in your mien?

"*L. Ch.*—Well, simpleton, if I am at first so simple as to be a little taken with myself, I know it a fault, and take pains to correct it.

"*L. Ha.*—Pshaw! Pshaw! Talk this musty tale to old Mrs. Fardingale, 'tis tiresome for me to think at that rate.

"*L. Ch.*—They that think it too soon to understand themselves will very soon find it too late.—But tell me honestly, don't you like Campley?

"*L. Ha.*—The fellow is not to be abhorred, if the forward thing did not think of getting me so easily.—Oh I hate a heart I can't break when I please.—What makes the value of dear china, but that 'tis so brittle?—were it not for that, you might as well have stone mugs in your closet."—*The Funeral*, Oct. 2nd.

"We knew the obligations the stage had to his writings [Steele's]; there being scarcely a comedian of merit in our whole company whom his *Tatlers* had not made better by his recommendation of them."—CIBBER.

down for promotion, Dick always said himself, in the glorious, pious, and immortal William's last table-book. Jonathan Swift's name had been written there by the same hand too.

Our worthy friend, the author of the "Christian Hero," continued to make no small figure about town by the use of his wits.* He was appointed Gazetteer: he wrote, in 1703, "The Tender Husband," his second play, in which there is some delightful farcical writing, and of which he fondly owned in after-life, and when Addison was no more, that there were "many applauded strokes" from Addison's beloved hand.† Is it not a pleasant partnership to remember? Cannot one fancy Steele, full of spirits and youth, leaving his gay company to go to Addison's lodging, where his friend sits in the shabby sitting-room, quite serene, and cheerful, and poor? In 1704 Steele came on the town with another comedy, and behold, it was so moral and religious, as poor Dick insisted, so dull the town thought, that the "Lying Lover" was damned.

Addison's hour of success now came, and he was able to help our friend, the "Christian Hero," in such a way, that, if there had been any chance of keeping that poor tipsy champion upon his legs, his fortune was safe, and his competence assured. Steele procured the place of Commissioner of Stamps: he wrote so richly, so gracefully often,

* "There is not now in his sight that excellent man whom Heaven made his friend and superior to be at a certain place in pain for what he should say or do. I will go on in his further encouragement. The best woman that ever man had cannot now lament and pine at his neglect of himself."—STEELE [of himself]. The *Theatre*, No. 12, Feb., 1719-20.

† "The Funeral" supplies an admirable stroke of humour,—one which Sydney Smith has used as an illustration of the faculty in his Lectures.

The undertaker is talking to his *employés* about their duty.

Sable.—"Ha, you!—A little more upon the dismal [*forming their countenances*]; this fellow has a good mortal look,—place him near the corpse: that wainscot-face must be o' top of the stairs; that fellow's almost in a fright (that looks as if he were full of some strange misery) at the end of the hall. So—But I'll fix you all myself. Let's have no laughing now on any provocation. Look yonder,—that hale, well-looking puppy! You ungrateful scoundrel, did not I pity you, take you out of a great man's service, and show you the pleasure of receiving wages? *Did not I give you ten, then fifteen and twenty shillings a week to be sorrowful!—and the more I give you, I think the gladder you are!*"

so kindly always, with such a pleasant wit and easy frankness, with such a gush of good spirits and good humour, that his early papers may be compared to Addison's own, and are to be read, by a male reader at least, with quite an equal pleasure.*

* "FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, *Nov. 16.*

"There are several persons who have many pleasures and entertainments in their possession, which they do not enjoy; it is, therefore, a kind and good office to acquaint them with their own happiness, and turn their attention to such instances of their good fortune as they are apt to overlook. Persons in the married state often want such a monitor, and pine away their days by looking upon the same condition in anguish and murmuring which carries with it, in the opinion of others, a complication of all the pleasures of life, and a retreat from its inquietudes.

"I am led into this thought by a visit I made to an old friend who was formerly my school-fellow. He came to town last week, with his family, for the winter; and yesterday morning sent me word his wife expected me to dinner. I am, as it were, at home at that house, and every member of it knows me for their well-wisher. I cannot, indeed, express the pleasure it is to be met by the children with so much joy as I am when I go thither. The boys and girls strive who shall come first, when they think it is I that am knocking at the door; and that child which loses the race to me runs back again to tell the father it is Mr. Bickerstaff. This day I was led in by a pretty girl that we all thought must have forgot me; for the family has been out of town these two years. Her knowing me again was a mighty subject with us, and took up our discourse at the first entrance; after which, they begun to rally me upon a thousand little stories they heard in the country, about my marriage to one of my neighbours' daughters; upon which, the gentleman, my friend, said, 'Nay, if Mr. Bickerstaff marries a child of any of his old companions, I hope mine shall have the preference: there is Mrs. Mary is now sixteen, and would make him as fine a widow as the best of them. But I know him too well; he is so enamoured with the very memory of those who flourished in our youth, that he will not so much as look upon the modern beauties. I remember, old gentleman, how often you went home in a day to refresh your countenance and dress when Teraminta reigned in your heart. As we came up in the coach, I repeated to my wife some of your verses on her.' With such reflections on little passages which happened long ago, we passed our time during a cheerful and elegant meal. After dinner his lady left the room, as did also the children. As soon as we were alone, he took me by the hand: 'Well, my good friend,' says he, 'I am heartily glad to see thee; I was afraid you would never have seen all the company that dined with you to-day again. Do not you think the good woman of the house a little altered since you followed her from the playhouse to find out who she was for me?' I perceived a tear fall down his cheek as he spoke, which moved me not a little. But, to turn the discourse, I said, 'She is not, indeed, that creature she was when she returned me the letter I carried from you, and told me, "She hoped, as I was a gentleman,

After the *Tatler*, in 1711, the famous *Spectator* made its appearance, and this was followed, at various intervals, by many periodicals under the same editor—the *Guardian*—the *Englishman*—the *Lover*, whose love was rather insipid—the *Reader*, of whom the public saw no more after his

I would be employed no more to trouble her, who had never offended me; but would be so much the gentleman's friend as to dissuade him from a pursuit which he could never succeed in." You may remember I thought her in earnest, and you were forced to employ your cousin Will, who made his sister get acquainted with her for you. You cannot expect her to be forever fifteen.' 'Fifteen!' replied my good friend. 'Ah! you little understand—you, that have lived a bachelor—how great, how exquisite a pleasure there is in being really beloved! It is impossible that the most beauteous face in nature should raise in me such pleasing ideas as when I look upon that excellent woman. That fading in her countenance is chiefly caused by her watching with me in my fever. This was followed by a fit of sickness, which had like to have carried me off last winter. I tell you, sincerely, I have so many obligations to her that I cannot, with any sort of moderation, think of her present state of health. But, as to what you say of fifteen, she gives me every day pleasure beyond what I ever knew in the possession of her beauty when I was in the vigour of youth. Every moment of her life brings me fresh instances of her complacency to my inclinations, and her prudence in regard to my fortune. Her face is to me much more beautiful than when I first saw it; there is no decay in any feature which I cannot trace from the very instant it was occasioned by some anxious concern for my welfare and interests. Thus, at the same time, methinks, the love I conceived towards her for what she was, is heightened by my gratitude for what she is. The love of a wife is as much above the idle passion commonly called by that name, as the loud laughter of buffoons is inferior to the elegant mirth of gentlemen. Oh! she is an inestimable jewel! In her examination of her household affairs, she shows a certain fearfulness to find a fault, which makes her servants obey her like children; and the meanest we have has an ingenuous shame for an offence not always to be seen in children in other families. I speak freely to you, my old friend; ever since her sickness, things that gave me the quickest joy before turn now to a certain anxiety. As the children play in the next room, I know the poor things by their steps, and am considering what they must do should they lose their mother in their tender years. The pleasure I used to take in telling my boy stories of battles, and asking my girl questions about the disposal of her baby, and the gossiping of it, is turned into inward reflection and melancholy.'

"He would have gone on in this tender way, when the good lady entered, and, with an inexpressible sweetness in her countenance, told us 'she had been searching her closet for something very good, to treat such an old friend as I was.' Her husband's eyes sparkled with pleasure at the cheerfulness of her countenance; and I saw all his fears vanish in an instant. The lady observing something in

second appearance—the *Theatre*, under the pseudonym of Sir John Edgar, which Steele wrote, while Governor of the Royal Company of Comedians, to which post, and to that of Surveyor of the Royal Stables at Hampton Court, and to the Commission of the Peace for Middlesex, and to the honour of knighthood, Steele had been preferred soon after the accession of George I., whose cause honest Dick had nobly fought, through disgrace and danger, against the most formidable enemies, against traitors and bullies, against Bolingbroke and Swift, in the last reign. With the arrival of the King, that splendid conspiracy broke up; and a golden opportunity came to Dick Steele, whose hand, alas, was too careless to gripe it.

Steele married twice; and outlived his places, his schemes, his wife, his income, his health, and almost everything but his kind heart. That ceased to trouble him

our looks which showed we had been more serious than ordinary, and seeing her husband receive her with great concern under a forced cheerfulness, immediately guessed at what he had been talking of; and applying herself to me, said, with a smile, 'Mr. Bickerstaff, do not believe a word of what he tells you; I shall still live to have you for my second, as I have often promised you, unless he takes more care of himself than he has done since his coming to town. You must know he tells me, that he finds London is a much more healthy place than the country; for he sees several of his old acquaintances and schoolfellows are here—*young fellows with fair, full-bottomed periwigs*. I could scarce keep him this morning from going out *open-breasted*.' My friend, who is always extremely delighted with her agreeable humour, made her sit down with us. She did it with that easiness which is peculiar to women of sense; and to keep up the good humour she had brought in with her, turned her raillery upon me. 'Mr. Bickerstaff, you remember you followed me one night from the playhouse; suppose you should carry me thither to-morrow night, and lead me in the front box.' This put us into a long field of discourse about the beauties who were the mothers to the present, and shined in the boxes twenty years ago. I told her, 'I was glad she had transferred so many of her charms, and I did not question but her eldest daughter was within half-a-year of being a toast.'

"We were pleasing ourselves with this fantastical preferment of the young lady when, on a sudden, we were alarmed with the noise of a drum, and immediately entered my little godson to give me a point of war. His mother, between laughing and chiding, would have put him out of the room; but I would not part with him so. I found, upon conversation with him, though he was a little noisy in his mirth, that the child had excellent parts, and was a great master of all the learning on the other side of eight years old. I perceived him a very great historian in '*Æsop's Fables*;' but he frankly declared to me his mind, 'that he did not delight in that

in 1729, when he died, worn out and almost forgotten by his contemporaries in Wales, where he had the remnant of a property.

Posterity has been kinder to this amiable creature; all women especially are bound to be grateful to Steele, as he was the first of our writers who really seemed to admire and respect them. Congreve the Great, who alludes to the low estimation in which women were held in Elizabeth's time, as a reason why the women of Shakspeare make so small a figure in the poet's dialogue, though he can himself pay splendid compliments to women, yet looks on them as mere instruments of gallantry, and destined, like the most consummate fortifications, to fall, after a certain time, before the arts and bravery of the besieger, man. There is a letter of Swift's, entitled "Advice to a very Young Married Lady," which shows the Dean's opinion of the female society of his day, and that if he despised man he utterly scorned women too. No lady of our time could be treated by any man, were he ever so much a wit or Dean, in such a tone of insolent patronage and vulgar protection. In this performance, Swift hardly takes pains to

learning, because he did not believe they were true; 'for which reason I found he had very much turned his studies, for about a twelve-month past, into the lives of Don Bellianis of Greece, Guy of Warwick, 'the Seven Champions,' and other historians of that age. I could not but observe the satisfaction the father took in the forwardness of his son, and that these diversions might turn to some profit. I found the boy had made remarks, which might be of service to him during the course of his whole life. He would tell you the mismanagement of John Hickerthrift, find fault with the passionate temper in Bevis of Southampton, and loved St. George for being the champion of England; and by this means had his thoughts insensibly moulded into the notions of discretion, virtue, and honour. I was extolling his accomplishments when his mother told me, 'that the little girl who led me in this morning was, in her way, a better scholar than he. Betty,' said she, 'deals chiefly in fairies and sprights; and sometimes in a winter night will terrify the maids with her accounts, until they are afraid to go up to bed.'

"I sat with them until it was very late, sometimes in merry, sometimes in serious discourse, with this particular pleasure, which gives the only true relish to all conversation, a sense that every one of us liked each other. I went home, considering the different conditions of a married life and that of a bachelor; and I must confess it struck me with a secret concern, to reflect, that whenever I go off I shall leave no traces behind me. In this pensive mood I return to my family; that is to say, to my maid, my dog, my cat, who only can be the better or worse for what happens to me."—*The Tatler*.

hide his opinion that a woman is a fool: tells her to read books, as if reading was a novel accomplishment; and informs her that "not one gentleman's daughter in a thousand has been brought to read or understand her own natural tongue." Addison laughs at women equally; but, with the gentleness and politeness of his nature, smiles at them and watches them, as if they were harmless, half-witted, amusing, pretty creatures, only made to be men's playthings. It was Steele who first began to pay a manly homage to their goodness and understanding, as well as to their tenderness and beauty.* In his comedies, the heroes do not rant and rave about the divine beauties of Gloriana or Statira, as the characters were made to do in the chivalry romances and the high-flown dramas just going out of vogue, but Steele admires women's virtue, acknowledges their sense, and adores their purity and beauty, with an ardour and strength which should win the good will of all women to their hearty and respectful champion. It is this ardour, this respect, this manliness, which makes his comedies so pleasant and their heroes such fine gentlemen. He paid the finest compliment to a woman that perhaps ever was offered. Of one woman, whom Congreve had also admired and celebrated, Steele says, that "to have loved her was a liberal education." "How often," he says, dedicating a volume to his wife, "how often has your tenderness removed pain from my sick head, how often anguish from my afflicted heart! If there are such beings as guardian angels, they are thus employed. I cannot believe one of them to be more good in inclination, or more charming in form than my wife." His breast seems to warm and his eyes to kindle when he meets with a good and beautiful woman, and it is with his

* "As to the pursuits after affection and esteem, the fair sex are happy in this particular, that with them the one is much more nearly related to the other than in men. The love of a woman is inseparable from some esteem of her, and as she is naturally the object of affection, the woman who has your esteem has also some degree of your love. A man that dotes on a woman for her beauty, will whisper his friend, 'that creature has a great deal of wit when you are well acquainted with her.' And if you examine the bottom of your esteem for a woman, you will find you have a greater opinion of her beauty than anybody else. As to us men, I design to pass most of my time with the facetious Harry Bickerstaff, but William Bickerstaff, the most prudent man of our family, shall be my executor."—*Tatler*, No. 206.

heart as well as with his hat that he salutes her. About children, and all that relates to home, he is not less tender, and more than once speaks in apology of what he calls his softness. He would have been nothing without that delightful weakness. It is that which gives his works their worth and his style its charm. It, like his life, is full of faults and careless blunders; and redeemed, like that, by his sweet and compassionate nature.

We possess of poor Steele's wild and chequered life some of the most curious memoranda that ever were left of a man's biography.* Most men's letters, from Cicero down

*The correspondence of Steele passed after his death into the possession of his daughter Elizabeth, by his second wife, Miss Scurlock, of Carmarthenshire. She married the Hon. John, afterwards third Lord Trevor. At her death, part of the letters passed to Mr. Thomas, a grandson of a natural daughter of Steele's, and part to Lady Trevor's next of kin, Mr. Scurlock.—They were published by the learned Nichols—from whose later edition of them, in 1809, our specimens are quoted.

Here we have him, in his courtship—which was not a very long one.

TO MRS SCURLOCK.

"Aug. 30, 1707.

"MADAM,—

"I beg pardon that my paper is not finer, but I am forced to write from a coffee-house, where I am attending about business. There is a dirty crowd of busy faces all around me, talking of money; while all my ambition, all my wealth is love! Love which animates my heart, sweetens my humour, enlarges my soul, and affects every action of my life. It is to my lovely charmer I owe, that many noble ideas are continually affixed to my words and actions; it is the natural effect of that generous passion to create in the admirer some similitude of the object admired. Thus, my dear, am I every day to improve from so sweet a companion. Look up, my fair one, to that Heaven which made thee such; and join with me to implore its influence on our tender innocent hours, and beseech the author of love to bless the rites he has ordained—and mingle with our happiness a just sense of our transient condition, and a resignation to His will, which only can regulate our minds to a steady endeavour to please Him and each other.

"I am for ever your faithful servant,

"RICH. STEELE."

Some few hours afterwards, apparently, Mistress Scurlock received the next one—obviously written later in the day!

"Saturday night (Aug. 30, 1707).

"DEAR, LOVELY MRS. SCURLOCK,—

"I have been in very good company, where your health, under the character of *the woman I loved best*, has been often drunk; so

to Walpole, or down to the great men of our own time, if you will, are doctored compositions, and written with an eye suspicious towards posterity. That dedication of Steele's to his wife is an artificial performance, possibly; at least, it is written with that degree of artifice which an

that I may say that I am dead drunk for your sake, which is more than *I die for you*.
 RICH. STEELE."

TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

Sept. 1, 1707.

"MADAM,—

"It is the hardest thing in the world to be in love, and yet attend business. As for me, all who speak to me find me out, and I must lock myself up, or other people will do it for me.

"A gentleman asked me this morning, 'what news from Lisbon?' and I answered, 'she is exquisitely handsome.' Another desired to know 'when I had last been at Hampton Court?' I replied, 'it will be on Tuesday come se'nnight.' Pry'thee allow me at least to kiss your hand before that day, that my mind may be in some composure. Oh Love!

"A thousand torments dwell about thee,
 Yet who could live, to live without thee?

"Methinks I could write a volume to you; but all the language on earth would fail in saying how much, and with what disinterested passion,
 I am ever yours,

"RICH. STEELE."

Two days after this, he is found expounding his circumstances and prospects to the young lady's mamma. He dates from "Lord Sunderland's office, Whitehall;" and states his clear income at 1025*l*. per annum. "I promise myself," says he, "the pleasure of an industrious and virtuous life, in studying to do things agreeable to you."

They were married, according to the most probable conjectures, about the 7th inst. There are traces of a tiff about the middle of the next month; she being prudish and fidgetty; as he was impassioned and reckless. General progress, however, may be seen from the following notes. The "house in Bury-street, St. James's," was now taken.

TO MRS. STEELE.

"Oct. 16, 1707.

"DEAREST BEING ON EARTH,—

"Pardon me if you do not see me till eleven o'clock, having met a schoolfellow from India, by whom I am to be informed on things this night which expressly concerns your obedient husband,

"RICH. STEELE."

TO MRS. STEELE.

"Eight o'clock, FOUNTAIN TAVERN, Oct. 22, 1707.

"MY DEAR,—

"I beg of you not to be uneasy; for I have done a great deal of

orator uses in arranging a statement for the House, or a poet employs in preparing a sentiment in verse or for the stage. But there are some 400 letters of Dick Steele's to his wife, which that thrifty woman preserved accurately, and which could have been written but for her and her alone. They contain details of the business, pleasures, quarrels, reconciliations of the pair; they have all the genuineness of conversation; they are as artless as a child's prattle, and as confidential as a curtain-lecture. Some are written from the printing-office, where he is waiting for the proof sheets of his *Gazette*, or his *Tatler*; some are written from the tavern, whence he promises to come to his wife "within a pint of wine," and where he has given a rendezvous to a friend, or a money-lender: some are composed in a high state of vinous excitement, when his head is flustered with Burgundy, and his heart abounds

business to-day very successfully, and wait an hour or two about my *Gazette*."

"Dec. 22, 1707.

"MY DEAR, DEAR WIFE,—

"I write to let you know I do not come home to dinner, being obliged to attend some business abroad, of which I shall give you an account (when I see you in the evening), as becomes your dutiful and obedient husband."

"DEVIL TAVERN, TEMPLE-BAR, Jan. 3, 1707-8.

"DEAR PRUE,—

"I have partly succeeded in my business to-day, and inclose two guineas as earnest of more. Dear Prue, I cannot come home to dinner. I languish for your welfare and will never be a moment careless more.

Your faithful husband," &c.

"Jan. 14, 1707-8.

"DEAR WIFE,—

"Mr. Edgcomb, Ned Ask, and Mr. Lumley have desired me to sit an hour with them at the George, in Pall-mall, for which I desire your patience till twelve o'clock, and that you will go to bed," &c.

"GRAY'S-INN, Feb. 3, 1708.

"DEAR PRUE,—

"If the man who has my shoemaker's bill calls, let him be answered that I shall call on him as I come home. I stay here in order to get Jonson to discount a bill for me, and shall dine with him for that end. He is expected at home every minute.

"Your most humble obedient servant," &c.

"TENNIS-COURT COFFEE-HOUSE, May 5, 1708.

"DEAR WIFE,—

"I hope I have done this day what will be pleasing to you; in the meantime shall lie this night at a baker's, one Leg, over against the

with amorous warmth for his darling Prue: some are under the influence of the dismal headache and repentance next morning: some, alas, are from the lock-up house, where the lawyers have impounded him, and where he is waiting for bail. You trace many years of the poor fellow's career in these letters. In September, 1707, from which day she began to save the letters, he married the beautiful Mistress Scurlock. You have his passionate protestations to the lady; his respectful proposals to her mamma; his private prayer to Heaven when the union so ardently desired was completed; his fond professions of contrition and promises of amendment, when, immediately after his marriage, there began to be just cause for the one and need for the other.

Captain Steele took a house for his lady upon their marriage, "the third door from Germain Street, left hand of Bury Street," and the next year he presented his wife with a country house at Hampton. It appears she had a chariot and pair, and sometimes four horses: he himself enjoyed a little horse for his own riding. He paid, or promised to pay, his barber fifty pounds a year, and always went abroad in a laced coat and a large black-buckled periwig, that must have cost somebody fifty guineas. He was rather a well-to-do gentleman, Captain Steele, with the proceeds of his estates in Barbadoes (left to him by his first

Devil Tavern, at Charing-cross. I shall be able to confront the fools who wish me uneasy, and shall have the satisfaction to see thee cheerful and at ease.

"If the printer's boy be at home, send him hither; and let Mrs. Todd send by the boy my night-gown, slippers, and clean linen. You shall hear from me early in the morning," &c.

Dozens of similar letters follow, with occasional guineas, little parcels of tea, or walnuts, &c. In 1709 the *Tatler* made its appearance. The following curious note dates April 7th, 1710:—

"I enclose to you ['Dear Prue'] a receipt for the saucepan and spoon, and a note of 23*l.* of Lewis's which will make up the 50*l.* I promised for your ensuing occasion.

"I know no happiness in this life in any degree comparable to the pleasure I have in your person and society. I only beg of you to add to your other charms a fearfulness to see a man that loves you in pain and uneasiness, to make me as happy as it is possible to be in this life. Rising a little in a morning, and being disposed to a cheerfulness * * * would not be amiss."

In another, he is found excusing his coming home, being "invited to supper to Mr. Boyle's." "Dear Prue," he says on this occasion, "do not send after me, for I shall be ridiculous."

wife), his income as writer of the *Gazette*, and his office of gentleman waiter to his Royal Highness Prince George. His second wife brought him a fortune too. But it is melancholy to relate that with these houses and chariots and horses and income, the Captain was constantly in want of money, for which his beloved bride was asking as constantly. In the course of a few pages we begin to find the shoemaker calling for money, and some directions from the Captain, who has not thirty pounds to spare. He sends his wife, "the beautifullest object in the world," as he calls her, and evidently in reply to applications of her own, which have gone the way of all waste paper, and lighted Dick's pipes, which were smoked a hundred and forty years ago—he sends his wife now a guinea, then a half-guinea, then a couple of guineas, then half a pound of tea; and again no money and no tea at all, but a promise that his darling Prue shall have some in a day or two; or a request, perhaps, that she will send over his night-gown and shaving-plate to the temporary lodging where the nomadic captain is lying, hidden from the bailiffs. Oh that a Christian hero and late captain in Lucas's should be afraid of a dirty sheriff's officer! That the pink and pride of chivalry should turn pale before a writ! It stands to record in poor Dick's own handwriting; the queer collection is preserved at the British Museum to this present day; that the rent of the nuptial house in Jermyn Street, sacred to unutterable tenderness and Prue, and three doors from Bury Street, was not paid until after the landlord had put in an execution on Captain Steele's furniture. Addison sold the house and furniture at Hampton, and, after deducting the sum in which his incorrigible friend was indebted to him, handed over the residue of the proceeds of the sale to poor Dick, who was not in the least angry at Addison's summary proceeding, and I dare say was very glad of any sale or execution, the result of which was to give him a little ready money. Having a small house in Jermyn Street for which he could not pay, and a country house at Hampton on which he had borrowed money, nothing must content Captain Dick but the taking, in 1712, a much finer, larger, and grander house, in Bloomsbury Square; where his unhappy landlord got no better satisfaction than his friend in St. James's, and where it is recorded that Dick, giving a grand entertainment, had a half-dozen queer-looking fel-

lows in livery to wait upon his noble guests, and confessed that his servants were bailiffs to a man. "I fared like a distressed prince," the kindly prodigal writes, generously complimenting Addison for his assistance in the *Tatler*,—"I fared like a distressed prince, who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid. I was undone by my auxiliary; when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him." Poor, needy Prince of Bloomsbury! think of him in his palace, with his allies from Chancery Lane ominously guarding him.

All sorts of stories are told indicative of his recklessness and his good humour. One narrated by Dr. Hoadly is exceedingly characteristic; it shows the life of the time: and our poor friend very weak, but very kind both in and out of his cups.

"My father," (says Dr. John Hoadly, the Bishop's son) —"when Bishop of Bangor, was, by invitation, present at one of the Whig meetings, held at the Trumpet, in Shoe Lane, when Sir Richard, in his zeal, rather exposed himself, having the double duty of the day upon him, as well to celebrate the immortal memory of King William, it being the 4th November, as to drink his friend Addison up to conversation-pitch, whose phlegmatic constitution was hardly warmed for society by that time. Steele was not fit for it. Two remarkable circumstances happened. John Sly, the hatter of facetious memory, was in the house; and John, pretty mellow, took it into his head to come into the company on his knees, with a tankard of ale in his hand to drink off to the *immortal memory*, and to return in the same manner. Steele sitting next my father, whispered him—*Do laugh. It is humanity to laugh.* Sir Richard, in the evening, being too much in the same condition, was put into a chair, and sent home. Nothing would serve him but being carried to the Bishop of Bangor's, late as it was. However, the chairmen carried him home, and got him up stairs, when his great complaisance would wait on them down stairs, which he did, and then was got quietly to bed." *

There is another amusing story which I believe that re-

* Of this famous Bishop, Steele wrote,—

"Virtue with so much ease on Bangor sits,
All faults he pardons, though he none commits."

nowned collector, Mr. Joseph Miller, or his successors, have incorporated into their work. Sir Richard Steele, at a time when he was much occupied with theatrical affairs, built himself a pretty private theatre, and, before it was opened to his friends and guests, was anxious to try whether the hall was well adapted for hearing. Accordingly he placed himself in the most remote part of the gallery, and begged the carpenter who had built the house to speak up from the stage. The man at first said that he was unaccustomed to public speaking, and did not know what to say to his honour; but the good-natured knight called out to him to say whatever was uppermost; and after a moment the carpenter began, in a voice perfectly audible: "Sir Richard Steele!" he said, "for three months past me and my men has been a working in this theatre, and we've never seen the colour of your honour's money: we will be very much obliged if you'll pay it directly, for until you do we won't drive in another nail." Sir Richard said that his friend's elocution was perfect, but that he didn't like his subject much.

The great charm of Steele's writing is its naturalness. He wrote so quickly and carelessly, that he was forced to make the reader his confidant, and had not the time to deceive him. He had a small share of book-learning, but a vast acquaintance with the world. He had known men and taverns. He had lived with gownsmen, with troopers, with gentlemen ushers of the Court, with men and women of fashion; with authors and wits, with the inmates of the spunging houses, and with the frequenters of all the clubs and coffee houses in the town. He was liked in all company because he liked it; and you like to see his enjoyment as you like to see the glee of a box full of children at the pantomime. He was not one of those lonely ones of the earth whose greatness obliged them to be solitary; on the contrary, he admired, I think, more than any man who ever wrote; and full of hearty applause and sympathy, wins upon you by calling you to share his delight and good humour. His laugh rings through the whole house. He must have been invaluable at a tragedy, and have cried as much as the most tender young lady in the boxes. He has a relish for beauty and goodness wherever he meets it. He admired Shakespeare affectionately, and more than any man of his time;

and, according to his generous expansive nature, called upon all his company to like what he liked himself. He did not damn with faint praise: he was in the world and of it; and his enjoyment of life presents the strangest contrast to Swift's savage indignation, and Addison's lonely serenity.* Permit me to read to you a passage from each writer, curiously indicative of his peculiar humour: the subject is the same, and the mood the very gravest. We have said that upon all the actions of man, the most

* Here we have some of his later letters:—

TO LADY STEELE.

“HAMPTON COURT, *March 16, 1716–17.*

“DEAR PRUE,

“If you have written anything to me which I should have received last night, I beg your pardon that I cannot answer till the next post. * * * Your son at the present writing is mighty well employed in tumbling on the floor of the room and sweeping the sand with a feather. He grows a most delightful child, and very full of play and spirit. He is also a very great scholar: he can read his Primer and I have brought down my Virgil. He makes most shrewd remarks about the pictures. We are very intimate friends and playfellows. He begins to be very ragged; and I hope I shall be pardoned if I equip him with new clothes and frocks, or what Mrs. Evans and I shall think for his service.”

TO LADY STEELE.

[Undated.]

“You tell me you want a little flattery from me. I assure you I know no one who deserves so much commendation as yourself, and to whom saying the best things would be so little like flattery. The thing speaks itself, considering you as a very handsome woman that loves retirement—one who does not want wit, and yet is extremely sincere; and so I could go through all the vices which attend the good qualities of other people, of which you are exempt. But, indeed, though you have every perfection, you have an extravagant fault, which almost frustrates the good in you to me; and that is, that you do not love to dress, to appear, to shine out, even at my request, and to make me proud of you, or rather to indulge the pride I have that you are mine. * * *

“Your most affectionate, obsequious husband,

“RICH. STEELE.

“A quarter of Molly's schooling is paid. The children are perfectly well.”

TO LADY STEELE.

“*March 26, 1717.*

“MY DEAREST PRUE,

“I have received your's, wherein you give me the sensible affliction of telling me enow of the continual pain in your head. * * * When I lay in your place, and on your pillow, I assure you I felt

trifling and the most solemn, the humourist takes upon himself to comment. All readers of our old masters know the terrible lines of Swift, in which he hints at his philosophy and describes the end of mankind:*

“Amazed, confused, its fate unknown,
The world stood trembling at Jove’s throne;
While each pale sinner hung his head,
Jove, nodding, shook the heavens and said:
‘Offending race of human kind,
By nature, reason, learning blind;
You who through frailty stepped aside,
And you who never err’d through pride;
You who in different sects were sham’d,
And come to see each other damn’d;
(So some folk told you, but they knew
No more of Jove’s designs than you.)
The world’s mad business now is o’er,
And I resent your freaks no more;
I to such blockheads set my wit,
I damn such fools—go, go, you’re bit!’ ”

Addison, speaking on the very same theme, but with how different a voice, says, in his famous paper on Westminster Abbey (*Spectator*, No. 26):—“For my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy, and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies within me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents on a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity

into tears last night, to think that my charming little insolent might be then awake and in pain; and took it to be a sin to go to sleep.

“For this tender passion towards you, I must be contented that your *Prueship* will condescend to call yourself my well-wisher. * * *

At the time when the above later letters were written, Lady Steele was in Wales, looking after her estate there. Steele, about this time, was much occupied with a project for conveying fish alive, by which, as he constantly assures his wife, he firmly believed he should make his fortune. It did not succeed, however.

Lady Steele died in December of the succeeding year. She lies buried in Westminster Abbey.

* Lord Chesterfield sends these verses to Voltaire in a characteristic letter.

of grieving for those we must quickly follow." (I have owned that I do not think Addison's heart melted very much, or that he indulged very inordinately in the "vanity of grieving.") "When," he goes on, "when I see kings lying by those who deposed them: when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes,—I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. And, when I read the several dates on the tombs of some that died yesterday and some 600 years ago, I consider that Great Day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

Our third humourist comes to speak upon the same subject. You will have observed in the previous extracts the characteristic humour of each writer—the subject and the contrast—the fact of Death, and the play of individual thought, by which each comments on it, and now hear the third writer—death, sorrow, and the grave, being for the moment also his theme. "The first sense of sorrow I ever knew," Steele says in the *Tatler*, "was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age: but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed of a real understanding why nobody would play with us. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sate weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a beating the coffin, and calling papa; for, I know not how, I had some idea that he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embraces, and told me in a flood of tears, 'Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more: for they were going to put him under ground, whence he would never come to us again.' She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport, which methought struck me with an instinct of sorrow that, before I was sensible what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since."

Can there be three more characteristic moods of minds and men? "Fools, do you know anything of this mystery?" says Swift, stamping on a grave and carrying his

scorn for mankind actually beyond it. Miserable, purblind wretches, how dare you to pretend to comprehend the Inscrutable, and how can your dim eyes pierce the unfathomable depths of yonder boundless heaven? Addison, in a much kinder language and gentler voice, utters much the same sentiment: and speaks of the rivalry of wits, and the contests of holy men, with the same sceptic placidity. "Look what a little vain dust we are;" he says, smiling over the tombstones, and catching, as is his wont, quite a divine effulgence as he looks heavenward, he speaks in words of inspiration almost, of "the Great Day, when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

The third, whose theme is Death, too, and who will speak his word of moral as Heaven teaches him, leads you up to his father's coffin, and shows you his beautiful mother weeping, and himself an unconscious little boy wondering at her side. His own natural tears flow, as he takes your hand and confidently asks your sympathy. "See how good and innocent and beautiful women are," he says, "how tender little children!" Let us love these and one another, brother—God knows we have need of love and pardon. So it is each man looks with his own eyes, speaks with his own voice, and prays his own prayer.

When Steele asks your sympathy for the actors in that charming scene of Love and Grief and Death, who can refuse it? One yields to it as to the frank advance of a child, or to the appeal of a woman. A man is seldom more manly than when he is what you call unmanned—the source of his emotion is championship, pity, and courage; the instinctive desire to cherish those who are innocent and unhappy, and defend those who are tender and weak. If Steele is not our friend he is nothing. He is by no means the most brilliant of wits nor the deepest of thinkers: but he is our friend: we love him, as children love their love with an A. because he is amiable. Who likes a man best because he is the cleverest or the wisest of mankind; or a woman because she is the most virtuous, or talks French; or plays the piano better than the rest of her sex? I own to liking Dick Steele the man, and Dick Steele the author, much better than much better men and much better authors.

The misfortune regarding Steele is, that most part of the company here present must take his amiability upon hear-

say, and certainly cannot make his intimate acquaintance. Not that Steele was worse than his time; on the contrary, a far better, truer, and higher-hearted man than most who lived in it. But things were done in that society, and names were named, which would make you shudder now. What would be the sensation of a polite youth of the present day, if at a ball he saw the young object of his affections taking a box out of her pocket and a pinch of snuff: or if at dinner, by the charmer's side, she deliberately put her knife into her mouth? If she cut her mother's throat with it mamma would scarcely be less shocked. I allude to these peculiarities of by-gone times as an excuse for my favourite, Steele, who was not worse, and often much more delicate than his neighbours.

There exists a curious document descriptive of the manners of the last age, which describes most minutely the amusements and occupations of persons of fashion in London at the time of which we are speaking; the time of Swift, and Addison, and Steele.

When Lord Sparkish, Tom Neverout, and Colonel Alwit, the immortal personages of Swift's polite conversation, came to breakfast with my Lady Smart, at eleven o'clock in the morning, my Lord Smart was absent at the levee. His lordship was at home to dinner at three o'clock to receive his guests; and we may sit down to this meal, like the Barmecides, and see the fops of the last century before us. Seven of them sate down at dinner, and were joined by a country baronet, who told them they kept court hours. These persons of fashion began their dinner with a sirloin of beef, fish, a shoulder of veal, and a tongue. My Lady Smart carved the sirloin, my Lady Answerall helped the fish, and the gallant Colonel cut the shoulder of veal. All made a considerable inroad on the sirloin and the shoulder of veal with the exception of Sir John, who had no appetite, having already partaken of a beefsteak and two mugs of ale, besides a tankard of March beer as soon as he got out of bed. They drank claret, which the master of the house said should always be drunk after fish; and my Lord Smart particularly recommended some excellent cider to my Lord Sparkish, which occasioned some brilliant remarks from that nobleman. When the host called for wine, he nodded to one or other of his guests, and said, "Tom Neverout, my service to you."

After the first course came almond pudding, and fritters, which the Colonel took with his hands out of the dish, in order to help the brilliant Miss Notable; chickens, black puddings, and soup; and Lady Smart, the elegant mistress of the mansion, finding a skewer in a dish, placed it in her plate with directions that it should be carried down to the cook and dressed for the cook's own dinner. Wine and small beer were drunk during this second course; and when the Colonel called for beer, he called the butler, Friend, and asked whether the beer was good. Various jocular remarks passed from the gentlefolks to the servants; at breakfast several persons had a word and a joke for Mrs. Betty, my lady's maid, who warmed the cream and had charge of the canister (the tea cost thirty shillings a pound in those days). When my Lady Sparkish sent her footman out to my Lady Match to come at six o'clock and play at quadrille, her ladyship warned the man to follow his nose, and if he fell by the way not to stay to get up again. And when the gentlemen asked the hall-porter if his lady was at home, that functionary replied, with manly waggishness, "she was at home just now, but she's not gone out yet."

After the puddings, sweet and black, the fritters and soup, came the third course, of which the chief dish was a hot venison pasty, which was put before Lord Smart, and carved by that nobleman. Besides the pastry, there was a hare, a rabbit, some pigeons, partridges, a goose, and a ham. Beer and wine were freely imbibed during this course, the gentlemen always pledging somebody with every glass which they drank; and by this time the conversation between Tom Neverout and Miss Notable had grown so brisk and lively, that the Derbyshire baronet began to think the young gentlewoman was Tom's sweetheart; on which Miss remarked, that she loved Tom "like pie." After the goose, some of the gentlemen took a dram of brandy, which "was very good for the wholesomes," Sir John said; and now having had a tolerably substantial dinner, honest Lord Smart bade the butler bring up the great tankard full of October to Sir John. The great tankard was passed from hand to hand and mouth to mouth, but when pressed by the noble host upon the gallant Tom Neverout, he said, "No faith, my lord, I like your wine, and won't put a churl upon a gentleman. Your honour's claret is good enough for me." And so, the

dinner over, the host said, "Hang saving, bring us up a ha'porth of cheese."

The cloth was now taken away, and a bottle of Burgundy was set down, of which the ladies were invited to partake before they went to their tea. When they withdrew the gentlemen promised to join them in an hour; fresh bottles were brought, the "dead men," meaning the empty bottles, removed; and "d'you hear, John? bring clean glasses," my Lord Smart said. On which the gallant Colonel Alwit said, "I'll keep my glass; for wine is the best liquor to wash glasses in."

After an hour the gentlemen joined the ladies, and there they all sate and played quadrille until three o'clock in the morning, when the chairs and the flambeaux came, and this noble company went to bed.

Such were manners six or seven score years ago. I draw no inference from this queer picture—let all moralists here present deduce their own. Fancy the moral condition of that society in which a lady of fashion joked with a footman, and carved a great shoulder of veal, and provided besides a sirloin, a goose, hare, rabbit, chickens, partridges, black-puddings, and a ham for a dinner for eight Christians. What—what could have been the condition of that polite world in which people openly ate goose after almond pudding, and took their soup in the middle of dinner? Fancy a colonel in the Guards putting his hand into a dish of *beignet d'abricot*, and helping his neighbour, a young lady *du monde*! Fancy a noble lord calling out to the servants, before the ladies at his table, "hang expense, bring us a ha'porth of cheese!" Such were the ladies of Saint James's—such were the frequenters of White's Chocolate House, when Swift used to visit it, and Steele described it as the centre of pleasure, gallantry, and entertainment, a hundred and forty years ago!

Dennis, who ran amuck at the literary society of his day, falls foul of poor Steele, and thus depicts him,—“Sir John Edgar, of the County of —— in Ireland is of a middle stature, broad shoulders, thick legs, a shape like the picture of somebody over a farmer's chimney—a short chin, a short nose, a short forehead, a broad flat face, and a dusky countenance. Yet with such a face and such a shape, he discovered at sixty that he took himself for a beauty, and appeared to be more mortified at being told

that he was ugly, than he was by any reflection made upon his honour or understanding.

"He is a gentleman born, witness himself, of very honourable family; certainly of a very ancient one, for his ancestors flourished in Tipperary long before the English ever set foot in Ireland. He has testimony of this more authentic than the Heralds' Office, or any human testimony. For God has marked him more abundantly than he did Cain, and stamped his native country on his face, his understanding, his writings, his actions, his passions, and above all his vanity. The Hibernian brogue is still upon all these, though long habit and length of days have worn it off his tongue." *

Although this portrait is the work of a man who was neither the friend of Steele, nor of any other man alive; yet there is a dreadful resemblance to the original, in the savage and exaggerated traits of the caricature, and everybody who knows him must recognise Dick Steele. Dick set about almost all the undertakings of his life with inadequate means, and, as he took and furnished a house with the most generous intentions towards his friends, the most tender gallantry towards his wife, and with this only drawback, that he had not wherewithal to pay the rent when Quarter-day came,—so, in his life he proposed to himself the most magnificent schemes of virtue, forbearance, public and private good, and the advancement of his

* Steele replied to Dennis in an "Answer to a Whimsical Pamphlet, called the Character of Sir John Edgar." What Steele had to say against the cross-grained old Critic discovers a great deal of humour:

"Thou never did'st let the sun into thy garret, for fear he should bring a bailiff along with him. * * *

"Your years are about sixty-five, an ugly vinegar face, that if you had any command you would be obeyed out of fear, from your ill-nature pictured there; not from any other motive. Your height is about some five feet five inches. You see I can give your exact measure as well as if I had taken your dimension with a good cudgel, which I promise you to do as soon as ever I have the good fortune to meet you.

"Your doughty paunch stands before you like a firkin of butter, and your duck-legs seem to be cast for carrying burdens.

"Thy works are libels upon others, and satires upon thyself; and while they bark at men of sense call him knave and fool that wrote them. Thou hast a great antipathy to thy own species; and hatest the sight of a fool, but in thy glass."

Steele had been kind to Dennis, and once got arrested on account of a pecuniary service which he did him. When John heard of the

own and the national religion; but when he had to pay for these articles—so difficult to purchase and so costly to maintain—poor Dick's money was not forthcoming: and when Virtue called with her little bill, Dick made a shuffling excuse that he could not see her that morning, having a headache from being tipsy over night; or when stern Duty rapped at the door with his account, Dick was absent and not ready to pay. He was shirking at the tavern; or had some particular business (of somebody's else) at the ordinary; or he was in hiding, or worse than in hiding, in the lock-up house. What a situation for a man!—for a philanthropist—for a lover of right and truth—for a magnificent designer and schemer! Not to dare to look in the face the Religion which he adored and which he had offended: to have to shirk down back lanes and alleys, so as to avoid the friend whom he loved and who had trusted him—to have the house which he had intended for his wife, whom he loved passionately, and for her ladyship's company which he wished to entertain splendidly, in the possession of a bailiff's man, with a crowd of little creditors,—grocers, butchers, and small-coal men, lingering round the door with their bills and jeering at him. Alas! for poor Dick Steele! For nobody else of course. There is no man or woman in *our* time who makes fine projects and gives them up from idleness or want of means. When Duty calls upon *us*, we no doubt are always at home and ready to pay that grim tax-gatherer. When *we* are stricken with remorse and promise reform, we keep

fact—"S'death!" cries John; "why did not he keep out of the way as I did?"

The "Answer" concludes by mentioning that Cibber had offered Ten Pounds for the discovery of the authorship of Dennis's pamphlet; on which, says Steele—

"I am only sorry he has offered so much, because the *twentieth part* would have over-valued his whole carcass. But I know the fellow that he keeps to give answers to his creditors will betray him; for he gave me his word to bring officers on the top of the house that should make a hole through the ceiling of his garret, and so bring him to the punishment he deserves. Some people think this expedient out of the way, and that he would make his escape upon hearing the least noise. I say so too; but it takes him up half an hour every night to fortify himself with his old hair trunk, two or three joint stools, and some other lumber, which he ties together with cords so fast that it takes him up the same time in the morning to release himself."

our promise, and are never angry, or idle, or extravagant any more. There are no chambers in *our* hearts, destined for family friends and affections, and now occupied by some Sin's emissary and bailiff in possession. There are no little sins, shabby peccadilloes, importunate remembrances, or disappointed holders of our promises to reform, hovering at our steps, or knocking at our door! Of course not. We are living in the nineteenth century, and Poor Dick Steele stumbled and got up again, and got into jail and out again, and sinned and repented; and loved and suffered; and lived and died scores of years ago. Peace be with him! Let us think gently of one who was so gentle: let us speak kindly of one whose own breast exuberated with human kindness.

LECTURE THE FOURTH.

PRIOR, GAY, AND POPE.

MATTHEW PRIOR was one of those famous and lucky wits of the auspicious reign of Queen Anne, whose name it behoves us not to pass over. Mat was a world-philosopher of no small genius, good-nature, and acumen.* He loved, he drank, he sang. He describes himself, in one of his lyrics, "in a little Dutch chaise on a Saturday night; on

* Gay calls him—"Dear Prior * * * beloved by every muse."
—MR. POPE's *Welcome from Greece*.

Swift and Prior were very intimate, and he is frequently mentioned in the "Journal to Stella." "Mr. Prior," says Swift, "walks to make himself fat, and I to keep myself down. * * * We often walk round the park together."

In Swift's works there is a curious tract called "Remarks on the Characters of the Court of Queen Anne" [Scott's edition, vol. xii.]. The "Remarks" are not by the Dean; but at the end of each is an addition in italics from his hand, and these are always characteristic. Thus, to the Duke of Marlborough, he adds, "*Detestably Covetous,*" &c. Prior is thus noticed—

"MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq., Commissioner of Trade.

"On the Queen's accession to the throne, he was continued in his office; is very well at court with the ministry, and is an entire creature of my Lord Jersey's, whom he supports by his advice; is one of the best poets in England, but very factious in conversation. A thin, hollow-looking man, turned of 40 years old. *This is near the truth.*"

"Yet counting as far as to fifty his years,

His virtues and vices were as other men's are,
High hopes he conceived and he smothered great fears,
In a life party-coloured—half pleasure, half care.

"Not to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,

He strove to make interest and freedom agree;
In public employments industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, Lord, how merry was he!

"Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,

Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust;
And whirled in the round as the wheel turned about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust."

—PRIOR's *Poems*. [For my own monument.]

his left hand his Horace, and a friend on his right," going out of town from the Hague to pass that evening and the ensuing Sunday, boozing at a Spiel-haus with his companions, perhaps bobbing for perch in a Dutch canal, and noting down, in a strain and with a grace not unworthy of his Epicurean master, the charms of his idleness, his retreat, and his Batavian Chloe. A vintner's son in Whitehall, and a distinguished pupil of Busby of the Rod, Prior attracted some notice by writing verses at St. John's College, Cambridge, and, coming up to town, aided Montague* in an attack on the noble old English lion John Dryden, in ridicule of whose work, "The Hind and the Panther," he brought out that remarkable and famous burlesque, "The Town and Country Mouse." Are not you all acquainted with it? Have you not all got it by heart? What! have you never heard of it? See what fame is made of! The wonderful part of the satire was, that, as a natural consequence of "The Town and Country Mouse," Matthew Prior was made Secretary of Embassy at the Hague! I believe it is dancing, rather than singing, which distinguishes the young English diplomatists of the present day; and have seen them in various parts perform that part of their duty very finely. In Prior's time it appears a different accomplishment led to preferment. Could you write a copy of *Alcaics*? that was the question. Could you turn out a neat epigram or two? Could you compose "The Town and Country Mouse?" It is manifest that, by the possession of this faculty, the most difficult treaties, the laws of foreign nations, and the interests of our own, are easily understood. Prior rose in the diplomatic service, and said good things that proved his sense and his spirit. When the apartments at Versailles were shown to him, with the victories of Louis XIV. painted on the walls, and Prior was asked whether the palace of the king of England had any such decorations, "The monuments of my master's actions," Mat said, of William, whom he cordially revered, "are to be seen everywhere except in his own house."

* "They joined to produce a parody, entitled the 'Town and Country Mouse,' part of which Mr. Bayes is supposed to gratify his old friends Smart and Johnson, by repeating to them. The piece is therefore founded upon the twice-told jest of the 'Rehearsal.' * * * There is nothing new or original in the idea. * * * In this piece, Prior, though the younger man, seems to have had by far the largest share."—SCOTT'S *Dryden*, vol. i., p. 330.

Bravo, Mat! Prior rose to be full ambassador at Paris,* where he somehow was cheated out of his ambassadorial plate; and in a heroic poem, addressed by him to her late lamented majesty Queen Anne, Mat makes some magnificent allusions to these dishes and spoons, of which Fate had deprived him. All that he wants, he says, is her Majesty's picture; without that he cannot be happy.

"Thee, gracious Anne, thee present I adore:
Thee, Queen of Peace, if Time and Fate have power
Higher to raise the glories of thy reign,
In words sublimer and a nobler strain.
May future bards the mighty theme rehearse,
Herc, Stator Jove, and Phœbus, king of Verse,
The votive tablet I suspend."

With that word the poem stops abruptly. The votive tablet is suspended forever like Mahomet's coffin. News came that the Queen was dead. Stator Jove, and Phœbus, king of verse, were left there, hovering to this day, over the votive tablet. The picture was never got any more than the spoons and dishes—the inspiration ceased—the verses were not wanted—the ambassador was not wanted. Poor Mat was re-called from his embassy, suffered disgrace along with his patrons, lived under a sort of cloud ever after, and disappeared in Essex. When deprived of all his pensions and emoluments, the hearty and generous Oxford pensioned him. They played for gallant stakes—the bold men of those days—and lived and gave splendidly.

Johnson quotes from Spence a legend, that Prior, after spending an evening with Harley, St. John, Pope, and Swift, would go off and smoke a pipe with a couple of friends of his, a soldier and his wife, in Long Acre. Those who have not read his late excellency's poems should be

* "He was to have been in the same commission with the Duke of Shrewsbury, but that that nobleman," says Johnson, "refused to be associated with one so meanly born. Prior therefore continued to act without a title till the Duke's return next year to England, and then he assumed the style and dignity of ambassador."

He had been thinking of slights of this sort when he wrote his Epitaph:—

"Nobles and heralds by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve;
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?"

But, in this case, the old prejudice got the better of the old joke.

warned that they smack not a little of the conversation of his Long Acre friends. Johnson speaks slightly of his lyrics; but with due deference to the great Samuel, Prior's seem to me amongst the easiest, the richest, the most charmingly humorous of English lyrical poems.* Horace is always in his mind, and his song, and his philosophy, his good sense, his happy easy turns and melody, his loves, and his epicureanism, bear a great resemblance to that most delightful and accomplished master. In reading his works, one is struck with their modern air, as well as by their happy similarity to the songs of the charming owner of the Sabine farm. In his verses addressed to Halifax, he says, writing of that endless theme to poets, the vanity of human wishes—

“So when in fevered dreams we sink,
And, waking, taste what we desire,
The real draught but feeds the fire,
The dream is better than the drink.

“Our hopes like towering falcons aim
At objects in an airy height:
To stand aloof and view the flight,
Is all the pleasure of the game.”

* His epigrams have the genuine sparkle:

THE REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE.

“I sent for Radcliff; was so ill,
That other doctors gave me over:
He felt my pulse, prescribed a pill,
And I was likely to recover.

“But when the wit began to wheeze,
And wine had warmed the politician
Cured yesterday of my disease,
I died last night of my physician.”

“Yes, every poet is a fool;
By demonstration Ned can show it;
Happy could Ned's inverted rule
Prove every fool to be a poet.”

“On his death-bed poor Lubin lies,
His spouse is in despair;
With frequent sobs and mutual sighs,
They both express their care.

“A different cause, says Parson Sly,
The same effect may give;
Poor Lubin fears that he shall die,
His wife that he may live.”

Would not you fancy that a poet of our own days was singing? and, in the verses of Chloe weeping and reproaching him for his inconstancy, where he says—

“The God of us verse-men, you know, child, the Sun,
How after his journey, he set up his rest.
If at morning o’er earth ’tis his fancy to run,
At night he declines on his Thetis’s breast.

“So, when I am wearied with wandering all day,
To thee, my delight, in the evening I come:
No matter what beauties I saw in my way;
They were but my visits, but thou art my home!

“Then finish, dear Cloe, this pastoral war,
And let us like Horace and Lydia agree;
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
As he was a poet sublimer than me.”

If Prior read Horace, did not Thomas Moore study Prior? Love and Pleasure find singers in all days. Roses are always blowing and fading—to-day as in that pretty time when Prior sang of them, and of Chloe lamenting their decay—

“She sighed, she smiled, and to the flowers
Pointing, the lovely moralist said;
See, friend, in some few leisure hours,
See yonder what a change is made!

“Ah, me! the blooming pride of May,
And that of Beauty are but one:
At morn both flourished bright and gay,
Both fade at evening, pale and gone.

“At dawn poor Stella danced and sung,
The amorous youth around her bowed,
At night her fatal knell was rung;
I saw, and kissed her in her shroud.

“Such as she is who died to-day,
Such I, alas, may be to-morrow:
Go, Damon, bid the Muse display
The justice of thy Cloe’s sorrow.”

Damon’s knell was rung in 1721. May his turf lie lightly on him! *Deus sit propitius huic potatori*, as Walter de Mapes sang.* Perhaps Samuel Johnson, who spoke

* PRIOR TO SIR THOMAS HANMER.

“DEAR SIR,

“Aug. 4, 1709.

“Friendship may live, I grant you, without being fed and cherished by correspondence; but with that additional benefit I am of opinion it will look more cheerful and thrive better: for in this case,

slightly of Prior's verses, enjoyed them more than he was willing to own. The old moralist had studied them as well as Mr. Thomas Moore, and defended them, and

as in love, though a man is sure of his own constancy, yet his happiness depends a good deal upon the sentiments of another, and while you and Chloe are alive, 'tis not enough that I love you both except I am sure you both love me again; and as one of her scrawls fortifies my mind more against affliction than all Epictetus, with Simplicius's comments into the bargain, so your single letter gave me more real pleasure than all the works of Plato. * * * I must return my answer to your very kind question concerning my health. The Bath waters have done a good deal towards the recovery of it, and the great specific, *Cape Caballum*, will, I think, confirm it. Upon this head I must tell you that my mare Betty grows blind, and may one day, by breaking my neck, perfect my cure: if at Rixham fair any pretty nagg that is between thirteen and fourteen hands presented himself, and you would be pleased to purchase him for me, one of your servants might ride him to Euston, and I might receive him there. This, sir, is just as such a thing happens. If you hear, too, of a Welch widow, with a good jointure, that has her *goings* and is not very skittish, pray be pleased to cast your eye on her for me, too. You see, sir, the great trust I repose in your skill and honour, when I dare put two such commissions in your hand. * * *"—*The Hanmer Correspondence*, p. 120.

FROM MR. PRIOR.

"PARIS, 1st—12th May, 1714.

"MY DEAR LORD AND FRIEND,

"Matthew never had so great occasion to write a word to Henry as now: it is noised here that I am soon to return. The question that I wish I could answer to the many that ask, and to our friend Colbert de Torcy (to whom I made your compliments in the manner you commanded) is, what is done for me; and to what I am recalled? It may look like a bagatelle what is to become of a philosopher like me? but it is not such: what is to become of a person who had the honour to be chosen, and sent hither as intrusted, in the midst of a war, with what the queen designed should make the peace: return, ing with the Lord Bolingbroke, one of the greatest men in England, and of the finest heads in Europe (as they say here, if true or not, *n'importe*); having been left by him in the greatest character (that of Her Majesty's Plenipotentiary), exercising that power conjointly with the Duke of Shrewsbury, and solely after his departure; having here received more distinguished honour than any minister, except an Ambassador, ever did, and some which were never given to any, but who had that character; having had all the success that could be expected, having (God be thanked!) spared no pains, at a time when at home the peace is voted safe and honourable—at a time when the Earl of Oxford is Lord Treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke First Secretary of State? This unfortunate person, I say, neglected, forgot, unnamed to anything that may speak the queen satisfied with his services, or his friends concerned as to his fortune.

"Mr. de Torcy put me quite out of countenance, the other day,

showed that he remembered them very well too, on an occasion when their morality was called in question by that noted Puritan, James Boswell, Esq., of Auchinleck.*

In the great society of the wits, John Gay deserved to

by a pity that wounded me deeper than ever did the cruelty of the late Lord Godolphin. He said he would write to Robin and Harry about me. God forbid, my lord, that I should need any foreign intercession, or owe the least to any Frenchman living, besides the decency of behaviour and the returns of common civility. Some say I am to go to Baden, others that I am to be added to the Commissioners for settling the commerce. In all cases I am ready, but in the mean time, *dic aliquid de tribus capellis*. Neither of these two are, I presume, honours or rewards; neither of them (let me say to my dear Lord Bolingbroke, and let him not be angry with me), are what Drift may aspire to, and what Mr. Whitworth, who was his fellow clerk, has or may possess. I am far from desiring to lessen the great merit of the gentleman I named, for I heartily esteem and love him; but in this trade of ours, my Lord, in which you are the general, as in that of the soldiery, there is a certain right acquired by time and long service. You would do anything for your Queen's service, but you would not be contented to descend, and be degraded to a charge, no way proportioned to that of Secretary of State, any more than Mr. Ross, though he would charge a party with a halbard in his hand, would be content all his life after to be Serjeant. Was my Lord Dartmouth, from Secretary, returned again to be Commissioner of Trade, or from Secretary of War, would Frank Gwin think himself kindly used to be returned again to be Commissioner? In short, my lord, you have put me above myself, and if I am to return to myself, I shall return to something very discontented and uneasy. I am sure, my lord, you will make the best use you can of this hint for my good. If I am to have anything it will certainly be for Her Majesty's service, and the credit of my friends in the Ministry, that it be done before I am recalled from home, lest the world may think either that I have merited to be disgraced, or that ye dare not stand by me. If nothing is to be done, *fiat voluntas Dei*. I have writ to Lord Treasurer upon this subject, and having implored your kind intercession, I promise you it is the last remonstrance of this kind that I will ever make. Adieu, my lord; all honour, health, and pleasure to you.

"Yours ever,

MATT.

"P. S. Lady Jersey is just gone from me. We drank your health together in Usquebaugh after our tea; we are the greatest friends alive. Once more adieu. There is no such thing as the 'Book of Travels' you mentioned; if there be let friend Tilson send us more particular account of them, for neither I nor Jacob Tonson can find them. Pray send Barton back to me, I hope with some comfortable tidings."—*Bolingbroke's Letters*.

* "I asked whether Prior's Poems were to be printed entire; Johnson said they were. I mentioned Lord Hales' censure of Prior in his preface to a collection of sacred poems, by various hands, published by him at Edinburgh a great many years ago, where he mentions 'these impure tales, which will be the eternal opprobrium of

be a favourite, and to have a good place.* In his set all were fond of him. His success offended nobody. He missed a fortune once or twice. He was talked of for court favour, and hoped to win it; but the court favour jilted him. Craggs gave him some South Sea Stock; and at one time Gay had very nearly made his fortune. But Fortune shook her swift wings and jilted him too: and so his friends, instead of being angry with him, and jealous of him, were kind and fond of honest Gay. In the portraits of the literary worthies of the early part of the last century, Gay's face is the pleasantest perhaps of all. It appears adorned with neither periwig nor night-cap (the full dress and *négligée* of learning, without which the painters of those days scarcely ever portrayed wits), and he laughs at you over his shoulder with an honest boyish glee—an artless sweet humour. He was so kind, so gentle, so jocular, so delightfully brisk at times, so dismally woe-begone at others, such a natural good creature, that the Giants loved him. The great Swift was gentle and sportive with him,† as the enormous Brobdignag maids of honour were

their ingenious author.' JOHNSON: 'Sir, Lord Hales has forgot. There is nothing in Prior that will excite to lewdness. If Lord Hales thinks there is, he must be more combustible than other people.' I instanced the tale of 'Paulo Purganti and his wife.' JOHNSON: 'Sir, there is nothing there but that his wife wanted to be kissed, when poor Paulo was out of pocket. No, sir, Prior is a lady's book. No lady is ashamed to have it standing in her library.'—BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson*.

* Gay was of an old Devonshire family, but his pecuniary prospects not being great, was placed in his youth in the house of a silk mercer in London. He was born in 1688—Pope's year, and in 1712 the Duchess of Monmouth made him her secretary. Next year he published his "Rural Sports," which he dedicated to Pope, and so made an acquaintance, which became a memorable friendship.

"Gay," says Pope, "was quite a natural man,—wholly without art or design, and spoke just what he thought and as he thought it. He dangled for twenty years about a court, and at last was offered to be made usher to the young princess. Secretary Craggs made Gay a present of stock in the South Sea year; and he was once worth 20,000*l.*, but lost it all again. He got about 500*l.* by the first "Beggar's Opera," and 1100*l.* or 1200*l.* by the second. He was negligent and a bad manager. Latterly, the Duke of Queensberry took his money into his keeping, and let him only have what was necessary out of it, and, as he lived with them, he could not have occasion for much. He died worth upwards of 3000*l.*"—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes*.

† "Mr. Gay is, in all regards, as honest and sincere a man as ever I knew."—SWIFT, to *Lady Betty Germaine*, Jan. 1733.

with little Gulliver. He could frisk and fondle round Pope,* and sport, and bark, and caper without offending the most thin-skinned of poets and men; and when he was jilted in that little court affair of which we have spoken, his warm-hearted patrons the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry† (the “Kitty, beautiful and young” of Prior) pleaded

* “Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man; simplicity, a child;
With native humour tem’pring virtuous rage,
Form’d to delight at once and lash the age;
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted e’en among the great:
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblamed through life, lamented in the end.
These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mix’d with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms, ‘Here lies Gay.’”

POPE’S *Epitaph on Gay*.

“A hare who, in a civil way,
Comply’d with everything, like Gay.”

Fables, The Hare and many Friends.

† “I can give no account of Gay,” says Pope, curiously, “since he was ruffled for, and won back by his Duchess.”—*Works, Roscoe’s Ed.*, vol. ix., p. 392.

Here is the letter Pope wrote to him when the death of Queen Anne brought back Lord Clarendon from Hanover, and lost him the Secretaryship of that nobleman, of which he had had but a short tenure.

Gay’s court prospects were never happy from this time.—His dedication of the “Shepherd’s Week” to Bolingbroke, Swift used to call the “original sin,” which had hurt him with the house of Hanover.

“Sept. 23, 1714.

“DEAR MR. GAY,—

“Welcome to your native soil! welcome to your friends! thrice-welcome to me! whether returned in glory, blest with court interest, the love and familiarity of the great, and filled with agreeable hopes; or melancholy with dejection, contemplative of the changes of fortune, and doubtful for the future; whether returned a triumphant Whig or a depending Tory, equally all hail! equally beloved and welcome to me! If happy, I am to partake of your elevation; if unhappy, you have still a warm corner in my heart, and a retreat at Benfield in the worst of times at your service. If you are a Tory, or thought so by any man, I know it can proceed from nothing but your gratitude to a few people who endeavoured to serve you, and whose politics were never your concern. If you are a Whig, as I rather hope, and as I think your principles and mine (as brother-poets) had ever a bias to the side of liberty, I know you will be an honest man and an inoffensive one. Upon the whole, I know you are incapable of being so much of either party as to be good for

his cause with indignation, and quitted the court in a huff, carrying off with them into their retirement their kind, gentle protégé. With these kind, lordly folks, a real Duke and Duchess, as delightful as those who harboured Don Quixote, and loved the dear old Sancho, Gay lived, and was lapped in cotton, and had his plate of chicken, and his saucer of cream, and frisked, and barked, and

nothing. Therefore, once more, whatever you are or in whatever state you are, all hail!

"One or two of your own friends complained they had nothing from you since the Queen's death; I told them no man living loved Mr. Gay better than I, yet I had not once written to him in all his voyage. This I thought a convincing proof, but truly one may be a friend to another without telling him so every month. But they had reasons, too, themselves to allege in your excuse, as men who really value one another will never want such as make their friends and themselves easy. The late universal concern in public affairs threw us all into a hurry of spirits: even I, who am more a philosopher than to expect anything from any reign, was borne away with the current, and full of the expectation of the successor. During your journeys, I knew not whither to aim a letter after you; that was a sort of shooting flying: add to this the demand Homer had upon me, to write fifty verses a day, besides learned notes, all of which are at a conclusion for this year. Rejoice with me, O my friend! that my labour is over; come and make merry with me in much feasting. We will feed among the lilies (by the lilies I mean the ladies). Are not the Rosalindas of Britain as charming as the Blousalindas of the Hague? or have the two great Pastoral poets of our own nation renounced love at the same time? for Phillips, unnatural Phillips, hath deserted it, yea, and in a rustic manner kicked his Rosalind. Dr. Parnell and I have been inseparable ever since you went. We are now at the Bath, where (if you are not, as I heartily hope, better engaged) your company would be the greatest pleasure to us in the world. Talk not of expenses: Homer shall support his children. I beg a line from you, directed to the Post-house in Bath. Poor Parnell is in an ill state of health.

"Pardon me if I add a word of advice in the poetical way. Write something on the king, or prince, or princess. On whatsoever foot you may be with the court, this can do no harm. I shall never know where to end, and am confounded in the many things I have to say to you, though they all amount but to this, that I am entirely, as ever,

"Your," &c.

Gay took the advice "in the poetical way," and published "An Epistle to a Lady, occasioned by the arrival of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales." But, though this brought him access to Court, and the attendance of the Prince and Princess at his farce of the "What d'ye call it," it did not bring him a place. On the accession of George II., he was offered the situation of Gentleman Usher to the Princess Louisa (her Highness being then two years old); but "by this offer," says Johnson, "he thought himself insulted."

wheezed, and grew fat, and so ended.* He became very melancholy, and lazy, sadly plethoric, and only occasionally diverting in his latter days. But everybody loved him, and the remembrance of his pretty little tricks; and the raging old Dean of St. Patrick's, chafing in his banishment, was afraid to open the letter which Pope wrote him, announcing the sad news of the death of Gay.†

Swift's letters to him are beautiful; and having no purpose but kindness in writing to him, no party aim to advocate, or slight or anger to wreak, every word the Dean says to his favourite is natural, trustworthy, and kindly. His admiration for Gay's parts and honesty, and his laughter at his weaknesses, were alike just and genuine. He paints his character in wonderful pleasant traits of jocular satire. "I writ lately to Mr. Pope," Swift says, writing to Gay; "I wish you had a little villakin in his neighbourhood; but you are yet too volatile, and any lady with a coach and six horses would carry you to Japan." "If your ramble," says Swift, in another letter, "was on horseback, I am glad of it, on account of your health; but I know your arts of packing up a journey between stage-coaches and friends' coaches—for you are as arrant a cockney as any hosier in Cheapside. I have often had it in my head to put it into yours, that you ought to have some great work in scheme,

* "Gay was a great eater.—As the French philosopher used to prove his existence by *cogito, ergo sum*, the greatest proof of Gay's existence is, *edit, ergo est*."—CONGREVE, in a letter to Pope. *Spence's Anecdotes*.

† Swift indorsed the letter—"On my dear friend Mr. Gay's death; received Dec. 15, but not read till the 20th, by an impulse foreboding some misfortune."

"It was by Swift's interest that Gay was made known to Lord Bolingbroke, and obtained his patronage."—SCOTT'S *Swift*, vol. i., p. 156.

Pope wrote on the occasion of Gay's death, to Swift, thus:—

"[Dec. 5, 1732.]

* * * "One of the nearest and longest ties I have ever had is broken all on a sudden by the unfortunate death of poor Mr. Gay. An inflammatory fever carried him out of this life in three days. * * * He asked of you a few hours before when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breast. * * * His sisters, we suppose, will be his heirs, who are two widows. * * * Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this stage? In every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. God keep those we have left! Few are worth praying for, and one's self the least of all."

which may take up seven years to finish, besides two or three under ones that may add another thousand pounds to your stock, and then I shall be in less pain about you. I know you can find dinners, but you love twelve-penny coaches too well, without considering that the interest of a whole thousand pounds brings you but half-a-crown a day:" and then Swift goes off from Gay to pay some grand compliments to Her Grace the Duchess of Queensberry, in whose sunshine Mr. Gay was basking, and in whose radiance the Dean would have liked to warm himself too.

But we have Gay here before us, in these letters,—lazy, kindly, uncommonly idle; rather slovenly, I am afraid; for ever eating and saying good things; a little, round, French abbé of a man, sleek, soft-handed, and soft-hearted.

Our object in these lectures is rather to describe the men than their works; or to deal with the latter only in as far as they seem to illustrate the character of their writers. Mr. Gay's "Fables," which were written to benefit that aimable Prince, the Duke of Cumberland, the warrior of Dettingen and Culloden, I have not, I own, been able to peruse since a period of very early youth; and it must be confessed that they did not effect much benefit upon the illustrious young Prince, whose manners they were intended to mollify, and whose natural ferocity our gentle-hearted Satirist perhaps proposed to restrain. But the six pastorals called the "Shepherd's Week," and the burlesque poem of "Trivia," any man fond of lazy literature will find delightful, at the present day, and must read from beginning to end with pleasure. They are to poetry what charming little Dresden china figures are to sculpture: graceful, minikin, fantastic; with a certain beauty always accompanying them. The pretty little personages of the pastoral, with gold clocks to their stockings, and fresh satin ribbons to their crooks and waistcoats and bodices, dance their loves to a minuet-tune played on a bird-organ, approach the charmer, or rush from the false one daintily on their red-heeled tiptoes, and die of despair or rapture, with the most pathetic little grins and ogles; or repose, simpering at each other, under an arbour of pea-green crockery; or piping to pretty flocks that have just been washed with the best Naples in a stream of Bergamot.

Gay's gay plan seems to me far pleasanter than that of Phillips—his rival and Pope's—a serious and dreary idyllic cockney; not that Gay's "Bumkinets and Hobnelias" are a whit more natural than the would-be serious characters of the other posture-master; but the quality of this true humourist was to laugh and make laugh, though always with a secret kindness and tenderness, to perform the drollest little antics and capers, but always with a certain grace, and to sweet music,—as you may have seen a Savoyard boy abroad, with a hurdy-gurdy and a monkey, turning over head and heels, or clattering and pirouetting in a pair of wooden shoes, yet always with a look of love and appeal in his bright eyes, and a smile that asks and wins affection and protection. Happy they who have that sweet gift of nature! It was this which made the great folks and court ladies free and friendly with John Gay—which made Pope and Arbuthnot love him—which melted the savage heart of Swift when he thought of him—and drove away, for a moment or two, the dark frenzies which obscured the lonely tyrant's brain, as he heard Gay's voice with its simple melody and artless ringing laughter.

What used to be said about Rubini, *qu'il avait des larmes dans la voix*, may be said of Gay,* and of one other humourist of whom we shall have to speak. In almost every ballad of his, however slight;† in the "Beggar's

* "Gay, like Goldsmith, had a musical talent. 'He could play on the flute,' says Malone, 'and was, therefore, enabled to adapt so happily some of the airs in the "Beggar's Opera." '—*Notes to Spence*.

† "T'was when the seas were roaring
 With hollow blasts of wind,
 A damsel lay deploring
 All on a rock reclined.
 Wide o'er the foaming billows
 She cast a wistful look;
 Her head was crown'd with willows
 That trembled o'er the brook.

" 'Twelve months are gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days;
 Why didst thou, venturous lover,—
 Why did'st thou trust the seas?
 Cease, cease, thou cruel Ocean,
 And let my lover rest;
 Ah! what's thy troubled motion
 To that within my breast?

Opera"* and in its wearisome continuation (where the verses are to the full as pretty as in the first piece, however), there is a peculiar, hinted, pathetic sweetness and melody. It charms and melts you. It is indefinable, but it exists; and is the property of John Gay's and Oliver Goldsmith's best verse, as fragrance is of a violet, or freshness of a rose.

Let me read a piece from one of his letters, which is so famous that most people here are no doubt familiar with it, but so delightful that it is always pleasant to hear:—

"I have just passed part of this summer at an old romantic seat of my Lord Harcourt's, which he lent me. It overlooks a common hayfield, where, under the shade of a

" 'The merchant robb'd of pleasure,
Sees tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

" 'How can they say that Nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why then beneath the water
Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks discover
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep?'

"All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear;
Repay'd each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear;
When o'er the white wave stooping,
His floating corpse she spy'd;
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head, and died."

A Ballad, from the "What d'ye call it."

"What can be prettier than Gay's ballad, or rather Swift's, Arbuthnot's, Pope's, and Gay's, in the 'What d'ye call it,' 'T'was when the seas were roaring?' I have been well informed, that they all contributed."—COWPER to *Unwin*, 1783.

* "Dr. Swift had been observing once to Mr. Gay, what an odd pretty sort of thing a Newgate Pastoral might make. Gay was inclined to try at such a thing, for some time, but afterwards thought it would be better to write a comedy on the same plan. This was

haycock, sat two lovers—as constant as ever were found in romance—beneath a spreading bush. The name of the one (let it sound as it will) was John Hewet; of the other, Sarah Drew. John was a well-set man, about five and twenty; Sarah, a brave woman of eighteen. John had for several months borne the labour of the day in the same field with Sarah; when she milked, it was his morning and evening charge to bring the cows to her pails. Their love was the talk, but not the scandal, of the whole neighbourhood, for all they aimed at was the blameless possession of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning that he had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding clothes; and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field-flowers, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed (it was on the last of July), a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, that drove the labourers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frightened and out of breath, sunk on a haycock; and John (who never separated from her) sat by her side, having raked two or three heaps together, to secure her. Immediately, there was heard so loud a crash, as if heaven had burst asunder. The labourers, all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another: those that were nearest our lovers, hearing no answer, stepped to the place where they lay: they first saw a little smoke, and after this faithful pair—

what gave rise to the 'Beggar's Opera.' He began on it, and when he first mentioned it to Swift, the Doctor did not much like the project. As he carried it on, he showed what he wrote to both of us; and we now and then gave a correction, or a word or two of advice: but it was wholly of his own writing. When it was done, neither of us thought it would succeed. We showed it to Congreve, who, after reading it over said, 'it would either take greatly or be damned confoundedly.' We were all at the first night of it, in great uncertainty of the event; till we were very much encouraged by over-hearing the Duke of Argyle, who sat in the next box to us, say, 'it will do—it must do!—I see it in the eyes of them!' This was a good while before the first act was over, and so gave us ease soon; for the Duke [besides his own good taste] has a more particular research than any one now living, in discovering the taste of the public. He was quite right in this as usual; the good nature of the audience appeared stronger and stronger every act, and ended in a clamour of applause."—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

John, with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark or discolouring on their bodies—only that Sarah's eyebrow was a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave!"

And the proof that this description is delightful and beautiful is, that the great Mr. Pope admired it so much that he thought proper to steal it and to send it off to a certain lady and wit, with whom he pretended to be in love in those days—my Lord Duke of Kingston's daughter, and married to Mr. Wortley Montagu, then his Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople.

We are now come to the greatest name on our list—the highest among the poets, the highest among the English wits and humourists with whom we have to rank him. If the author of the "Dunciad" be not a humourist, if the poet of the "Rape of the Lock" be not a wit, who deserves to be called so? Besides that brilliant genius, and immense fame, for both of which we should respect him, men of letters should admire him as being one of the greatest literary *artists* that England has seen. He polished, he refined, he thought; he took thoughts from other works to adorn and complete his own; borrowing an idea or a cadence from another poet as he would a figure or a simile from a flower, or a river, stream, or any object which struck him in his walk, or contemplation of Nature. He began to imitate at an early age;* and taught himself to write by copying printed books. Then he passed into the

* "Waller, Spenser, and Dryden were Mr. Pope's great favourites, in the order they are named in his first reading, till he was about twelve years old."—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

"Mr. Pope's father (who was an honest merchant and dealt in Hollands, wholesale) was no poet, but he used to set him to make English verses when very young. He was pretty difficult in being pleased; and used often to send him back to new turn them. 'These are not good rhimes;' for that was my husband's word for verses."—POPE'S MOTHER. *Spence.*

"I wrote things. I'm ashamed to say how soon. Part of an Epic Poem when about twelve. The scene of it lay at Rhodes, and some of the neighbouring islands; and the poem opened under water with a description of the Court of Neptune."—POPE. *Ibid.*

"His perpetual application (after he set to study, of himself) re-

hands of the priests, and from his first clerical master, who came to him when he was eight years old, he went to a school at Twyford, and another school at Hyde Park, at which places he unlearned all that he had got from his first instructor. At twelve years old, he went with his father into Windsor Forest, and there learned for a few months under a fourth priest. "And this was all the teaching I ever had," he said, "and God knows it extended a very little way."

When he had done with his priests he took to reading by himself, for which he had a very great eagerness and enthusiasm, especially for poetry. He learned versification from Dryden, he said. In his youthful poem of "Alcander," he imitated every poet, Cowley, Milton, Spenser, Statius, Homer, Virgil. In a few years he had dipped into a great number of the English, French, Italian, Latin, and Greek poets. "This I did," he says, "without any design except to amuse myself; and got the languages by hunting after the stories in the several poets I read, rather than read the books to get the languages. I followed everywhere as my fancy led me, and was like a boy gathering flowers in the fields and woods, just as they fell in his way. These five or six years I looked upon as the happiest in my life." Is not here a beautiful holiday picture? The forest and the fairy story-book—the boy spelling Ariosto or Virgil under the trees, battling with the Cid for the love of Chimène, or dreaming of Armida's garden—peace and sunshine round about—the kindest love and tenderness waiting for him at his quiet home yonder—and Genius throbbing in his young heart, and whispering to him, "You shall be great; you shall be famous; you, too, shall love and sing; you will sing her so nobly that some

duced him in four years' time to so bad a state of health, that, after trying physicians for a good while in vain, he resolved to give way to his distemper; and sat down calmly in a full expectation of death in a short time. Under this thought, he wrote letters to take a last farewell of some of his more particular friends, and among the rest one to the Abbé Southcote. The Abbé was extremely concerned, both for his very ill state of health and the resolution he said he had taken. He thought there might yet be hope, and went immediately to Dr. Radcliffe, with whom he was well acquainted, told him Mr. Pope's case, got full directions from him, and carried them down to Pope in Windsor Forest. The chief thing the doctor ordered him was to apply less, and to ride every day. The following his advice soon restored him to his health."—POPE. *Ibid.*

kind heart shall forget you are weak and ill-formed. Every poet had a love. Fate must give one to you too,"—and day by day he walks the forest, very likely looking out for that charmer. "They were the happiest days of his life," he says, when he was only dreaming of his fame: when he had gained that mistress she was no consoler.

That charmer made her appearance, it would seem, about the year 1705, when Pope was seventeen. Letters of his are extant, addressed to a certain Lady M——, whom the youth courted, and to whom he expressed his ardour in language, to say no worse of it, that is entirely pert, odious, and affected. He imitated love compositions as he had been imitating love poems just before—it was a sham mistress he courted, and a sham passion, expressed as became it. These unlucky letters found their way into print years afterwards, and were sold to the congenial Mr. Curll. If any of my hearers, as I hope they may, should take a fancy to look at Pope's correspondence, let them pass over that first part of it; over, perhaps, almost all Pope's letters to women; in which there is a tone of not pleasant gallantry, and, amidst a profusion of compliments and politenesses, a something which makes one distrust the little pert, prurient bard. There is very little indeed to say about his loves, and that little not edifying. He wrote flames and raptures, and elaborate verse and prose for Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; but that passion probably came to a climax in an impertinence and was extinguished by a box on the ear, or some such rebuff, and he began on a sudden to hate her with a fervour much more genuine than that of his love had been. It was a feeble, puny grimace of love, and paltering with passion. After Mr. Pope had sent off one of his fine compositions to Lady Mary, he made a second draft from the rough copy, and favoured some other friend with it. He was so charmed with the letter of Gay's, that I have just quoted, that he had copied that and amended it, and sent it to Lady Mary as his own. A gentleman who writes letters *à deux fins*, and after having poured out his heart to the beloved, serves up the same dish *réchauffé* to a friend, is not very much in earnest about his loves, however much he may be in his piques and vanities when his impertinence gets its due.

But, save that unlucky part of the Pope Correspondence, I do not know, in the range of our literature, volumes

more delightful.* You live in them in the finest company in the world. A little stately, perhaps; a little *apprêté* and conscious that they are speaking to whole generations who are listening; but in the tone of their voices—pitched, as no doubt they are, beyond the mere conversation key—in the expression of their thoughts, their various views and natures, there is something generous, and cheering, and ennobling. You are in the society of men who have filled

* MR. POPE TO THE REV. MR. BROOME, PULHAM, NORFOLK.

"Aug., 29th, 1730.

"DEAR SIR,—

"I intended to write you on this melancholy subject, the death of Mr. Fenton, before yours came, but stayed to have informed myself and you of the circumstances of it. All I hear is, that he felt a gradual decay, though so early in life, and was declining for five or six months. It was not, as I apprehended, the gout in his stomach, but, I believe, rather a complication first of gross humours, as he was naturally corpulent, not discharging themselves, as he used no sort of exercise. No man better bore the approaches of his dissolution (as I am told), or with less ostentation yielded up his being. The great modesty which you know was natural to him, and the great contempt he had for all sorts of vanity and parade, never appeared more than in his last moments: he had a conscious satisfaction (no doubt) in acting right, in feeling himself honest, true, and unpretending to more than his own. So he died as he lived, with that secret, yet sufficient contentment.

"As to any papers left behind him, I dare say they can be but few; for this reason, he never wrote out of vanity, or thought much of the applause of men. I know an instance when he did his utmost to conceal his own merit that way; and if we join to this his natural love of ease, I fancy we must expect little of this sort: at least, I have heard of none, except some few further remarks on Waller (which his cautious integrity made him leave an order to be given to Mr. Tonson), and perhaps, though it is many years since I saw it, a translation of the first book of 'Oppian.' He had begun a tragedy of Dion, but made small progress in it.

"As to his other affairs, he died poor but honest, leaving no debts or legacies, except of a few pounds to Mr. Trumball and my lady, in token of respect, gratefulness, and mutual esteem.

"I shall, with pleasure, take upon me to draw this amiable, quiet, deserving, unpretending, Christian, unphilosophical character in his epitaph. There truth may be spoken in a few words; as for flourish, and oratory, and poetry, I leave them to younger and more lively writers, such as love writing for writing sake, and would rather show their own fine parts than report the valuable ones of any other man. So the elegy I renounce.

"I condole with you from my heart on the loss of so worthy a man, and a friend to us both. * * *

"Adieu; let us love his memory, and profit by his example. Am very sincerely, dear sir,

"Your affectionate and real servant."

the greatest parts in the world's story—you are with St. John the statesman; Peterborough, the conqueror; Swift, the greatest wit of all times; Gay, the kindest laugh— it is a privilege to sit in that company. Delightful and generous banquet! with a little faith and a little fancy any

TO THE EARL OF BURLINGTON.

"August, 1714.

"MY LORD,

"If your mare could speak she would give you an account of what extraordinary company she had on the road, which, since she cannot do, I will.

"It was the enterprising Mr. Lintot, the redoubtable rival of Mr. Tonson, who, mounted on a stone-horse, overtook me in Windsor Forest. He said he heard I designed for Oxford, the seat of the Muses, and would, as my bookseller, by all means accompany me thither.

"I asked him where he got his horse? He answered he got it of his publisher; 'for that rogue, my printer (said he), disappointed me. I hoped to put him in good humour by a treat at the tavern of a brown fricassée of rabbits, which cost ten shillings, with two quarts of wine, besides my conversation. I thought myself cock-sure of his horse, which he readily promised me, but said that Mr. Tonson had just such another design of going to Cambridge, expecting there the copy of a new kind of Horace from Dr. —; and if Mr. Tonson went, he was pre-engaged to attend him, being to have the printing of the said copy. So, in short, I borrowed this stone-horse of my publisher, which he had of Mr. Oldmixon for a debt. He lent me, too, the pretty boy you see after me. He was a smutty dog yesterday, and cost me more than two hours to wash the ink off his face; but the devil is a fair conditioned devil, and very forward in his catechism. If you have any more bags he shall carry them.'

"I thought Mr. Lintot's civility not to be neglected, so gave the boy a small bag containing three shirts and an Elzevir Virgil, and, mounting in an instant, proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous stationer beside, and the aforesaid devil behind.

"Mr. Lintot began in this manner: 'Now, damn them! What if they should put it into the newspaper how you and I went together to Oxford? What would I care? If I should go down into Sussex they would say I was gone to the Speaker; but what of that? If my son were but big enough to go on with the business, by G—d, I would keep as good company as old Jacob.'

"Hereupon, I inquired of his son. 'The lad (says he) has fine parts, but is somewhat sickly, much as you are. I spare for nothing in his education at Westminster. Pray, don't you think Westminster to be the best school in England? Most of the late Ministry came out of it; so did many of this Ministry. I hope the boy will make his fortune.

"'Don't you design to let him pass a year at Oxford?' 'To what purpose? (said he). The Universities do but make pedants, and I intend to breed him a man of business.'

one of us here may enjoy it, and conjure up those great figures out of the past, and listen to their wit and wisdom. Mind that there is always a certain *cachet* about great men—they may be as mean on many points as you or I, but they carry their great air—they speak of common life more

“As Mr. Lintot was talking I observed he sat uneasy on his saddle, for which I expressed some solicitude. ‘Nothing (says he). I can bear it well enough; but, since we have the day before us, methinks it would be very pleasant for you to rest awhile under the woods.’ When we were alighted, ‘See, here, what a mighty pretty Horace I have in my pocket! What, if you amused yourself in turning an ode till we mount again? Lord! if you pleased, what a clever miscellany might you make at leisure hours!’ ‘Perhaps I may,’ said I, ‘if we ride on; the motion is an aid to my fancy; a round trot very much awakens my spirits; then jog on apace, and I’ll think as hard as I can.’

“Silence ensued for a full hour; after which Mr. Lintot lugged the reins, stopped short, and broke out, ‘Well, sir, how far have you gone?’ I answered, seven miles. ‘Z—ds, sir,’ said Lintot, ‘I thought you had done seven stanzas. Oldsworth, in a ramble round Wimbleton-hill, would translate a whole ode in half this time. I’ll say that for Oldsworth [though I lost by his Timothy’s] he translates an ode of Horace the quickest of any man in England. I remember Dr. King would write verses in a tavern, three hours after he could not speak: and there is Sir Richard, in that rumbling old chariot of his, between Fleet-ditch and St. Giles’s pound, shall make you half a Job.’

“‘Pray, Mr. Lintot’ (said I), ‘now you talk of translators, what is your method of managing them?’ ‘Sir’ (replied he), ‘these are the saddest pack of rogues in the world: in a hungry fit, they’ll swear they understand all the languages in the universe. I have known one of them take down a Greek book upon my counter, and cry, “Ah, this is Hebrew,” and must read it from the latter end. By G—d, I can never be sure in these fellows, for I neither understand Greek, Latin, French, nor Italian myself. But this is my way; I agree with them for ten shillings per sheet, with a proviso that I will have their doings corrected with whom I please; so by one or the other they are led at last to the true sense of an author; my judgment giving the negative to all my translators.’ ‘Then how are you sure these correctors may not impose upon you?’ ‘Why I get any civil gentleman (especially any Scotchman) that comes into my shop, to read the original to me in English; by this I know whether my first translator be deficient, and whether my corrector merits his money or not.

“‘I’ll tell you what happened to me last month. I bargained with S— for a new version of “Lucretius,” to publish against Tons—’s, agreeing to pay the author so many shillings at his producing so many lines. He made a great progress in a very short time, and I gave it to the corrector to compare with the Latin; but he went directly to Creech’s translation, and found it the same, word for word, all but the first page. Now, what d’ye think I did? I

largely and generously than common men do—they regard the world with a manlier countenance, and see its real features more fairly than the timid shufflers who only dare to look up at life through blinkers, or to have an opinion when there is a crowd to back it. He who reads these

arrested the translator for a cheat; nay, and I stopped the corrector's pay, too, upon the proof that he had made use of Creech instead of the original.'

"'Pray tell me next how you deal with the critics?' 'Sir,' said he, 'nothing more easy. I can silence the most formidable of them: the rich ones for a sheet a-piece of the blotted manuscript, which cost me nothing; they'll go about with it to their acquaintance, and pretend they had it from the author, who submitted it to their correction: this has given some of them such an air, that in time they come to be consulted with and dedicated to as the tip-top critics of the town.—As for the poor critics, I'll give you one instance of my management, by which you may guess the rest: a lean man, that looked like a very good scholar, came to me, t'other day; he turned over your Homer, shook his head, shrugged up his shoulders, and pish'd at every line of it. "One would wonder" (says he) "at the strange presumption of some men; Homer is no such easy task as every stripling, every versifier"—he was going on, when my wife called to dinner; "sir," said I, "will you please to eat a piece of beef with me?" "Mr. Lintot," said he, "I am very sorry you should be at the expense of this great book, I am really concerned on your account." "Sir, I am much obliged to you: if you can dine upon a piece of beef together with a slice of pudding?"—"Mr. Lintot, I do not say but Mr. Pope, if he would condescend to advise with men of learning."—"Sir, the pudding is upon the table, if you please to go in." My critic complies; he comes to a taste of your poetry, and tells me in the same breath, that the book is commendable, and the poetry excellent.

"'Now, sir,' continued Mr. Lintot, 'in return to the frankness I have shown, pray tell me, is it the opinion of your friends at Court that my Lord Lansdowne will be brought to the bar or not?' I told him I heard he would not, and I hoped it, my Lord being one I had particular obligations to.—'That may be,' replied Mr. Lintot; 'but by G— if he is not, I shall lose the printing of a very good trial.'

"These, my Lord, are a few traits with which you discern the genius of Mr. Lintot, which I have chosen for the subject of a letter. I dropped him as soon as I got to Oxford, and paid a visit to my Lord Carleton, at Middleton. * * *

"I am," &c.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

"Sept. 29, 1725.

"I am now returning to the noble scene of Dublin—into the *grand monde*—for fear of burying my parts; to signalize myself among curates and vicars, and correct all corruptions crept in relating to the weight of bread-and-butter through those dominions where I govern. I have employed my time (besides ditching) in finishing, correcting, amending, and transcribing my travels [Gulliver's], in

noble records of a past age, salutes and reverences the great spirits who adorn it. You may go home now and talk with St. John; you may take a volume from your library and listen to Swift and Pope.

Might I give counsel to any young hearer, I would say

four parts complete, newly augmented, and intended for the press when the world shall deserve them, or rather, when a printer shall be found brave enough to venture his ears. I like the scheme of our meeting after distresses and dissensions; but the chief end I propose to myself in all my labours is to vex the world rather than divert it; and if I could compass that design without hurting my own person or fortune, I would be the most indefatigable writer you have ever seen, without reading. I am exceedingly pleased that you have done with translations; Lord Treasurer Oxford often lamented that a rascally world should lay you under a necessity of misemploying your genius for so long a time; but since you will now be so much better employed, when you think of the world, give it one lash the more at my request. I have ever hated all societies, professions, and communities; and all my love is towards individuals,—for instance, I hate the tribe of lawyers, but I love Counsellor Such-a-one and Judge Such-a-one: it is so with physicians (I will not speak of my own trade), soldiers, English, Scotch, French, and the rest. But principally I hate and detest that animal called man—although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so on.

* * * “I have got materials towards a treatise proving the falsity of that definition *animal rationale*, and to show it should be only *rationis capax*. * * * The matter is so clear that it will admit of no dispute—nay, I will hold a hundred pounds that you and I agree in the point. * * *

“Dr. Lewis sent me an account of Dr. Arbuthnot’s illness, which is a very sensible affliction to me, who, by living so long out of the world, have lost that hardness of heart contracted by years and general conversation. I am daily losing friends, and neither seeking nor getting others. Oh if the world had but a dozen of Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my ‘Travels!’”

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

“October 15, 1725.

“I am wonderfully pleased with the suddenness of your kind answer. It makes me hope you are coming towards us, and that you incline more and more to your old friends. * * * Here is one [Lord Bolingbroke] who was once a powerful planet, but has now (after long experience of all that comes of shining) learned to be content with returning to his first point without the thought or ambition of shining at all. Here is another [Edward, Earl of Oxford], who thinks one of the greatest glories of his father was to have distinguished and loved you, and who loves you hereditarily. Here is Arbuthnot, recovered from the jaws of death, and more pleased with the hope of seeing you again than of reviewing a world, every part of which he has long despised but what is made up of a few men like yourself. * * *

to him, try to frequent the company of your betters. In books and life that is the most wholesome society; learn to admire rightly; the great pleasure of life is that. Note what the great men admired; they admired great things: narrow spirits admire basely, and worship meanly. I know nothing in any story more gallant and cheering, than the love and friendship which this company of famous men bore towards one another. There never has been a society of men more friendly, as there never was one more illustrious. Who dares quarrel with Mr. Pope, great and famous himself, for liking the society of men great and famous? and for liking them for the qualities which made them so? A mere pretty fellow from White's could not have written the "Patriot King," and would very likely have despised little Mr. Pope, the decrepit Papist, whom the great St. John held to be one of the best and greatest of men: a mere nobleman of the Court could no more have won Barcelona, than he could have written Peterborough's letters to Pope,* which are as witty as Congreve: a mere

"Our friend Gay is used as the friends of Tories are by Whigs—and generally by Tories too. Because he had humour, he was supposed to have dealt with Dr. Swift, in like manner as when any one had learning formerly, he was thought to have dealt with the devil. * * *

"Lord Bolingbroke had not the least harm by his fall; I wish he had received no more by his other fall. But Lord Bolingbroke is the most improved mind since you saw him, that ever was improved without shifting into a new body, or being *parullo minus ab angelis*. I have often imagined to myself, that if ever all of us meet again, after so many varieties and changes, after so much of the old world and of the old man in each of us has been altered, that scarce a single thought of the one, any more than a single action of the other, remains just the same; I have fancied, I say, that we should meet like the righteous in the millennium, quite at peace, divested of all our former passions, smiling at our past follies, and content to enjoy the kingdom of the just in tranquillity.

* * * * *

"I designed to have left the following page for Dr. Arbuthnot to fill, but he is so touched with the period in yours to me, concerning him, that he intends to answer it by a whole letter." * * *

* Of the Earl of Peterborough, Walpole says:—"He was one of those men of careless wit, and negligent grace, who scatter a thousand *bons mots* and idle verses, which we painful compilers gather and hoard, till the authors stare to find themselves authors. Such was this Lord, of an advantageous figure, and enterprising spirit: as gallant as Amadis and as brave; but a little more expeditious in his journeys; for he is said to have seen more kings and more pos-

Irish Dean could not have written "Gulliver;" and all these men loved Pope, and Pope loved all these men. To name his friends is to name the best men of his time. Addison had a senate; Pope revered his equals. He spoke of Swift with respect and admiration always. His admiration for Bolingbroke was so great, that when some one said of his friend, "There is something in that great man which looks as if he was placed here by mistake," "Yes," Pope answered, "and when the comet appeared to us a month or two ago, I had sometimes an imagination that it might possibly be come to carry him home, as a coach comes to one's door for visitors." So these great spirits spoke of one another. Show me six of the dullest middle-aged gentlemen that ever dawdled round a club-table, so faithful and so friendly.

We have said before that the chief wits of this time, with the exception of Congreve, were what we should now call men's men. They spent many hours of the four-and-twenty, a fourth part of each day nearly, in clubs, and coffee-houses, where they dined, drank, and smoked. Wit

tilions than any man in Europe. * * * He was a man, as his friend said, who would neither live nor die like any other mortal."

FROM THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH TO POPE.

"You must receive my letter with a just impartiality, and give grains of allowance for a gloomy or rainy day; I sink grievously with the weather-glass, and am quite spiritless when oppressed with the thoughts of a birthday or a return.

"Dutiful affection was bringing me to town, but undutiful laziness and being much out of order keep me in the country: however, if alive, I must make my appearance at the birthday. * * *

"You seem to think it vexatious that I shall allow you but one woman at a time either to praise or love. If I dispute with you on this point, I doubt, every fairy will give a verdict against me. So sir, with a Mahometan indulgence, I allow you pluralities, the favourite privileges of our church.

"I find you don't mend upon correction; again I tell you you must not think of women in a reasonable way: you know we always make Goddesses of those we adore upon earth; and do not all the good men tell us we must lay aside reason in what relates to the Deity? * * * I should have been glad of anything of Swift's. Pray when you write to him next, tell him I expect him with impatience, in a place as odd and as out of the way as himself.

"Your's."

Peterborough married Mrs. Anastasia Robinson, the celebrated singer.

and news went by word of mouth; a journal of 1710 contained the very smallest portion of one or the other. The chiefs spoke, the faithful *habitués* sate around; strangers came to wonder and listen. Old Dryden had his headquarters at Will's, in Russell Street, at the corner of Bow Street, at which place Pope saw him when he was twelve years old. The company used to assemble on the first floor—what was called the dining-room floor in those days—and sate at various tables smoking their pipes. It is recorded that the beaux of the day thought it a great honour to be allowed to take a pinch out of Dryden's snuff-box. When Addison began to reign, he with a certain crafty propriety—or policy let us call it—which belonged to his nature, set up his court, and appointed the officers of his royal house. His palace was Button's, opposite Will's.* A quiet opposition, a silent assertion of empire, distinguished this great man. Addison's ministers were Budgell, Tickell, Philips, Carey; his master of the horse, honest Dick Steele, who was what Duroc was to Napoleon, a Hardy to Nelson; the man who performed his master's bidding, and would have cheerfully died in his quarrel. Addison lived with these people for seven or eight hours every day. The male society passed over their punch-bowls and tobacco-pipes, about as much time as ladies of that age spent over Spadille and Manille.

For a brief space, upon coming up to town, Pope formed part of King Joseph's court, and was his rather too eager and obsequious humble servant.† Dick Steele, the editor of the *Tatler*, Mr. Addison's man, and his own man too,—

* "Button had been a servant in the Countess of Warwick's family, who, under the patronage of Addison, kept a coffee-house on the south side of Russell Street, about two doors from Covent Garden. Here it was that the wits of that time used to assemble. It is said that when Addison had suffered any vexation from the Countess, he withdrew the company from Button's house.

"From the coffee-house he went again to a tavern, where he often sat late and drank too much wine."—DR. JOHNSON.

Will's coffee-house was on the west side of Bow Street, and "corner of Russell Street." See "Handbook of London."

† "My acquaintance with Mr. Addison commenced in 1712: I liked him then as well as I liked any man, and was very fond of his conversation. It was very soon after that Mr. Addison advised me 'not to be content with the applause of half the nation.' He used to talk much and often to me, of moderation in parties: and used to blame his dear friend Steele for being too much of a party man.

a person of no little figure in the world of letters, patronised the young poet; and set him a task or two. Young Mr. Pope did the tasks very quickly and smartly (he had been at the feet quite as a boy of Wycherley's* decrepit

He encouraged me in my design of translating the 'Iliad,' which was begun that year, and finished in 1718."—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes*.

"Addison had Budgell, and I think Philips, in the house with him.—Gay, they would call one of my *élèves*.—They were angry with me for keeping so much with Dr. Swift, and some of the late ministry."—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes*.

* "TO MR. ALCOURT.

"Jan. 21, 1715–16.

"I know of nothing that will be so interesting to you at present as some circumstances of the last act of that eminent comic poet and our friend, Wycherley. He had often told me, and I doubt not he did all his acquaintance, that he would marry as soon as his life was despaired of. Accordingly, a few days before his death, he underwent the ceremony, and joined together those two sacraments which wise men say we should be the last to receive; for, if you observe, matrimony is placed after extreme unction in our catechism, as a kind of hint of the order of time in which they are to be taken. The old man then lay down, satisfied in the consciousness of having, by this one act, obliged a woman who (he was told) had merit, and shown an heroic resentment of the ill-usage of his next heir. Some hundred pounds which he had with the lady, discharged his debts; a jointure of 500*l.* a year made her a recompense; and the nephew was left to comfort himself as well as he could with the miserable remains of a mortgaged estate. I saw our friend twice after this was done—less peevish in his sickness than he used to be in his health; neither much afraid of dying, nor (which in him had been more likely) much ashamed of marrying. The evening before he expired, he called his young wife to the bedside, and earnestly entreated her not to deny him one request—the last he should make. Upon her assurances of consenting to it, he told her: 'My dear, it is only this—that you will never marry an old man again.' I cannot help remarking that sickness, which often destroys both wit and wisdom, yet seldom has power to remove that talent which we call humour. Mr. Wycherley showed his even in his last compliment; though I think his request a little hard, for why should he bar her from doubling her jointure on the same easy terms?

"So trivial as these circumstances are, I should not be displeased myself to know such trifles when they concern or characterize any eminent person. The wisest and wittiest of men are seldom wiser or wittier than others in these sober moments; at least, our friend ended much in the same character he had lived in; and Horace's rule for play may as well be applied to him as a playwright:—

"*Servetur ad imum,*

Qualis ab incepto processerit et sibi constet."

"I am," &c.

reputation, and propped up for a year that doting old wit): he was anxious to be well with the men of letters, to get a footing and a recognition. He thought it an honour to be admitted into their company; to have the confidence of Mr. Addison's friend, Captain Steele. His eminent parts obtained for him the honour of heralding Addison's triumph of "Cato," with his admirable prologue, and heading the victorious procession as it were. Not content with this act of homage and admiration, he wanted to distinguish himself by assaulting Addison's enemies, and attacked John Dennis with a prose lampoon, which highly offended his lofty patron. Mr. Steele was instructed to write to Mr. Dennis and inform him, that Mr. Pope's pamphlet against him was written quite without Mr. Addison's approval.* Indeed, "The Narrative of Dr. Robert Norris on the phrenzy of J. D.," is a vulgar and mean satire, and such a blow as the magnificent Addison could never desire to see any partisan of his strike, in any literary quarrel. Pope was closely allied with Swift when he wrote this pamphlet. It is so dirty that it has been printed in Swift's works too. It bears the foul marks of the master hand. Swift admired and enjoyed with all his heart the prodigious genius of the young Papist lad out of Windsor Forest, who had never seen a University in his life, and came and conquered the Dons and the Doctors with his wit. He applauded, and loved him, too: and protected him, and taught him mischief. I wish Addison could have loved him better. The best satire that ever has been penned would never have been written then; and one of the best characters the world ever knew, would have been without a flaw. But he who had so few equals could not bear one, and Pope was more than that. When Pope, trying for himself, and soaring on his immortal young wings, found that his, too, was a genius, which no pinion of that age could follow, he rose and left Addison's company, settling on his own eminence, singing his own song.

It was not possible that Pope should remain a retainer of Mr. Addison; nor likely that after escaping from his vassalage and assuming an independent crown, the sov-

* "Addison, who was no stranger to the world, probably saw the selfishness of Pope's friendship; and, resolving that he should have the consequences of his officiousness to himself, informed Dennis by Steele that he was sorry for the insult."—JOHNSON. *Life of Addison.*

ereign whose allegiance he quitted should view him amicably.* They did not do wrong to dislike each other. They but followed the impulse of nature, and the consequence of position. When Bernadotte became heir to a throne, the Prince Royal of Sweden was naturally Napoleon's enemy. "There are many passions and tempers of mankind," says Mr. Addison in the *Spectator*, speaking a couple of years before their little differences between him and Mr. Pope took place, "which naturally dispose us to depress and vilify the merit of one rising in the esteem of mankind. All those who made their entrance into the world with the same advantages, and were once looked on as his equals, are apt to think the fame of his merits a reflection on their own deserts. Those, who were once his equals, envy and defame him, because they now see him the superior; and those who were once his superiors, because they look upon him as their equal." Did Mr. Addison, justly perhaps thinking that, as young Mr. Pope had not had the benefit of a university education, he could not know Greek, therefore he could not translate Homer, encourage his young friend, Mr. Tickell, of Queen's, to translate that poet, and aid him with his own known scholarship and skill?† It was natural that Mr. Addison should doubt of the learning of an amateur Grecian; should have a high opinion of Mr. Tickell, of Queen's; and should help that ingenious young man. It was natural, on the other hand, that Mr. Pope and Mr. Pope's friends should believe that this counter-translation, suddenly advertised and so long written, though Tickell's college friends had never heard of it—though when Pope first wrote to Addison regarding his

* "While I was heated with what I had heard, I wrote a letter to Mr. Addison, to let him know 'that I was not unacquainted with this behaviour of his; that if I was to speak of him severely in return for it, it should not be in such a dirty way; that I should rather tell him himself fairly of his faults, and allow his good qualities; and that it should be something in the following manner.' I then subjoined the first sketch of what has since been called my satire on Addison. He used me very civilly ever after; and never did me any injustice, that I know of, from that time to his death, which was about three years after."—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes*.

† "That Tickell should have been guilty of a villainy seems to us highly improbable; that Addison should have been guilty of a villainy seems to us highly improbable; but that these two men should have conspired together to commit a villainy, seems to us improbable in a tenfold degree."—MACAULAY.

scheme, Mr. Addison knew nothing of the similar project of Tickell, of Queen's—it was natural that Mr. Pope and his friends, having interests, pensions, and prejudices of his own, should believe that Tickell's translation was but an act of opposition against Pope, and that they should call Mr. Tickell's emulation Mr. Addison's envy—if envy it were.

“And were there one whose fires
 True genius kindles and fair fame inspires,
 Blest with each talent and each art to please,
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease;
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear like the Turk no brother near the throne;
 View him with scornful yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate, for arts that caused himself to rise;
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
 Alike reserved to blame as to commend,
 A timorous foe and a suspicious friend,
 Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,
 And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;
 Like Cato give his little senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause;
 While wits and templars every sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise.
 Who but must laugh if such a man there be,
 Who would not weep if Atticus were he?”

“I sent the verses to Mr. Addison,” said Pope, “and he used me very civilly ever after.” No wonder he did. It was shame very likely more than fear that silenced him. Johnson recounts an interview between Pope and Addison after their quarrel, in which Pope was angry, and Addison tried to be contemptuous and calm. Such a weapon as Pope's must have pierced any scorn. It flashes forever, and quivers in Addison's memory. His great figure looks out on us from the past—stainless but for that—pale, calm, and beautiful: it bleeds from that black wound. He should be drawn, like St. Sebastian, with that arrow in his side. As he sent to Gay and asked his pardon, as he bade his step-son come and see his death, be sure he had forgiven Pope, when he made ready to show how a Christian could die.

Pope then formed part of the Addisonian court for a short time, and describes himself in his letters as sitting

with that coterie until two o'clock in the morning over punch and Burgundy amidst the fumes of tobacco. To use an expression of the present day, the "pace" of those *viveurs* of the former age was awful. Peterborough lived into the very jaws of death; Godolphin laboured all day and gambled at night; Bolingbroke,* writing to Swift, from Dawley, in his retirement, dating his letter at six o'clock in the morning, and rising, as he says, refreshed, serene, and calm, calls to mind the time of his London life; when about that hour he used to be going to bed, surfeited with pleasure, and jaded with business; his head often full of schemes, and his heart as often full of anxiety. It was too hard, too coarse a life for the sensitive, sickly Pope. He was the only wit of the day, a friend writes to me, who was not fat.† Swift was fat; Addison was fat; Steele was fat; Gay and Thomson were preposterously fat—all that fuddling and punch-drinking, that club and coffee-house boozing, shortened the lives and enlarged the waistcoats of the men of that age. Pope withdrew in a great measure from this boisterous London company, and being put into an independence by the gallant exertions of Swift‡ and his private friends, and by the enthusiastic national admiration which justly rewarded his great achievement of the "Iliad," purchased that famous villa of Twickenham which his song

* LORD BOLINGBROKE TO THE THREE YAHOO'S OF TWICKENHAM.

"July 23, 1726.

"JONATHAN, ALEXANDER, JOHN, MOST EXCELLENT TRIUMVIRS OF PARNASSUS,—

"Though you are probably very indifferent where I am, or what I am doing, yet I resolve to believe the contrary. I persuade myself that you have sent at least fifteen times within this fortnight to Dawley farm, and that you are extremely mortified at my long silence. To relieve you, therefore, from this great anxiety of mind, I can do no less than write a few lines to you; and I please myself beforehand with the vast pleasure which this epistle must needs give you. That I may add to this pleasure, and give further proofs of my beneficent temper, I will likewise inform you, that I shall be in your neighbourhood again by the end of next week: by which time I hope that Jonathan's imagination of business will be succeeded by some imagination more becoming a professor of that divine science, *la bagatelle*. Adieu. Jonathan, Alexander, John, mirth be with you!"

† Prior must be excepted from this observation. "He was lank and lean."

‡ Swift exerted himself, very much, in promoting the "Iliad" subscription; and also introduced Pope to Harley and Bolingbroke.—

and life celebrated; duteously bringing his old parents to live and die there, entertaining his friends there, and making occasional visits to London in his little chariot, in which Atterbury compared him to "Homer in a nutshell."

"Mr. Dryden was not a genteel man," Pope quaintly said to Spence, speaking of the manners and habits of the famous old patriarch of Will's. With regard to Pope's own manners, we have the best contemporary authority that they were singularly refined and polished. With his extraordinary sensibility, with his known tastes, with his delicate frame, with his power and dread of ridicule, Pope could have been no other than what we call a highly-bred person.* His closest friends, with the exception of Swift, were among the delights and ornaments of the polished society of their age. Garth,† the accomplished and benevolent, whom Steele has described so charmingly, of whom Codrington said that his character was "all beauty," and whom Pope himself called the best of Christians without knowing it; Arbuthnot,‡ one of the wisest, wittiest, most accomplished, gentlest of mankind; Bolingbroke, the Alcibiades of his age; the generous Oxford; the magnificent, the witty, the famous, and chivalrous Peterborough; these

Pope realised by the "Iliad" upwards of 5000*l.*, which he laid out partly in annuities, and partly in the purchase of his famous villa. Johnson remarks that "it would be hard to find a man so well entitled to notice by his wit, that ever delighted so much in talking of his money."

* "His (Pope's) voice in common conversation was so naturally musical, that I remember honest Tom Southerne used always to call him 'the little nightingale.'"—ORRERY.

† Garth, whom Dryden calls "generous as his Muse," was a Yorkshireman. He graduated at Cambridge and was made M.D. in 1691. He soon distinguished himself in his profession, by his poem of the "Dispensary," and in society, and pronounced Dryden's funeral oration. He was a strict Whig, a notable member of the Kit Kat, and a friendly, convivial, able man. He was knighted by George I., with the Duke of Marlborough's sword. He died in 1718.

‡ Arbuthnot was the son of an Episcopal clergyman in Scotland, and belonged to an ancient and distinguished Scotch family. He was educated at Aberdeen; and, coming up to London—according to a Scotch practice, often enough alluded to—to make his fortune, first made himself known by "an examination of Dr. Woodward's account of the Deluge." He became physician, successively, to Prince George of Denmark and to Queen Anne. He is usually allowed to have been the most learned, as well as one of the most witty and humorous members of the Scriblerus Club. The opinion entertained of him by the humourists of the day is abundantly evi-

were the fast and faithful friends of Pope, the most brilliant company of friends, let us repeat, that the world has ever seen. The favourite recreation of his leisure hours was the society of painters, whose art he practised. In his correspondence are letters between him and Jervas, whose pupil he loved to be—Richardson, a celebrated artist of his time, and who painted for him a portrait of

denced in their correspondence. When he found himself in his last illness, he wrote thus, from his retreat at Hampstead, to Swift:

"Hampstead, Oct. 4, 1734.

"MY DEAR AND WORTHY FRIEND,—

"You have no reason to put me among the rest of your forgetful friends, for I wrote two long letters to you, to which I never received one word of answer. The first was about your health; the last I sent a great while ago, by one De la Mar. I can assure you with great truth that none of your friends or acquaintance has a more warm heart towards you than myself. I am going out of this troublesome world, and you, among the rest of my friends, shall have my last prayers and good wishes.

* * * "I came out to this place so reduced by a dropsy and an asthma that I could neither sleep, breathe, eat, nor move. I most earnestly desired and begged of God that he would take me. Contrary to my expectation, upon venturing to ride (which I had forborne for some years), I recovered my strength to a pretty considerable degree, slept, and had my stomach again. * * * What I did, I can assure you was not for life, but ease; for I am at present in the case of a man that was almost in harbour, and then blown back to sea—who has a reasonable hope of going to a good place, and an absolute certainty of leaving a very bad one. Not that I have any particular disgust at the world; for I have as great comfort in my own family and from the kindness of my friends as any man; but the world, in the main, displeases me, and I have too true a presentiment of calamities that are to befall my country. However, if I should have the happiness to see you before I die, you will find that I enjoy the comforts of life with my usual cheerfulness. I cannot imagine why you are frightened from a journey to England: the reasons you assign are not sufficient—the journey I am sure would do you good. In general, I recommend riding, of which I have always had a good opinion, and can now confirm it from my own experience.

"My family give you their love and service. The great loss I sustained in one of them gave me my first shock, and the trouble I have with the rest to bring them to a right temper to bear the loss of a father who loves them, and whom they love, is really a most sensible affliction to me. I am afraid, my dear friend, we shall never see one another more in this world. I shall, to the last moment, preserve my love and esteem for you, being well assured you will never leave the paths of virtue and honour; for all that is in this world is not worth the least deviation from the way. It will be great pleasure to me to hear from you sometimes; for none are

his old mother, and for whose picture he asked and thanked Jervas in one of the most delightful letters that ever was penned,*—and the wonderful Kneller, who bragged more, spelt worse, and painted better than any artist of his day.†

It is affecting to note, through Pope's correspondence,

with more sincerity than I am, my dear friend, your most faithful friend and humble servant."

"Arbuthnot," Johnson says, "was a man of great comprehension, skilful in his profession, versed in the sciences, acquainted with ancient literature, and able to animate his mass of knowledge by a bright and active imagination; a scholar with great brilliance of wit; a wit who, in the crowd of life, retained and discovered a noble ardour of religious zeal."

Dugald Stewart has testified to Arbuthnot's ability in a department of which he was particularly qualified to judge: "Let me add, that, in the list of philosophical reformers, the authors of 'Martinus Scriblerus' ought not to be overlooked. Their happy ridicule of the scholastic logic and metaphysics is universally known; but few are aware of the acuteness and sagacity displayed in their allusions to some of the most vulnerable passages in Locke's Essay. In this part of the work it is commonly understood that Arbuthnot had the principal share."—See *Preliminary Dissertation to Encyclopædia Britannica*, note to p. 242, and also note B. B. B., p. 285.

* TO MR. RICHARDSON.

"Twickenham, June 10, 1733.

"As I know you and I mutually desire to see one another, I hope that this day our wishes would have met, and brought you hither. And this for the very reason, which possibly might hinder you coming, that my poor mother is dead. I thank God, her death was as easy as her life was innocent; and as it cost her not a groan, or even a sigh, there is yet upon her countenance such an expression of tranquillity, nay, almost of pleasure, that it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the finest image of a saint expired that ever painter drew; and it would be the greatest obligation which even that obliging art could ever bestow on a friend, if you could come and sketch it for me. I am sure, if there be no very precedent obstacle, you will leave any common business to do this; and I hope to see you this evening, or to-morrow morning as early, before this winter flower is faded. I will defer her interment till to-morrow night. I know you love me, or I could not have written this—I could not (at this time) have written at all. Adieu! May you die as happy!

Yours, &c."

† "Mr. Pope was with Sir Godfrey Kneller one day, when his nephew, a Guinea trader, came in. 'Nephew,' said Sir Godfrey, 'you have the honour of seeing the two greatest men in the world.'—'I don't know how great you may be,' said the Guinea man, 'but I don't like your looks: I have often bought a man, much better than both of you together, all muscles and bones, for ten guineas.'"
—DR. WARBURTON. *Spence's Anecdotes*.

the marked way in which his friends, the greatest, the most famous, and wittiest men of the time—generals and statesmen, philosophers and divines,—all have a kind word, and a kind thought for the good simple old mother, whom Pope tended so affectionately. Those men would have scarcely valued her, but that they knew how much he loved her and that they pleased him by thinking of her. If his early letters to women are affected and insincere, whenever he speaks about this one, it is with a childish tenderness and an almost sacred simplicity. In 1713 when young Mr. Pope had, by a series of the most astonishing victories and dazzling achievements, seized the crown of poetry; and the town was in an uproar of admiration, or hostility, for the young chief; when Pope was issuing his famous decrees for the translation of the “*Iliad*,” when Dennis and the lower critics were hooting and assailing him; when Addison and the gentlemen of his court were sneering with sickening hearts at the prodigious triumphs of the young conqueror; when Pope, in a fever of victory, and genius, and hope, and anger, was struggling through the crowd of shouting friends and furious detractors to his temple of Fame, his old mother writes from the country, “My deare,” says she, “my deare, there’s Mr. Blount, of Mapel Durom, dead the same day that Mr. Inglefield died. Your sister is well; but your brother is sick. My service to Mrs. Blount, and all that ask of me. I hope to hear from you, and that you are well, which is my daily prayer; and this with my blessing.” The triumph marches by, and the car of the young conqueror, the hero of a hundred brilliant victories—the fond mother sits in the quiet cottage at home, and says, “I send you my daily prayers, and I bless you, my deare.”

In our estimate of Pope’s character, let us always take into account that constant tenderness and fidelity of affection which pervaded and sanctified his life, and never forget that maternal benediction.* It accompanied him always: his life seems purified by those artless and heartfelt prayers. And he seems to have received and deserved the fond attachment of the other members of his family.

* Swift’s mention of him as one,

“———whose filial piety excels,
Whatever Grecian story tells,”

is well known. And a sneer of Walpole’s may be put to a better

It is not a little touching to read in Spence of the enthusiastic admiration with which his half-sister regarded him, and the simple anecdote by which she illustrates her love. "I think no man was ever so little fond of money." Mrs. Rackett says about her brother, "I think my brother when he was young read more books than any man in the world;" and she falls to telling stories of his school days, and the manner in which his master at Twyford ill used him. "I don't think my brother knew what fear was," she continues; and the accounts of Pope's friends bear out this character for courage. When he had exasperated the dunces, and threats of violence and personal assault were brought to him—the dauntless little champion never for one instant allowed fear to disturb him, or condescended to take any guard in his daily walks, except occasionally his faithful dog to bear him company. "I had rather die at once," said the gallant little cripple, "than live in fear of those rascals." As for his death, it was what the noble Arbuthnot asked and enjoyed for himself—a euthanasia—a beautiful end. A perfect benevolence, affection, serenity, hallowed the departure of that high soul. Even in the very hallucinations of his brain, and weaknesses of his delirium, there was something almost sacred. Spence describes him in his last days, looking up, and with a rapt gaze as if something had suddenly passed before him. He said to me, "What's that?" pointing into the air with a very steady regard, and then looked down and said with a smile of the greatest softness, "'twas a vision." He laughed scarcely ever, but his companions describe his countenance as often illuminated by a peculiar sweet smile.

"When," said Spence,* the kind anecdotist whom Johnson despised, "when I was telling Lord Bolingbroke that Mr. Pope, on every catching and recovery of his mind, was

use than he ever intended it for, *apropos* of this subject.—He charitably sneers in one of his letters, at Spence's "fondling an old mother—in imitation of Pope!"

* Joseph Spence was the son of a clergyman, near Winchester. He was a short time at Eton, and afterwards became a Fellow of New College, Oxford, a clergyman, and professor of poetry. He was a friend of Thomson's, whose reputation he aided. He published an "Essay on the Odyssey" in 1726, which introduced him to Pope. Everybody liked him. His "Anecdotes" were placed, while still in MS., at the service of Johnson and also of Malone. They were published by Mr. Singer in 1820.

always saying something kindly of his present or absent friends; and that this was so surprising, as it seemed to me as if humanity had outlasted understanding, Lord Bolingbroke said, 'It has so,' and then added, 'I never in my life knew a man who had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or a more general friendship for mankind. I have known him these thirty years, and value myself more for that man's love than'—Here," Spence says, "St. John sunk his head, and lost his voice in tears." The sob which finishes the epitaph is finer than words. It is the cloak thrown over the father's face in the famous Greek picture, which hides the grief and heightens it.

In Johnson's "Life of Pope," you will find described with rather a malicious minuteness some of the personal habits and infirmities of the great little Pope. His body was crooked, he was so short that it was necessary to raise his chair in order to place him on a level with other people at table.* He was sewed up in a buckram suit every morning and required a nurse like a child. His contemporaries reviled these misfortunes with a strange acrimony, and made his poor deformed person the butt for many a bolt of heavy wit. The facetious Mr. Dennis, in speaking of him, says, "If you take the first letter of Mr. Alexander Pope's Christian name, and the first and last letters of his surname, you have A. P. E." Pope catalogues, at the end of the "Dunciad," with a rueful precision, other pretty names, besides Ape, which Dennis called him. That great critic pronounced Mr. Pope was a little ass, a fool, a coward, a Papist, and therefore a hater of Scripture, and so forth. It must be remembered that the pillory was a flourishing and popular institution in those days. Authors stood in it in the body sometimes: and dragged their enemies thither morally, hooted them with foul abuse, and assailed them with garbage of the gutter. Poor Pope's figure was an easy one for those clumsy caricaturists to draw.

* He speaks of Arbuthnot's having helped him through "that long disease, my life." But not only was he so feeble as is implied in his use of the "buckram," but "it now appears," says Mr. Peter Cunningham, "from his unpublished letters, that, like Lord Hervey, he had recourse to ass's milk for the preservation of his health." It is to his lordship's use of that simple beverage that he alludes when he says—

"Let Sporus tremble!—A. What, that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white-curd of ass's milk?"

Any stupid hand could draw a hunchback, and write Pope underneath. They did. A libel was published against Pope with such a frontispiece. This kind of rude jesting was an evidence not only of an ill nature, but a dull one. When a child makes a pun, or a lout breaks out into a laugh, it is some very obvious combination of words, or discrepancy of objects, which provokes the infantine satirist, or tickles the boorish wag; and many of Pope's revilers laughed, not so much because they were wicked, as because they knew no better.

Without the utmost sensibility, Pope could not have been the poet he was; and through his life, however much he protested that he disregarded their abuse, the coarse ridicule of his opponents stung and tore him. One of Cibber's pamphlets coming into Pope's hands, whilst Richardson the painter was with him, Pope turned round and said, "These things are my diversions:" and Richardson, sitting by whilst Pope perused the libel, said he saw his features "writhing with anguish." How little human nature changes! Cannot one see that little figure? Cannot one fancy one is reading Horace? Cannot one fancy one is speaking of to-day?

The tastes and sensibilities of Pope, which led him to cultivate the society of persons of fine manners, or wit, or taste, or beauty, caused him to shrink equally from that shabby and boisterous crew which formed the rank and file of literature in his time: and he was as unjust to these men as they to him. The delicate little creature sickened at habits and company which were quite tolerable to robust men: and in the famous feud between Pope and the Dunces, and without attributing any peculiar wrong to either, one can quite understand how the two parties should so hate each other. As I fancy, it was a sort of necessity that when Pope's triumph passed, Mr. Addison and his men should look rather contemptuously down on it from their balcony; so it was natural for Dennis and Tibbald, and Webster and Cibber, and the worn and hungry pressmen in the crowd below, to howl at him and assail him. And Pope was more savage to Grub Street, than Grub Street was to Pope. The thong with which he lashed them was dreadful; he fired upon that howling crew such shafts of flame, and poison, he slew and wounded so fiercely, that in reading the "Dunciad" and the prose lampoons of Pope, one

feels disposed to side against the ruthless little tyrant, at least to pity those wretched folks upon whom he was so unmerciful. It was Pope, and Swift to aid him, who established among us the Grub Street tradition. He revels in base descriptions of poor men's want; he gloats over poor Dennis's garret, and flannel night-cap, and red stockings; he gives instructions how to find Curll's authors, the historian at the tallow-chandler's under the blind arch in Petty France, the two translators in bed together, the poet in the cock-loft in Budge Row, whose landlady keeps the ladder. It was Pope, I fear, who contributed, more than any man who ever lived, to depreciate the literary calling. It was not an unprosperous one before that time, as we have seen; at least there were great prizes in the profession which had made Addison a minister, and Prior an ambassador, and Steele a commissioner, and Swift all but a bishop. The profession of letters was ruined by that libel of the "Dunciad." If authors were wretched and poor before, if some of them lived in haylofts, of which their landladies kept the ladders, at least nobody came to disturb them in their straw; if three of them had but one coat between them, the two remained invisible in the garret, the third, at any rate, appeared decently at the coffee-house, and paid his twopence like a gentleman. It was Pope that dragged into light all this poverty and meanness, and held up those wretched shifts and rags to public ridicule. It was Pope that has made generations of the reading world (delighted with the mischief, as who would not be that reads it?) believe that author and wretch, author and rags, author and dirt, author and drink, gin, cowheel, tripe, poverty, duns, bailiffs, squalling children, and clamorous landladies, were always associated together. The condition of authorship began to fall from the days of the "Dunciad:" and I believe in my heart that much of that obloquy which has since pursued our calling was occasioned by Pope's libels and wicked wit. Everybody read those. Everybody was familiarised with the idea of the poor devil author. The manner is so captivating, that young authors practise it, and begin their career with satire. It is so easy to write, and so pleasant to read! to fire a shot that makes a giant wince, perhaps; and fancy one's self his conqueror. It is easy to shoot—but not as Pope did—the shafts of his satire rise sublimely: no poet's verse ever mounted higher

than that wonderful flight with which the "Dunciad" concludes: *—

"She comes, she comes! the sable throne behold!
Of night primeval and of Chaos old;
Before her, Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away;
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As, one by one, at dread Medea's strain
The sick'ning stars fade off the ethereal plain;
As Argus' eye, by Hermes' wand oppress'd,
Closed one by one to everlasting rest;—
Thus, at her fell approach and secret might,
Art after Art goes out, and all is night.
See skulking Faith to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of casuistry heaped o'er her head;
Philosophy that leaned on Heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause and is no more.
Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires.
No public flame, nor private, dares to shine,
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine.
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restored.
Light dies before thy uncreating word;
Thy hand, great Anarch, lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all." †

In these astonishing lines Pope reaches, I think, to the very greatest height which his sublime art has attained, and shows himself the equal of all poets of all times. It is the brightest ardour, the loftiest assertion of truth, the most generous wisdom, illustrated by the noblest poetic figure, and spoken in words the aptest, grandest, and most harmonious. It is heroic courage speaking: a splendid declaration of righteous wrath and war. It is the gage flung down, and the silver trumpet ringing defiance to falsehood and tyranny, deceit, dulness, superstition. It is Truth, the champion, shining and intrepid, and fronting the great world-tyrant with armies of slaves at his back. It is a wonderful and victorious single combat, in that great battle which has always been waging since society began.

* "He (Johnson) repeated to us, in his forcible melodious manner, the concluding lines of the 'Dunciad.'"—BOSWELL.

† "Mr. Langton informed me that he once related to Johnson (on the authority of Spence), that Pope himself admired these lines so much that when he repeated them his voice faltered. 'And well it might, sir,' said Johnson, 'for they are noble lines.'"—J. BOSWELL, junior.

In speaking of a work of consummate art one does not try to show what it is, for that were vain; but what it is like, and what are the sensations produced in the mind of him who views it. And in considering Pope's admirable career, I am forced into similitudes drawn from other courage and greatness, and into comparing him with those who achieved triumphs in actual war. I think of the works of young Pope as I do of the actions of young Bonaparte or young Nelson. In their common life you will find frailties and meannesses, as great as the vices and follies of the meanest men. But in the presence of the great occasion, the great soul flashes out, and conquers transcendent. In thinking of the splendour of Pope's young victories, of his merit, unequalled as his renown, I hail and salute the achieving genius, and do homage to the pen of a Hero.

LECTURE THE FIFTH.

HOGARTH, SMOLLETT, AND FIELDING.

I SUPPOSE as long as novels last and authors aim at interesting their public, there must always be in the story a virtuous and gallant hero, a wicked monster his opposite, and a pretty girl who finds a champion; bravery and virtue conquer beauty: and vice, after seeming to triumph through a certain number of pages, is sure to be discomfited in the last volume, when justice overtakes him and honest folks come by their own. There never was perhaps a greatly popular story but this simple plot was carried through it: mere satiric wit is addressed to a class of readers and thinkers quite different to those simple souls who laugh and weep over the novel. I fancy very few ladies indeed, for instance, could be brought to like "Gulliver" heartily, and (putting the coarseness and difference of manners out of the question) to relish the wonderful satire of "Jonathan Wild." In that strange apologue, the author takes for a hero the greatest rascal, coward, traitor, tyrant, hypocrite, that his wit and experience, both large in this matter, could enable him to devise or depict; he accompanies this villain through all the actions of his life, with a grinning deference and a wonderful mock respect: and does not leave him, till he is dangling at the gallows, when the satirist makes him a low bow and wishes the scoundrel good-day.

It was not by satire of this sort, or by scorn and contempt, that Hogarth achieved his vast popularity and acquired his reputation.* His art is quite simple,† he

* Coleridge speaks of the "beautiful female faces" in Hogarth's pictures, "in whom," he says, "the satirist never extinguished that love of beauty which belonged to him as a poet."—*The Friend*.

† "I was pleased with the reply of a gentleman, who, being asked which book he esteemed most in his library, answered, 'Shakspeare:' being asked which he esteemed next best, replied, 'Hogarth.' His graphic representations are indeed books: they have the teeming, fruitful, suggestive meaning of *words*. Other pictures we look at—his prints we read. * * *

"The quantity of thought which Hogarth crowds into every picture would almost unvulgarise every subject which he might choose. * * *

speaks popular parables to interest simple hearts, and to inspire them with pleasure or pity or warning and terror. Not one of his tales but is as easy as "Goody Two Shoes;" it is the moral of Tommy was a naughty boy and the master flogged him, and Jacky was a good boy and had plum cake, which pervades the whole works of the homely and famous English moralist. And if the moral is written in rather too large letters after the fable, we must remember how simple the scholars and schoolmaster both were, and like neither the less because they are so artless and honest. "It was a maxim of Dr. Harrison's," Fielding says in "Amelia," speaking of the benevolent divine and philosopher who represents the good principle in that novel—"that no man can descend below himself, in doing any act which may contribute to protect an innocent person, *or to bring a rogue to the gallows.*" The moralists of that age had no compunction you see; they had not begun to be sceptical about the theory of punishment, and thought that the hanging of a thief was a spectacle for edification. Masters sent their apprentices, fathers took their children, to see Jack Sheppard or Jonathan Wild hanged, and it was as undoubting subscribers to this moral law, that Fielding wrote and Hogarth painted. Except in one instance, where in the mad-house scene in the "Rake's Progress," the girl whom he has ruined is represented as still tending

"I say not that all the ridiculous subjects of Hogarth have necessarily something in them to make us like them; some are indifferent to us, some in their nature repulsive, and only made interesting by the wonderful skill and truth to nature in the painter; but I contend that there is in most of them that sprinkling of the better nature, which, like holy water, chases away and disperses the contagion of the bad. They have this in them, besides, that they bring us acquainted with the every-day human face,—they give us skill to detect those gradations of sense and virtue (which escape the careless or fastidious observer) in the circumstances of the world about us; and prevent that disgust at common life, that *tædium quotidianarum formarum*, which an unrestricted passion for ideal forms and beauties is in danger of producing. In this, as in many other things, they are analogous to the best novels of Smollett and Fielding."—CHARLES LAMB.

"It has been observed that Hogarth's pictures are exceedingly unlike any other representations of the same kind of subjects—that they form a class, and have a character, peculiar to themselves. It may be worth while to consider in what this general distinction consists.

"In the first place, they are, in the strictest sense, *historical* pic-

and weeping over him in his insanity, a glimpse of pity for his rogues never seems to enter honest Hogarth's mind. There's not the slightest doubt in the breast of the jolly Draco.

The famous set of pictures called "Marriage à la Mode," and which are exhibited at Marlborough House, in London, contains the most important and highly wrought of the Hogarth comedies. The care and method with which the moral grounds of these pictures are laid is as remarkable as the wit and skill of the observing and dexterous artist. He has to describe the negotiations for a marriage pending between the daughter of a rich citizen Alderman and young Lord Viscount Squanderfield, the dissipated son of a gouty old Earl. Pride and pomposity appear in every accessory surrounding the Earl. He sits in gold lace and velvet—as how should such an Earl wear anything but velvet and gold lace? His coronet is everywhere: on his footstool on which reposes one gouty toe turned out; on the sconces and looking-glasses; on the dogs; on his lordship's very crutches; on his great chair of state and the great baldaquin behind him; under which he sits pointing majestically to his pedigree, which shows that his race is sprung from

tures; and if what Fielding says be true, that his novel of 'Tom Jones' ought to be regarded as an epic prose-poem, because it contained a regular development of fable, manners, character, and passion, the compositions of Hogarth will, in like manner, be found to have a higher claim to the title of epic pictures than many which have of late arrogated that denomination to themselves. When we say that Hogarth treated his subjects historically, we mean that his works represent the manners and humours of mankind in action, and their characters by varied expression. Everything in his pictures has life and motion in it. Not only does the business of the scene never stand still, but every feature and muscle is put into full play; the exact feeling of the moment is brought out, and carried to its utmost height, and then instantly seized and stamped on the canvass for ever. The expression is always taken *en passant*, in a state of progress or change, and, as it were, at the salient point. * * * His figures are not like the background on which they are painted: even the pictures on the wall have a peculiar look of their own. Again, with the rapidity, variety, and scope of history, Hogarth's heads have all the reality and correctness of portraits. He gives the extremes of character and expression, but he gives them with perfect truth and accuracy. This is, in fact, what distinguishes his compositions from all others of the same kind, that they are equally remote from caricature, and from mere still life. * * * His faces go to the very verge of caricature, and yet never (we believe in any single instance) go beyond it."—HAZLITT.

the loins of William the Conqueror, and confronting the old Alderman from the City, who has mounted his sword for the occasion, and wears his Alderman's chain, and has brought a bag full of money, mortgage deeds, and thousand pound notes, for the arrangement of the transaction pending between them. Whilst the steward (a methodist, therefore a hypocrite and cheat, for Hogarth scorned a papist and a dissenter) is negotiating between the old couple, their children sit together, united but apart. My lord is admiring himself in the glass, while his bride is twiddling her marriage ring on her pocket handkerchief; and listening with rueful countenance to Counsellor Silvertongue, who has been drawing the settlements. The girl is pretty, but the painter, with a curious watchfulness, has taken care to give her a likeness to her father, as in the young Viscount's face you see a resemblance to the Earl, his noble sire. The sense of the coronet pervades the picture, as it is supposed to do the mind of its wearer. The pictures round the room are sly hints indicating the situation of the parties about to marry. A martyr is led to the fire; Andromeda is offered to sacrifice; Judith is going to slay Holofernes. There is the ancestor of the house (in the picture it is the Earl himself as a young man), with a comet over his head, indicating that the career of the family is to be brilliant and brief. In the second picture, the old Lord must be dead, for Madam has now the Countess's coronet over her bed and toilet-glass, and sits listening to that dangerous Counsellor Silvertongue, whose portrait now actually hangs up in her room, whilst the counsellor takes his ease on the sofa by her side, evidently the familiar of the house and the confidant of the mistress. My lord takes his pleasure elsewhere than at home, whither he returns jaded and tipsy from the Rose, to find his wife yawning in her drawing-room, her whist-party over, and the daylight streaming in; or he amuses himself with the very worst company abroad, whilst his wife sits at home listening to foreign singers, or wastes her money at auctions, or, worse still, seeks amusement at masquerades. The dismal end is known. My lord draws upon the counsellor, who kills him, and is apprehended whilst endeavouring to escape. My lady goes back perforce to the Alderman in the City, and faints upon reading Counsellor Silvertongue's dying speech at Tyburn, where the counsellor has been executed

for sending his lordship out of the world. Moral:—Don't listen to evil silver-tongued counsellors: don't marry a man for his rank, or a woman for her money: don't frequent foolish auctions and masquerade balls unknown to your husband: don't have wicked companions abroad and neglect your wife, otherwise you will be run through the body, and ruin will ensue, and disgrace, and Tyburn. The people are all naughty, and Bogey carries them all off.

In the "Rake's Progress," a loose life is ended by a similar sad catastrophe. It is the spendthrift coming into possession of the wealth of the paternal miser; the prodigal surrounded by flatterers, and wasting his substance on the very worst company; the bailiffs, the gambling-house, and Bedlam for an end. In the famous story of Industry and Idleness, the moral is pointed in a manner similarly clear. Fair-haired Frank Goodchild smiles at his work, whilst naughty Tom Idle snores over his loom. Frank reads the edifying ballads of Whittington and the London 'Prentice; whilst that reprobate Tom Idle prefers Moll Flanders, and drinks hugely of beer; Frank goes to church of a Sunday, and warbles hymns from the gallery; while Tom lies on a tomb-stone outside playing at halfpenny-under-the-hat, with street blackguards, and deservedly caned by the beadle; Frank is made overseer of the business, whilst Tom is sent to sea. Frank is taken into partnership and marries his master's daughter, sends out broken victuals to the poor, and listens in his night-cap and gown, with the lovely Mrs. Goodchild by his side, to the nuptial music of the City bands and the marrow-bones and cleavers; whilst idle Tom, returned from sea, shudders in a garret lest the officers are coming to take him for picking pockets. The Worshipful Francis Goodchild, Esq., becomes Sheriff of London, and partakes of the most splendid dinners which money can purchase or Alderman devour; whilst poor Tom is taken up in a night cellar, with that one-eyed and disreputable accomplice who first taught him to play chuck-farthing on a Sunday. What happens next? Tom is brought up before the justice of his country, in the person of Mr. Alderman Goodchild, who weeps as he recognises his old brother 'prentice, as Tom's one-eyed friend peaches on him, and the clerk makes out the poor rogue's ticket for Newgate. Then the end comes. Tom goes to Tyburn in a cart with a coffin in it; whilst the Right Honourable Francis Good-

child, Lord Mayor of London, proceeds to his Mansion House in his gilt coach, with four footmen and a sword-bearer; whilst the Companies of London march in the august procession; whilst the trainbands of the City fire their pieces and get drunk in his honour; and oh! crowning delight and glory of all, whilst his Majesty the King looks out from his royal balcony, with his ribbon on his breast, and his Queen and his star by his side, at the corner house of St. Paul's Church-yard, where the toy-shop is now.

How the times have changed! The new Post-office now not disadvantageously occupies that spot where the scaffolding is in the picture, where the tipsy trainband-man is lurching against the post, with his wig over one eye, and the 'prentice-boy is trying to kiss the pretty girl in the gallery. Past away 'prentice boy and pretty girl! Past away tipsy trainband-man with wig and bandolier! On the spot where Tom Idle (for whom I have an unaffected pity) made his exit from this wicked world, and where you see the hangman smoking his pipe as he reclines on the gibbet and views the hills of Harrow or Hampstead beyond—a splendid marble arch, a vast and modern city—clean, airy, painted drab, populous with nursery-maids and children, the abodes of wealth and comfort—the elegant, the prosperous, the polite Tyburnia rises, the most respectable district in the habitable globe!

In that last plate of the London Apprentices, in which the apotheosis of the Right Honourable Francis Goodchild is drawn, a ragged fellow is represented in the corner of the simple kindly piece, offering for sale a broadside, purporting to contain an account of the appearance of the ghost of Tom Idle, executed at Tyburn. Could Tom's ghost have made its appearance in 1800, and not in 1747, what changes would have been remarked by that astonished escaped criminal! Over that road which the hangman used to travel constantly, and the Oxford stage twice a week, go ten thousand carriages every day: over yonder road, by which Dick Turpin fled to Windsor, and Squire Western journeyed into town, when he came to take up his quarters at the Hercules Pillars on the outskirts of London, what a rush of civilisation and order flows now! What armies of gentlemen with umbrellas march to banks, and chambers, and counting-houses! What regiments of nursery-maids

and pretty infantry; what peaceful processions of policemen, what light broughams and what gay carriages, what swarms of busy apprentices and artificers, riding on omnibus-roofs, pass daily and hourly! Tom Idle's times are quite changed: many of the institutions gone into disuse which were admired in his day. There's more pity and kindness and a better chance for poor Tom's successors now than at that simpler period when Fielding hanged him and Hogarth drew him.

To the student of history, these admirable works must be invaluable, as they give us the most complete and truthful picture of the manners, and even the thoughts, of the past century. We look, and see pass before us the England of a hundred years ago—the peer in his drawing-room, the lady of fashion in her apartment, foreign singers surrounding her, and the chamber filled with gew-gaws in the mode of that day; the church, with its quaint florid architecture and singing congregation; the parson with his great wig, and the beadle with his cane: all these are represented before us, and we are sure of the truth of the portrait. We see how the Lord Mayor dines in state; how the prodigal drinks and sports at the bagnio; how the poor girl beats hemp in Bridewell; how the thief divides his booty and drinks his punch at the night-cellar, and how he finishes his career at the gibbet. We may depend upon the perfect accuracy of these strange and varied portraits of the bygone generation: we see one of Walpole's members of Parliament cheered after his election, and the lieges celebrating the event, and drinking confusion to the Pretender: we see the grenadiers and trainbands of the City marching out to meet the enemy; and have before us, with sword and firelock, and white Hanoverian horse embroidered on the cap, the very figures of the men who ran away with Johnny Cope, and who conquered at Culloden. The Yorkshire waggon rolls into the inn-yard; the country parson, in his jack-boots, and his bands and short cassock, comes trotting into town, and we fancy it is Parson Adams, with his sermons in his pocket. The Salisbury fly sets forth from the old Angel—you see the passengers entering the great heavy vehicle, up the wooden steps, their hats tied down with handkerchiefs over their faces, and under their arms, sword, hanger, and case-bottle; the landlady—apoplectic with the liquors in her own bar—is tugging at the bell; the



"He was early apprenticed to an engraver of arms on plate."
—*English Humourists*, p. 157 (note).

hunchbacked postilion—he may have ridden the leaders to Humphry Clinker—is begging a gratuity; the miser is grumbling at the bill; Jack of the Centurion lies on the top of the clumsy vehicle, with a soldier by his side—it may be Smollett's Jack Hatchway—it has a likeness to Lismahago. You see the suburban fair and the strolling company of actors; the pretty milkmaid singing under the windows of the enraged French musician—it is such a girl as Steele charmingly described in the *Guardian*, a few years before this date, singing under Mr. Ironside's window in Shirelane, her pleasant carol of a May morning. You see noblemen and blacklegs bawling and betting in the Cockpit; you see Garrick as he was arrayed in "King Richard;" Macheath and Polly in the dresses which they wore when they charmed our ancestors, and when noblemen in blue ribbons sat on the stage and listened to their delightful music. You see the ragged French soldiery, in their white coats and cockades, at Calais Gate—they are of the regiment, very likely, which friend Roderick Random joined before he was rescued by his preserver Monsieur de Strap, with whom he fought on the famous day of Dettingen. You see the judges on the bench; the audience laughing in the pit; the student in the Oxford theatre; the citizen on his country walk; you see Broughton the boxer, Sarah Malcolm the murderess, Simon Lovat the traitor, John Wilkes the demagogue, leering at you with that squint which has become historical, and with that face which, ugly as it was, he said he could make as captivating to woman as the countenance of the handsomest beau in town. All these sights and people are with you. After looking in the "Rake's Progress" at Hogarth's picture of St. James's Palace-gate, you may people the street, but little altered within these hundred years, with the gilded carriages and thronging chairmen that bore the courtiers your ancestors to Queen Caroline's drawing-room more than a hundred years ago.

What manner of man* was he who executed these portraits

*Hogarth (whose family name was Hogart) was the grandson of a Westmoreland yeoman. His father came to London, and was an author and schoolmaster. William was born in 1698 (according to the most probable conjecture), in the parish of St. Martin, Ludgate. He was early apprenticed to an engraver of arms on plate. The following touches are from his "Anecdotes of Himself." (Edition of 1833.)

—so various, so faithful, and so admirable? In the London National Gallery most of us have seen the best and most carefully finished series of his comic paintings, and

“As I had naturally a good eye, and a fondness for drawing, shows of all sorts gave me uncommon pleasure when an infant: and mimicry, common to all children, was remarkable in me. An early access to a neighbouring painter drew my attention from play; and I was, at every possible opportunity, employed in making drawings. I picked up an acquaintance of the same turn, and soon learnt to draw the alphabet with great correctness. My exercises, when at school, were more remarkable for the ornaments which adorned them, than for the exercise itself. In the former, I soon found that blockheads with better memories could much surpass me; but for the latter I was particularly distinguished. * * *

“I thought it still more unlikely that by pursuing the common method, and copying *old* drawings, I could ever attain the power of making *new* designs, which was my first and greatest ambition. I therefore endeavoured to habituate myself to the exercise of a sort of technical memory; and by repeating in my own mind the parts of which objects were composed, I could by degrees combine and put them down with my pencil. Thus, with all the drawbacks which resulted from the circumstances I have mentioned, I had one material advantage over my competitors, viz., the early habit I thus acquired of retaining in my mind's eye, without coldly copying it on the spot, whatever I intended to imitate.

“The instant I became master of my own time, I determined to qualify myself for engraving on copper. In this I readily got employment; and frontispieces to books, such as prints to ‘Hudibras,’ in twelves, &c. soon brought me into the way. But the tribe of booksellers remained as my father had left them * * * which put me upon publishing on my own account. But here again I had to encounter a monopoly of printsellers, equally mean and destructive to the ingenious; for the first plate I published, called ‘The Taste of the Town,’ in which the reigning follies were lashed, had no sooner begun to take a run, than I found copies of it in the print-shops, vending at half-price, while the original prints were returned to me again, and I was thus obliged to sell the plate for whatever these pirates pleased to give me, as there was no place of sale but at their shops. Owing to this, and other circumstances, by engraving, until I was near thirty, I could do little more than maintain myself; *but even then I was a punctual paymaster.*

“I then married, and—

[“But William is going too fast here. He made ‘a stolen union’ on March 23, 1729, with Jane, daughter of Sir James Thornhill, serjeant-painter. For some time Sir James kept his heart and his purse-strings close, but ‘soon after became both reconciled and generous to the young couple.’”—*Hogarth's Works*, by Nichols and Steevens, vol. i., p. 44.]

—commenced painter of small Conversation Pieces, from twelve to fifteen inches high. This being a novelty, succeeded for a few years.”

(About this time Hogarth had summer-lodgings at South Lam-

the portrait of his own honest face, of which the bright blue eyes shine out from the canvas and give you an idea of that keen and brave look with which William Hogarth

beth, and did all kinds of work, "embellishing" the "Spring Gardens" at "Vauxhall," and the like. In 1731, he published a satirical plate against Pope, founded on the well-known imputation against him of his having satirised the Duke of Chandos under the name of *Timon*, in his poem on Taste. The plate represented a view of Burlington House with Pope whitewashing it, and bespattering the Duke of Chandos's coach. Pope made no retort, and has never mentioned Hogarth.)

"Before I had done anything of much consequence in this walk, I entertained some hopes of succeeding in what the puffers in books call *The Great Style of History Painting*; so that without having had a stroke of this *grand* business before, I quitted small portraits and familiar conversations, and with a smile at my own temerity, commenced history-painter, and on a great staircase at St. Bartholomew's Hospital painted two Scripture stories, the 'Pool of Bethesda' and the 'Good Samaritan,' with features seven feet high. * * * But as religion, the great promoter of this style in other countries, rejected it in England, I was unwilling to sink into a *portrait manufacturer*; and still ambitious of being singular, dropped all expectations of advantage from that source, and returned to the pursuit of my former dealings with the public at large.

"As to portrait-painting, the chief branch of the art by which a painter can procure himself a tolerable livelihood, and the only one by which a lover of money can get a fortune; a man of very moderate talents may have great success in it, as the artifice and address of a mercer is infinitely more useful than the abilities of a painter. By the manner in which the present race of professors in England conduct it, that also becomes still life."

* * * * *

"By this inundation of folly and puff" (*he has been speaking of the success of Vanloo, who came over here in 1737*), "I must confess I was much disgusted, and determined to try if by any means I could stem the torrent, and *by opposing end it*. I laughed at the pretensions of these quacks in colouring, ridiculed their productions as feeble and contemptible, and asserted that it required neither taste nor talents to excel their most popular performances. This interference excited much enmity, because, as my opponents told me, my studies were in another way. You talk, added they, with ineffable contempt of portrait-painting; if it is so easy a task, why do not you convince the world by painting a portrait yourself? Provoked at this language, I one day, at the Academy in St. Martin's Lane, put the following question: Supposing any man, at this time, were to paint a portrait as well as Vandyke, would it be seen or acknowledged, and could the artist enjoy the benefit or acquire the reputation due to his performance?"

"They asked me in reply, If I could paint one as well? and I frankly answered, I believed I could. * * *

"Of the mighty talents said to be requisite for portrait-painting, I had not the most exalted opinion."

regarded the world. No man was ever less of a hero; you see him before you, and can fancy what he was—a jovial, honest, London citizen, stout and sturdy; a hearty, plain-

Let us now hear him on the question of the Academy:—

“To pester the three great estates of the empire, about twenty or thirty students drawing after a man or a horse, appears, as must be acknowledged, foolish enough: but the real motive is, that a few bustling characters, who have access to people of rank, think they can thus get a superiority over their brethren, be appointed to place, and have salaries as in France, for telling a lad when a leg or an arm is too long or too short.

“France, ever aping the magnificence of other nations, has in its turn assumed a foppish kind of splendour sufficient to dazzle the eyes of the neighbouring states, and draw vast sums of money from this country. * * *

“To return to our Royal Academy; I am told that one of their leading objects will be, sending young men abroad to study the antique statues, for such kind of studies may sometimes improve an exalted genius, but they will not create it; and whatever has been the cause, this same travelling to Italy has, in several instances that I have seen, reduced the student from nature, and led him to paint marble figures, in which he has availed himself of the great works of antiquity, as a coward does when he puts on the armour of an Alexander; for, with similar pretensions and similar vanity, the painter supposes he shall be adored as a second Raphael Urbino.”

We must now hear him on his “Sigismunda:”—

“As the most violent and virulent abuse thrown on ‘Sigismunda’ was from a set of miscreants, with whom I am proud of having been ever at war, I mean the expounders of the mysteries of old pictures, I have been sometimes told they were beneath my notice. This is true of them individually, but as they have access to people of rank, who seem as happy in being cheated as these *merchants* are in cheating them, they have a power of doing much mischief to a modern artist. However mean the vendor of poisons the mineral is destructive:—to me its operation was troublesome enough. Ill nature spread so fast that now was the time for every little dog in the profession to bark!”

Next comes a characteristic account of his controversy with Wilkes and Churchill.

“The stagnation rendered it necessary that I should do some *timed thing*, to recover my lost time, and stop a gap in my income. This drew forth my print of ‘The Times,’ a subject which tended to the restoration of peace and unanimity, and put the opposers of these humane objects in a light which gave great offence to those who were trying to foment disaffection in the minds of the populace. One of the most notorious of them, till now my friend and flatterer, attacked me in a *North Briton* in so infamous and malign a style, that he himself, when pushed even by his best friends, was driven to so poor an excuse as to say he was drunk when he wrote it. * * *

“This renowned patriot’s portrait, drawn like as I could as to features, and marked with some indications of his mind, fully an-

spoken man,* loving his laugh, his friends, his glass, his roast-beef of Old England, and having a proper *bourgeois* scorn for French frogs, for mounseers, and wooden shoes in general, for foreign fiddlers, foreign singers, and, above all, for foreign painters, whom he held in the most amusing contempt.

It must have been great fun to hear him rage against Correggio and the Carracci; to watch him thump the table and snap his fingers and say, "Historical painters be hanged; here's the man that will paint against any of them for a hundred pounds. Correggio's 'Sigismunda!' Look at Bill Hogarth's 'Sigismunda;' look at my altar-piece at

swered my purpose. The ridiculous was apparent to every eye! A Brutus! A saviour of his country with such an aspect—was so arrant a farce, that though it gave rise to much laughter in the lookers-on, galled both him and his adherents to the bone. * * *

"Churchill, Wilkes's toad-echo, put the *North Briton* into verse, in an Epistle to Hogarth; but as the abuse was precisely the same, except a little poetical heightening, which goes for nothing, it made no impression. * * * However, having an old plate by me, with some parts ready, such as the background and a dog, I began to consider how I could turn so much work laid aside to some account, and so patched up a print of Master Churchill in the character of a Bear. The pleasure and pecuniary advantage which I derived from these two engravings, together with occasionally riding on horseback, restored me to as much health as can be expected at my time of life."

* "It happened in the early part of Hogarth's life, that a nobleman who was uncommonly ugly and deformed came to sit to him for his picture. It was executed with a skill that did honour to the artist's abilities; but the likeness was rigidly observed, without even the necessary attention to compliment or flattery. The peer, disgusted at this counterpart of himself, never once thought of paying for a reflection that would only disgust him with its deformities. Some time was suffered to elapse before the artist applied for his money; but afterwards many applications were made by him (who had then no need of a banker) for payment, without success. The painter, however, at last hit upon an expedient. * * * It was couched in the following card:—

"'Mr. Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord ——. Finding that he does not mean to have the picture which was drawn for him, is informed again of Mr. Hogarth's necessity for the money. If, therefore, his Lordship does not send for it in three days, it will be disposed of, with the addition of a tail, and some other little appendages, to Mr. Hare, the famous wild beast man; Mr. Hogarth having given that gentleman a conditional promise of it, for an exhibition-picture, on his Lordship's refusal.'

"This intimation had the desired effect."—*Works by Nichols and Steevens*, vol. i., p. 25.

St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol; look at my 'Paul before Felix,' and see whether I'm not as good as the best of them." *

Posterity has not quite confirmed honest Hogarth's opinion about his talents for the sublime. Although Swift could not see the difference between tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum, posterity has not shared the Dean's contempt for Handel; the world has discovered a difference between tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum, and given a hearty applause and admiration to Hogarth, too, but not exactly as a painter of scriptural subjects, or as a rival of Correggio. It does not take away from one's liking for the man, or from the moral of his story, or the humour of it, from one's admiration for the prodigious merit of his performances, to remember that he persisted to the last in believing that the world was in a conspiracy against him with respect to his talents as an historical painter, and that a set of miscreants, as he called them, were employed to run his genius down. They say it was Liston's firm belief, that he was a great and neglected tragic actor; they say that every one of us believes in his heart, or would like to have others believe, that he is something which he is not. One of the most notorious of the "miscreants," Hogarth says, was Wilkes, who assailed him in the *North Briton*; the other was Churchill, who put the *North Briton* attack into heroic verse, and published his "Epistle to Hogarth." Hogarth replied by that caricature of Wilkes, in which the

* "Garrick himself was not more ductile to flattery. A word in favour of 'Sigismunda' might have commanded a proof-print or forced an original print out of our artist's hands." * * *

"The following authenticated story of our artist (furnished by the late Mr. Belchier, F.R.S., a surgeon of eminence) will also serve to show how much more easy it is to detect ill-placed or hyperbolic adulation respecting others, than when applied to ourselves. Hogarth, being at dinner with the great Cheselden and some other company, was told that Mr. John Freke, surgeon of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, a few evenings before at Dick's Coffee-house, had asserted that Greene was as eminent in composition as Handel. 'That fellow Freke,' replied Hogarth, 'is always shooting his bolt absurdly, one way or another. Handel is a giant in music; Greene only a light Florimel kind of a composer.' 'Ay,' says our artist's informant, 'but at the same time Mr. Freke declared you were as good a portrait painter as Vandyck.' 'There he was right,' adds Hogarth, 'and so, by G—, I am, give me my time and let me choose my subject.'"—*Works by Nichols and Steevens*, vol. i., pp. 236. 237.



Hogarth at work.
—*English Humourists*, p. 162.

patriot still figures before us, with his Satanic grin and squint, and by a caricature of Churchill, in which he is represented as a bear with a staff, on which, lie the first, lie the second, lie the tenth, is engraved in unmistakable letters. There is very little mistake about honest Hogarth's satire: if he has to paint a man with his throat cut, he draws him with his head almost off; and he tried to do the same for his enemies in this little controversy. "Having an old plate by me," says he, "with some parts ready, such as the background, and a dog, I began to consider how I could turn so much work laid aside to some account, and so patched up a print of Master Churchill, in the character of a bear; the pleasure and pecuniary advantage which I derived from these two engravings, together with occasionally riding on horseback, restored me to as much health as I can expect at my time of life."

And so he concludes his queer little book of Anecdotes, "I have gone through the circumstances of a life which till lately passed pretty much to my own satisfaction, and I hope in no respect injurious to any other man. This I may safely assert, that I have done my best to make those about me tolerably happy, and my greatest enemy cannot say I ever did an intentional injury. What may follow, God knows."

A queer account still exists of a holiday jaunt taken by Hogarth and four friends of his, who set out, like the redoubted Mr. Pickwick and his companions, but just a hundred years before those heroes; and made an excursion to Gravesend, Rochester, Sheerness, and adjacent places.* One of the gentlemen noted down the proceedings of the journey, for which Hogarth and a brother artist made drawings. The book is chiefly curious at this moment from showing the citizen life of those days, and the rough, jolly style of merriment, not of the five companions merely, but of thousands of jolly fellows of their time. Hogarth and his friends quitting the Bedford Arms, Covent Garden, with a song, took water to Billingsgate, exchanging compliments with the bargemen as they went down the river. At Billingsgate, Hogarth made "a caracatura" of a facetious porter, called the Duke of Puddledock, who agree-

* He made this excursion in 1732, his companions being John Thornhill (son of Sir James), Scott the landscape-painter, Tothall, and Forrest.

ably entertained the party with the humours of the place. Hence they took a Gravesend boat for themselves; had straw to lie upon, and a tilt over their heads, they say, and went down the river at night, sleeping and singing jolly choruses.

They arrived at Gravesend at six, when they washed their faces and hands, and had their wigs powdered. Then they sallied forth for Rochester on foot, and drank by the way three pots of ale. At one o'clock they went to dinner with excellent port, and a quantity more beer, and afterwards Hogarth and Scott played at hopscotch in the town hall. It would appear that they slept most of them in one room, and the chronicler of the party describes them all as waking at seven o'clock, and telling each other their dreams. You have rough sketches by Hogarth of the incidents of this holiday excursion. The sturdy little painter is seen sprawling over a plank to a boat at Gravesend; the whole company are represented in one design, in a fisherman's room, where they had all passed the night. One gentleman in a night-cap is shaving himself; another is being shaved by the fisherman; a third, with a handkerchief over his bald pate, is taking his breakfast; and Hogarth is sketching the whole scene.

They describe at night how they returned to their quarters, drank to their friends, as usual, emptied several cans of good flip, all singing merrily.

It is a jolly party of tradesmen engaged at highjinks. These were the manners and pleasures of Hogarth, of his time very likely, of men not very refined, but honest and merry. It is a brave London citizen, with John Bull habits, prejudices, and pleasures.*

* "Dr. Johnson made four lines once, on the death of poor Hogarth, which were equally true and pleasing: I know not why Garrick's were preferred to them:—

" ' The hand of him here torpid lies,
That drew th' essential forms of grace;
Here closed in death, th' attentive eyes,
That saw the manners in the face.'

"Mr. Hogarth, among the variety of kindnesses shown to me when I was too young to have a proper sense of them, was used to be very earnest that I should obtain the acquaintance, and if possible, the friendship of Dr. Johnson; whose conversation was, to the talk of other men, like Titian's painting compared to Hudson's, he said: "but don't you tell people now that I say so (continued he) for the

Of Smollett's associates, and manner of life, the author of the admirable "Humphrey Clinker" has given us an interesting account, in that most amusing of novels.*

connoisseurs and I are at war, you know; and because I hate *them*, they think I hate *Titian*—and let them! * * * Of Dr. Johnson, when my father and he were talking about him one day, 'That man (says Hogarth) is not contented with believing the Bible; but he fairly resolves, I think, to believe nothing *but* the Bible. Johnson (added he), though so wise a fellow, is more like King David than King Solomon, for he says in his haste, *all men are liars.*'"—MRS. PIOZZI.

Hogarth died on the 26th of October, 1764. The day before his death, he was removed from his villa at Chiswick to Leicester Fields, "in a very weak condition, yet remarkably cheerful." He had just received an agreeable letter from Franklin. He lies buried at Chiswick.

* TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART., OF JESUS COLLEGE, OXON.

"DEAR PHILLIPS,—In my last, I mentioned my having spent an evening with a society of authors, who seemed to be jealous and afraid of one another. My uncle was not at all surprised to hear me say I was disappointed in their conversation. 'A man may be very entertaining and instructive upon paper,' said he, 'and exceedingly dull in common discourse. I have observed, that those who shine most in private company are but secondary stars in the constellation of genius. A small stock of ideas is more easily managed, and sooner displayed, than a great quantity crowded together. There is very seldom anything extraordinary in the appearance and address of a good writer; whereas a dull author generally distinguishes himself by some oddity or extravagance. For this reason I fancy that an assembly of Grubs must be very diverting.'

"My curiosity being excited by this hint, I consulted my friend Dick Ivy, who undertook to gratify it the very next day, which was Sunday last. He carried me to dine with S—, whom you and I have long known by his writings. He lives in the skirts of the town; and every Sunday his house is open to all unfortunate brothers of the quill, whom he treats with beef, pudding, and potatoes, port, punch, and Calvert's entire butt beer. He has fixed upon the first day of the week for the exercise of his hospitality, because some of his guests could not enjoy it on any other, for reasons that I need not explain. I was civilly received in a plain, yet decent habitation, which opened backwards into a very pleasant garden, kept in excellent order; and, indeed, I saw none of the outward signs of authorship either in the house or the landlord, who is one of those few writers of the age that stand upon their own foundation, without patronage, and above dependence. If there was nothing characteristic in the entertainer, the company made ample amends for his want of singularity.

"At two in the afternoon, I found myself one of ten messmates seated at table; and I question if the whole kingdom could produce such another assemblage of originals. Among their peculiarities, I do not mention those of dress, which may be purely accidental.

I have no doubt that the above picture is as faithful a one as any from the pencil of his kindred humourist, Hogarth.

What struck me were oddities originally produced by affectation, and afterwards confirmed by habit. One of them wore spectacles at dinner, and another his hat flapped; though (as Ivy told me) the first was noted for having a seaman's eye, when a bailiff was in the wind; and the other was never known to labour under any weakness or defect of vision, except about five years ago, when he was complimented with a couple of black eyes by a player, with whom he had quarrelled in his drink. A third wore a laced stocking, and made use of crutches, because, once in his life, he had been laid up with a broken leg, though no man could leap over a stick with more agility. A fourth had contracted such an antipathy to the country, that he insisted upon sitting with his back towards the window that looked into the garden; and when a dish of cauliflower was set upon the table, he snuffed up volatile salts to keep him from fainting; yet this delicate person was the son of a cottager, born under a hedge, and had many years run wild among asses on a common. A fifth affected distraction: when spoke to, he always answered from the purpose. Sometimes he suddenly started up, and rapped out a dreadful oath; sometimes he burst out a laughing; then he folded his arms and sighed; and then he hissed like fifty serpents.

"At first I really thought he was mad; and, as he sat near me, began to be under some misapprehensions for my own safety; when our landlord, perceiving me alarmed, assured me aloud that I had nothing to fear. 'The gentleman,' said he, 'is trying to act a part for which he is by no means qualified: if he had all the inclination in the world, it is not in his power to be mad; his spirits are too flat to be kindled into phrenzy.' 'Tis no bad p-p-puff, how-owever,' observed a person in a tarnished laced coat: 'aff-affected m-madness w-will p-pass for w-wit w-with nine-ninet-teen out of t-twenty.' 'An affected stuttering for humour,' replied our landlord; 'though, God knows! there is no affinity betwixt them.' It seems, this wag, after having made some abortive attempts in plain speaking, had recourse to this defect, by means of which he frequently extorted the laugh of the company, without the least expense of genius; and that imperfection, which he had at first counterfeited, was now become so habitual that he could not lay it aside.

"A certain winking genius, who wore yellow gloves at dinner, had, on his first introduction, taken such offence at S—, because he looked and talked, and ate and drank, like any other man, that he spoke contemptuously of his understanding ever after, and never would repeat his visit, until he had exhibited the following proof of his caprice. Wat Wyvil, the poet, having made some unsuccessful advances towards an intimacy with S—, at last gave him to understand, by a third person, that he had written a poem in his praise, and a satire against his person: that if he would admit him to his house, the first should be immediately sent to press; but that if he persisted in declining his friendship, he would publish the satire without delay. S— replied, that he looked upon Wyvil's

We have before us, and painted by his own hand, Tobias Smollett, the manly, kindly, honest and irascible; worn and battered, but still brave and full of heart, after a long

panegyric as, in effect, a species of infamy, and would resent it accordingly with a good cudgel; but if he published the satire, he might deserve his compassion, and had nothing to fear from his revenge. Wyvil having considered the alternative, resolved to mortify S— by printing the panegyric, for which he received a sound drubbing. Then he swore the peace against the aggressor, who, in order to avoid a prosecution at law, admitted him to his good graces. It was the singularity in S—'s conduct, on this occasion, that reconciled him to the yellow-gloved philosopher, who owned he had some genius; and from that period cultivated his acquaintance.

"Curious to know upon what subjects the several talents of my fellow-guests were employed, I applied to my communicative friend Dick Ivy, who gave me to understand that most of them were, or had been, understrappers, or journeymen, to more creditable authors, for whom they translated, collated, and compiled, in the business of book-making; and that all of them had, at different times, laboured in the service of our landlord, though they had now set up for themselves in various departments of literature. Not only their talents, but also their nations and dialects, were so various, that our conversation resembled the confusion of tongues at Babel. We had the Irish brogue, the Scotch accent, and foreign idiom, twanged off by the most discordant vociferation; for as they all spoke together, no man had any chance to be heard, unless he could bawl louder than his fellows. It must be owned, however, there was nothing pedantic in their discourse; they carefully avoided all learned disquisitions, and endeavoured to be facetious: nor did their endeavours always miscarry; some droll repartee passed, and much laughter was excited; and if any individual lost his temper so far as to transgress the bounds of decorum, he was effectually checked by the master of the feast, who exerted a sort of paternal authority over this irritable tribe.

"The most learned philosopher of the whole collection, who had been expelled the university for atheism, has made great progress in a refutation of Lord Bolingbroke's metaphysical works, which is said to be equally ingenious and orthodox: but, in the mean time, he has been presented to the grand jury as a public nuisance for having blasphemed in an alehouse on the Lord's-day. The Scotchman gives lectures on the pronunciation of the English language, which he is now publishing by subscription.

"The Irishman is a political writer, and goes by the name of My Lord Potatoe. He wrote a pamphlet in vindication of a minister, hoping his zeal would be rewarded with some place or pension; but finding himself neglected in that quarter, he whispered about that the pamphlet was written by the minister himself, and he published an answer to his own production. In this he addressed the author under the title of 'your lordship,' with such solemnity, that the public swallowed the deceit, and bought up the whole impression. The wise politicians of the metropolis declared they were both masterly performances, and chuckled over the flimsy reveries of an ignorant

struggle against a hard fortune. His brain had been busied with a hundred different schemes; he had been reviewer and historian, critic, medical writer, poet, pam-

garretteer, as the profound speculations of a veteran statesman acquainted with all the secrets of the cabinet. The imposture was detected in the sequel, and our Hibernian pamphleteer retains no part of his assumed importance but the bare title of 'my lord,' and the upper part of the table at the potatoe-ordinary in Shoe-lane.

"Opposite to me sat a Piedmontese, who had obliged the public with a humorous satire, entitled 'The Balance of the English Poets;' a performance which evinced the great modesty and taste of the author, and, in particular, his intimacy with the elegancies of the English language. The sage, who laboured under the *αγροφοβία*, or 'horror of green fields,' had just finished a treatise on practical agriculture, though, in fact, he had never seen corn growing in his life, and was so ignorant of grain, that our entertainer, in the face of the whole company, made him own that a plate of hominy was the best rice-pudding he had ever eat.

"The stutterm had almost finished his travels through Europe and part of Asia, without ever budging beyond the liberties of the King's-bench, except in term-time, with a tipstaff for his companion: and as for little Tim Cropdale, the most facetious member of the whole society, he had happily wound up the catastrophe of a virgin tragedy, from the exhibition of which he promised himself a large fund of profit and reputation. Tim had made shift to live many years by writing novels, at the rate of five pounds a volume; but that branch of business is now engrossed by female authors, who publish merely for the propagation of virtue, with so much ease, and spirit, and delicacy, and knowledge of the human heart, and all in the serene tranquillity of high life, that the reader is not only enchanted by their genius, but reformed by their morality.

"After dinner, we adjourned into the garden, where I observed Mr. S— give a short separate audience to every individual in a small remote filbert-walk, from whence most of them dropped off one after another, without further ceremony."

Smollett's house was in Lawrence Lane, Chelsea, and is now destroyed. See "Handbook of London," p. 115.

"The person of Smollett was eminently handsome, his features prepossessing, and, by the joint testimony of all his surviving friends, his conversation in the highest degree instructive and amusing. Of his disposition, those who have read his works (and who has not?) may form a very accurate estimate; for in each of them he has presented, and sometimes under various points of view, the leading features of his own character without disguising the most unfavourable of them. * * * When unseduced by his satirical propensities, he was kind, generous, and humane to others; bold, upright, and independent in his own character; stooped to no patron, sued for no favour, but honestly and honourably maintained himself on his literary labours. * * * He was a doating father, and an affectionate husband; and the warm zeal with which his memory was cherished by his surviving friends, showed clearly the reliance which they placed upon his regard."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

phleteer. He had fought endless literary battles; and braved and wielded for years the cudgels of controversy. It was a hard and savage fight in those days, and a niggard pay. He was oppressed by illness, age, narrow fortune; but his spirit was still resolute, and his courage steady; the battle over, he could do justice to the enemy with whom he had been so fiercely engaged, and give a not unfriendly grasp to the hand that had mauled him. He is like one of those Scotch cadets, of whom history gives us so many examples, and whom, with a national fidelity, the great Scotch novelist has painted so charmingly. Of gentle birth * and narrow means, going out from his northern home to win his fortune in the world, and to fight his way,

* Smollett of Bonhill, in Dumbartonshire. *Arms*, az. "a bend, or between a lion rampant, ppr, holding in his paw a banner, arg. * * * and a bugle-horn, also ppr. *Crest*, an oak-tree, ppr. *Motto*, *Viresco*."

Smollett's father, Archibald, was the fourth son of Sir James Smollett of Bonhill, a Scotch judge and member of Parliament, and one of the commissioners for framing the Union with England. Archibald married, without the old gentleman's consent, and died early, leaving his children dependent on their grandfather. Tobias, the second son, was born in 1721, in the old house of Dalquharn in the valley of Leven; and all his life loved and admired that valley and Loch Lomond beyond all the valleys and lakes in Europe. He learned the "rudiments" at Dumbarton Grammar-school, and studied at Glasgow.

But when he was only eighteen, his grandfather died, and left him without provision (figuring as the old judge in "Roderick Random" in consequence, according to Sir Walter). Tobias, armed with the "Regicide," a tragedy—a provision precisely similar to that with which Dr. Johnson had started, just before—came up to London. The "Regicide" came to no good, though at first patronised by Lord Lyttleton ("one of those little fellows who are sometimes called great men," Smollett says); and Smollett embarked as "surgeon's mate" on board a line-of-battle ship, and served in the Carthagena expedition, in 1741. He left the service in the West Indies, and, after residing some time in Jamaica, returned to England in 1746.

He was now unsuccessful as a physician, to begin with; published the satires, "Advice" and "Reproof"—without any luck; and (1747) married the "beautiful and accomplished Miss Lascelles."

In 1748 he brought out his "Roderick Random," which at once made a "hit." The subsequent events of his life may be presented chronologically, in a bird's-eye view:—

1750. Made a tour to Paris, where he chiefly wrote "Peregrine Pickle."

1751. Published "Peregrine Pickle."

1753. Published "Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom."

1755. Published version of "Don Quixote."

armed with courage, hunger, and keen wits. His crest is a shattered oak tree, with green leaves yet springing from it. On his ancient coat-of-arms there is a lion and a horn; this shield of his was battered and dented in a hundred fights and brawls,* through which the stout Scotchman bore it courageously. You see somehow that he is a gentleman, through all his battling and struggling, his poverty, his hard-fought successes, and his defeats. His novels are recollections of his own adventures; his characters drawn, as I should think, from personages with whom he became acquainted in his own career of life. Strange companions he must have had; queer acquaintances he made in the Glasgow College—in the country apothecary's shop; in the gun-room of the man-of-war where he served as surgeon, and in the hard life on shore, where the sturdy adventurer struggled for fortune. He did not invent much, as I fancy, but had the keenest perceptive faculty, and described what he saw with wonderful relish

1756. Began the *Critical Review*.

1758. Published his "History of England."

1763—1766. Travelling in France and Italy; published his "Travels."

1769. Published "Adventures of an Atom."

1770. Set out for Italy; died at Leghorn 21st of Oct., 1771, in the fifty-first year of his age.

*A good specimen of the old "slashing" style of writing is presented by the paragraph on Admiral Knowles, which subjected Smollett to prosecution and imprisonment. The admiral's defence on the occasion of the failure of the Rochfort expedition came to be examined before the tribunal of the *Critical Review*.

"He is," said our author, "an admiral without conduct, an engineer without knowledge, an officer without resolution, and a man without veracity!"

Three months' imprisonment in the King's Bench avenged this stinging paragraph.

But the *Critical* was to Smollett a perpetual fountain of "hot water." Among less important controversies may be mentioned that with Grainger, the translator of "Tibullus." Grainger replied in a pamphlet; and in the next number of the *Review* we find him threatened with "castigation," as an "owl that has broken from his mew!"

In Dr. Moore's biography of him is a pleasant anecdote. After publishing the "Don Quixote," he returned to Scotland to pay a visit to his mother:—

"On Smollett's arrival, he was introduced to his mother with the connivance of Mrs. Telfer (her daughter), as a gentleman from the West Indies, who was intimately acquainted with her son. The better to support his assumed character, he endeavoured to preserve

and delightful broad humour. I think Uncle Bowling, in "Roderick Random," is as good a character as Squire Western himself; and Mr. Morgan, the wild apothecary, is as pleasant as Dr. Caius. What man who has made his inestimable acquaintance—what novel reader who loves Don Quixote and Major Dalgetty—will refuse his most cordial acknowledgments to the admirable Lieutenant Lis-mahago? The novel of "Humphrey Clinker" is, I do think, the most laughable story that has ever been written since the goodly art of novel-writing began. Winifred Jenkins and Tabitha Bramble must keep Englishmen on the grin for ages yet to come; and in their letters and the story of their loves there is a perpetual fount of sparkling laughter, as inexhaustible as Bladud's well.

Fielding, too, has described, though with a greater hand, the characters and scenes which he knew and saw. He had more than ordinary opportunities for becoming acquainted with life. His family and education, first—his fortunes and misfortunes afterwards, brought him into the society of every rank and condition of man. He is himself the hero of his books: he is wild Tom Jones, he is wild Captain Booth, less wild, I am glad to think, than his predecessor, at least heartily conscious of demerit, and anxious to amend.

a serious countenance, approaching to a frown; but while his mother's eyes were riveted on his countenance, he could not refrain from smiling: she immediately sprung from her chair, and throwing her arms round his neck, exclaimed, 'Ah, my son! my son! I have found you at last!'

"She afterwards told him, that if he had kept his austere looks and continued to *gloom*, he might have escaped detection some time longer, but 'your old roguish smile,' added she, 'betrayed you at once.'"

"Shortly after the publication of 'The Adventures of an Atom,' disease again attacked Smollett with redoubled violence. Attempts being vainly made to obtain for him the office of Consul, in some part of the Mediterranean, he was compelled to seek a warmer climate, without better means of provision than his own precarious finances could afford. The kindness of his distinguished friend and countryman, Dr. Armstrong (then abroad), procured for Dr. and Mrs. Smollett a house at Monte Nero, a village situated on the side of a mountain overlooking the sea, in the neighbourhood of Leghorn, a romantic and salutary abode, where he prepared for the press the last, and like music 'sweetest in the close,' the most pleasing of his compositions, 'The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker.' This delightful work was published in 1771."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

When Fielding first came upon the town in 1727, the recollection of the great wits was still fresh in the coffee-houses and assemblies, and the judges there declared that young Harry Fielding had more spirits and wit than Congreve or any of his brilliant successors. His figure was tall and stalwart; his face handsome, manly, and noble-looking; to the very last days of his life he retained a grandeur of air, and, although worn down by disease, his aspect and presence imposed respect upon the people round about him. A dispute took place between Mr. Fielding and the captain* of the ship in which he was making his last voyage, and Fielding relates how the man finally went down on his knees and begged his passenger's pardon. He was living up to the last days of his life, and his spirit never gave in. His vital power must have been immensely strong. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu † prettily character-

* The dispute with the captain arose from the wish of that functionary to intrude on his right to his cabin, for which he had paid thirty pounds. After recounting the circumstances of the apology, he characteristically adds:—

“And here, that I may not be thought the sly trumpeter of my own praises, I do utterly disclaim all praise on the occasion. Neither did the greatness of my mind dictate, nor the force of my Christianity exact this forgiveness. To speak truth, I forgave him from a motive which make men much more forgiving, if they were much wiser than they are; because it was convenient for me so to do.”

† Lady Mary was his second cousin—their respective grandfathers being sons of George Fielding, Earl of Desmond, son of William, Earl of Denbigh.

In a letter dated just a week before his death, she says,—

“H. Fielding has given a true picture of himself and his first wife in the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Booth, some compliments to his own figure excepted; and I am persuaded several of the incidents he mentions are real matters of fact. I wonder he does not perceive Tom Jones and Mr. Booth are sorry scoundrels. * * * Fielding has really a fund of true humour, and was to be pitied at his first entrance into the world, having no choice, as he said himself, but to be a hackney writer or a hackney coachman. His genius deserved a better fate; but I cannot help blaming that continued indiscretion, to give it the softest name, that has run through his life, and I am afraid still remains. * * * Since I was born no original has appeared excepting Congreve, and Fielding, who would, I believe, have approached nearer to his excellencies, if not forced by his necessities to publish without correction, and throw many productions into the world he would have thrown into the fire, if meat could have been got without money, or money without scribbling. * * * I am sorry not to see any more of Peregrine Pickle's performances; I wish you would tell me his name.”—*Letters and Works* (Lord Wharncliffe's Ed.), vol. iii., pp. 93, 94.

ises Fielding and this capacity for happiness which he possessed, in a little notice of his death, when she compares him to Steele, who was as improvident and as happy as he was, and says that both should have gone on living forever. One can fancy the eagerness and gusto with which a man of Fielding's frame, with his vast health and robust appetite, his ardent spirits, his joyful humour, and his keen and hearty relish for life, must have seized and drunk that cup of pleasure which the town offered to him. Can any of my hearers remember the youthful feats of a college breakfast—the meats devoured and the cups quaffed in that Homeric feast? I can call to mind some of the heroes of those youthful banquets, and fancy young Fielding from Leyden rushing upon the feast, with his great laugh and immense healthy young appetite, eager and vigorous to enjoy. The young man's wit and manners made him friends everywhere: he lived with the grand Man's society of those days: he was courted by peers and men of wealth and fashion. As he had a paternal allowance from his father, General Fielding, which, to use Henry's own phrase, any man might pay who would; as he liked good wine, good clothes, and good company, which are all expensive articles to purchase, Harry Fielding began to run into debt, and borrow money in that easy manner in which Captain Booth borrows money in the novel: was in nowise particular in accepting a few pieces from the purses of his rich friends, and bore down upon more than one of them, as Walpole tells us only too truly, for a dinner or a guinea. To supply himself with the latter, he began to write theatrical pieces, having already, no doubt, a considerable acquaintance amongst the Oldfields and Bracegirdles behind the scenes. He laughed at these pieces and scorned them. When the audience upon one occasion began to hiss a scene which he was too lazy to correct, and regarding which, when Garrick remonstrated with him, he said that the public was too stupid to find out the badness of his work;—when the audience began to hiss, Fielding said, with characteristic coolness—"they have found it out, have they?" He did not prepare his novels in this way, and with a very different care and interest laid the foundations and built up the edifices of his future fame.

Time and shower have very little damaged those. The fashion and ornaments are, perhaps, of the architecture of

that age; but the buildings remain strong and lofty, and of admirable proportions—masterpieces of genius and monuments of workman-like skill.

I cannot offer or hope to make a hero of Harry Fielding. Why hide his faults? Why conceal his weaknesses in a cloud of periphrasis? Why not show him, like him as he is, not robed in a marble toga, and draped and polished in a heroic attitude, but with inked ruffles, and claret stains on his tarnished laced coat, and on his manly face the marks of good fellowship, of illness, of kindness, of care, and wine. Stained as you see him, and worn by care and dissipation, that man retains some of the most precious and splendid human qualities and endowments. He has an admirable natural love of truth, the keenest instinctive antipathy to hypocrisy, the happiest satirical gift of laughing it to scorn. His wit is wonderfully wise and detective; it flashes upon a rogue and lightens up a rascal like a policeman's lantern. He is one of the manliest and kindest of human beings: in the midst of all his imperfections, he respects female innocence and infantine tenderness, as you would suppose such a great-hearted, courageous soul would respect and care for them. He could not be so brave, generous, truth-telling as he is, were he not infinitely merciful, pitiful, and tender. He will give any man his purse—he cannot help kindness and profusion. He may have low tastes, but not a mean mind; he admires with all his heart good and virtuous men, stoops to no flattery, bears no rancour, disdains all disloyal arts, does his public duty uprightly, is fondly loved by his family, and dies at his work.*

If that theory be—and I have no doubt it is—the right and safe one, that human nature is always pleased with the spectacle of innocence rescued by fidelity, purity, and courage; I suppose that of the heroes of Fielding's three novels, we should like honest Joseph Andrews the best,

* He sailed for Lisbon, from Gravesend, on Sunday morning, June 30th, 1754; and began the "Journal of a Voyage" during the passage. He died at Lisbon, in the beginning of October of the same year. He lies buried there, in the English Protestant church-yard, near the Estrella Church, with this inscription over him:—

"HENRICUS FIELDING,
LUGET BRITANNIA GREMIO NON DATUM
FOVERE NATUM."

and Captain Booth the second, and Tom Jones the third.*

Joseph Andrews, though he wears Lady Booby's cast-off livery, is, I think, to the full as polite as Tom Jones in his fustian-suit, or Captain Booth in regimentals. He has, like those heroes, large calves, broad shoulders, a high courage, and a handsome face. The accounts of Joseph's bravery and good qualities; his voice, too musical to halloo to the dogs; his bravery in riding races for the gentlemen of the county, and his constancy in refusing bribes and temptation, have something affecting in their *naïveté* and freshness, and prepossess one in favour of that handsome young hero. The rustic bloom of Fanny, and the delightful simplicity of Parson Adams are described with a friendliness which wins the reader of their story: we part with them with more regret than from Booth and Jones.

Fielding, no doubt, began to write this novel in ridicule of "Pamela," for which work one can understand the hearty contempt and antipathy which such an athletic and boisterous genius as Fielding's must have entertained. He could not do otherwise than laugh at the puny, cockney bookseller, pouring out endless volumes of sentimental twaddle, and hold him up to scorn as a moll-coddle and a milksop. *His* genius had been nursed on sack-posset, and not on dishes of tea. *His* muse had sung the loudest in tavern choruses, had seen the daylight streaming in over thousands of emptied bowls, and reeled home to chambers on the shoulders of the watchman. Richardson's goddess was attended by old maids and dowagers, and fed on muffins and bohea. "Milksop!" roars Harry Fielding, clattering at the timid shop-shutters. "Wretch! Monster! Mohock!" shrieks the sentimental author of "Pamela;" † and all the ladies of his court cackle out an

* Fielding himself is said by Dr. Warton to have preferred "Joseph Andrews" to his other writings.

† "Richardson," says worthy Mrs. Barbauld, in her Memoir of him, prefixed to his Correspondence, "was exceedingly hurt at this ('Joseph Andrews'), the more so as they had been on good terms, and he was very intimate with Fielding's two sisters. He never appears cordially to have forgiven it (perhaps it was not in human nature he should), and he always speaks in his letters with a great deal of asperity of 'Tom Jones,' more indeed than was quite graceful in a rival author. No doubt he himself thought his indignation was solely excited by the loose morality of the work and of its author, but he could tolerate Cibber."

affrighted chorus. Fielding proposes to write a book in ridicule of the author, whom he disliked and utterly scorned and laughed at; but he is himself of so generous, jovial, and kindly a turn that he begins to like the characters which he invents, cannot help making them manly and pleasant as well as ridiculous, and before he has done with them all loves them heartily every one.

Richardson's sickening antipathy for Harry Fielding is quite as natural as the other's laughter and contempt at the sentimentalist. I have not learned that these likings and dislikings have ceased in the present day: and every author must lay his account not only to misrepresentation, but to honest enmity among critics, and to being hated and abused for good as well as for bad reasons. Richardson disliked Fielding's works quite honestly: Walpole quite honestly spoke of them as vulgar and stupid. Their squeamish stomachs sickened at the rough fare and the rough guests assembled at Fielding's jolly revel. Indeed the cloth might have been cleaner: and the dinner and the company were scarce such as suited a dandy. The kind and wise old Johnson would not sit down with him.* But a greater scholar than Johnson could afford to admire that astonishing genius of Harry Fielding: and we all know the lofty panegyric which Gibbon wrote of him, and which remains a towering monument to the great novelist's memory. "Our immortal Fielding," Gibbon writes, "was of the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh, who drew their origin from the Counts of Hapsburgh. The successors of Charles V. may disdain their brethren of England: but the romance of 'Tom Jones,' that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the palace of the Escorial and the Imperial Eagle of Austria." There can be no gainsaying the sentence of this great judge. To have your name mentioned by Gibbon, is like having it written on the dome of St. Peter's. Pilgrims from all the world admire and behold it.

As a picture of manners the novel of "Tom Jones" is indeed exquisite: as a work of construction quite a wonder:

* It must always be borne in mind, that besides that the Doctor could not be expected to like Fielding's wild life (to say nothing of the fact that they were of opposite sides in politics), Richardson was one of his earliest and kindest friends. Yet Johnson too (as Boswell tells us) read "Amelia" through without "stopping."

the by-play of wisdom; the power of observation; the multiplied felicitous turns and thoughts; the varied character of the great Comic Epic; keep the reader in a perpetual admiration and curiosity.* But against Mr. Thomas Jones himself we have a right to put in a protest, and quarrel with the esteem the author evidently has for that character. Charles Lamb says finely of Jones, that a single hearty laugh from him "clears the air"—but then it is in a certain state of the atmosphere. It might clear the air when such personages as Blifil or Lady Bellaston poison it. But I fear very much that (except until the very last scene of the story), when Mr. Jones enters Sophia's drawing-room, the pure air there is rather tainted with the young gentleman's tobacco-pipe and punch. I cannot say that I think Mr. Jones a virtuous character; I cannot say but that I think Fielding's evident liking and admiration for Mr. Jones, shows that the great humourist's moral sense was blunted by his life, and that here in Art and Ethics, there is a great error. If it is right to have a hero, whom we may admire, let us at least take care that he is admirable: if, as is the plan of some authors (a plan decidedly against their interests, be it said), it is propounded that there exists in life no such being, and therefore that in novels, the picture of life, there should appear no such character; then Mr. Thomas Jones becomes an admissible person, and we examine his defects and good qualities, as we do those of Parson Thwackum, or Miss Seagrim. But

* "Manners change from generation to generation, and with manners morals appear to change,—actually change with some, but appear to change with all but the abandoned. A young man of the present day who should act as Tom Jones is supposed to act at Upton, with Lady Bellaston, &c., would not be a Tom Jones; and a Tom Jones of the present day, without perhaps being in the ground a better man, would have perished rather than submit to be kept by a harridan of fortune. Therefore, this novel is, and indeed, pretends to be no example of conduct. But, notwithstanding all this, I do loathe the cant which can recommend 'Pamela' and 'Clarissa Harlowe' as strictly moral, although they poison the imagination of the young with continued doses of *tinct. lytta*, while Tom Jones is prohibited as loose. I do not speak of young women; but a young man whose heart or feelings can be injured, or even his passions excited by this novel, is already thoroughly corrupt. There is a cheerful, sunshiny, breezy spirit, that prevails everywhere, strongly contrasted with the close, hot, day-dreamy continuity of Richardson."—COLERIDGE. *Literary Remains*, vol. ii., p. 374.

a hero with a flawed reputation; a hero spunging for a guinea; a hero who cannot pay his landlady, and is obliged to let his honour out to hire, is absurd, and his claim to heroic rank untenable. I protest against Mr. Thomas Jones holding such rank at all. I protest even against his being considered a more than ordinary young fellow, ruddy-cheeked, broad-shouldered, and fond of wine and pleasure. He would not rob a church, but that is all; and a pretty long argument may be debated, as to which of these old types, the spendthrift, the hypocrite, Jones and Blifil, Charles and Joseph Surface,—is the worst member of society and the most deserving of censure. The prodigal Captain Booth is a better man than his predecessor Mr. Jones, in so far as he thinks much more humbly of himself than Jones did: goes down on his knees, and owns his weaknesses, and cries out “Not for my sake, but for the sake of my pure and sweet and beautiful wife Amelia, I pray you, O critical reader, to forgive me.” That stern moralist regards him from the bench (the judge’s practice out of court is not here the question), and says, “Captain Booth, it is perfectly true that your life has been disreputable, and that on many occasions you have shown yourself to be no better than a scamp—you have been tippling at the tavern, when the kindest and sweetest lady in the world has cooked your little supper of boiled mutton and awaited you all the night; you have spoilt the little dish of boiled mutton thereby, and caused pangs and pains to Amelia’s tender heart.* You have got into debt without the means of paying it. You have gambled the money with which you ought to have paid your rent. You have spent in drink or

* “Nor was she (Lady Mary Wortley Montagu) a stranger to that beloved first wife, whose picture he drew in his ‘Amelia,’ when, as she said, even the glowing language he knew how to employ, did not do more than justice to the amiable qualities of the original, or to her beauty, although this had suffered a little from the accident related in the novel,—a frightful overturn, which destroyed the gristle of her nose. He loved her passionately, and she returned his affection. * * *

“His biographers seem to have been shy of disclosing that after the death of this charming woman, he married her maid. And yet the act was not so discreditable to his character as it may sound. The maid had few personal charms, but was an excellent creature, devotedly attached to her mistress, and almost broken-hearted for her loss. In the first agonies of his own grief, which approached to frenzy, he found no relief but from weeping along with her; nor

in worse amusements the sums which your poor wife has raised upon her little home treasures, her own ornaments, and the toys of her children. But, you rascal! you own humbly that you are no better than you should be; you never for one moment pretend that you are anything but a miserable weak-minded rogue. You do in your heart adore that angelic woman, your wife, and for her sake, sirrah, you shall have your discharge. Lucky for you and for others like you, that in spite of your failings and imperfections, pure hearts pity and love you. For your wife's sake you are permitted to go hence without a remand, and I beg you, by the way, to carry to that angelical lady the expression of the cordial respect and admiration of this court." Amelia pleads for her husband, Will Booth: Amelia pleads for her reckless kindly old father, Harry Fielding. To have invented that character, is not only a triumph of art, but it is a good action. They say it was in his own home that Fielding knew her and loved her: and from his own wife that he drew the most charming character in English fiction—Fiction! why fiction? why not history? I know Amelia just as well as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. I believe in Colonel Bath almost as much as in Colonel Gardiner or the Duke of Cumberland. I admire the author of "Amelia," and thank the kind master who introduced me to that sweet and delightful companion and friend. Amelia perhaps is not a better story than "Tom Jones," but it has the better ethics; the prodigal repents at least, before forgiveness,—whereas that odious broad-backed Mr. Jones, carries off his beauty with

solace when a degree calmer, but in talking to her of the angel they mutually regretted. This made her his habitual confidential associate, and in process of time he began to think he could not give his children a tenderer mother, or secure for himself a more faithful housekeeper and nurse. At least, this was what he told his friends; and it is certain that her conduct as his wife confirmed it, and fully justified his good opinion."—*Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*. Edited by Lord Wharncliffe. *Introductory Anecdotes*, vol. i., pp. 80, 81.

Fielding's first wife was Miss Craddock, a young lady from Salisbury, with a fortune of 1500*l.*, whom he married in 1736. About the same time he succeeded, himself, to an estate of 200*l.* per annum, and on the joint amount he lived for some time as a splendid country gentleman in Derbyshire. Three years brought him to the end of his fortune; when he returned to London, and became a student of law

scarce an interval of remorse for his manifold errors and short-comings; and is not half punished enough before the great prize of fortune and love falls to his share. I am angry with Jones. Too much of the plum-cake and rewards of life fall to that boisterous, swaggering young scapegrace. Sophia actually surrenders without a proper sense of decorum; the fond, foolish, palpitating little creature,—“Indeed, Mr. Jones,” she says,—“it rests with you to appoint the day.” I suppose Sophia is drawn from life as well as Amelia, and many a young fellow, no better than Mr. Thomas Jones, has carried by a *coup de main* the heart of many a kind girl who was a great deal too good for him.

What a wonderful art! What an admirable gift of nature, was it by which the author of these tales was endowed, and which enabled him to fix our interest, to waken our sympathy, to seize upon our credulity, so that we believe in his people—speculate gravely upon their faults or their excellencies, prefer this one or that, deplore Jones’s fondness for drink and play, Booth’s fondness for play and drink, and the unfortunate position of the wives of both gentlemen—love and admire those ladies with all our hearts, and talk about them as faithfully as if we had breakfasted with them this morning in their actual drawing-rooms, or should meet them this afternoon in the Park! What a genius! what a vigour, what a bright-eyed intelligence and observation! what a wholesome hatred for meanness and knavery! what a vast sympathy! what a cheerfulness! what a manly relish of life! what a love of human kind! what a poet is here!—watching, meditating, brooding, creating! What multitudes of truths has that man left behind him! What generations he has taught to laugh wisely and fairly! What scholars he has formed and accustomed to the exercise of thoughtful humour and the manly play of wit! What a courage he had!* What

*In the *Gentleman’s Magazine* for 1786, an anecdote is related of Harry Fielding, “in whom,” says the correspondent, “good-nature and philanthropy in their extreme degree were known to be the prominent features.” It seems that “some parochial taxes” for his house in Beaufort Buildings had long been demanded by the collector. “At last, Harry went off to Johnson, and obtained by a process of literary mortgage the needful sum. He was returning with it, when he met an old college chum whom he had not seen for many years. He asked the chum to dinner with him at a neighbour-

a dauntless and constant cheerfulness of intellect, that burned bright and steady through all the storms of his life, and never deserted its last wreck! It is wonderful to think of the pains and misery which the man suffered; the pressure of want, illness, remorse which he endured; and that the writer was neither malignant nor melancholy, his view of truth never warped, and his generous human kindness never surrendered.*

ing tavern; and learning that he was in difficulties, emptied the contents of his pocket into his. On returning home he was informed that the collector had been twice for the money. 'Friendship has called for the money and had it,' said Fielding, 'let the collector call again.'

It is elsewhere told of him, that being in company with the Earl of Denbigh, his kinsman, and the conversation turning upon their relationship, the Earl asked him how it was that he spelled his name "Fielding," and not "Feilding," like the head of the house? "I cannot tell, my lord," said he, "except it be that my branch of the family were the first that knew how to spell."

* In 1749, he was made Justice of the Peace for Westminster and Middlesex, an office then paid by fees, and very laborious, without being particularly reputable. It may be seen from his own words, in the Introduction to the "Voyage," what kind of work devolved upon him and in what a state he was, during these last years; and still more clearly, how he comported himself through all.

"Whilst I was preparing for my journey, and when I was almost fatigued to death with several long examinations, relating to five different murders, all committed within the space of a week, by different gangs of street-robbers, I received a message from his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, by Mr. Carrington, the King's messenger, to attend his Grace the next morning in Lincoln's Inn Fields, upon some business of importance; but I excused myself from complying with the message, as besides being lame, I was very ill with the great fatigues I had lately undergone, added to my distemper.

"His Grace, however, sent Mr. Carrington the very next morning, with another summons; with which, though in the utmost distress, I immediately complied; but the Duke happening, unfortunately for me, to be then particularly engaged, after I had waited some time, sent a gentleman to discourse with me on the best plan which could be invented for these murders and robberies, which were every day committed in the streets; upon which I promised to transmit my opinion, in writing, to his Grace, who, as the gentleman informed me, intended to lay it before the Privy Council.

"Though this visit cost me a severe cold, I, notwithstanding, set myself down to work, and in about four days sent the Duke as regular a plan as I could form, with all the reasons and arguments I could bring to support it, drawn out on several sheets of paper; and soon received a message from the Duke, by Mr. Carrington, acquainting me that my plan was highly approved of, and that all the terms of it would be complied with.

"The principal and most material of these terms was the imme-

In the quarrel mentioned before, which happened on Fielding's last voyage to Lisbon, and when the stout captain of the ship fell down on his knees and asked the sick man's pardon—"I did not suffer," Fielding says, in his hearty, manly way, his eyes lighting up as it were with their old fire—"I did not suffer a brave man and an old man to remain a moment in that posture, but immediately forgave him." Indeed, I think, with his noble spirit and unconquerable generosity, Fielding reminds one of those brave men of whom one reads in stories of English shipwrecks and disasters—of the officer on the African shore, when disease has destroyed the crew, and he himself is seized by fever, who throws the lead with a death-stricken hand, takes the soundings, carries the ship out of the river or off the dangerous coast, and dies in the manly endeavour—of the wounded captain, when the vessel founders, who never loses his heart, who eyes the danger steadily, and has a cheery word for all, until the inevitable fate overwhelms him, and the gallant ship goes down. Such a brave and gentle heart, such an intrepid and courageous spirit, I love to recognise in the manly, the English Harry Fielding.

diately depositing 600*l.* in my hands; at which small charge I undertook to demolish the then reigning gangs, and to put the civil policy into such order, that no such gangs should ever be able for the future to form themselves into bodies, or at least to remain any time formidable to the public.

"I had delayed my Bath journey for some time, contrary to the repeated advice of my physical acquaintances, and the ardent desire of my warmest friends, though my distemper was now turned to a deep jaundice; in which case the Bath-waters are generally reputed to be almost infallible. But I had the most eager desire to demolish this gang of villains and cut-throats. * * *

"After some weeks the money was paid at the Treasury, and within a few days, after 200*l.* of it had come to my hands, the whole gang of cut-throats was entirely dispersed." * * *

Further on, he says,—

"I will confess that my private affairs at the beginning of the winter had but a gloomy aspect; for I had not plundered the public or the poor of those sums, which men who are always ready to plunder both as much as they can, have been pleased to suspect me of taking; on the contrary, by composing, instead of inflaming, the quarrels of porters and beggars (which I blush when I say hath not been universally practised), and by refusing to take a shilling from a man who most undoubtedly would not have had another left, I had reduced an income of about 500*l.* a year of the dirtiest money upon earth, to little more than 300*l.*, a considerable portion of which remained with my clerk."

LECTURE THE SIXTH.

STERNE AND GOLDSMITH.

ROGER STERNE, Sterne's father, was the second son of a numerous race, descendants of Richard Sterne, Archbishop of York, in the reign of James II. ; and children of Simon Sterne and Mary Jaques, his wife, heiress of Elvington, near York.* Roger was a lieutenant in Handiside's regiments, and engaged in Flanders, in Queen Anne's wars. He married the daughter of a noted suttler, "N.B., he was in debt to him," his son writes, pursuing the paternal biography, and marched through the world with this companion, following the regiment and bringing many children to poor Roger Sterne. The captain was an irascible but kind and simple little man, Sterne says, and informs us that his sire was run through the body at Gibraltar, by a brother officer, in a duel, which arose out of a dispute about a goose. Roger never entirely recovered from the effects of this rencontre, but died presently at Jamaica, whither he had followed the drum.

Lawrence, his second child, was born at Clonmel, in Ireland, in 1713, and travelled for the first ten years of his life, on his father's march, from barrack to transport, from Ireland to England.† One relative of his mother's took her and her family under shelter for ten months at Mullingar: another collateral descendant of the Archbishop's housed them for a year at his castle near Carrickfergus. Larry Sterne was put to school at Halifax in England, finally was adopted by his kinsman of Elvington, and parted company with his father, the Captain, who marched on his path of life till he met the fatal goose,

*He came of a Suffolk family—one of whom settled in Nottinghamshire. The famous "starling" was actually the family crest.

† "It was in this parish (of Animo, in Wicklow), during our stay, that I had that wonderful escape in falling through a mill-race, whilst the mill was going, and of being taken up unhurt; the story is incredible, but known for truth in all that part of Ireland, where hundreds of the common people flocked to see me."—STERNE.

which closed his career: The most picturesque and delightful parts of Lawrence Sterne's writings, we owe to his recollections of the military life. Trim's montero cap, and Le Fevre's sword, and dear Uncle Toby's roquelaure, are doubtless reminiscences of the boy, who had lived with the followers of William and Marlborough, and had beat time with his little feet to the fifes of Ramillies in Dublin barrack-yard, or played with the torn flags and halberds of Malplaquet on the parade ground at Clonmel.

Lawrence remained at Halifax school till he was eighteen years old. His wit and cleverness appear to have acquired the respect of his master here: for when the usher whipped Lawrence for writing his name on the newly white-washed school-room ceiling, the pedagogue in chief rebuked the under-strapper, and said that the name should never be effaced, for Sterne was a boy of genius, and would come to preferment.

His cousin, the Squire of Elvington, sent Sterne to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he remained five years, and taking orders, got, through his uncle's interest, the living of Sutton and the Prebendary of York. Through his wife's connexions, he got the living of Stillington. He married her in 1741; having ardently courted the young lady for some years previously. It was not until the young lady fancied herself dying, that she made Sterne acquainted with the extent of her liking for him. One evening when he was sitting with her, with an almost broken heart to see her so ill (the Rev. Mr. Sterne's heart was a good deal broken in the course of his life), she said—"My dear Laurey, I never can be yours, for I verily believe I have not long to live, but I have left you every shilling of my fortune," a generosity which overpowered Sterne: she recovered: and so they were married, and grew heartily tired of each other before many years were over. "*Nescio quid est materia cum me*," Sterne writes to one of his friends (in dog Latin, and very sad-dog Latin too) "*sed sum fatigatus et ægrotus de meâ uxore plus quam unquam*," which means, I am sorry to say, "I don't know what is the matter with me: but I am more tired and sick of my wife than ever."*

* "My wife returns to Toulouse, and proposes to pass the summer at Bignaères—I, on the contrary, go and visit my wife, the church, in Yorkshire. We all live the longer, at least the happier, for hav-

This to be sure was five-and-twenty years after Laurey had been overcome by her generosity and she by Laurey's love. Then he wrote to her of the delights of marriage, saying—"We will be as merry and as innocent as our first parents in Paradise: before the arch fiend entered that indescribable scene. The kindest affections will have room to expand in our retirement—let the human tempest and hurricane rage at a distance, the desolation is beyond the horizon of peace. My L. has seen a polyanthus blow in December?—Some friendly wall has sheltered it from the biting wind—no planetary influence shall reach us, but that which presides and cherishes the sweetest flowers. The gloomy family of care and distrust shall be banished from our dwelling, guarded by thy kind and tutelar deity,—we will sing our choral songs of gratitude and rejoice to the end of our pilgrimage. Adieu, my L. Return to one who languishes for thy society!—As I take up my pen, my poor pulse quickens, my pale face glows, and tears are trickling down on my paper as I trace the word L."

And it is about this woman, with whom he finds no fault, but that she bores him, that our philanthropist writes, "*Sum fatigatus et ægrotus*"—*Sum mortaliter in amore* with somebody else! That fine flower of love, that polyanthus over which Sterne snivelled so many tears, could not last for a quarter of a century. Or rather it could not be supposed that a gentleman with such a fountain at command, should keep it to *arroser* one homely old lady, when a score of younger and prettier people might be refreshed from the same gushing source.* It was in December, 1767, that the Rev. Lawrence Sterne, the fa-

ing things our own way; this is my conjugal maxim. I own 'tis not the best of maxims, but I maintain 'tis not the worst."—STERNE'S *Letters*, 20th January, 1764.

* In a collection of "Seven Letters by Sterne and his Friends" (printed for private circulation), in 1844, is a letter of M. Tollot, who was in France with Sterne and his family in 1764. Here is a paragraph:—

"Nous arrivâmes le lendemain à Montpellier, où nous trouvâmes notre ami Mr. Sterne, sa femme, sa fille, Mr. Huet et quelques autres Anglaises; j'eus, je vous l'avoue, beaucoup de plaisir en revoyant le bon et agréable Tristram. * * * Il avait été assez longtemps à Toulouse, où il se serait amusé sans sa femme, qui le poursuivit partout, et qui voulait être de tout. Ces dispositions dans cette bonne dame, lui ont fait passer d'assez mauvais momens; il supporte tous ces désagrémens avec une patience d'ange."

mous Shandean, the charming Yorick, the delight of the fashionable world, the delicious divine, for whose sermons the whole polite world was subscribing,* the occupier of Rabelais's easy chair, only fresh stuffed and more elegant than when in possession of the cynical old curate of Meu-

About four months after this very characteristic letter, Sterne wrote to the same gentleman to whom Toltot had written; and from his letter we may extract a companion paragrah:—

* * * “All which being premised, I have been for eight weeks smitten with the tenderest passion that ever tender wight underwent. I wish, dear cousin, thou couldst conceive (perhaps thou canst without my wishing it) how deliciously I canter'd away with it the first month, two up, two down, always upon my hâches along the streets from my hotel to hers, at first once—then twice, then three times a day, till at length I was within an ace of setting up my hobby-horse in her stable for good and all. I might as well, considering how the enemies of the Lord have blasphemed there-upon. The last three weeks we were every hour upon the doleful ditty of parting—and thou mayest conceive, dear cousin, how it altered my gait and air—for I went and came like any louden'd carl, and did nothing but *jouer des sentimens* with her from sun-rising even to the setting of the same; and now she is gone to the south of France; and to finish the comédie, I fell ill, and broke a vessel in my lungs, and half bled to death. Voilà mon histoire!”

Whether husband or wife had most of the “*patience d'ange*” may be uncertain; but there can be no doubt which needed it most!

* “‘Tristram Shandy’ is still a greater object of admiration, the man as well as the book; one is invited to dinner, when he dines, a fortnight before. As to the volumes yet published, there is much good fun in them, and humour sometimes hit and sometimes missed. Have you read his ‘Sermons,’ with his own comick figure, from a painting by Reynolds, at the head of them? They are in the style I think most proper for the pulpit, and show a strong imagination and a sensible heart; but you see him often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of the audience.”—GRAY'S *Letters*, June 22nd, 1760.

“It having been observed that there was little hospitality in London—Johnson: ‘Nay, Sir, any man who has a name, or who has the power of pleasing, will be very generally invited in London. The man, Sterne, I have been told, has had engagements for three months.’ Goldsmith: ‘And a very dull fellow.’ Johnson: ‘Why, no, Sir.’”—BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson*.

“Her [Miss Monckton's] vivacity enchanted the sage, and they used to talk together with all imaginable ease. A singular instance happened one evening, when she insisted that some of Sterne's writings were very pathetic. Johnson bluntly denied it. ‘I am sure,’ said she, ‘they have affected me.’ ‘Why,’ said Johnson, smiling, and rolling himself about—‘that is, because, dearest, you're a dunce.’ When she some time afterwards mentioned this to him, he said with equal truth and politeness, ‘Madam, if I had thought so, I certainly should not have said it.’”—*Ibid.*

don,*—the more than rival of the Dean of St. Patrick's, wrote the above quoted respectable letter to his friend in London; and it was in April of the same year, that he was pouring out his fond heart to Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, wife of Daniel Draper, Esq., Counsellor of Bombay, and, in 1775, chief of the factory of Surat—a gentleman very much respected in that quarter of the globe.

"I got thy letter last night, Eliza," Sterne writes, "on my return from Lord Bathurst's, where I dined—the letter has this merit in it that it contains a pleasant reminiscence of better men than Sterne, and introduces us to a portrait of a kind old gentleman)—I got thy letter last night, Eliza, on my return from Lord Bathurst's; and where I was heard—as I talked of thee an hour without intermission—with so much pleasure and attention, that

* A passage or two from Sterne's "Sermons" may not be without interest here. Is not the following, levelled against the cruelties of the Church of Rome, stamped with the autograph of the author of the "Sentimental Journey?"—

"To be convinced of this, go with me for a moment into the prisons of the Inquisition—behold *religion* with mercy and justice chained down under her feet,—there, sitting ghastly upon a black tribunal, propped up with racks and instruments of torment.—Hark!—what a piteous groan!—See the melancholy wretch who uttered it, just brought forth to undergo the anguish of a mock-trial, and endure the utmost pain that a studied system of *religious cruelty* has been able to invent. Behold this helpless victim delivered up to his tormentors. *His body so wasted with sorrow and long confinement, you'll see every nerve and muscle as it suffers.*—Observe the last movement of that horrid engine.—What convulsions it has thrown him into! Consider the nature of the posture in which he now lies stretched.—What exquisite torture he endures by it.—'Tis all nature can bear.—Good GOD! see how it keeps his weary soul hanging upon his trembling lips, willing to take its leave, but not suffered to depart. Behold the unhappy wretch led back to his cell,—dragg'd out of it again to meet the flames—and the insults in his last agonies, which this principle—this principle, that there can be religion without morality—has prepared for him."—*Sermon 27th.*

The next extract is preached on a text to be found in Judges xix., vers. 1, 2, 3, concerning a "certain Levite:"—

"Such a one the Levite wanted to share his solitude and fill up that uncomfortable blank in the heart in such a situation; for, notwithstanding all we meet with in books, in many of which, no doubt, there are a good many handsome things said upon the secrets of retirement, &c. * * * yet still, 'it is not good for man to be alone:' nor can all which the cold-hearted pedant stuns our ears with upon the subject, ever give one answer of satisfaction to the mind; in the midst of the loudest vauntings of philosophy, nature will have her yearnings for society and friendship;—a good heart

the good old Lord toasted your health three different times; and now he is in his 85th year, says he hopes to live long enough to be introduced as a friend to my fair Indian disciple, and to see her eclipse all other Nabobesses as much in wealth, as she does already in exterior, and what is far better (for Sterne is nothing without his morality), and what is far better, in interior merit. This nobleman is an old friend of mine. You know he was always the protector of men of wit and genius, and has had those of the last century, Addison, Steele, Pope, Swift, Prior, &c., always at his table. The manner in which his notice began of me was as singular as it was polite. He came up to me one day as I was at the Princess of Wales's court, and said, 'I want to know you, Mr. Sterne, but it is fit you also should know who it is that wishes this pleasure. You have heard of an old Lord Bathurst, of whom your Popes and Swifts have sung and spoken so much? I have lived my life with geniuses of that cast; but have survived them; and, despairing ever to find their equals, it is some years since I have shut up my books and closed my accounts; but you have kindled a desire in me of opening them once more before I die so: which I now do: so go home and dine with me.' This nobleman, I say, is a prodigy, for he has all the wit and promptness of a man of thirty; a disposition to be pleased, and a power to please others, beyond whatever I knew; added to which a man of learning, courtesy, and feeling.

"He heard me talk of thee, Eliza, with uncommon satisfaction—for there was only a third person, *and of sensibility*, with us: and a most sentimental afternoon till nine o'clock

wants some object to be kind to—and the best parts of our blood, and the purest of our spirits, suffer most under the destitution.

"Let the torpid monk seek Heaven comfortless and alone. God speed him! For my own part, I fear I should never so find the way; *let me be wise and religious, but let me be MAN*; wherever thy Providence places me, or whatever be the road I take to Thee, give me some companion in my journey, be it only to remark to, 'How our shadows lengthen as our sun goes down:'—to whom I may say, 'How fresh is the face of Nature! how sweet the flowers of the field! how delicious are these fruits!'"—*Sermon 18th.*

The first of these passages gives us another drawing of the famous "Captive." The second shows that the same reflection was suggested to the Rev. Lawrence, by a text in Judges, as by the *fille-de-chambre*.

Sterne's Sermons were published as those of "Mr. Yorick."

have we passed! * But thou, Eliza! wert the star that conducted and enlivened the discourse! And when I talked not of thee, still didst thou fill my mind, and warm every thought I uttered, for I am not ashamed to acknowledge I greatly miss thee. Best of all good girls!—the sufferings I have sustained all night in consequence of thine, Eliza, are beyond the power of words. * * * And so thou hast fixed thy Bramin's portrait over thy writing desk, and will consult it in all doubts and difficulties?—Grateful and good girl! Yorick smiles contentedly over all thou dost: his picture does not do justice to his own complacency. I am glad your shipmates are friendly beings (Eliza was at Deal going back to the Counsellor at Bombay, and indeed it was high time she should be off). You could least dispense with what is contrary to your own nature, which is soft and gentle, Eliza; it would civilise savages—though pity were it thou shouldst be tainted with the office. Write to me, my child, thy delicious letters. Let them speak the easy carelessness of a heart that opens itself anyhow, every how, such Eliza I write to thee! (the artless rogue, of course he did!) And so I should ever love thee, most artlessly, most affectionately if Providence permitted thy residence in the same section of the globe: for I am all that honour and affection can make me 'THY BRAMIN.' ”

The Bramin continues addressing Mrs. Draper until the departure of the *Earl of Chatham*, Indiaman, from Deal, on the 2nd of April, 1767. He is amiably anxious about the fresh paint for Eliza's cabin; he is uncommonly solici-

* “I am glad that you are in love—'twill cure you at least of the spleen, which has a bad effect on both man and woman—I myself must even have some *Dulcinea* in my head, it harmonises the soul; and in these cases I first endeavour to make the lady believe so, or rather, I begin first to make myself believe that I am in love—but I carry on my affairs quite in the French way, sentimentally—*l'amour* (say they) *n'est rien sans sentiment*. Now, notwithstanding they make such a pother about the word, they have no precise idea annexed to it. And so much for that same subject called love.”—*STERNE'S Letters*, May 23, 1765.

“P.S.—My ‘Sentimental Journey’ will please Mrs. J—— and my Lydia [his daughter, afterwards Mrs. Medalle]—I can answer for those two. It is a subject which works well, and suits the frame of mind I have been in for some time past. I told you my design in it was to teach us to love the world and our fellow-creatures better than we do—so it runs most upon those gentler passions and affections which aid so much to it.”—*Letters* [1767].

tous about her companions on board: "I fear the best of your shipmates are only genteel by comparison with the contrasted crew with which thou beholdest them. So was—you know who—from the same fallacy which was put upon your judgment when—but I will not mortify you!"

"You know who" was, of course, Daniel Draper, Esq., of Bombay—a gentleman very much respected in that quarter of the globe, and about whose probable health our worthy Bramin writes with delightful candour.

"I honour you, Eliza, for keeping secret some things which, if explained, had been a panegyric on yourself. There is a dignity in venerable affliction which will not allow it to appeal to the world for pity or redress. Well have you supported that character, my amiable, my philosophic friend! And indeed, I begin to think you have as many virtues as my Uncle Toby's widow. Talking of widows—pray, Eliza, if ever you are such, do not think of giving yourself to some wealthy Nabob, because I design to marry you myself. My wife cannot live long, and I know not the woman I should like so well for her substitute as yourself. 'Tis true I am ninety-five in constitution, and you but twenty-five; but what I want in youth, I will make up in wit and good-humour. Not Swift so loved his Stella, Scarron his Maintenon, or Waller his Saccharissa. Tell me, in answer to this, that you approve and honour the proposal."

Approve and honour the proposal! The coward was writing gay letters to his friends this while, with sneering allusions to this poor foolish *Bramine*. Her ship was not out of the Downs, and the charming Sterne was at the Mount Coffee-house, with a sheet of gilt-edged paper before him, offering that precious treasure his heart to Lady P——, asking whether it gave her pleasure to see him unhappy? whether it added to her triumph that her eyes and lips had turned a man into a fool?—quoting the Lord's Prayer, with a horrible baseness of blasphemy, as a proof that he had desired not to be led into temptation, and swearing himself the most tender and sincere fool in the world. It was from his home at Coxwold that he wrote the Latin letter, which, I suppose, he was ashamed to put into English. I find in my copy of the Letters, that there is a note of I cannot call it admiration, at letter 112, which seems to announce that there was a No. 3 to whom the

wretched worn-out old scamp was paying his addresses;* and the year after, having come back to his lodgings in Bond Street, with his "Sentimental Journey" to launch upon the town, eager as ever for praise and pleasure; as vain, as wicked, as witty, as false as he had ever been, death at length seized the feeble wretch, and, on the 18th of March, 1768, that "bale of cadaverous goods," as he calls his body, was consigned to Pluto.† In his last letter there is one sign of grace—the real affection with which he entreats a friend to be a guardian to his daughter Lydia.‡ All his letters to her are artless, kind, affectionate, and *not* sentimental; as a hundred pages in his writings are beautiful, and full, not of surprising humour merely, but of genuine love and kindness. A perilous trade, indeed, is that of a man who has to bring his tears and laughter, his recollections, his personal griefs and joys, his private thoughts and feelings to market, to write them on paper, and sell

* To MRS. H——.

"Coxwold, Nov. 15, 1767.

"Now be a good dear woman, my H——, and execute those commissions well, and when I see you I will give you a kiss—there's for you! But I have something else for you which I am fabricating at a great rate, and that is my 'Sentimental Journey,' which shall make you cry as much as it has affected me, or I will give up the business of sentimental writing. * * *

"I am yours, &c., &c.,

"T. SHANDY."

TO THE EARL OF ——.

"Coxwold, Nov. 28, 1767.

"MY LORD,—'Tis with the greatest pleasure I take my pen to thank your Lordship for your letter of inquiry about Yorick—he was worn out, both his spirits and body, with the 'Sentimental Journey;' 'tis true, then, an author must feel himself, or his reader will not—but I have torn my whole frame into pieces by my feelings—I believe the brain stands as much in need of recruiting as the body; therefore I shall set out for town the twentieth of next month, after having recruited myself a week at York. I might indeed solace myself with my wife (who is come from France), but in fact, I have long been a sentimental being, whatever your Lordship may think to the contrary."

† "It is known that Sterne died in hired lodgings, and I have been told that his attendants robbed him even of his gold sleeve-buttons while he was expiring."—DR. FERRIAR.

He died at No. 41 (now a cheesemonger's), on the west side of Old Bond Street.—*Handbook of London.*

‡ "In February, 1768, Lawrence Sterne, his frame exhausted by long debilitating illness, expired at his lodgings in Bond Street, Lon-

them for money. Does he exaggerate his grief, so as to get his reader's pity for a false sensibility—feign indignation, so as to establish a character for virtue? elaborate reparatees, so that he may pass for a wit? steal from other authors, and put down the theft to the credit side of his own reputation for ingenuity and learning? feign originality? affect benevolence or misanthropy? appeal to the gallery gods with claptraps and vulgar baits to catch applause? How much of the paint and emphasis is necessary for the fair business of the stage, and how much of the rant and rouge is put on for the vanity of the actor? His audience trusts him: can he trust himself? How much was deliberate calculation and imposture—how much was false sensibility—and how much true feeling? Where did the lie begin, and did he know where? and where did the truth end in the art and scheme of this man of genius, this actor, this quack? Some time since I was in the company of a French actor, who began after dinner, and at his own request, to sing French songs of the sort called *des chansons grivoises*, and which he performed admirably, and to the dissatisfaction of most persons present. Having finished these, he commenced a sentimental ballad—it was so charmingly sung that it touched all persons present, and especially the singer himself, whose voice trembled, whose eyes filled with emotion, and who was snivelling and weeping quite genuine tears by the time his own ditty was over. I suppose Sterne had this artistical sensibility; he used to blubber perpetually in his study, and finding his tears infectious, and that they brought him a great popularity, he

don. There was something in the manner of his death singularly resembling the particulars detailed by *Mrs. Quickly*, as attending that of *Falstaff*, the compeer of *Yorick* for infinite jest, however unlike in other particulars. As he lay on his bed totally exhausted, he complained that his feet were cold, and requested the female attendant to chafe them. She did so, and it seemed to relieve him. He complained that the cold came up higher; and whilst the assistant was in the act of chafing his ancles and legs, he expired without a groan. It was also remarkable that his death took place much in the manner which he himself had wished; and that the last offices were rendered him, not in his own house, or by the hand of kindred affection, but in an inn, and by strangers.

"We are well acquainted with Sterne's features and personal appearance, to which he himself frequently alludes. He was tall and thin, with a hectic and consumptive appearance."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

exercised the lucrative gift of weeping, he utilised it, and cried on every occasion. I own that I do not value or respect much the cheap dribble of those fountains. He fatigues me with his perpetual disquiet and his uneasy appeals to my risible or sentimental faculties. He is always looking in my face, watching his effect, uncertain whether I think him an impostor or not; posture-making, coaxing, and imploring me. "See what sensibility I have—own now that I'm very clever—do cry now, you can't resist this." The humour of Swift and Rabelais, whom he pretended to succeed, poured from them as naturally as a song does from a bird; they lose no manly dignity with it, but laugh their hearty great laugh out of their broad chests as nature bade them. But this man—who can make you laugh, who can make you cry, too—never lets his reader alone, or will permit his audience repose: when you are quiet, he fancies he must rouse you, and turns over head and heels, or sidles up and whispers a nasty story. The man is a great jester, not a great humourist. He goes to work systematically and of cold blood; paints his face, puts on his ruff and motley clothes, and lays down his carpet and tumbles on it.

For instance, take the "Sentimental Journey," and see in the writer the deliberate propensity to make points and seek applause. He gets to Dessein's Hotel, he wants a carriage to travel to Paris, he goes to the inn-yard and begins what the actors call "business" at once. There is that little carriage the *désobligeant*. "Four months had elapsed since it had finished its career of Europe in the corner of Monsieur Dessein's court-yard, and having sallied out thence but a vamped-up business at first, though it had been twice taken to pieces on Mount Sennis, it had not profited much by its adventures, but by none so little as the standing so many months unpitied in the corner of Monsieur Dessein's coach-yard. Much, indeed, was not to be said for it—but something might—and when a few words will rescue misery out of her distress, I hate the man who can be a churl of them."

Le tour est fait! Paillasse has tumbled! Paillasse has jumped over the *désobligeant*, cleared it, hood and all, and bows to the noble company. Does anybody believe that this is a real Sentiment? that this luxury of generosity, this gallant rescue of Misery (with a large M)—out of an

old cab, is genuine feeling? It is as genuine as the virtuous oratory of *Joséph Surface* when he begins, "The man who," &c., &c., and wishes to pass off for a saint with his credulous, good-humoured dupes.

Our friend purchases the carriage—after turning that notorious old monk to good account, and effecting (like a soft and good-natured *Paillasse* as he was, and very free with his money when he had it) an exchange of snuff-boxes with the old Franciscan, jogs out of Calais; sets down in immense figures on the credit side of his account the sous he gives away to the *Montreuil* beggars; and, at *Nampont*, gets out of the chaise and whimpers over that famous dead donkey, for which any sentimentalist may cry who will. It is agreeably and skilfully done—that dead jackass; like *M. de Soubise's* cook, on the campaign, *Sterne* dresses it, and serves it up quite tender and with a very piquante sauce. But tears, and fine feelings, and a white pocket-handkerchief, and a funeral sermon, and horses and feathers, and a procession of mutes, and a hearse with a dead donkey inside! Psha! Mountebank! I'll not give thee one penny more for that trick, donkey and all!

This donkey had appeared once before with signal effect. In 1765, three years before the publication of the "Sentimental Journey," the seventh and eighth volumes of "*Tristram Shandy*" were given to the world, and the famous *Lyons* donkey makes his entry in those volumes (pp. 315, 316):—

"'Twas but a poor ass, with a couple of large panniers at his back, who had just turned in to collect eleemosynary turnip-tops and cabbage-leaves; and stood dubious, with his two fore-feet at the inside of the threshold, and with his two hinder feet towards the street, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

"Now 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to strike; there is a patient endurance of suffering wrote so unaffectedly in his looks and carriage which pleads so mightily for him, that it always disarms me, and to that degree that I do not like to speak unkindly to him: on the contrary, meet him where I will, whether in town or country, in cart or under panniers, whether in liberty or bondage, I have ever something civil to say to him on my part; and, as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I), I generally fall into conversation with him; and:

surely never is my imagination so busy as in framing responses from the etchings of his countenance; and where those carry me not deep enough, in flying from my own heart into his, and seeing what is natural for an ass to think—as well as a man, upon the occasion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the classes of beings below me with whom I can do this. * * * With an ass I can commune forever.

“‘Come, Honesty,’ said I, seeing it was impracticable to pass betwixt him and the gate, ‘art thou for coming in or going out?’

“The ass twisted his head round to look up the street.

“‘Well!’ replied I, ‘we’ll wait a minute for thy driver.’

“He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wistfully the opposite way.

“‘I understand thee perfectly,’ answered I: ‘if thou takest a wrong step in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death. Well! a minute is but a minute; and if it saves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it shall not be set down as ill spent.’

“He was eating the stem of an artichoke as this discourse went on, and, in the little peevish contentions between hunger and unsavouriness, had dropped it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and had picked it up again. ‘God help thee, Jack!’ said I, ‘thou hast a bitter breakfast on’t—and many a bitter day’s labour, and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages! ’Tis all, all bitterness to thee—whatever life is to others! And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare say, as soot (for he had cast aside the stem), and thou hast not a friend perhaps in all this world that will give thee a macaroon.’ In saying this, I pulled out a paper of ’em, which I had just bought, and gave him one;—and, at this moment that I am telling it, my heart smites me that there was more of pleasantry in the conceit of seeing *how* an ass would eat a macaroon than of benevolence in giving him one, which presided in the act.

“When the ass had eaten his macaroon, I pressed him to come in. The poor beast was heavily loaded—his legs seemed to tremble under him—he hung rather backwards, and, as I pulled at his halter, it broke in my hand. He looked up pensive in my face: ‘Don’t thrash me with it;

but if you will, you may.' 'If I do,' said I, 'I'll be d——.'"

A critic who refuses to see in this charming description wit, humour, pathos, a kind nature speaking, and a real sentiment, must be hard indeed to move and to please. A page or two farther we come to a description not less beautiful—a landscape and figures, deliciously painted by one who had the keenest enjoyment and the most tremulous sensibility:—

"'Twas in the road between Nismes and Lunel, where is the best Muscatto wine in all France: the sun was set, they had done their work; the nymphs had tied up their hair afresh, and the swains were preparing for a carousal. My mule made a dead point. 'Tis the pipe and tambourine,' said I—'I never will argue a point with one of your family as long as I live;' so leaping off his back, and kicking off one boot into this ditch and t'other into that, 'I'll take a dance,' said I, 'so stay you here.'

"A sun-burnt daughter of labour rose up from the group to meet me as I advanced towards them; her hair, which was of a dark chestnut approaching to a black, was tied up in a knot, all but a single tress.

"'We want a cavalier,' said she, holding out both her hands, as if to offer them. 'And a cavalier you shall have,' said I, taking hold of both of them. 'We could not have done without you,' said she, letting go one hand, with self-taught politeness, and leading me up with the other.

"A lame youth, whom Apollo had recompensed with a pipe, and to which he had added a tambourine of his own accord, ran sweetly over the prelude, as he sat upon the bank. 'Tie me up this tress, instantly,' said Nannette, putting a piece of string into my hand. It taught me to forget I was a stranger. The whole knot fell down—we had been seven years acquainted. The youth struck the note upon the tambourine, his pipe followed, and off we bounded.

"The sister of the youth—who had stolen her voice from Heaven—sang alternately with her brother. 'Twas a Gascoigne roundelay. '*Viva la joia, fidon la tristessa*;'—the nymphs joined in unison, and their swains an octave below them.

"*Viva la joia* was in Nannette's lips, *viva la joia* in her

eyes. A transient spark of amity shot across the space betwixt us. She looked amiable. Why could I not live and end my days thus? 'Just Disposer of our joys and sorrows!' cried I, 'why could not a man sit down in the lap of content here, and dance, and sing, and say his prayers, and go to Heaven with this nut-brown maid?' Capriciously did she bend her head on one side, and dance up insidiously. 'Then 'tis time to dance off,' quoth I."

And with this pretty dance and chorus, the volume artfully concludes. Even here one cannot give the whole description. There is not a page in Sterne's writing but has something that were better away, a latent corruption—a hint, as of an impure presence.*

Some of that dreary *double entendre* may be attributed to freer times and manners than ours, but not all. The foul Satyr's eyes leer out of the leaves constantly: the last words the famous author wrote were bad and wicked—the

* "With regard to Sterne, and the charge of licentiousness which presses so seriously upon his character as a writer, I would remark that there is a sort of knowingness, the wit of which depends, 1st, on the modesty it gives pain to; or, 2ndly, on the innocence and innocent ignorance over which it triumphs; or, 3rdly, on a certain oscillation in the individual's own mind between the remaining good and the encroaching evil of his nature—a sort of dallying with the devil—a fluxionary art of combining courage and cowardice, as when a man snuffs a candle with his fingers for the first time, or better still, perhaps, like that trembling daring with which a child touches a hot tea-urn, because it has been forbidden; so that the mind has its own white and black angel; the same or similar amusement as may be supposed to take place between an old debauchee and a prude,—the feeling resentment, on the one hand, from a prudential anxiety to preserve appearances and have a character; and, on the other, an inward sympathy with the enemy. We have only to suppose society innocent, and then nine-tenths of this sort of wit would be like a stone that falls in snow, making no sound, because exciting no resistance; the remainder rests on its being an offence against the good manners of human nature itself.

"This source, unworthy as it is, may doubtless be combined with wit, drollery, fancy, and even humour; and we have only to regret the misalliance; but that the latter are quite distinct from the former, may be made evident by abstracting in our imagination the morality of the characters of Mr. Shandy, my Uncle Toby, and Trim, which are all antagonists to this spurious sort of wit, from the rest of 'Tristram Shandy,' and by supposing, instead of them, the presence of two or three callous debauchees. The result will be pure disgust. Sterne cannot be too severely censured for thus using the best dispositions of our nature as the panders and condiments for the basest."—COLERIDGE. *Literary Remains*, vol. i., pp. 141, 142.

last lines the poor stricken wretch penned were for pity and pardon. I think of these past writers and of one who lives amongst us now, and am grateful for the innocent laughter and the sweet and unsullied page which the author of "David Copperfield" gives to my children.

"Jeté sur cette boule,
Laid, chétif et souffrant;
Etouffé dans la foule,
Faute d'être assez grand;

"Une plainte touchante
De ma bouche sortit;
Le bon Dieu me dit: Chante,
Chante, pauvre petit!

"Chanter, ou je m'abuse,
Est ma tâche ici bas,
Tous ceux qu'ainsi j'amuse,
Ne m'aimeront-ils pas?" *

In those charming lines of Béranger, one may fancy described the career, the sufferings, the genius, the gentle nature of GOLDSMITH, and the esteem in which we hold him. Who, of the millions whom he has amused, does not love him? To be the most beloved of English writers, what a title that is for a man! † A wild youth, wayward but full

* A castaway on this great earth,
A sickly child of humble birth
And homely feature;
Before me rushed the swift and strong,
I thought to perish in the throng,
Poor puny creature.

Then crying in my loneliness,
I prayed that Heaven in my distress
Some aid would bring,
And pitying my misery,
My guardian angel said to me,
Sing, poet, sing.

Since then my grief is not so sharp,
I know my lot and tune my harp,
And chant my ditty;
And kindly voices cheer the bard,
And gentle hearts his song reward
With love and pity.

† "He was a friend to virtue, and in his most playful pages never forgets what is due to it. A gentleness, delicacy, and purity of feeling distinguishes whatever he wrote, and bears a correspondence to

of tenderness and affection, quits the country village where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, in idle shelter, in fond longing to see the great world out of doors, and achieve name and fortune—and after years of dire struggle, and neglect and poverty, his heart turning back as fondly to his native place, as it had longed eagerly for change when sheltered there, he writes a book and a poem, full of the recollections and feelings of home—he paints the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield with remembrances of Lissoy. Wander he must, but he carries away a home-relic with him, and dies with it on his breast. His nature is truant; in repose it longs for change: as on the journey it looks back for friends and quiet. He passes to-day in building an air castle for to-morrow, or in writing yesterday's elegy; and he would fly away this hour; but that a cage necessity keeps him. What is the charm of his verse, of his style, and humour? His sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns? Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you. Who could harm the kind vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon—save the harp on which he plays to you; and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the Captains in the tents, or the soldiers round the fire, or the women and children in the villages, at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty. With that sweet story of the "Vicar of Wakefield,"* he has found entry into every castle and every hamlet in Europe. Not

the generosity of a disposition which knew no bounds but his last guinea. * * *

"The admirable ease and grace of the narrative, as well as the pleasing truth with which the principal characters are designed, make the 'Vicar of Wakefield' one of the most delicious morsels of fictitious composition on which the human mind was ever employed.

* * * "We read the 'Vicar of Wakefield' in youth and in age—we return to it again and again, and bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature."—
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

* "Now Herder came," says Goethe in his Autobiography, relating his first acquaintance with Goldsmith's masterpiece, "and together with his great knowledge brought many other aids, and the later publications besides. Among these he announced to us the 'Vicar of Wakefield' as an excellent work, with the German translation of

one of us, however busy or hard, but once or twice in our lives, has passed an evening with him, and undergone the charm of his delightful music.

which he would make us acquainted by reading it aloud to us himself. * * *

"A Protestant country clergyman is perhaps the most beautiful subject for a modern idyl; he appears like Melchizedek, as priest and king in one person. To the most innocent situation which can be imagined on earth, to that of a husbandman, he is, for the most part, united by similarity of occupation as well as by equality in family relationships; he is a father, a master of a family, an agriculturist, and thus perfectly a member of the community. On this pure, beautiful, earthly foundation rests his higher calling; to him is it given to guide men through life, to take care of their spiritual education, to bless them at all the leading epochs of their existence, to instruct, to strengthen, to console them, and if consolation is not sufficient for the present, to call up and guarantee the hope of a happier future. Imagine such a man with pure human sentiments, strong enough not to deviate from them under any circumstances, and by this already elevated above the multitude of whom one cannot expect purity and firmness; give him the learning necessary for his office, as well as a cheerful, equable activity, which is even passionate, as it neglects no moment to do good—and you will have him well endowed. But at the same time add the necessary limitation, so that he must not only pause in a small circle, but may also perchance pass over to a smaller; grant him good-nature, placability, resolution, and everything else praiseworthy that springs from a decided character, and over all this a cheerful spirit of compliance, and a smiling toleration of his own failings and those of others,—then you will have put together pretty well the image of our excellent Wakefield.

"The delineation of this character on his course of life through joys and sorrows, the ever-increasing interest of the story, by the combination of the entirely natural with the strange and the singular, make this novel one of the best which has ever been written; besides this, it has the great advantage that it is quite moral, nay, in a pure sense, Christian—represents the reward of a good-will and perseverance in the right, strengthens an unconditional confidence in God, and attests the final triumph of good over evil; and all this without a trace of cant or pedantry. The author was preserved from both of these by an elocution of mind that shows itself throughout in the form of irony, by which this little work must appear to us as wise as it is amiable. The author, Dr. Goldsmith, has without question a great insight into the moral world, into its strength and its infirmities; but at the same time he can thankfully acknowledge that he is an Englishman, and reckon highly the advantages which his country and his nation afford him. The family, with the delineation of which he occupies himself, stands upon one of the last steps of citizen comfort, and yet comes in contact with the highest; its narrow circle, which becomes still more contracted, touches upon the great world through the natural and civil course of things; this little skiff floats on the agitated waves of English

Goldsmith's father was no doubt the good Doctor Primrose, whom we all of us know.* Swift was yet alive, when the little Oliver was born at Pallas, or Pallasmore, in the county of Longford, in Ireland. In 1730, two years after the child's birth, Charles Goldsmith removed his family to Lissoy, in the county Westmeath, that sweet "Auburn," which every person who hears me has seen in fancy. Here the kind parson † brought up his eight children; and loving all the world, as his son says, fancied all the world loved

life, and in weal or woe it has to expect injury or help from the vast fleet which sails around it.

"I may suppose that my readers know this work, and have it in memory; whoever hears it named for the first time here, as well as he who is induced to read it again, will thank me."—GOETHE. *Truth and Poetry, from my own life.* (English translation, vol. i., pp. 378, 9.)

"He seems from infancy to have been compounded of two natures, one bright, the other blundering; or to have had fairy gifts laid in his cradle by the 'good people' who haunted his birth-place, the old goblin mansion, on the banks of the Inny.

"He carries with him the wayward elfin spirit, if we may so term it, throughout his career. His fairy gifts are of no avail at school, academy, or college: they unfit him for close study and practical science, and render him heedless of everything that does not address itself to his poetical imagination, and genial and festive feelings; they dispose him to break away from restraint, to stroll about hedges, green lanes, and haunted streams, to revel with jovial companions, or to rove the country like a gipsy in quest of odd adventures. * * *

"Though his circumstances often compelled him to associate with the poor, they never could betray him into companionship with the depraved. His relish for humour, and for the study of character, as we have before observed, brought him often into convivial company of a vulgar kind; but he discriminated between their vulgarity and their amusing qualities, or rather wrought from the whole store familiar features of life which form the staple of his most popular writings."—WASHINGTON IRVING.

* "The family of Goldsmith, Goldsmyth, or as it was occasionally written Gouldsmith, is of considerable standing in Ireland, and seems always to have held a respectable station in society. Its origin is English, supposed to be derived from that which was long settled at Crayford in Kent."—PRIOR's *Life of Goldsmith*.

Oliver's father, great-grandfather, and great-great-grandfather were clergymen; and two of them married clergymen's daughters.

† "At church with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man
With steady zeal each honest rustic ran;

him. He had a crowd of poor dependents besides those hungry children. He kept an open table; round which sate flatterers and poor friends, who laughed at the honest rector's many jokes, and ate the produce of his seventy acres of farm. Those who have seen an Irish house in the present day, can fancy that one of Lissoy. The old beggar still has his allotted corner by the kitchen turf; the maimed old soldier still gets his potatoes and butter-milk; the poor cottier still asks his honour's charity, and prays God bless his Reverence for the sixpence: the ragged pensioner still takes his place by right and sufferance. There is still a crowd in the kitchen, and a crowd round the parlour-table, profusion, confusion, kindness, poverty. If an Irishman comes to London to make his fortune, he has a half dozen of Irish dependents who take a per centage of his earnings. The good Charles Goldsmith* left but little provision for

E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

—*The Deserted Village.*

* "In May this year (1768), he lost his brother, the Rev. Henry Goldsmith, for whom he had been unable to obtain preferment in the church. * * *

* * * "To the curacy of Kilkenny West, the moderate stipend of which, forty pounds a year, is sufficiently celebrated by his brother's lines. It has been stated that Mr. Goldsmith added a school, which, after having been held at more than one place in the vicinity, was finally fixed at Lissoy. Here his talents and industry gave it celebrity, and under his care the sons of many of the neighbouring gentry received their education. A fever breaking out among the boys about 1765, they dispersed for a time, but re-assembling at Athlone, he continued his scholastic labours there until the time of his death, which happened, like that of his brother, about the forty-fifth year of his age. He was a man of an excellent heart and an amiable disposition."—PRIOR's *Goldsmith*.

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain."

—*The Traveller.*



" ' Heralds proclaim aloud this saying—see Æsop dancing and
his monkey playing.' "

—*English Humourists*, p. 203.

his hungry race when death summoned him: and, one of his daughters being engaged to a Squire of rather superior dignity, Charles Goldsmith impoverished the rest of his family to provide the girl with a dowry.

The small-pox, which scourged all Europe at that time, and ravaged the roses off the cheeks of half the world, fell foul of poor little Oliver's face when the child was eight years old, and left him scarred and disfigured for his life. An old woman in his father's village taught him his letters, and pronounced him a dunce: Paddy Byrne, the hedge-schoolmaster, took him in hand; and from Paddy Byrne, he was transmitted to a clergyman at Elphin. When a child was sent to school in those days, the classic phrase was that he was placed under Mr. So and So's *ferule*. Poor little ancestors! It is hard to think how ruthlessly you were birched; and how much of needless whipping and tears our small forefathers had to undergo! A relative, kind uncle Contarine, took the main charge of little Noll; who went through his school-days righteously, doing as little work as he could: robbing orchards, playing at ball, and making his pocket-money fly about whenever fortune sent it to him. Everybody knows the story of that famous "Mistake of a Night," when the young school-boy, provided with a guinea and a nag, rode up to the "best house" in Ardagh, called for the landlord's company over a bottle of wine at supper, and for a hot cake for breakfast in the morning; and found when he asked for the bill, that the best house was Squire Featherstone's, and not the inn for which he mistook it. Who does not know every story about Goldsmith? That is a delightful and fantastic picture of the child dancing and capering about in the kitchen at home, when the old fiddler gibed at him for his ugliness—and called him *Æsop*, and little Noll made his repartee of "Heralds proclaim aloud this saying—see *Æsop* dancing and his monkey playing." One can fancy the queer pitiful look of humour and appeal upon that little scarred face—the funny little dancing figure, the funny little brogue. In his life, and his writings, which are the honest expression of it, he is constantly bewailing that homely face and person; anon he surveys them in the glass ruefully; and presently assumes the most comical dignity. He likes to deck out his little person in splendour and fine colours. He presented himself to be examined for ordination in a

pair of scarlet breeches, and said honestly that he ~~did~~ not like to go into the church because he was fond of coloured clothes. When he tried to practise as a doctor, he got by hook or by crook a black-velvet suit, and looked as big and grand as he could, and kept his hat over a patch on the old coat: in better days he bloomed out in plum-colour, in blue silk, and in new velvet. For some of those splendours the heirs of Mr. Filby, the tailor, have never been paid to this day; perhaps the kind tailor and his creditor have met and settled the little account in Hades.*

They showed until lately a window at Trinity College, Dublin, on which the name of O. Goldsmith was engraved with a diamond. Whose diamond was it? Not the young Sizar's, who made but a poor figure in that place of learning. He was idle, penniless, and fond of pleasure: † he learned his way early to the pawnbroker's shop. He wrote ballads they say for the street singers, who paid him a crown for a poem: and his pleasure was to steal out at night and hear his verses sung. He was chastised by his tutor for giving a dance in his rooms, and took the box on the ear so much to heart, that he packed up his all, pawned his books and little property, and disappeared from college and family. He said he intended to go to America, but when his money was spent, the young prodigal came home ruefully, and the good folks there killed their calf—it was but a lean one—and welcomed him back.

After College, he hung about his mother's house, and lived for some years the life of a buckeen—passed a month with this relation and that, a year with one patron, a great deal of time at the public-house. ‡ Tired of this life, it was resolved that he should go to London, and study at the Temple; but he got no farther on the road to London and the woolsack than Dublin, where he gambled away the fifty

* "When Goldsmith died, half the unpaid bill he owed to Mr. William Filby (amounting in all to 79*l.*) was for clothes supplied to this nephew Hodson."—FORSTER'S *Goldsmith*, p. 520.

As this nephew Hodson ended his days (see the same page) "a prosperous Irish gentleman," it is not unreasonable to wish that he had cleared off Mr. Filby's bill.

† "Poor fellow! He hardly knew an ass from a mule, nor a turkey from a goose, but when he saw it on the table."—CUMBERLAND'S *Memoirs*.

‡ "These youthful follies, like the fermentation of liquors, often disturbed the mind only in order to its future refinement: a life

pounds given him for his outfit, and whence he returned to the indefatigable forgiveness of home. Then he determined to be a doctor, and uncle Contarine helped him to a couple of years at Edinburgh. Then from Edinburgh he felt that he ought to hear the famous professors of Leyden and Paris, and wrote most amusing pompous letters to his uncle about the great Farheim, Du Petit, and Duhamel du Monceau, whose lectures he proposed to follow. If uncle Contarine believed those letters—if Oliver's mother believed that story which the youth related of his going to Cork with the purpose of embarking for America, of his having paid his passage-money, and having sent his kit on board; of the anonymous captain sailing away with Oliver's valuable luggage, in a nameless ship, never to return; if uncle Contarine and the mother at Ballymahon believed his stories, they must have been a very simple pair; as it was a very simple rogue indeed who cheated them. When the lad, after failing in his clerical examination, after failing in his plan for studying the law, took leave of these projects and of his parents, and set out for Edinburgh, he saw mother, and uncle, and lazy Ballymahon, and green native turf, and sparkling river for the last time. He was never to look on old Ireland more, and only in fancy revisit her.

“But me not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care,
Impelled, with step unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view;
That like the circle bounding earth and skies
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies:
My fortune leads to traverse realms unknown,
And find no spot of all the world my own.”

I spoke in a former lecture of that high courage which enabled Fielding, in spite of disease, remorse, and poverty, always to retain a cheerful spirit and to keep his manly benevolence and love of truth intact, as if these treasures had been confided to him for the public benefit, and he was accountable to posterity for their honourable employ; and

spent in phlegmatic apathy resembles those liquors which never ferment, and are consequently always muddy.”—GOLDSMITH.
Memoir of Voltaire.

“He [Johnson] said ‘Goldsmith was a plant that flowered late.’ There appeared nothing remarkable about him when he was young.”—BOSWELL.

a constancy equally happy and admirable I think was shown by Goldsmith, whose sweet and friendly nature bloomed kindly always in the midst of a life's storm, and rain, and bitter weather.* The poor fellow was never so friendless but he could befriend some one; never so pinched and wretched but he could give of his crust, and speak his word of compassion. If he had but his flute left, he could give that, and make the children happy in the dreary London court. He could give the coals in that queer coal-scuttle we read of to his poor neighbour: he could give away his blankets in college to the poor widow, and warm himself as he best might in the feathers: he could pawn his coat to save his landlord from gaol: when he was a school-usher, he spent his earnings in treats for the boys, and the good-natured schoolmaster's wife said justly that she ought to keep Mr. Goldsmith's money as well as the young gentlemen's. When he met his pupils in later life, nothing would satisfy the Doctor but he must treat them still. "Have you seen the print of me after Sir Joshua Reynolds?" he asked of one of his old pupils. "Not seen it? not bought it? Sure, Jack, if your picture had been published, I'd not have been without it half an hour." His purse and his heart were everybody's, and his friends' as much as his own. When he was at the height of his reputation, and the Earl of Northumberland, going as Lord Lieutenant to Ireland, asked if he could be of any service to Dr. Goldsmith? Goldsmith recommended his brother, and not himself, to the great man. "My patrons," he gallantly said, "are the booksellers, and I want no others."† Hard patrons they were, and hard work he did; but he did

* "An 'inspired idiot,' Goldsmith, hangs strangely about him [Johnson]. * * * Yet, on the whole, there is no evil in the 'gooseberry-fool,' but rather much good; of a finer, if of a weaker sort than Johnson's; and all the more genuine that he himself could never become *conscious* of it,—though unhappily never cease *attempting* to become so: the author of the genuine 'Vicar of Wakefield,' nill he will he, must needs fly towards such a mass of genuine manhood."—CARLYLE'S *Essays* (2nd ed.), vol. iv., p. 91.

† "At present, the few poets of England no longer depend on the great for subsistence; they have now no other patrons but the public, and the public, collectively considered, is a good and a generous master. It is indeed too frequently mistaken as to the merits of every candidate for favour, but to make amends it is never mistaken long. A performance indeed may be forced for a time into reputation, but, destitute of real merit, it soon sinks; time, the

not complain much: if in his early writings some bitter words escaped him, some allusions to neglect and poverty, he withdrew these expressions when his works were republished, and better days seemed to open for him; and he did not care to complain that printer or publisher had overlooked his merit, or left him poor. The Court face was turned from honest Oliver, the Court patronised Beattie; the fashion did not shine on him—fashion adored Sterne.* Fashion pronounced Kelly to be the great writer of comedy of his day. A little—not ill-humour, but plaintiveness—a little betrayal of wounded pride which he showed render him not the less amiable. The author of the “Vicar of Wakefield” had a right to protest when Newbery kept back the MS. for two years: had a right to be a little

touchstone of what is truly valuable, will soon discover the fraud, and an author should never arrogate to himself any share of success till his works have been read at least ten years with satisfaction.

“A man of letters at present, whose works are valuable, is perfectly sensible of their value. Every polite member of the community, by buying what he writes, contributes to reward him. The ridicule, therefore, of living in a garret might have been wit in the last age, but continues such no longer, because no longer true. A writer of real merit now may easily be rich, if his heart be set only on fortune: and for those who have no merit, it is but fit that such should remain in merited obscurity.”—GOLDSMITH. *Citizen of the World*, Let. 84.

* Goldsmith attacked Sterne, obviously enough censuring his indecency, and slighting his wit, and ridiculing his manner, in the 53rd letter in the “*Citizen of the World*.”

“As in common conversation,” says he, “the best way to make the audience laugh is by first laughing yourself; so, in writing, the properest manner is to show an attempt at humour, which will pass upon most for humour in reality. To effect this, readers must be treated with the most perfect familiarity; in one page the author is to make them a low bow, and in the next to pull them by the nose; he must talk in riddles, and then send them to bed in order to dream for the solution,” &c.

Sterne’s humorous *mot* on the subject of the gravest part of the charges, then, as now, made against him, may perhaps be quoted here, from the excellent, the respectable Sir Walter Scott.

“Soon after ‘*Tristram*’ had appeared, Sterne asked a Yorkshire lady of fortune and condition, whether she had read his book. ‘I have not, Mr. Sterne,’ was the answer; ‘and to be plain with you, I am informed it is not proper for female perusal.’ ‘My dear good lady,’ replied the author, ‘do not be gulled by such stories; the book is like your young heir there (pointing to a child of three years old, who was rolling on the carpet in his white tunics), he shows at times a good deal that is usually concealed, but it is all in perfect innocence.’”

peevish with Sterne; a little angry when Coleman's actors declined their parts in his delightful comedy, when the manager refused to have a scene painted for it, and pronounced its damnation before hearing. He had not the great public with him; but he had the noble Johnson, and the admirable Reynolds, and the great Gibbon, and the great Burke, and the great Fox—friends and admirers illustrious indeed, as famous as those who, fifty years before, sate round Pope's table.

Nobody knows, and I dare say Goldsmith's buoyant temper kept no account of all the pains which he endured during the early period of his literary career. Should any man of letters in our day have to bear up against such, Heaven grant he may come out of the period of misfortune with such a pure kind heart as that which Goldsmith obstinately bore in his breast. The insults to which he had to submit are shocking to read of,—slander, contumely, vulgar satire, brutal malignity perverting his commonest motives and actions: he had his share of these, and one's anger is roused at reading of them, as it is at seeing a woman insulted or a child assaulted, at the notion that a creature so very gentle and weak, and full of love, should have had to suffer so. And he had worse than insult to undergo—to own to fault, and deprecate the anger of ruffians. There is a letter of his extant to one Griffiths, a bookseller, in which poor Goldsmith is forced to confess that certain books sent by Griffiths are in the hands of a friend from whom Goldsmith had been forced to borrow money. "He was wild, sir," Johnson said, speaking of Goldsmith to Boswell, with his great, wise benevolence and noble mercifulness of heart, "Dr. Goldsmith was wild, sir; but he is so no more." Ah! if we pity the good and weak man who suffers undeservedly, let us deal very gently with him from whom misery extorts not only tears, but shame; let us think humbly and charitably of the human nature that suffers so sadly and falls so low. Whose turn may it be to-morrow? What weak heart, confident before trial, may not succumb under temptation invincible? Cover the good man who has been vanquished—cover his face and pass on.

For the last half dozen years of his life, Goldsmith was far removed from the pressure of any ignoble necessity: and in the receipt, indeed, of a pretty large income from

the booksellers, his patrons. Had he lived but a few years more, his public fame would have been as great as his private reputation, and he might have enjoyed alive a part of that esteem which his country has ever since paid to the vivid and versatile genius who has touched on almost every subject of literature, and touched nothing that he did not adorn. Except in rare instances a man is known in our profession, and esteemed as a skilful workman, years before the lucky hit, which trebles his usual gains, and stamps him a popular author. In the strength of his age, and the dawn of his reputation, having for backers and friends the most illustrious literary men of his time,* fame and prosperity might have been in store for Goldsmith, had fate so willed; and at forty-six, had not sudden disease carried him off. I say prosperity rather than competence, for it is probable that no sum could have put order into his affairs or sufficed for his irreclaimable habits of dissipation. It must be remembered that he owed 2000*l.* when he died. "Was ever poet," Johnson asked, "so trusted before?" As has been the case with many another good fellow of his nation, his life was tracked and his substance wasted by crowds of hungry beggars and lazy dependants. If they came at a lucky time (and be sure they knew his affairs better than he did himself, and watched his pay day), he gave them of his money: if they begged on empty-purse days he gave them his promissory bills: or he treated them to a tavern where he had credit: or he obliged them with an order upon honest Mr. Filby for coats, for which he paid as long as he could earn, and until the shears of Filby were to cut for him no more. Staggering under a load of debt and labour, tracked by bailiffs and reproachful creditors, running from a hundred poor dependants, whose appealing looks were perhaps the hardest of all pains for him

* "Goldsmith told us that he was now busy in writing a *Natural History*; and that he might have full leisure for it, he had taken lodgings at a farmer's house, near to the six-mile stone in the Edgeware Road, and had carried down his books in two returned post-chaises. He said he believed the farmer's family thought him an odd character, similar to that in which the *Spectator* appeared to his landlady and her children; he was *The Gentleman*. Mr. Mickle, the translator of the '*Lusiad*,' and I, went to visit him at this place a few days afterwards. He was not at home; but having a curiosity to see his apartment, we went in, and found curious scraps of description of animals scrawled upon the wall with a blacklead pencil."—BOSWELL.

to bear, devising fevered plans for the morrow, new histories, new comedies, all sorts of new literary schemes, flying from all these into seclusion, and out of seclusion into pleasure—at last, at five and forty, death seized him and closed his career.* I have been many a time in the Chambers in the Temple which were his, and passed up the stair-case, which Johnson, and Burke, and Reynolds trod to see their friend, their poet, their kind Goldsmith—the stair on which the poor women sate weeping bitterly when they heard that greatest and most generous of all men was dead within the black oak door.† Ah, it was a different lot from that for which the poor fellow sighed, when he wrote with heart yearning for home those most charming of all fond verses, in which he fancies he revisits Auburn—

“Here as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangled walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my heart, and turns the past to pain.

“In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share,

* “When Goldsmith was dying, Dr. Turton said to him, ‘Your pulse is in greater disorder than it should be from the degree of fever which you have; is your mind at ease?’ Goldsmith answered it was not.”—DR. JOHNSON (*in Boswell*).

“Chambers, you find, is gone far, and poor Goldsmith is gone much further. He died of a fever, exasperated, as I believe, by the fear of distress. He had raised money and squandered it, by every artifice of acquisition and folly of expense. But let not his failings be remembered; he was a very great man.”—DR. JOHNSON *to Boswell*, July 5th, 1774.

† “When Burke was told [of Goldsmith’s death] he burst into tears. Reynolds was in his painting-room when the messenger went to him; but at once he laid his pencil aside, which in times of great family distress he had not been known to do; left his painting-room, and did not re-enter it that day. * * *

“The stair-case of Brick Court is said to have been filled with mourners, the reverse of domestic; women without a home, without domesticity of any kind, with no friend but him they had come to weep for; outcasts of that great, solitary, wicked city, to whom he had never forgotten to be kind and charitable. And he had domestic mourners, too. His coffin was re-opened at the request of Miss Horneck and her sister (such was the regard he was known to have for them!) that a lock might be cut from his hair. It was in Mrs. Gwyn’s possession when she died, after nearly seventy years.—FORSTER’S *Goldsmith*.

I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
 To husband out life's taper at the close,
 And keep the flame from wasting by repose;
 I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
 Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt and all I saw;
 And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew—
 I still had hopes—my long vexations past,
 Here to return, and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline!
 Retreats from care that never must be mine—
 How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,
 A youth of labour with an age of ease;
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
 For him no wretches born to work and weep
 Explore the mine or tempt the dangerous deep;
 No surly porter stands in guilty state
 To spurn imploring famine from his gate:
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
 Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
 Whilst resignation gently slopes the way;
 And all his prospects brightening at the last,
 His heaven commences ere the world be past.”

In these verses, I need not say with what melody, with what touching truth, with what exquisite beauty of comparison—as indeed in hundreds more pages of the writings of this honest soul—the whole character of the man is told—his humble confession of faults and weakness; his pleasant little vanity, and desire that his village should admire him; his simple scheme of good in which everybody was to be happy—no beggar was to be refused his dinner—nobody in fact was to work much, and he to be the harmless chief of the Utopia, and the monarch of the Irish Yvetôt. He would have told again, and without fear of their failing, those famous jokes* which had hung fire in London; he

* “Goldsmith’s incessant desire of being conspicuous in company was the occasion of his sometimes appearing to such disadvantage, as one should hardly have supposed possible in a man of his genius. When his literary reputation had risen deservedly high, and his society was much courted, he became very jealous of the extraordinary attention which was everywhere paid to Johnson. One evening, in a circle of wits, he found fault with me for talking of Johnson as entitled to the honour of unquestionable superiority.

would have talked of his great friends of the Club—of my Lord Clare and my Lord Bishop, my Lord Nugent—sure he knew them intimately, and was hand and glove with some of the best men in town—and he would have spoken of Johnson and of Burke, from Cork, and of Sir Joshua who had painted him—and he would have told wonderful

“Sir,” said he, “you are for making a monarchy of what should be a republic.”

“He was still more mortified, when, talking in a company with fluent vivacity, and, as he flattered himself, to the admiration of all present, a German who sat next him, and perceived Johnson rolling himself as if about to speak, suddenly stopped him, saying, ‘Stay, stay—Toctor Shonson is going to zay zomething.’ This was no doubt very provoking, especially to one so irritable as Goldsmith, who frequently mentioned it with strong expressions of indignation.

“It may also be observed that Goldsmith was sometimes content to be treated with an easy familiarity, but upon occasions would be consequential and important. An instance of this occurred in a small particular. Johnson had a way of contracting the names of his friends, as Beauclerk, Beau.; Boswell, Bozzy. * * * I remember one day, when Tom Davies was telling that Dr. Johnson said—‘We are all in labour for a name to *Goldy’s* play,’ Goldsmith seemed displeased that such a liberty should be taken with his name, and said, ‘I have often desired him not to call me *Goldy*.’”

This is one of several of Boswell’s depreciatory mentions of Goldsmith—which may well irritate biographers and admirers—and also those who take that more kindly and more profound view of Boswell’s own character, which was opened up by Mr. Carlyle’s famous article on his book. No wonder that Mr. Irving calls Boswell an “incarnation of toadyism.” And the worst of it is, that Johnson himself has suffered from this habit of the Laird of Auchenleck’s. People are apt to forget under what Boswellian stimulus the great Doctor uttered many hasty things:—things no more indicative of the nature of the depths of his character than the phosphoric gleaming of the sea, when struck at night, is indicative of radical corruption of nature! In truth, it is clear enough on the whole that both Johnson and Goldsmith *appreciated* each other, and that they mutually knew it. They were—as it were, tripped up and flung against each other, occasionally, by the blundering and silly gambolling of people in company.

Something must be allowed for Boswell’s “rivalry for Johnson’s good graces” with Oliver (as Sir Walter Scott has remarked), for Oliver was intimate with the Doctor before his biographer was,—and as we all remember, marched off with him to “take tea with Mrs. Williams” before Boswell had advanced to that honourable degree of intimacy. But, in truth, Boswell—though he perhaps showed more talent in his delineation of the Doctor than is generally ascribed to him—had not faculty to take a fair view of *two* great men at a time. Besides, as Mr. Forster justly remarks, “he was impatient of Goldsmith from the first hour of their acquaintance.”—*Life and Adventures*, p. 292.

sly stories of Ranelagh and the Pantheon, and the masquerades at Madame Cornely's: and he would have toasted, with a sigh, the Jessamy Bride—the lovely Mary Horneck.

The figure of that charming young lady forms one of the prettiest recollections of Goldsmith's life. She and her beautiful sister, who married Bunbury, the graceful and humourous amateur artist of those days, when Gilray had but just begun to try his powers, were among the kindest and dearest of Goldsmith's many friends; cheered and pitied him, travelled abroad with him, made him welcome at their home, and gave him many a pleasant holiday. He bought his finest clothes to figure at their country-house at Barton—he wrote them droll verses. They loved him, laughed at him, played him tricks, and made him happy. He asked for a loan from Garrick, and Garrick kindly supplied him, to enable him to go to Barton—but there were no more holidays, and only one brief struggle more for poor Goldsmith—a lock of his hair was taken from the coffin and given to the Jessamy Bride. She lived quite into our time. Hazlitt saw her an old lady, but beautiful still, in Northcote's painting room, who told the eager critic how proud she always was that Goldsmith had admired her. The younger Colman has left a touching reminiscence of him. Vol. i., 63, 64.

"I was only five years old," he says, "when Goldsmith took me on his knee one evening whilst he was drinking coffee with my father, and began to play with me, which amiable act I returned, with the ingratitude of a peevish brat, by giving him a very smart slap on the face: it must have been a tingler, for it left the marks of my spiteful paw on his cheek. This infantile outrage was followed by summary justice, and I was locked up by my indignant father in an adjoining room to undergo solitary imprisonment in the dark. Here I began to howl and scream most abominably, which was no bad step towards my liberation, since those who were not inclined to pity me might be likely to set me free for the purpose of abating a nuisance.

"At length a generous friend appeared to extricate me from jeopardy, and that generous friend was no other than the man I had so wantonly molested by assault and battery—it was the tender-hearted Doctor himself, with a lighted

candle in his hand, and a smile upon his countenance, which was still partially red from the effects of my petulance. I skulked and sobbed as he fondled and soothed, till I began to brighten. Goldsmith seized the propitious moment of returning good-humour, when he put down the candle and began to conjure. He placed three hats, which happened to be in the room, and a shilling under each. The shillings he told me were England, France, and Spain. 'Hey presto cockalorum!' cried the Doctor, and lo, on uncovering the shillings, which had been dispersed each beneath a separate hat, they were all found congregated under one. I was no politician at five years old, and therefore might not have wondered at the sudden revolution which brought England, France, and Spain all under one crown; but, as also I was no conjuror, it amazed me beyond measure. * * * From that time, whenever the Doctor came to visit my father, 'I plucked his gown to share the good man's smile;' a game at romps constantly ensued, and we were always cordial friends and merry play-fellows. Our unequal companionship varied somewhat as to sports as I grew older; but it did not last long: my senior playmate died in his forty-fifth year, when I had attained my eleventh. * * * In all the numerous accounts of his virtues and foibles, his genius and absurdities, his knowledge of nature and ignorance of the world, his 'compassion for another's woe' was always predominant; and my trivial story of his humouring a froward child weighs but as a feather in the recorded scale of his benevolence."

Think of him reckless, thriftless, vain if you like—but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. He passes out of our life, and goes to render his account beyond it. Think of the poor pensioners weeping at his grave; think of the noble spirits that admired and deplored him; think of the righteous pen that wrote his epitaph—and of the wonderful and unanimous response of affection with which the world has paid back the love he gave it. His humour delighting us still; his song fresh and beautiful as when first he charmed with it: his words in all our mouths: his very weaknesses beloved and familiar—his benevolent spirit seems still to smile upon us: to do gentle kindnesses: to succour with sweet charity: to soothe, caress, and forgive: to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor.

His name is the last in the list of those men of humour who have formed the themes of the discourses which you have heard so kindly. Long before I had ever hoped for such an audience, or dreamed of the possibility of the good fortune which has brought me so many friends, I was at issue with some of my literary brethren upon a point—which they held from tradition I think rather than experience—that our profession was neglected in this country; and that men of letters were ill-received and held in slight esteem. It would hardly be grateful of me now to alter my old opinion that we do meet with good-will and kindness, with generous helping hands in the time of our necessity, with cordial and friendly recognition. What claim had any one of these of whom I have been speaking, but genius? What return of gratitude, fame, affection, did it not bring to all? What punishment befel those who were unfortunate among them, but that which follows reckless habits and careless lives? For these faults a wit must suffer like the dullest prodigal that ever ran in debt. He must pay the tailor if he wears the coat; his children must go in rags if he spends his money at the tavern; he cannot come to London and be made Lord Chancellor if he stops on the road and gambles away his last shilling at Dublin. And he must pay the social penalty of these follies too, and expect that the world will shun the man of bad habits, that women will avoid the man of loose life, that prudent folks will close their doors as a precaution, and before a demand should be made on their pockets by the reedy prodigal. With what difficulty had any one of these men to contend, save that eternal and mechanical one of want of means and lack of capital, and of which thousands of young lawyers, young doctors, young soldiers and sailors, of inventors, manufacturers, shopkeepers, have to complain? Hearts as brave and resolute as ever beat in the breast of any wit or poet, sicken and break daily in the vain endeavour and unavailing struggle against life's difficulty. Do not we see daily ruined inventors, grey-haired midshipmen, balked heroes, blighted curates, barristers pining a hungry life out in chambers, the attorneys never mounting to their garrets, whilst scores of them are rapping at the door of the successful quack below? If these suffer, who is the author, that he should be exempt? Let us bear our ills with the same constancy with which others

endure them, accept our manly part in life, hold our own, and ask no more. I can conceive of no kings or laws causing or curing Goldsmith's improvidence, or Fielding's fatal love of pleasure, or Dick Steele's mania for running races with the constable. You never can outrun that sure-footed officer—not by any swiftness or by dodges devised by any genius, however great; and he carries off the Tatler to the spunging-house, or taps the Citizen of the World on the shoulder as he would any other mortal.

Does society look down on a man because he is an author? I suppose if people want a buffoon they tolerate him only in so far as he is amusing; it can hardly be expected that they should respect him as an equal. Is there to be a guard of honour provided for the author of the last new novel or poem? how long is he to reign, and keep other potentates out of possession? He retires, grumbles, and prints a lamentation that literature is despised. If Captain A. is left out of Lady B.'s parties he does not state that the army is despised: if Lord C. no longer asks Counsellor D. to dinner, Counsellor D. does not announce that the bar is insulted. He is not fair to society if he enters it with this suspicion hankering about him; if he is doubtful about his reception, how hold up his head honestly, and look frankly in the face that world about which he is full of suspicion? Is he place-hunting, and thinking in his mind that he ought to be made an Ambassador, like Prior, or a Secretary of State, like Addison? his pretence of equality falls to the ground at once: he is scheming for a patron, not shaking the hand of a friend, when he meets the world. Treat such a man as he deserves; laugh at his buffoonery, and give him a dinner and a *bonjour*; laugh at his self-sufficiency and absurd assumptions of superiority, and his equally ludicrous airs of martyrdom: laugh at his flattery and his scheming, and buy it, if it is worth the having. Let the wag have his dinner and the hireling his pay, if you want him, and make a profound bow to the *grand homme incompris*, and the boisterous martyr, and show him the door. The great world, the great aggregate experience, has its good sense, as it has its good-humour. It detects a pretender, as it trusts a loyal heart. It is kind in the main: how should it be otherwise than kind, when it is so wise and clear-headed? To any literary man

who says, "It despises my profession," I say, with all my might—no, no, no. It may pass over your individual case—how many a brave fellow has failed in the race, and perished unknown in the struggle!—but it treats you as you merit in the main. If you serve it, it is not unthankful; if you please, it is pleased; if you cringe to it, it detects you, and scorns you if you are mean: it returns your cheerfulness with its good-humour; it deals not ungenerously with your weaknesses; it recognises most kindly your merits; it gives you a fair place and fair play. To any one of those men of whom we have spoken was it in the main ungrateful? A king might refuse Goldsmith a pension, as a publisher might keep his master-piece and the delight of all the world in his desk for two years; but it was mistake, and not ill-will. Noble and illustrious names of Swift, and Pope, and Addison! dear and honoured memories of Goldsmith and Fielding! kind friends, teachers, benefactors! who shall say that our country, which continues to bring you such an unceasing tribute of applause, admiration, love, sympathy, does not do honour to the literary calling in the honour which it bestows upon *you*!

LECTURE THE SEVENTH.

CHARITY AND HUMOUR.

SEVERAL charitable ladies of this city, to some of whom I am under great personal obligation, having thought that a Lecture of mine would advance a benevolent end which they had in view, I have preferred, in place of delivering a Discourse, which many of my hearers no doubt know already, upon a subject merely literary or biographical, to put together a few thoughts which may serve as a supplement to the former Lectures, if you like, and which have this at least in common with the kind purpose which assembles you here, that they rise out of the same occasion, and treat of charity.

Besides contributing to our stock of happiness, to our harmless laughter and amusement, to our scorn for falsehood and pretension, to our righteous hatred of hypocrisy, to our education in the perception of truth, our love of honesty, our knowledge of life, and shrewd guidance through the world, have not our humorous writers, our gay and kind week-day preachers, done much in support of that holy cause which has assembled you in this place; and which you are all abetting, the cause of love and charity, the cause of the poor, the weak, and the unhappy; the sweet mission of love and tenderness, and peace and goodwill towards men? That same theme which is urged upon you by the eloquence and example of good men to whom you are delighted listeners on Sabbath-days, is taught in his way and according to his power by the humorous writer, the commentator on every-day life and manners.

And as you are here assembled for a charitable purpose, giving your contributions at the door to benefit deserving people who need them without, I like to hope and think that the men of our calling have done something in aid of the cause of charity, and have helped, with kind words and kind thoughts at least, to confer happiness and to do good. If the humorous writers claim to be week-day preachers, have they conferred any benefit by their sermons? Are people happier, better, better disposed to their neighbours,

more inclined to do works of kindness, to love, forbear, forgive, pity, after reading in Addison, in Steele, in Fielding, in Goldsmith, in Hood, in Dickens? I hope and believe so, and fancy that in writing they are also acting charitably, contributing with the means which Heaven supplies them, to forward the end which brings you too together.

A love of the human species is a very vague and indefinite kind of virtue, sitting very easily on a man, not confining his actions at all, shining in print, or exploding in paragraphs, after which efforts of benevolence, the philanthropist is sometimes said to go home, and be no better than his neighbours. Tartuffe and Joseph Surface, Stiggins and Chadband, who are always preaching fine sentiments, and are no more virtuous than hundreds of those whom they denounce and whom they cheat, are fair objects of mistrust and satire; but their hypocrisy, the homage, according to the old saying, which vice pays to virtue, has this of good in it, that its fruits are good: a man may preach good morals, though he may be himself but a lax practitioner; a Pharisee may put pieces of gold into the charity-plate out of mere hypocrisy and ostentation, but the bad man's gold feeds the widow and the fatherless as well as the good man's. The butcher and baker must needs look, not to motives, but to money, in return for their wares.

I am not going to hint that we of the Literary calling resemble Monsieur Tartuffe or Monsieur Stiggins, though there may be such men in our body, as there are in all.

A literary man of the humouristic turn is pretty sure to be of a philanthropic nature, to have a great sensibility, to be easily moved to pain or pleasure, keenly to appreciate the varieties of temper of people round about him, and sympathise in their laughter, love, amusement, tears. Such a man is philanthropic, man-loving by nature, as another is irascible, or red-haired, or six feet high. And so I would arrogate no particular merit to literary men for the possession of this faculty of doing good which some of them enjoy. It costs a gentleman no sacrifice to be benevolent on paper; and the luxury of indulging in the most beautiful and brilliant sentiments never makes any man a penny the poorer. A literary man is no better than another, as far as my experience goes; and a man writing

a book, no better nor no worse than one who keeps accounts in a ledger, or follows any other occupation. Let us, however, give him credit for the good, at least, which he is the means of doing, as we give credit to a man with a million for the hundred which he puts into the plate at a charity-sermon. He never misses them. He has made them in a moment by a lucky speculation, and parts with them, knowing that he has an almost endless balance at his bank, whence he can call for more. But in esteeming the benefaction, we are grateful to the benefactor, too, somewhat; and so of men of genius, richly endowed, and lavish in parting with their mind's wealth, we may view them at least kindly and favourably, and be thankful for the bounty of which Providence has made them the dispensers.

I have said myself somewhere, I do not know with what correctness (for definitions never are complete), that humour is wit and love; I am sure, at any rate, that the best humour is that which contains most humanity, that which is flavoured throughout with tenderness and kindness. This love does not demand constant utterance or actual expression, as a good father, in conversation with his children or wife, is not perpetually embracing them, or making protestations of his love; as a lover in the society of his mistress is not, at least as far as I am led to believe, forever squeezing her hand, or sighing in her ear, "My soul's darling, I adore you!" He shows his love by his conduct, by his fidelity, by his watchful desire to make the beloved person happy; it lightens from his eyes when she appears, though he may not speak it; it fills his heart when she is present or absent; influences all his words and actions; suffuses his whole being; it sets the father cheerily to work through the long day, supports him through the tedious labour of the weary absence or journey, and sends him happy home again, yearning towards the wife and children. This kind of love is not a spasm, but a life. It fondles and caresses at due seasons, no doubt; but the fond heart is always beating fondly and truly, though the wife is not sitting hand-in-hand with him, or the children hugging at his knee. And so with a loving humour: I think, it is a genial writer's habit of being; it is the kind, gentle-spirit's way of looking out on the world—that sweet friendliness, which fills his heart and his style. You recognise it, even though there may not be a single point of wit, or a

single pathetic touch in the page; though you may not be called upon to salute his genius by a laugh or a tear. That collision of ideas, which provokes the one or the other, must be occasional. They must be like papa's embraces, which I spoke of anon, who only delivers them now and again, and cannot be expected to go on kissing the children all night. And so the writer's jokes and sentiment, his ebullitions of feeling, his outbreaks of high spirits, must not be too frequent. One tires of a page of which every sentence sparkles with points, of a sentimentalist who is always pumping the tears from his eyes or your own. One suspects the genuineness of the tear, the naturalness of the humour; these ought to be true and manly in a man, as everything else in his life should be manly and true; and he loses his dignity by laughing or weeping out of place, or too often.

When the Reverend Lawrence Sterne begins to sentimentalize over the carriage in Monsieur Dessein's courtyard, and pretends to squeeze a tear out of a ricketty old shandrydan; when, presently, he encounters the dead donkey on his road to Paris, and snivels over that asinine corpse, I say: "Away you drivelling quack: do not palm off these grimaces of grief upon simple folks who know no better, and cry misled by your hypocrisy." Tears are sacred. The tributes of kind hearts to misfortune, the mites which gentle souls drop into the collections made for God's poor and unhappy, are not to be tricked out of them by a whimpering hypocrite, handing round a begging-box for your compassion, and asking your pity for a lie. When that same man tells me of Lefèvre's illness and Uncle Toby's charity; of the noble at Rennes coming home and reclaiming his sword, I thank him for the generous emotion which, springing genuinely from his own heart, has caused mine to admire benevolence and sympathise with honour; and to feel love, and kindness, and pity.

If I do not love Swift, as, thank God, I do not, however immensely I may admire him, it is because I revolt from the man who placards himself as a professional hater of his own kind; because he chisels his savage indignation on his tomb-stone, as if to perpetuate his protest against being born of our race—the suffering, the weak, the erring, the wicked, if you will, but still the friendly, the loving children of God our Father: it is because, as I read through

Swift's dark volumes, I never find the aspect of nature seems to delight him; the smiles of children to please him; the sight of wedded love to soothe him. I do not remember in any line of his writing a passing allusion to a natural scene of beauty. When he speaks about the families of his comrades and brother clergymen, it is to assail them with gibes and scorn, and to laugh at them brutally for being fathers and for being poor. He does mention in the *Journal to Stella*, a sick child, to be sure—a child of Lady Masham, that was ill of the small-pox—but then it is to confound the brat for being ill, and the mother for attending to it, when she should have been busy about a court intrigue, in which the Dean was deeply engaged. And he alludes to a suitor of Stella's, and a match she might have made, and would have made, very likely, with an honourable and faithful and attached man. Tisdall, who loved her, and of whom Swift speaks, in a letter to this lady, in language so foul that you would not bear to hear it. In treating of the good the humourists have done, of the love and kindness they have taught and left behind them, it is not of this one I dare speak. Heaven help the lonely misanthrope! be kind to that multitude of sins, with so little charity to cover them!

Of Mr. Congreve's contributions to the English stock of benevolence, I do not speak; for, of any moral legacy to posterity, I doubt whether that brilliant man ever thought at all. He had some money, as I have told; every shilling of which he left to his friend the Duchess of Marlborough, a lady of great fortune and the highest fashion. He gave the gold of his brains to persons of fortune and fashion, too. There is no more feeling in his comedies, than in as many books of Euclid. He no more pretends to teach love for the poor, and good-will for the unfortunate, than a dancing-master does; he teaches pirouettes and flic-flacs; and how to bow to a lady, and to walk a minuet. In his private life Congreve was immensely liked—more so than any man of his age, almost; and to have been so liked, must have been kind and good-natured. His good-nature bore him through extreme bodily ills and pain, with uncommon cheerfulness and courage. Being so gay, so bright, so popular, such a grand seigneur, be sure he was kind to those about him, generous to his dependants, serviceable to his friends. Society does not like a man so long

as it liked Congreve, unless he is likeable; it finds out a quack very soon; it scorns a poltroon or a curmudgeon; we may be certain that this man was brave, good-tempered, and liberal; so, very likely, is Monsieur Pirouette, of whom we spoke; he cuts his capers, he grins, bows, and dances to his fiddle. In private, he may have a hundred virtues; in public, he teaches dancing. His business is cotillions, not ethics.

As much may be said of those charming and lazy Epicureans, Gay and Prior, sweet lyric singers, comrades of Anacreon, and disciples of love and the bottle. "Is there any moral shut within the bosom of a rose?" sings our great Tennyson. Does a nightingale preach from a bough, or the lark from his cloud? Not knowingly; yet we may be grateful, and love larks and roses, and the flower-crowned minstrels, too, who laugh and who sing.

Of Addison's contributions to the charity of the world, I have spoken before, in trying to depict that noble figure; and say now, as then, that we should thank him as one of the greatest benefactors of that vast and immeasurably spreading family which speaks our common tongue. Wherever it is spoken, there is no man that does not feel, and understand, and use the noble English word "gentleman." And there is no man that teaches us to be gentlemen better than Joseph Addison. Gentle in our bearing through life; gentle and courteous to our neighbour; gentle in dealing with his follies and weaknesses; gentle in treating his opposition; deferential to the old; kindly to the poor, and those below us in degree; for people above us and below us we must find, in whatever hemisphere we dwell, whether kings or presidents govern us; and in no republic or monarchy that I know of is a citizen exempt from the tax of befriending poverty and weakness, of respecting age, and of honouring his father and mother. It has just been whispered to me—I have not been three months in the country, and, of course, cannot venture to express an opinion of my own—that, in regard to paying this latter tax of respect and honour to age, some very few of the Republican youths are occasionally a little remiss. I have heard of young Sons of Freedom publishing their Declaration of Independence before they could well spell it; and cutting the connexion between father and mother before they had learned to shave. My own time of life

having been stated by various enlightened organs of public opinion, at almost any figure from forty-five to sixty, I cheerfully own that I belong to the Foggy interest, and ask leave to rank in, and plead for, that respectable class. Now a gentleman can but be a gentleman, in Broadway or the backwoods, in Pall-Mall or California; and where and whenever he lives, thousands of miles away in the wilderness, or hundreds of years hence, I am sure that reading the writings of this true gentleman, this true Christian, this noble Joseph Addison, must do him good. He may take Sir Roger de Coverley to the Diggings with him, and learn to be gentle and good-humoured, and urbane, and friendly in the midst of that struggle in which his life is engaged. I take leave to say that the most brilliant youth of this city may read over this delightful memorial of a by-gone age, of fashions long passed away; of manners long since changed and modified; of noble gentlemen, and a great, and a brilliant and polished society; and find in it much to charm and polish, to refine and instruct him. A courteousness, which can be out of place at no time, and under no flag. A politeness and simplicity, a truthful manhood, a gentle respect and deference, which may be kept as the unbought grace of life, and cheap defence of mankind, long after its old artificial distinctions, after periwigs, and small-swords, and ruffles, and red-heeled shoes, and titles, and stars and garters have passed away. I will tell you when I have been put in mind of two of the finest gentlemen books bring us any mention of. I mean *our* books (not books of history, but books of humour). I will tell you when I have been put in mind of the courteous gallantry of the noble knight, Sir Roger de Coverley of Coverley Manor, of the noble Hidalgo Don Quixote of La Mancha: here in your own omnibus-carriages and railway-cars, when I have seen a woman step in, handsome or not, well-dressed or not, and a workman in hob-nail shoes, or a dandy in the height of the fashion, rise up and give her his place. I think Mr. Spectator, with his short face, if he had seen such a deed of courtesy, would have smiled a sweet smile to the doer of that gentleman-like action, and have made him a low bow from under his great periwig, and have gone home and written a pretty paper about him.

I am sure Dick Steele would have hailed him, were he dandy or mechanic, and asked him to a tavern to share a

bottle, or perhaps half a dozen. Mind, I do not set down the five last flasks to Dick's score for virtue, and look upon them as works of the most questionable supererogation.

Steele, as a literary benefactor to the world's charity, must rank very high, indeed, not merely from his givings, which were abundant, but because his endowments are prodigiously increased in value since he bequeathed them, as the revenues of the lands, bequeathed to our Foundling-Hospital at London, by honest Captain Coram, its founder, are immensely enhanced by the houses since built upon them. Steele was the founder of sentimental writing in English, and how the land has been since occupied, and what hundreds of us have laid out gardens and built up tenements on Steele's ground! Before his time, readers or hearers were never called upon to cry except at a tragedy; and compassion was not expected to express itself otherwise than in blank verse, or for personages much lower in rank than a dethroned monarch, or a widowed or a jilted empress. He stepped off the high-heeled cothurnus, and came down into common life; he held out his great hearty arms, and embraced us all; he had a bow for all women; a kiss for all children; a shake of the hand for all men, high or low; he showed us Heaven's sun shining every day on quiet homes; not gilded palace-roofs only, or court processions, or heroic warriors fighting for princesses and pitched battles. He took away comedy from behind the fine lady's alcove, or the screen where the libertine was watching her. He ended all that wretched business of wives jeering at their husbands, of rakes laughing wives, and husbands too, to scorn. That miserable, rouged, tawdry, sparkling, hollow-hearted comedy of the Restoration fled before him, and, like the wicked spirit in the Fairy-books, shrank, as Steele let the daylight in, and shrieked, and shuddered, and vanished. The stage of humourists has been common-life ever since Steele's and Addison's time; the joys and griefs, the aversions and sympathies, the laughter and tears of nature.

And here, coming off the stage, and throwing aside the motley-habit, or satiric disguise, in which he had before entertained you, mingling with the world, and wearing the same coat as his neighbour, the humourist's service became straightway immensely more available; his means of doing good infinitely multiplied; his success, and the esteem in

which he was held, proportionately increased. It requires an effort, of which all minds are not capable, to understand Don Quixote; children and common people still read Gulliver for the story merely. Many more persons are sickened by Jonathan Wyld than can comprehend the satire of it. Each of the great men who wrote those books was speaking from behind the satiric mask I anon mentioned. Its distortions appal many simple spectators; its settled sneer or laugh is unintelligible to thousands, who have not the wit to interpret the meaning of the vizored satirist preaching from within. Many a man was at fault about Jonathan Wyld's greatness, who could feel and relish Allworthy's goodness in "Tom Jones," and Doctor Harrison's in "Amelia," and dear Parson Adams, and Joseph Andrews. We love to read; we may grow ever so old, but we love to read of them still—of love and beauty, of frankness, and bravery, and generosity. We hate hypocrites and cowards; we long to defend oppressed innocence, and to soothe and succour gentle women and children. We are glad when vice is foiled and rascals punished; we lend a foot to kick Blifil down stairs; and as we attend the brave bridegroom to his wedding on the happy marriage day, we ask the groomsmen's privilege to salute the blushing cheek of Sophia. A lax morality in many a vital point I own in Fielding, but a great hearty sympathy and benevolence; a great kindness for the poor; a great gentleness and pity for the unfortunate; a great love for the pure and good; these are among the contributions to the charity of the world with which this erring but noble creature endowed it.

As for Goldsmith, if the youngest and most unlettered person here has not been happy with the family at Wakefield; has not rejoiced when Olivia returned, and been thankful for her forgiveness and restoration; has not laughed with delighted good humour over Moses's gross of green spectacles; has not loved with all his heart the good Vicar, and that kind spirit which created these charming figures, and devised the beneficent fiction which speaks to us so tenderly—what call is there for me to speak? In this place, and on this occasion, remembering these men, I claim from you your sympathy for the good they have done, and for the sweet charity which they have bestowed on the world.

When humour joins with rhythm and music, and appears

in song, its influence is irresistible; its charities are countless, it stirs the feelings to love, peace, friendship, as scarce any moral agent can. The songs of Béranger are hymns of love and tenderness; I have seen great whiskered Frenchmen warbling the "Bonne Vieille," the "Soldats au pas, au pas;" with tears rolling down their mustaches. At a Burns's Festival, I have seen Scotchmen singing Burns, while the drops twinkled on their furrowed cheeks: while each rough hand was flung out to grasp its neighbour's; while early scenes and sacred recollections, and dear and delightful memories of the past came rushing back at the sound of the familiar words and music, and the softened heart was full of love, and friendship, and home. Humour! if tears are the alms of gentle spirits, and may be counted, as sure they may, among the sweetest of life's charities. Of that kindly sensibility, and sweet sudden emotion, which exhibits itself at the eyes, I know no such provocative as humour. It is an irresistible sympathiser; it surprises you into compassion: you are laughing and disarmed, and suddenly forced into tears. I heard a humorous balladist not long since, a minstrel with wool on his head, and an ultra-Ethiopian complexion, who performed a negro ballad, that I confess moistened these spectacles in the most unexpected manner. They have gazed at dozens of tragedy-queens, dying on the stage, and expiring in appropriate blank verse, and I never wanted to wipe them. They have looked up, with deep respect be it said, at many scores of clergymen in pulpits, and without being dimmed; and behold a vagabond with a corked face and a banjo sings a little song, strikes a wild note which sets the whole heart thrilling with happy pity. Humour! humour is the mistress of tears; she knows the way to the *fons lachrymarum*, strikes in dry and rugged places with her enchanting wand, and bids the fountain gush and sparkle. She has refreshed myriads more from her natural springs, than ever tragedy has watered from her pompous old urn.

Popular humour, and especially modern popular humour, and the writers, its exponents, are always kind and chivalrous, taking the side of the weak against the strong. In our plays, and books, and entertainments for the lower classes in England, I scarce remember a story or theatrical piece in which a wicked aristocrat is not bepummelled by a dashing young champion of the people. There was a

book which had an immense popularity in England, and I believe has been greatly read here, in which the Mysteries of the Court of London were said to be unveiled by a gentleman, who I suspect knows about as much about the court of London as he does of that of Pekin. Years ago I treated myself to sixpennyworth of this performance at a railway station, and found poor dear George the Fourth, our late most religious and gracious king, occupied in the most flagitious designs against the tradesmen's families in his metropolitan city. A couple of years after, I took sixpennyworth more of the same delectable history: George the Fourth was still at work, still ruining the peace of tradesmen's families; he had been at it for two whole years, and a bookseller at the Brighton station told me that this book was by many, many times the most popular of all periodical tales then published, because, says he, "it lashes the aristocracy!" Not long since, I went to two penny-theatres in London; immense eager crowds of people thronged the buildings, and the vast masses thrilled and vibrated with the emotion produced by the piece represented on the stage, and burst into applause or laughter, such as many a polite actor would sigh for in vain. In both these pieces there was a wicked Lord kicked out of the window—there is always a wicked Lord kicked out of the window. First piece:—"Domestic drama—Thrilling interest!—Weaver's family in distress!—Fanny gives away her bread to little Jacky, and starves!—Enter wicked Lord: tempts Fanny with offer of Diamond Necklace, Champagne Suppers, and Coach to ride in!—Enter sturdy Blacksmith.—Scuffle between Blacksmith and Aristocratic minion: exit wicked Lord out of the window." Fanny, of course, becomes Mrs. Blacksmith.

The second piece was a nautical drama, also of thrilling interest, consisting chiefly of hornpipes, and acts of most tremendous oppression on the part of certain Earls and Magistrates towards the people. Two wicked Lords were in this piece the atrocious scoundrels: one Aristocrat, a deep-dyed villain, in short duck trowsers and Berlin cotton gloves; while the other minion of wealth enjoyed an eyeglass with a blue ribbon, and whisked about the stage with a penny cane. Having made away with Fanny Forester's lover, Tom Bowling, by means of a press-gang, they meet her all alone on a common, and subject her to the most op-

probrious language and behaviour: "Release me, villains!" says Fanny, pulling a brace of pistols out of her pockets, and crossing them over her breast so as to cover wicked Lord to the right, wicked Lord to the left; and they might have remained in that position ever so much longer (for the aristocratic rascals had pistols too), had not Tom Bowling returned from sea at the very nick of time, armed with a great marline-spike, with which—whack! whack! down goes wicked Lord, No. 1—wicked Lord, No. 2. Fanny rushes into Tom's arms with an hysterical shriek, and I dare say they marry, and are very happy ever after.—Popular fun is always kind: it is the champion of the humble against the great. In all popular parables, it is Little Jack that conquers, and the Giant that topples down. I think our popular authors are rather hard upon the great folks. Well, well! their Lordships have all the money, and can afford to be laughed at.

In our days, in England, the importance of the humorous preacher has prodigiously increased; his audiences are enormous; every week or month his happy congregations flock to him; they never tire of such sermons. I believe my friend Mr. Punch is as popular to-day as he has been any day since his birth; I believe that Mr. Dickens's readers are even more numerous than they have ever been since his unrivalled pen commenced to delight the world with its humour. We have among us other literary parties; we have *Punch*, as I have said, preaching from his booth; we have a Jerrold party very numerous, and faithful to that acute thinker and distinguished wit; and we have also—it must be said, and it is still to be hoped—a "Vanity-Fair" party, the author of which work has lately been described by the London *Times* newspaper as a writer of considerable parts, but a dreary misanthrope, who sees no good anywhere, who sees the sky above him green, I think, instead of blue, and only miserable sinners round about him. So we are; so is every writer and every reader I ever heard of; so was every being who ever trod this earth, save One. I cannot help telling the truth as I view it, and describing what I see. To describe it otherwise than it seems to me would be falsehood in that calling in which it has pleased Heaven to place me; treason to that conscience which says that men are weak; that truth must be told; that fault must be owned; that pardon must be prayed for; and that love reigns supreme over all.

I look back at the good which of late years the kind English Humourists have done; and if you are pleased to rank the present speaker among that class, I own to an honest pride at thinking what benefits society has derived from men of our calling. That "Song of the Shirt," which *Punch* first published, and the noble, the suffering, the melancholy, the tender Hood sang, may surely rank as a great act of charity to the world, and call from it its thanks and regard for its teacher and benefactor. That astonishing poem, which you all of you know, of the "Bridge of Sighs,"* who can read it without tenderness, without rev-

*THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

"Drowned! Drowned!"—HAMLET.

One more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death.

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now, is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammily.

erence to Heaven, charity to man, and thanks to the beneficent genius which sang for us so nobly?

I never saw the writer but once; but shall always be glad to think that some words of mine, printed in a periodical of that day, and in praise of these amazing verses

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her Father?
Who was her Mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
Feelings had changed:
Love by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver,
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river.
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurl'd—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

(which, strange to say, appeared almost unnoticed at first in the magazine in which Mr. Hood published them)—I am proud, I say, to think that some words of appreciation of mine reached him on his death-bed, and pleased and soothed him in that hour of manful resignation and pain.

As for the charities of Mr. Dickens, multiplied kindnesses which he has conferred upon us all; upon our children; upon people educated and uneducated; upon the myriads here and at home, who speak our common tongue;

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,
Over the brink of it—
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently—kindly—
Smoothe and compose them;
And her eyes close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.
Cross her hands humbly
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving with meekness
Her sins to her Saviour.

have not you, have not I, all of us reason to be thankful to this kind friend, who soothed and charmed so many hours, brought pleasure and sweet laughter to so many homes; made such multitudes of children happy; endowed us with such a sweet store of gracious thoughts, fair fancies, soft sympathies, hearty enjoyments? There are creations of Mr. Dickens's which seem to me to rank as personal benefits; figures so delightful, that one feels happier and better for knowing them, as one does for being brought into the society of very good men and women. The atmosphere in which these people live is wholesome to breathe in; you feel that to be allowed to speak to them is a personal kindness; you come away better for your contact with them; your hands seem cleaner from having the privilege of shaking theirs. Was there ever a better charity sermon preached in the world than Dickens's "Christmas Carol?" I believe it occasioned immense hospitality throughout England; was the means of lighting up hundreds of kind fires at Christmas time; caused a wonderful outpouring of Christmas good feeling; of Christmas punch-brewing; an awful slaughter of Christmas turkeys, and roasting and basting of Christmas beef. As for this man's love of children, that amiable organ at the back of his honest head must be perfectly monstrous. All children ought to love him. I know two that do, and read his books ten times for once that they peruse the dismal preachments of their father. I know one who, when she is happy, reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" when she is unhappy, reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" when she is tired, reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" when she is in bed, reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" when she has nothing to do, reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" and when she has finished the book, reads "Nicholas Nickleby" over again. This candid young critic, at ten years of age, said, "I like Mr. Dickens's books much better than your books, papa;" and frequently expressed her desire that the latter author should write a book like one of Mr. Dickens's books. Who can? Every man must say his own thoughts in his own voice, in his own way;* lucky is he who has

* The following is from the "Curate's Walk," in *Punch*, for 1847.

"It was the third out of the four bell-buttons at the door at which the Curate pulled; and the summons was answered after a brief interval.

"I must premise that the house before which we stopped was No

such a charming gift of nature as this, which brings all the children in the world trooping to him, and being fond of him.

I remember when that famous "Nicholas Nickleby"

14, Sedan Buildings, leading out of Great Guelph Street—Dettingen Street, Culloden Street, Minden Square and Upper and Lower Caroline Row form part of the same quarter—a very queer and solemn quarter to walk in, I think, and one which always suggests Fielding's novels to me. I can fancy Captain Booth strutting before the very door at which we were standing, in tarnished lace, with his hat cocked over his eye, and his hand on his hanger; or Lady Belleston's chair and bearers coming swinging down Great Guelph Street, which we have just quitted to enter Sedan Buildings.

"Sedan Buildings is a little flagged square, ending abruptly with the huge walls of Bluck's Brewery. The houses, by many degrees smaller than the large decayed tenements in Great Guelph Street, are still not uncomfortable, although shabby. There are brass plates on the doors, two on some of them; or simple names, as 'Lunt,' 'Padgemore,' &c., (as if no other statement about Lunt and Padgemore were necessary at all) under the bells. There are pictures of mangles before two of the houses, and a gilt arm with a hammer sticking out from one. I never saw a Goldbeater. What sort of a being is he, that he always sticks out his ensign in dark, mouldy, lonely, dreary, but somewhat respectable places? What powerful Mulciberian fellows they must be, those Goldbeaters, whacking and thumping with huge mallets at the precious metals all day. I wonder what is Goldbeater's skin? and if they get impregnated with the metal? and are their great arms under their clean shirts on Sundays, all gilt and shining? It is a quiet, kind, respectable place somehow, in spite of its shabbiness. Two pewter pints and a jolly little half-pint are hanging on the railings in perfect confidence, basking in what little sun comes into the Court. A group of small children are making an ornament of oyster shells in one corner. Who has that half-pint? Is it for one of those small ones, or for some delicate female recommended to take beer? The windows in the Court, upon some of which the sun glistens, are not cracked, and pretty clean; it is only the black and dreary look behind which gives them a poverty-stricken appearance. No curtains or blinds. A bird-cage and a very few pots of flowers here and there. This—with the exception of a milkman talking to a whitey-brown woman, made up of bits of flannel and strips of faded chintz and calico seemingly, and holding a long bundle which cried—this was all I saw in Sedan Buildings while we were waiting until the door should open.

"At last the door was opened, and by a portress so small, that I wonder how she could ever have reached up to the latch. She bobbed a curtsy and smiled at the Curate, whose face gleamed with benevolence too, in reply to that salutation.

"'Mother not at home?' says Frank Whitestock, patting the child on the head.

"'Mother's out charing, sir,' replied the girl; 'but please to walk up, sir.' And she led the way up one or two pairs of stairs to that

came out, seeing a letter from a pedagogue in the north of England, which, dismal as it was, was immensely comical. "Mr. Dickens's ill-advised publication," wrote the poor

apartment in the house which is called the second-floor front; in which was the abode of the charwoman.

"There were two young persons in the room, of the respective ages of eight and five, I should think. She of five years of age was hemming a duster, being perched on a chair at the table in the middle of the room. The elder, of eight, politely wiped a chair with a cloth for the accommodation of the good-natured Curate, and came and stood between his knees, immediately alongside of his umbrella, which also reposed there, and which she by no means equalled in height.

"These children attend my school at Saint Timothy's," Mr. Whitestock said; "and Betsy keeps the house while her mother is from home."

"Anything cleaner or neater than this house it was impossible to conceive. There was a big bed, which must have been the resting-place of the whole of this little family. There were three or four religious prints on the walls, besides two framed and glazed, of Prince Coburg and the Princess Charlotte. There were brass candlesticks, and a lamb on the chimney-piece, and a cupboard in the corner, decorated with near half-a-dozen of plates, yellow bowls, and crockery. And on the table there were two or three bits of dry bread, and a jug with water, with which these three young people (it being then near three o'clock) were about to make their meal called tea.

"That little Betsy, who looks so small, is nearly ten years old; and has been a mother ever since the age of about five. I mean to say, that her own mother having to go out upon her charring operations, Betsy assumes command of the room during her parent's absence: has nursed her sisters from babyhood up to the present time: keeps order over them, and the house as clean as you see it: and goes out occasionally and transacts the family purchases of bread, moist sugar, and mother's tea. They dine upon bread, tea and breakfast upon bread when they have it, or go to bed without a morsel. Their holiday is Sunday, which they spend at Church and Sunday-school. The younger children scarcely ever go out save on that day, but sit sometimes in the sun, which comes in pretty pleasantly; sometimes blue in the cold, for they very seldom see a fire except to heat irons by, when mother has a job of linen to get up. Father was a journeyman book-binder, who died four years ago, and is buried among thousands and thousands of the nameless dead who lie crowding the black churchyard of St. Timothy's parish.

"The Curate evidently took especial pride in Victoria, the youngest of these three children of the charwoman, and caused Betsy to fetch a book which lay at the window, and bade her read. It was a "Missionary Register" which the Curate opened hap-hazard, and this baby began to read out in an exceedingly clear and resolute voice about—

"The island of Raritongo is the least frequented of all the Caribbean Archipelago. Wankyfungo is four leagues southeast by east,

schoolmaster, "has passed like a whirlwind over the schools of the North." He was a proprietor of a cheap school; Dotheboys-Hall was a cheap school. There were many such establishments in the northern counties. Parents

and the peak of the crater of Shuagnahua is distinctly visible. The *Irascible* entered Raritongo Bay on the evening of Thursday 29th, and the next day the Rev. Mr. Flethers, Mrs. Flethers, and their nine children, and Shangpooky, the native converted at Cacabawgo, landed and took up their residence at the house of Ratatua, the principal chief, who entertained us with a yam, a pig, &c., &c., &c.

"Raritongo, Wankifungo, Archipelago. I protest this little woman read off each of these long words with an ease which perfectly astonished me. Many a lieutenant in Her Majesty's Heavies would be puzzled with words of half the length. Whitestock, by way of reward for her scholarship, gave her another pat on the head; having received which present with a curtesy, she went and put back the book into the window, and clambering back into the chair, resumed the hemming of the blue duster.

"I suppose it was the smallness of these people, as well as their singular, neat and tidy behaviour, which interested me so. Here were three creatures not so high as the table, with all the labours, duties, and cares of life upon their little shoulders, working and doing their duty like the biggest of my readers; regular, laborious, cheerful—content with small pittances, practising a hundred virtues of thrift and order.

"Elizabeth, at ten years of age, might walk out of this house, and take the command of a small establishment. She can wash, get up linen, cook, make purchases, and buy bargains. If I were ten years old and three feet in height, I would marry her, and we would go and live in a cupboard, and share the little half-pint pot of porter for dinner. 'Melia, eight years of age, though inferior in accomplishments to her sister, is her equal in size, and can wash, scrub, hem, go errands, put her hand to the dinner, and make herself generally useful. In a word, she is fit to be a little housemaid, to make everything but the beds, which she can not as yet reach up to. As for Victoria's qualifications, they have been mentioned before. I wonder whether the Princess Alice can read off 'Raritongo,' &c., as glibly as this surprising little animal.

"I asked the Curate's permission to make these young ladies a present, and accordingly produced the sum of sixpence to be divided amongst the three. 'What will you do with it?' I said, laying down the coin.

"They answered all three at once, and in a little chorus, 'We'll give it to mother.' This verdict caused the disbursement of another sixpence, and it was explained to them that the sum was for their own private pleasures, and each was called upon to declare what she would purchase.

"Elizabeth says, 'I would like two penn'orth of meat, if you please, sir.'

"'Melia: 'Ha'porth of treacle, three farthings' worth of milk, and the same of fresh bread.'

"Victoria, speaking very quick, and gasping in an agitated man-

were ashamed, that never were ashamed before, until the kind satirist laughed at them; relatives were frightened; scores of little scholars were taken away; poor schoolmasters had to shut their shops up; every pedagogue was voted a Squeers, and many suffered, no doubt unjustly; but afterwards school-boys' backs were not so much caned; school-boys' meat was less tough and more plentiful; and school-boys' milk was not so sky-blue. What a kind light of benevolence it is that plays round Crummles and the Phenomenon, and all those poor theatre people in that charming book! What a humour! and what a good-humour! I coincide with the youthful critic, whose opinion has just been mentioned, and own to a family admiration for "Nicholas Nickleby."

One might go on, though the task would be endless and needless, chronicling the names of kind folks with whom this kind genius has made us familiar. Who does not love the Marchioness, and Mr. Richard Swiveller? Who does not sympathise, not only with Oliver Twist, but his admirable young friend the Artful Dodger? Who has not the inestimable advantage of possessing a Mrs. Nickleby in his own family? Who does not bless Sairey Gamp and wonder at Mrs. Harris? Who does not venerate the chief of that illustrious family who, being stricken by misfortune, wisely and greatly turned his attention to "coals," the accomplished, the Epicurean, the dirty, the delightful Micawber?

I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens's art a thousand and a thousand times, I delight and wonder at his genius; I rec-

ner. 'Ha'pny—aha—orange, and ha'pny—aha—apple, and ha'pny—aha—treacle, and, and aha—' here her imagination failed her. She did not know what to do with the rest of the money.

"At this 'Melia actually interposed, 'Suppose she and Victoria subscribed a farthing a piece out of their money, so that Betsy might have a quarter of a pound of meat?' She added that her sister wanted it, and that it would do her good. Upon my word, she made the proposals and the calculations in an instant, and all of her own accord. And before we left them, Betsy had put on the queerest little black shawl and bonnet, and had a mug and basket ready to receive the purchases in question.

"Sedan Court has a particularly friendly look to me since that day. Peace be with you, O, thrifty, kindly, simple, loving little maidens! May their voyage in life prosper! Think of that great journey before them, and the little cock-boat manned by babies venturing over the stormy ocean."—SPEC.

ognise in it—I speak with awe and reverence—a commission from that Divine Beneficence, whose blessed task we know it will one day be to wipe every tear from every eye. Thankfully I take my share of the feast of love and kindness, which this gentle, and generous, and charitable soul has contributed to the happiness of the world. I take and enjoy my share, and say a Benediction for the meal.



